THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

WITH
A FULL AND COMPREHENSIVE LIFE; A HISTORY OF THE EARLY DRAMA; AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY; THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS; GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES, ETC., ETC., FROM THE WORKS OF

COLLIER, KNIGHT, DYCE, DOUCE, HALLIWELL, HUNTER, RICHARDSON, VERPLANCK, AND HUDSON.

EDITED BY
GEORGE LONG DUYCKINCK.

PHILADELPHIA:
PORTER & COATES.
PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

The want of an edition of Shakespeare which would give the student or reader the works of the Great Poet in a convenient form, with large type, unburdened with discursive or critical notes, but only such as would be necessary to a more perfect understanding of the text, has been so often expressed as to induce the publishers to issue the present edition. The text is that of the Collier Folio of 1632.

The preparation of the Notes was confided to the late George Long Duyckinck, Esq., a gentleman of rare taste. It has been the aim, by close condensation, to convey a greater amount of information directly illustrative of the text than has ever been presented in a similar form.

The notes illustrative of obsolete words, expressions, and customs, have been derived from Mr. Collier's first edition, Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare, the works of Dyce, Douce, Halliwell, Hunter, Richardson, and the American editions of Messrs. Verplanck and Hudson, with such aid as Mr. Duyckinck's long acquaintance with the Dramatic and general Literature of the age of Elizabeth and James could furnish.

The head of the Poet, which forms the frontispiece, is a faithful copy of the engraving by Martin Droeshout, which is printed on the title-page of the folios of 1623 and 1632, and upon which Ben Jonson wrote the celebrated lines testifying so decidedly to the faithfulness of the likeness,—a stronger guaranty than can be claimed for any other portrait of the Dramatist existing.

By the addition of the exhaustive Life of Shakespeare, Players' Dedication, and Address to Readers, the Will of Shakespeare, the commendatory verses of men of the time, a thorough History of the Drama and Stage, a full descriptive introduction to each play, ample elucidatory notes, the Poetical Works, and the numerous spirited illustrations, it is believed nothing more can be desired to make this a truly complete edition of the Works of Shakespeare.
THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

To the most Noble and Incomparable Paire of Brethren. William Earle of Pembroke, &c.
Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

And Philip Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties Bed-Chamber.
Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

Right Honourable,

HILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have receiued from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the succeffe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriu’d our felues of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L. L. haue beene pleas’d to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and haue profequuted both them, and their Author liuing, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with some, to be exe-quutor to his owne writings) you will vie the like indulgence toward them, you haue done vnto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke chooie his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the feueral parts, when they were acte, as before they were publiſhed, the Volume ask’d to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame; only to kepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alio, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iustly observd, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresſe; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must alſo craue our abilities to be confiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruities, or what they haue: and many Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requestes with a leauened Cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods, by what means they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly confecrate to your H. H. theſe remains of your fervant Shakespeare: that what delight is in them, may be euer your L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a pavre fo carefull to shew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

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TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

ROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purfes. Well! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenfure. Do fo, but buy it first. That doth beft commend a Booke, the Stationer faies. Then, how odde foeuer your braines be, or your wifedomes, make your licence the fame, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your fiue shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rife to the iuft rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenfure will not drive a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiftrate of wit, and fit on the Stage at Black-Friers, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and tood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeffe, worthie to haue bene wished, that the Author himfelfe had liu'd to haue fet forth, and ouerfeen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwife, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue colletced & publish'd them; and fo to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerfe flolne, and surrepptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and flealthes of injurious impoffers, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfec of their limbes; and all the refl, abolute in their numbers, as he conceive them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moft gentle expreffor of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that eafinesse, that wee haue scarce receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praife him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loft. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to vnderftand him. And fo we leve you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your felues, and others. And such Readers we wift with him.

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRIE CONDELL

(viii)
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OF ALL THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES CONTAINED
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Upon the Epitaph of my worthy Friend, the Author, 
Master William Shakspere, and his Works.

Spectator, this life's shadow is:—to see
The true image, and a lively heer,
Turn reader. But observe his comic vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep:—so,—when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy wrapt soul rise,—
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shakspere to the life thou dost beheld.

In Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.

What need my Shakspere, for his honour'd bones,
The grave, whose dauber's age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

To the Memory of the deceased Author, Master W. Shake-
spere.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb thy name must; when that stone is rent,
And time doth dim the name of Stratford made out.
Here we alive shall view thee still: this book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall love what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-brought book shall once invade:

1 An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare. Three lines, like the preceding, have no name appended to them in the folio, 1623, but the authorship is ascertained by the publication of them in Milton's, in the edition of his Poems in 1645, 5vo. We give them as they stand there, because it is evident that they were then printed from a copy of the folio; that the authoms are interesting, and Malone pointed out only one, and that certainly the least important. Instead of "weak witness" in line 6, the folio 1632 has "dull witness"; instead of "live long monument," in line 8, the folio has "last monuments;" instead of "heart," in line 10, the folio has "part;" an evident misprint; and instead of "itself preserving," in line 13, the folio has "as if her preserving." The last is the difference mentioned by Malone, who also places [John Milton] at the end, as if the name were found in the folio of 1632.

2 Thus when thy faire correct'd by the Roman's shake: I Leonard Digges prefixed a long copy of verses to the edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1640, 5vo, in which he makes this passage, referring to the "fair correct'd by the Roman's shake," of Shakespeare's plays at that time drew, in comparison with Ben Jon-

No shall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
(Though miss'd) until our bankrupt stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Fashions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-world parrying Romans spake.
Till these, till all thy works at last,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, (our Shakspere,) thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

To the Memory of M. W. Shake-speare.

We wonder'd (Shakespeare) that thou wert 'st so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells us, that, spectators, that thou didst set forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite.

To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William
Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As another man, nor muse, can praise too much;
"Tis true, and all men's sufferage; but these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seclis ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right,
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but groops, and urgeth all by chace;
Or crafty makes might pretend this praise.

And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise;
These natures are like naught in their whole.
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,
Above th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begun—Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee
By Chancer, or Sponsor; or bid Beaumont lie
A little further, to make thee a room:

When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Catalogue;
Said no too, was wise: they priz'd more
Honest fago, or the jealous Moor.

And though the Fox and subtil Alchemist,
Long intoxicated, could not quite be mixt,
Though there have shams'd all th' ancients, and might: so.
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these some times, even at a friend's desire,
Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let Falstaff come,
Hal, Poor's, the rest, you scarce shall have a room,
All is so staid: let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, lo! in a trice
The pit, galleries, boxes, all are fall,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gall,
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-brought book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth book,"

3 Perhaps the initials of John Warton.

4 Referring to lines by William Basfe, then circulating in MS. and printed (as far as is now known) until 1633, when they were falsely imputed to Dr. Donne, in the edition of his poems in that year. All the MSS. of the lines, now extant, differ in minute par-

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Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell how far thou didst display the outline,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line;
And though thou hastad small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering \( \text{As} \)chylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead.
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or when thy soles were on,
Leave them room, for the comparison.
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sont forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe hommage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came flaming to warm
Our cars, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines;
Which were so richly span, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Phaustus, now not please,
But nature must and desist, till they
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
For though the poet's matter be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he,
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as things are) and strike the second best
Upon the muses' nail; till to the same,
And himself with it that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a soon,
For a good poet's made, as well as born;
And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race.
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
In each of his flights, to make a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our water yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James.
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there;
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the dreaming stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath moser'd like night,
And desairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Ben Jonson.

On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his poems.\(^1\)
A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent;
To outvie the pasty time, retrieve the sates,
Roll back the heavens, blow up the iron gates
Of death and Lethse, where (confused) lie
Great heaps of rubious mortality;

In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live;
What story truly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Sensless and soul-less shows; to give a stage
(Amply, and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Then unto us, or us to them had hurl'd;
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearth,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Eulive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth.
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that truth
At which we start, and, by elaborately play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crab-like way
Time past made pasture, and in ugly soft
Disorging up his rav'n for our art.

—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer their affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stol'n from ourselves
This, and much more, who cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;
The buskin's mused, the comic queen, the grand
And harder tone of Clio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most famous
Gulliver, where the thinking shadow shews,
And she whose praise he heavy body chants
These jointly would him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but loy'd as brother)
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lovely russet, and the sweet bright:
Brandy'd and embroc'd I'd like it, and wound spring
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters span;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, pulc'd; not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muse knows.
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich and neat.
So with this robe they endue him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments.

I. M. S.

\(^1\) On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems.\(^a\) These lines are attributed to M. S. in the folio 1632. "probably Josper Mayne," says Malone. Most probably not, because Mayne has left nothing behind him to lead us to suppose that he could have produced this surpassing praise.

1 M. S. may possibly be John Milton. Student, and no name

may have been appended to the other copy of verses by him prefixed to the folio of 1632, in order that his initials should stand at the end of the present. We know of no other poet of the time capable of writing the ensuing lines. We feel morally certain that they are by Milton.
COMMENDATORY VERSES.

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet, 
Mister W. Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapp’d, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shake-speare’s days:
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.

Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn’d all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays;
Which crown’d him poet first, then poet’s king
If tragedies might any prologue have.

All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death’s public tiring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Hugh Holland.

The following are Ben Jonson’s lines on the Portrait of
Shakespeare, precisely as they stand on a separate leaf opposite to the title-page of the edition of 1623, and which are reprinted in the same place, with some trifling variation of typography, in the folio of 1632.

TO THE READER.
This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath bit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not at his picture, but his book.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS

William Shakespeare
Richard Burbage
John Hemmings
Augustine Phillips
William Kempe
Thomas Poole
George Bryan
Henry Condell
William Slye

Richard Cowley
John Lowine
Samuel Crosse
Alexander Cooke
Samuell Gilsbene
Robert Armin
William Ostler
Nathan Field
John Underwood

Nicholas Tooley
William Eccleston
Joseph Taylor
Robert Benfield
Robert Goghe
Richard Robinson
John Shacker
John Rick
HISTORY
OF
THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND STAGE
TO
THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

In order to make the reader acquainted with the origin of the English stage, such as Shakespeare found it when he became connected with it, it is necessary to mention that a miracle-play or mystery, (as it has been termed in modern times,) is the oldest form of dramatic composition in our language. The stories of productions of this kind were derived from the Sacred Writings, from the pseudo-evangelium, or from the lives and legends of saints and martyrs.

Miracle-plays were common in London in the year 1170; and as early as 1119 the miracle-play of St. Katherine had been represented at Dunstable. It has been conjectured, and indeed in part established, that some of these performances were in French, as well as in Latin; and it was not until the reign of Edward III. that they were generally acted in English. We have three existing series of miracle-plays, all of which have been recently printed; the Towneley collection by the Surtees Club, and those known as the Coventry and Chester pageants by the Shakespeare Society.

The Abbeysford Club has likewise printed, from a manuscript at Oxford, three detached miracle-plays which once, probably, formed a portion of a connected succession of productions of that class and description.

During about 300 years this species of theatrical entertainment seems to have flourished, often under the auspices of the clergy, who used it as the means of religious instruction; but prior to the reign of Henry VI., a new kind of drama had become popular, which by writers of the time was denominated a moral, or moral play, and more recently a morality. It acquired this name from the nature and purpose of the representation, which usually conveyed a lesson for the better conduct of human life, the characters employed not being spiritual, as in miracle-plays, but allegorical, or symbolical. Miracle-plays continued to be represented long after moral plays were introduced, but from a remote date abstract impersonations had by degrees, not now easily traced, found their way into miracle-plays; thus, perhaps, moral plays, consisting only of such characters, grew out of them.

A very remarkable and interesting miracle-play, not founded upon the Sacred Writings, but upon a popular legend, and all the characters of which, with one exception, purport to be real personages, has recently been discovered in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, in a manuscript certainly as old as the later part of the reign of Edward IV. It is perhaps the only specimen of the kind in our language; and as it was unknown to all who have hitherto written on the history of our ancient drama, it will not here be out of place to give some account of the incidents to which it relates, and of the persons concerned in them. The title of the piece, and the year in which the events are supposed to have occurred, are given at the close, where we are told that it is "The Play of the Blessed Sacrament," and that the miracle to which it refers was wrought "in the forest of Arragon, in the famous city of Arahel, in the year of our Lord God 1461." There can be no doubt that the scene of action was imaginary, being fixed merely for the greater satisfaction of the spectators as to the reality of the occurrences, and as little that of a legend of the kind, was of a much older date than that assigned in the manuscript, which was probably near the time when the drama had been represented.

In its form it closely resembles the miracle-plays which had their origin in Scripture-history, and one of the characters, that of the Saviour, common in productions of that class, is introduced into it: the rest of the personages engaged are five Jews, named Jonathas, Jason, Jashob, Masphat, and Malchoz; a Christian merchant called Aristorius, a bishop, Sir Isidore a priest, a physician from the hospital called "Mr. Brundyche," and Colle his servant. The plot relates to the purchase of the Eucharist by the Jews from Aristorius for 100l., under an assurance also that if they find its miraculous powers verified, they will become converts to Christianity. Aristorius, having session of the key of the church, enters it secretly, takes away the Host, and sells it to the Jews. They put it to various tests and torments: they stab "the cake" with their daggers, and it bleeds, while one of the Jews goes mad at the sight. They next attempt to nail it to a post, but the Jew who uses the hammer has his hand torn off, and here the doctor and his servant, Mr. Brundyche and Colle, make their appearance in order to attend the wounded Jew; but after a long comic scene between the quack and his man, highly illustrative of the manners of the time, they are driven out as impostors. The Jews then proceed to boil the Host, but the water turns blood-red, and taking it out of the cauldron with pincers, they throw it into a blazing oven: the oven, after blood has run out "at the crannies," bursts asunder, and an image of the Saviour rising, he addresses the Jews, who are as good as their word, for they are converted on the spot. They kneel to the Christian bishop, and Aristorius having confessed his crime and declared his repentance, is forgiven after a suitable admonition, and a strict charge never again to buy or sell.

This very singular and striking performance is opened, as was usual with miracle-plays, by two Vexillators, who

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2 We are indebted for a correct transcript of the original to the zeal and kindness of Dr. J. H. Todd, V.P., R.S.A.
3 In another part of the manuscript it is called "The Play of the Conversion of Sir Jonathas, the Jew, by the Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament," but inferior Jews are converted, beside Sir Jonathas, who is the head of the tribe in the "famous city of Arahel."
explain the nature of the story about to be represented, in alternate stanzas; and the whole performance is wound up by an epilogue from the bishop, enforcing the moral, which of course was intended to illustrate, and impress upon the audience, the Catechism of the time, the declared belief of the government. Were it necessary to our design, and did space allow of it, we should be strongly tempted to introduce some characteristic extracts from this hitherto unseen production; but we must content ourselves with saying, that the language in several places appears to be older than the reign of Edward IV., or even of Henry VI., and that we might discern, amid the extravagance of the draught of the demon to the period of Wickliff, and the Lollards.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that miracle-plays were generally abandoned, but in some distant parts of the kingdom they were persevered with even till the time of James I. Miracle-plays, in fact, gradually gave way to moral plays, which presented more variety of situation and character; and moral plays in turn were superseded by a species of mixed drama, which was strictly neither moral play nor historical play, but a combination of both in the same representation.

Of this singular union of discordant materials, no person who has hitherto written upon the history of our dramatic poetry has taken due notice; but it is very necessary not to pass it over, inasmuch as it may be said to have led ultimately to the introduction of tragedy, comedy, and history, as distinct forms of dramatic representation, with the growth of public theatres. No blame for the omission can fairly be imputed to our predecessors, because the earliest specimens of this sort of mixed drama which remain to us have been brought to light within a comparatively few years.

The most important of these is the "Kynge Johan" of Bishop Bale. We are not able to settle with precision the date when it was originally written, but it was evidently performed, with additions and alterations, in the Elizabethan drama of a portion of our national annals, with real characters, to the purposes of the stage. Though performed in the reign of Elizabeth, we may carry back the first composition and representation of "Kynge Johan" to the time of Edward VI.; but, as it has been printed by the Camden Society, it is not necessary that we should enlarge upon it.

The object of Bale's play was, as we have stated, to advance the claims of the reformers; and in the reign of his successor a drama of a similar description, and of a directly opposite tendency, was written and acted. It has never been mentioned, and as it exists only in manuscript of the time, it will not be out of place to quote its title, and to explain briefly in what manner the anonymous author carries out his design. He calls his drama "Repul"; and he adds that it was "made in the year of our Lord 1554, and is capable to cause and carry the advice of our most gracious Sovereign, Queen Mary the First." He was supposed to speak the prologue himself, in the character of "a Poet," and although every person he introduces is in fact called by some abstract name, he avowedly brings forward the Queen herself as "Nemesis, the Goddess of redress and correction," while her kingdom of England is intended by "Respulben," and its inhabitants represented by "People," the Reformation in the Church is distinguished as "Oppression," and Policy, Authority, and Honesty are represented as "Wise Advice," "Wise Power," and "Adulteration." All this is distinctly stated by the author on his title-page, while he also employs the impersonations of Misericordia, Veritas, Justinia, and Pax (agents not uncommonly resorted to in the older miracle-plays) as the friends of "Nemesis," the Queen, and as the supporters of the Roman Catholic religion in her dominions.

As much would be gained by a detail of the import of these intercalations between the characters, represented, it would seem, by boys, who were perhaps the children of the Chapel Royal; for there are traces in the performance that it was originally acted at court. Respulben is a widow greatly injured and abused by Avarice, Insolence, Oppression, and Adulteration; while People, using throughout a rustic dialect, also complain bitterly of their sufferings, especially since the introduction of what had been termed "Reformation" in matters of faith: in the end Justinia brings in Nemesis to effect a total change by restoring the former condition of religious affairs; and the piece closes with the delivery of the offenders to condign punishment. The production was evidently written by a man of education; but, although there are many attempts at humour, and some at variety, both in character and situation, the attempt was very ill-adapted, and could not be very well adapted to please the court by its general tendency, but little calculated to accomplish any other purpose entertained by the writer. In all respects it is much inferior to the "Kynge Johan" of Bale, which it followed in point of date, and to which, perhaps, it was meant to be a counterpart.

The earliest of the performances of dramatic productions of a religious or political character, each party supporting the views and advocating the aims of the author's political opinions, John Heywood, who was a zealous Roman Catholic, and who subsequently suffered for his creed under Edward VI. and Elizabeth, discovered a new species of entertainment, of a highly humorous, and not altogether of an unconstructive kind; which seems to have been very acceptable to the sovereign and nobility, and to have obtained for the author a distinguished character as a court dramatist, and ample rewards as a court dependent. These were properly called "interludes," being short comic pieces, represented ordinarily in the interval between the feast and the banquet; and we may easily believe that they had considerable influence in the settlement of the form which our stage-performances ultimately assumed. Heywood does not appear to have begun writing until after Henry VIII. had been some years on the throne; but, in the latter part of the reign, his plays were much praised, and are numbered among our most valuable specimens of our drama. In the reign of his successor he flourished, and was very successful in his "Magnificence," which, without any improvement, merely carries to a still greater length of absurdity the old style of moral plays, Heywood was writing his "John Tib and Sir John," his "Four Pins," his "Pardoner and Friar," and pieces of that description, which presented both variety of matter and novelty of construction, as well as considerable wit and drollery in the language. He was a very original man, and evinced more admiration than any of his dramatic contemporaries.

To the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth we may refer several theatrical productions which make approaches more or less near, to comedy, tragedy, and history, and still retain many of the known features of moral plays. "Tom

Besides "King Johan," Bale was the author of four extant dramatic productions, which may be looked upon as miracle-plays, both in their form and characters: viz. 1. "The Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ," 2. "The Honeycomb of the Temptation of Christ," 3. "The Temple, or the Millenium," and 4. "The Temple of the Passion." He also wrote fourteen other dramatic pieces of various kinds, none of which have come down to us.

John Heywood, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., is not to be confounded with some modern editors of Shakespeare's plays, as he founded him, with Thomas Heywood, who became a dramatist more than half a century afterwards, and who continued a writer for the stage until near the date of the closing of the theatres by the Puritans. John Heywood, in all probability, died before Thomas Heywood was born.
Tiler and his Wife" is a comedy in its incidents; but the allegorical personages, Desire, Destiny, Strife, and Patience, connect it immediately with the earlier species of stage-entertainment. "The Conflict of Conscience," on the other hand, is a tragedy on the fate of an historical personage; but Conscience, Hypocrisy, Ambition, and Iniquity, are, in the main, presented as personages intended in the mind of the writer. "Appius and Virginia" is in most respects a history, founded upon facts; but Rumour, Comfort, and Doctrine, are importantly concerned in the representation. These, and other productions of the same class, which it is not necessary to particularise, show the gradual advances made towards a better, because a more natural, species of theatrical composition. Into melodrama, married into the latter part of the seventeenth century, which was the last time that the importance of a single author was universally acknowledged, and which was, even at that early date, may be gathered from the fact, that the original single copy has descended to us\(^1\), and is divided into acts and scenes. The story is one of common, every-day life; and none of the characters are such as people had been accustomed to find in ordinary dramatic entertainments. The piece takes its name from its hero, a young town-gallant, who is mostly enamoured of Linsell, and who is chiefly occupied with his good opinion of himself, his own person and accomplishments by Matthew Merriggy, a poor relation, who attends him in the double capacity of companion and servant. Ralph Roister Doister is in love with a lady of property, called Cunstance, betrothed to Gawin Goodluck, a merchant, who is at sea when the comedy begins, but who returns before it concludes. The main incidents relate to the mode in which the hero, with the tramshaws help of his associate, endeavors to gain the affections of Cunstance. He writes her a letter, which Merriggy reads without a due observance of the punctuation, so that it entirely perverts the meaning of the writer; he visits her while she is surrounded by her female domestics, but he is unceremoniously rejected; he resolves to carry her by force of arms, and makes an assault upon her habitation; but with the assistance of her maids, armed with nags and brooms, she drives him from the attack. Then, her betrothed lover returns, who has been misinformed on the subject of her fidelity, but he is soon reconciled on an explanation of the facts; and Ralph Roister Doister, finding that he has no chance of success, and that he has only been enjoined and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Cunstance.

In all this we have no trace of anything like a moral play, with the exception, perhaps, of the character of Matthew Merriggy, which in some of its features, if not of its conduct, is not inapplicable. After "Ralph Roister Doister," the "Vice of the older drama." Were the dialogue modernised, the comedy might be performed, even in our own day, to the satisfaction of many of the usual attendants at our theatres.

In considering the merits of this piece, we are to recollect that Bishop Stilling's "Gammer Gurtin's Needle," which, until late, was held to be our earliest comedy, was written some twenty years before "Ralph Roister Doister." It was not acted at Cambridge until 1566, nine years subsequent to the death of Udal; and it is in every point of view an inferior production. The plot is a mere piece of absurdity, the language is provincial (well fitted, indeed, to the country where the scene is laid, and to the clumsily persons engaged in it) and the manners depicted are chiefly those ofilitarian rustics. The story, such as it is, relates to the loss of a needle with which Gammer Gurtin had mended Hedgecocks breeches, and which is afterwards found by the hero, when he is about to sit down. The humour, generally speaking, is as coarse as the dialogue; and though it is impossible to deny that the author was a man of talents, they were hardly such as could have produced "Ralph Roister Doister."

The drama which we have been accustomed to regard as our earliest tragedy, and which probably has a just claim to the distinction, was acted on 17 January, 1565. It was originally called "Gorboduc," but it was reprinted in 1571 under the title of "Forrexe and Forrex," and a third time in 1590 as "Gorboduc." The first three acts were written by Thomas Norton, and the last two by Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and it was performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple. Though the form of the Greek drama is observed in "Gorboduc," and each act is laid in a different place, by Philip Sidney, who admitted (in his "Apology of Poetry") that it was "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases," could not avoid complaining that the unities of time and place had been disregarded. Thus in the outset and origin of our stage, as regards what may be termed the regular drama, the liberty, which allowed full exercise to the imagination of the audience, and which was afterwards happily curtailed by the assertion and maintained. It is also to be remarked, that "Gorboduc" is the earliest known play in our language in which blank-verse was employed,\(^2\) but of the introduction of blank-verse upon our public stage, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It was an important change, which requires to be separately considered.

We have now entered upon the reign of Elizabeth; and although, as we have already observed, moral plays and even miracle-plays were still acted, we shall soon see what a variety of subjects, taken from ancient history, from mythology, fable, and romance, were employed for the purposes of the drama

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1 One of the latest pieces without mixture of history or fable, and consequently the latest of the personages, is "The Tale of the Three Men," by George Wapul, printed in 1576: only a single copy of it has been preserved, and that is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. The title-page relates to the following passage: "The first printed piece of Printed-plot. No-good-neighbourhood, Wastefulness, Christianity, Correction, Courage, Feigned-furtherness, Greediness, Wantonness, and Foolishness.

2 A very interesting epistle from Udal is to be found in Sir Henry Ellis's volume (edited for the Camden Society). "Original Letters of Edmund Spenser," 1822: the letter, Tye in the series, was written in 1589, and is called on the registers of the Stationers' company. We may presume that it was published in that year, or in the next.

The three single copy is without title-page, so that the year when it was printed cannot be ascertained; but Thomas Hacket had a licence in 1549 to print the play. The old page, which is to the extent of 1565, to the extent of 177, is called the third, and the first line of the play states, that it is called on the registers of the Stationers' company. We may presume that it was published in that year, or in the next.

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4 Richard Edwards, a very distinguished dramatic poet, who died in 1588, wrote the lost play of "Palamon and Arcite," which he had acted before the Queen of September 16th, 1594, at the example of Sackville and Norton: his "Damon and Pythias" (the play by that had been revived) is in rhyme. See Deedes's Old Plays, last edition, p. 177. Thomas Twine, an actor in "Palamon and Arcite," wrote an epitaph upon its author. "Gammer Gurtin's Needle," and "Gorboduc," the last printed from the second edition, are also given in vol. 1. and ii. of Deedes's Old Plays.
Stephen Gosson, one of the earliest enemies of theatrical performances, writing his "Plays confuted in Five Actions" a little after the period of which we are now speaking, but advertising to the drama as it had existed some years before, tells us, in the Preface of Playes of Pleasure and Profit to the \textit{Greek, the \textit{Ethiopian History, Annals of France, and the Round Table}, as well as \textit{comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish}, have been trulye ransackt to furnish the play-houses in London." Hence, unquestionably, many of the materials of what is termed our romantic drama were obtained. The accounts of the Master of the Revels between 1558 and 1582 contain the names of French plays presented at court; and it is to be noted, that it was certainly the\textit{practice at a later date}, and it was probably the practice at the time to which we are now advertising, to select for performance before the Queen such pieces as were most in favor with public audiences; consequently the mention of a few of the titles of productions represented before Elizabeth at Greenwich, Whitehall, Richmond, or Nonsuch, will show the character of the popular performances of the day. We derive the following account from Mr. P. Cunningham's \textit{"Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," printed for the Shakespeare Society:}\

\begin{itemize}
  \item \textit{Lady Barbara.} \\  \textit{Philogena.} \\  \textit{Ajax and Ulysses.} \\  \textit{Narcissus.} \\  \textit{Paris and Vienne.} \\  \textit{The Duce of Fortuno.} \\  \textit{Alcumon.} \\  \textit{Quintus Fabius.} \\  \textit{Timeoachs at the Siege of Thebes.} \\  \textit{Hostler and Andromeda.} \\  \textit{Murderous Michael.} \\  \textit{Scipio Africana.} \\  \textit{The History of the Collier.} \\  \textit{The Duke of Milan.} \\  \textit{The History of Error.}
\end{itemize}

These are only a few out of many dramas, establishing the multiplicity of sources to which the poets of the time resorted.\textsuperscript{1} Nevertheless, we find on the same indisputable authority, that moral plays were not yet altogether discarded in the court entertainments; for we read, in the original records, of productions the titles of which prove that they were pieces of that allegorical description, among these are \textit{"Truth, Faithfulness, and Mercy,"} and \textit{"The Marriage of Mind and Measure,"} which is expressly called \textit{"a moral."}

Our main object in referring to these pieces has been to show the great diversity of subjects which had been dramatised before 1580. In 1581 Barnabe Rich published his \textit{"Prophets and Professors,"} consisting of a collection of eight novels; and at the time he inserted the strange address \"to the reader:---\" Now then hast perusd these histories to the end, I doubt not but thou wilt deem of them as they worthily deserve, and think such vanities more fitter to be presented on a stage (as some of them have been) than to be published in print.\textsuperscript{2} The fact is, that three dramas are extant which more or less closely resemble three of Rich's novels, and one of them \textit{Twelfth Night,} another, \textit{"The Weakest goeth to the Wall,"} and the third \textit{the old play of \textit{Philotus}.}\textsuperscript{3}

Upon the manner in which the materials thus procured were thus handled, we have several contemporaneous authorities. George Whetstone, (an author who has principally acquired celebrity by writing an earier drama upon the incidents employed by Shakespeare in his \textit{"Measure for Measure"}) in the dedication of his \textit{"Promos and Cassandra,"} gives a compensating description of the nature of popular theatrical representations in 1578. \textit{The Englishman (he remarks) in this quality is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his work on impossibilities; then, in three hours, runs through the world, marries, gets children, makes children make children, and then uncommon monsters, and being gods from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell; and, that which is worst, their ground is not so unperfect as their working indiscreet; not weighing so the people laugh, though they laugh them for their follies to scorn. Many times, to make mirth, they make a clown companion with a king; in their grave comedies they allow the advice of fools; yea, they use one order to the audience, and another to the person. This will be perceived, is an accurate account of the ordinary licence taken in our romantic drama, and of the reliance of poets, long before the time of Shakespeare, upon the imaginations of their auditors.

To the same effect we may quote a work by Stephen Gosson, to which we have before been indebted,--- "Plays confuted in Five Actions,"---which must have been printed about 1580:---\textquoteleft; If a true history (says Gosson) be taken in hand, it is made, like our shadow, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it commonly unto such points, as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love; or paint a few antites to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts; or bring in a show, to furnish the stage when it is bare." Again, speaking of playing professionally, he adds, upon "true history," he remarks: \textquoteleft; Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of his lady, encountering many a terrible monster, made of brown paper, and at his return is so wonderfully changed, that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a landsknecht, or a piece of cockle-shell. We can believe it; but when Gosson is supposed to have quoted Stratford-upon-Avon, and attached himself to a theatrical company. \textquoteleft; Our tragedies and comedies (says Sidney) are not without cause eried out against, observing neither rules of honest civility, nor skilful poetry. \ldots But if it be so in Gorbonde, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africa of the other, and many other under-kingsdoms, that the player, when he cometh, saith, I was never before, nor ever believe the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have these ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then, we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the meantime, the two armies have run the swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field? Now, of time they are much more liberal; for ordinary it is that two young-princes fall in love. after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, growth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two bous space; which how absurd it is in sense, even sense any imaginate, and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justifi

\textsuperscript{1} \textit{The Play of Fortune,} in the above list, is doubtless the piece which has reached us in a printed shape, as \textit{"The Rare Triumphes of Love and Fortune,"} acted at court, and at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1591; but it did not come from the press until 1590, and the only copy of it is in the library of Lord Fraser Egon. The purpose of the anonymous writer was to compose an entertainment which should possess the great requisite of variety, with as much show as could at that early date be accomplished; and we are to recollect that the court theatres possessed some unusual facilities for the purpose. The \textit{"Induction"} is in blank-verse, but the body of the drama is in rhyme. \textit{The History of the Collier,} also mentioned, was perhaps the comedy subse-

\textsuperscript{2} Until recently no evidence of an earlier date than that of 1606 was known; but there is an impression of 1613 at Oxford, which is above to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. Malone had heard of a copy in 1583, but it is certainly a mistake.

\textsuperscript{3} It was reprinted for the \\textit{Barnaby Club in 1835, by J. W. Mack.}
ed." He afterwards comes to a point previously urged by Whetstone; for Sidney complains that plays were "neither ruinous to the publick estate, nor were they of the ultimate good of the stage, but of the most singular injury to the moral character of the cast, not because the matter so carrieth it, but thrust in the clown by head and shoulders, to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commendation, nor right sportfulness is by their mongrel trap—comedy obtained."

It will be remarked, that with the exception of the instance of "Gorbonde," do writer we have had occasion to cite company plays in connexion with dramatists with stories for the stage; and we may perhaps infer that resort was not had to them for the purposes of the public theatres, until after the date of which we are now speaking.

Having thus briefly adverted to the nature and character of dramatic representations from the earliest times to the year 1588, and having established that our romantic dramas were of singular origin, it is necessary shortly to describe the circumstances under which plays were at different early periods performed.

There were no regular theatres, or buildings permanently constructed for the purposes of the drama, until after 1575. Miracle-plays were sometimes exhibited in churches and in the halls of corporations, but more frequently upon moveable stages, or scaffolds, erected in the open air. Moral plays were also regularly performed, as under the circumstances, excepting that a practice that had grown up, among the nobility and wealthier gentry, of having dramatic entertainments at particular seasons in their own residences. These were sometimes performed by a company of actors retained in the family, and sometimes by itinerant players, who belonged to large towns, or who called themselves the servants of members of the aristocracy. In 14 Eliz. an act was passed by the 1st standing in the preamble the privileges of some baron or nobleman of higher degree, but subjected all others to the penalties inflicted upon vagrants. Therefore, although many companies of players went round the country, and acted as the servants of some of the nobility, they had no legislative protection until 1572. It is a singular fact, that the earliest known company of players, traveling under the name and patronage of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Henry VII. had two distinct bodies of "actors of interludes" in his pay, and from henceforward the profession of a player became well understood and recognized. In the later part of the reign of Henry VII., the players of the Dukes of Norfolk and Buckingham, and of the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, and Northumberland, performed at court.

About this period, and somewhat earlier, we also hear of

1 As early as 1465 a company of players had performed at the wedding of a person of the name of Mises, who was nearly related to Sir John Hownard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk. See "Manners and Household Expenses of England," printed by Mr. Botfield, M. P., for the Roxburghe Club in 1514, p. 311.

2 The anonymous MS. play of "Sir Thomas More," written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, gives a very correct notion of the mode in which such performances were made by a company of players, and it is stated to be performed, if licensed by some baron or nobleman of higher degree, but subjected all others to the penalties inflicted upon vagrants. Therefore, although many companies of players went round the country, and acted as the servants of some of the nobility, they had no legislative protection until 1572. It is a singular fact, that the earliest known company of players, traveling under the name and patronage of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

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3 For this information we are indebted to Sir N. H. Nicholas, who has the original document in his library. Similar facts might be established from other authorities, both of an earlier and somewhat later date.

4 See Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, Vol. I. p. 167. This is a direct account, made by Richard Gibson, who had the reproduction of the dresses, &c., so curious and characteristic, that we quote it in the words, though not in the exact orthography, of the original document. The theatre in which the first play was given by the King, and of the Earl of Derby, Essex, and Sussex.

In 1548 was passed a statute, rendered necessary by the peculiar character of some of the dramas publicly represented, although not many years before, the king had himself encouraged such performances at court, by being present at a play in which Luther and his wife were ridiculed. The act prohibits "ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other vanities" of a religious or doctrinal tendency, but at the same time carefully provides that the clauses shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes" which had for object the reprobating and reproving of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture.

The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for the

companies attached to particular places; and in coronal records we read of the players of York, Coventry, Lavenham, Huntingdon, Chester, Manningtree, Evesham, Mile-end, Kingston, &c.

In the reign of Henry VIII., and perhaps in that of his predecessor, the gentlemen and singing-boys of the Chapel Royal were employed to act plays and interludes before the court; and afterwards the children of Westminster, St. Paul’s, and Windsor, under their several masters, are not untriedly mentioned in the household books of the respective houses. The little drama of the department of the queen is also noted.

In 1514 the king added a new company to the two companies which had been paid by his father, and the associations of theatrical children. In fact, at this period dramatic entertainments, masques, disguisings, and revels of every description, were carried to a costly excess. Henry VIII. raised the sum, until then paid for a play, from 6l. 13s. 4d. to 10l. William Ryndes, the master of the children of the chapel, on one occasion was paid no less a sum than 200l. in the money of that time, by way of reward; and John Heywood, the author of interludes before mentioned, who was also a player upon the vizards, had a salary of 20l. per annum, in addition to his other emoluments. During seasons of festivity a Lord of Misrule was regularly appointed to superintend the sports, and he also was separately and liberally remunerated. The example of the court was followed by the courtiers, and the companies of the nobility to pay, or acting in various parts of the kingdom under the names of particular noblemen, became extremely numerous. Religious houses gave them encouragement, and even assisted in the getting up and representation of the performances especially shortly before the dissolution of the monasteries in the account-book of the Prior of Dmannow, between March 1532 and July 1536, we find entries of payments to players at Misrule. The last important of the King, and of the Earl of Derby, Essex, and Sussex.

In 1548 was passed a statute, rendered necessary by the peculiar character of some of the dramas publicly represented, although not many years before, the king had himself encouraged such performances at court, by being present at a play in which Luther and his wife were ridiculed. The act prohibits "ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other vanities" of a religious or doctrinal tendency, but at the same time carefully provides that the clauses shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes" which had for object the reprobating and reproving of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture.

The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for the

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superintendence of all dramatic performances, was created in 1546, and Sir Thomas Cawarden was appointed to it with an annual salary of 104. A person of the name of John Bernard was made Clerk of the Revels, with an allowance of 8d. per day andivery.

It is a remarkable point, established by Mr. Tytler, that Henry VIII. was not yet buried, and Bishop Gardiner and his parishioners were about to sing a dirge for his soul, when the actors of the Earl of Oxford posted bills for the performance of "Southwell's Chronicle," and the construction of any regular theatre on the Baileside; but it shows how early a date that part of the town was selected for such exhibitions. When Mr. Tytler adds, that the players of the Earl of Oxford were "the first that were kept by any nobleman," he falls into an error, because Richard III., and others of the nobility, as already remarked, had companies of players attached to their households.

Very soon after Edward VI. came to the throne, severe measures were taken to restrain not only dramatic performances, but the publication of dramas. Playing and printing plays were first entirely suspended; then, the company of the Earl of Southwell was allowed to perform there, but not without special authority; and, finally, the sign manual, or the names of six of the Privy Council were required to their licenses. The objection stated was, that the plays had a political, not a poetical, purpose. One of the first acts of Mary's government, was to issue a proclamation to put a stop to the performance of interludes calculated to advance the principles of the Reformation; and we may be sure, that the play ordered at the coronation of the queen was of a contrary description. It appears on other authorities, that for two years there was an entire cessation of public dramatic performances; but in this reign the representation of the old Roman Catholic miracle-plays was partially and authoritatively revived.

It is not necessary to detail the proceedings in connexion with theatrical representations at the opening of the reign of Elizabeth. At first plays were disconstraineated, but by degrees they were permitted; and the queen seems at all times to have derived much pleasure from the services of her own players, those of her nobility, and of the different companies of children belonging to Westminster, St. Paul's, Windsor, and the Chapel Royal. The members of the inner court also performed "Gorboduc" on 15th January, 1562; and on February 1st, a historical play, under the name of "John of Gaunt," was represented, but by what company is now where mentioned.

In 1572 the act was passed (which was renewed with additional force in 1597) to restrain the number of itinerant performers. Two years afterwards, the Earl of Leicester obtained from Elizabeth a patent under the great seal, to enable his players James Burbage, John Perkin, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, to perform "comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays," in any part of the kingdom, with the exception of the metropolis.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen succeeded in excluding the players from the strict boundaries of the city, but they were not able to shut them out of the liberties; and it is certain, that in the summer of 1567, when the Earl of Leicester's company was supported by court favour generally, and by the powerful patronage of the Earl of Leicester in particular.

Accordingly, in the year after they had obtained their patent, James Burbage and his fellows took a large house in the precinct of the dissolved monastery of the Black Friars, and converted it into a theatre. This was accomplished in 1576, and it is the first time we hear of any building set apart for theatrical representations. Until then the various companies of actors had been obliged to content themselves with churches, halls, with temporary erections in the streets, or with inn-yards, in which they raised a stage, the spectators standing below, or occupying the galleries that surrounded the open space. Just about the same period, other edifices were built for the exhibition of plays in Shoreditch, one of which was called "The Curtain," and the other "The Rose." These may have been built before the Royal theatre was in operation in 1577. We then see that two buildings close to the walls of the city, and a third within a privileged district in the city, all expressly applied to the purpose of stage-plays, were in use almost immediately after the date of the Patent to the players of the Earl of Leicester. It is extremely likely, though we have no distinct evidence of the fact, that one or more play-houses were opened about the same time at Southwark; and we know that the Rose theatre was standing there not many years afterwards.

John Stockwood, a puritanical preacher, published a sermon in 1578, in which he asserted that there were "eight ordinary places" in and near London for dramatic exhibitions, and that the united profits were not less than £2000 a year at least £20,000 of our present money. Another divine, of the name of White, equally opposed to such performances, preaching in 1576, called the play-houses at that time erected, "sumptuous theatres.

No doubt, the puritanical zeal of these divines had been excited by the opening of the Blackfriars, the Curtain, and the Theatre, in 1576 and 1577, for the exclusive purpose of the drama; and the five additional places, where plays, according to Stockwood, were acted before 1578, were most likely a play-house at Newington-buttocks, or inn-yards, converted occasionally into theatres.

An important fact, in connexion with the manner in which dramatic performances were patronized by Queen Elizabeth, has been recently brought to light. It has been hitherto

1 The original appointment of John Bernard is preserved in the library of St Thomas Phillipes, Bart., to whom we owe the additional information, that this Clerk of the Revels had a house assigned to him, strangely called, in the instrument, "Egypt, and Fleshfield," with a garden which belonged to the dissolved monastery of St. Thomas; the title deeds of the property were those of the Earl of Derby, till 1576, when Sir Thomas Cawarden, as Master of the Revels — We will command you, upon the sight hereof, forthwith to make and deliver out of our Revels, on the payment of our Chaplains, and for the entertainment thereof, as shall be thought meet," &c. The play, although ordered for this occasion, viz. 1st Oct. 1553, was for some inexplicable reason not performed till Christmas.

2 There is a material difference between the warrant under the privy seal, and the patent under the great seal, granted upon this occasion. The former gives the players a right to perform "as well within the city of London and liberties of the same as elsewhere;" but the latter (dated three days afterwards, viz. 10 May, 1571) limits the privilege to the Corporation of London, always opposed to theatrical performances.

3 In 1557 the Boar's Head, Aldgate, had been used for the performance of a drama called "The York Full of News," and Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse," 1570, (reprinted by Shakespeare Society) mentions the Belle Saxe and the Bull as inns at which particular plays had been represented. R. Flecknoe, in his "Short View of the State of Poetry," 1694, says that "at this day is to be seen, that the inn-yards of the Cross-Keys, and Bull, in Grace and Bishopsgate Streets, had been into Education, where runs the play, that the Blackfriars, at the Duke of Milan, Aldgate, had belonged to the father of Edward Alleyn.

It has been supposed by some, that the Curtain theatre owed its name to the sign of the Curtain. But it was directed in the audience.

We have before us documents (which on account of their length we cannot insert) showing that such was probably not the fact. We are directed to the history of our Curtain, that the name is assigned to that particular part of the Curtain (perhaps as part of the fortifications of London) before any play-house was built there. For this information we have to offer our thanks to Mr. Edwards himself.

In John Northbrooke's "Treatise," 1604, against "vain plays or interludes," licensed for the press in 1577, the work being then ready for the printer's hands, it has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

4 See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (published by the Shakespeare Society) p. 9. It seems that the name had been taken from the Orange, a house of public entertainment before it was converted into a theatre. Such was also the case with the Swan, and the Hope, in the same neighbourhood.

5 By Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels, printed for the Shakespeare Society, pp. 32 and
supposed that in 1588 she selected one company of twelve performers, to be called "the Queen's players," and that she had two separate associations in her pay, each distinguished as "the Queen's players." Tylney, the master of the revels at the time, records, in one of his accounts, that in March, 1588, he had been sent for by her Majesty to "t• chuse out a company of players." Richard Tarlton and Robert Wilson were placed at the head of that association, which was probably soon afterwards divided into two distinct bodies of performers. In 1590, John Lanham was the leader of one body, 1 and Lawrence Dutton of the other.

We have thus brought our sketch of dramatic performances and performers down to about the same period, the year 1584, which we attempted in 1590, to assume that as the period not, of course, when Shakespeare first joined a theatrical company, but when he began writing original pieces for the stage. This is a matter which is more distinctly considered in the biography of the poet; but it is necessary here to fix upon some date to which we are to extend our introductory account of the progress and condition of theatrical affairs. What we have still to offer will apply to the years from 1583 to 1590.

The accounts of the revels at court about this period afford us little information, and indeed for several years, when such entertainments were certainly required by the Queen, we are without any details either of the pieces performed, or of the cost of preparation. We have such particulars for the years 1581, 1582, 1584, and 1587, but for the intermediate years they are wanting. 2 From the years 1581, 1582, and 1584, give us the following names of dramatic performances of various kinds exhibited before the Queen:

**A comedy, called Delight.**

The Story of Pompey.

A comedy of Beauty and Housewifry.

Love and Fortune.

History of Ferrar.

History of Telamo.

This list of dramas (the accounts mention that others were acted without supplying their titles) establishes that moral plays had not yet been excluded. 3 The "Game of the Cards" is expressly called "a comedy or moral," in the accounts of 1582; and we may not unreasonably suppose that "Delight," and "Beauty and Housewifry," were of the same class. The "Story of Pompey," and "Agamemnon and Ulysses," were evidently performances founded upon ancient myths, both derived by others from Homer; and others are the names of merchants, and we may feel assured that "Ariodante and Generora" was the story told by Ariosto, which also forms part of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing." The "History of Ferrar" was doubtless "The History of Error" of the account of 1577, the clerk having written the title by his own hand; and we may reasonably suspect that "Felix and Philomela" was the tale of Felix and Felisina, mentioned in the "Diana" of Montenay. It is thus evident, that the Master of the Revels and the actors exerted themselves to furnish variety for the entertainment of the Queen and her nobility; but we still see no trace ("Corbodex" excepted) of any play at court, the materials for which were obtained from the English Chronicles. It is very certain, however, that anterior to these, such pieces had been written, and acted before public audiences; but those who entered for the court in these matters might not consider it expedient to exhibit, in the presence of the Queen, any play which involved the actions or conduct of her predecessors. The companies of players engaged in these representations were those of the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, Derby, Sussex, Oxford, the Lords Hunsdon and Strange, and the children of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul.

About this date the number of companies of actors performing publicly in and near London seems to have been very considerable. A person, who calls himself "a soldier," writing to Secretary Walsingham, in January, 1588, 4 tells him, that "every day in the week the players' bills are set up in sundry places of the city," and after mentioning the actors of the Queen, the Earl of Leicester, 5 the Earl of Oxford, and the Lord Admiral, he goes on to state that not fewer than two hundred and fifty plays, were exhibited, strutted, strung in their silks about the streets. It may be doubted whether this statement is much exaggerated, re-collecting the many noblemen who had playing under their names at this date, and that each company probably of eighty or ten performers. On the same authority we learn that theatrical representations upon the Sabbath had been forbidden; but this restriction does not seem to have been imposed without a considerable struggle. Before 1581 the Privy Council had issued an order upon the subject, but it was disregarded in some of the suburbs of London; and it was not until after a fatal exhibition of bear-baiting at Page's Garden, upon Sunday, 13 June, 1588, when many persons were killed and wounded by the falling of a scaffold, that the practice of playing, as well as bear-baiting, on the Sabbath was at all generally checked. In 1586, as far as we can judge from the information that has come down to our day, the order which had been issued in this respect was pretty strictly enforced. At this period, and after, plays were not infrequently played at court on Sunday, and the chief difficulty therefore seems to have been to induce the Privy Council to act with energy against similar performances in public theatres.

The annual official statement of the Master of the Revels merely tells us, in general terms, that between Christmas 1586, and Shrove-tide 1587, "seven plays, besides flats of 1585, but chopped a hundred years ago," were performed at these courts, of which Sir Philip, Paull's, the Queen's, and the gentleman of Gray's Inn, were prepared and represented before the Queen at Greenwich. No names of plays are furnished, but in 1587 was printed a tragedy, under the title of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," which purports to have been acted by some of the members of Gray's Inn before the Queen, on 28th Feb., 1587: this, in fact, must be the very production stated in the revels' accounts to have been got up, and performed by these parties; and it requires notice, not merely for its own intrinsic excellence as a drama, but because, in point of date, it is moral play, under the title of "The Contention between Liberalitas and Prodigalitas," printed in 1602, and acted, as appears by the strongest internal evidence, to have been an historical play of "The Famous Henry the Fifth." 6

We see the original letter in Harl. MSS. No. 2-6. The incident, and the manner in which it is accounted for, and the dates of the play, which was proved by Adams three days after the death of the testator, as Tarlton says nothing about his wife in his will, we may presume that she was a widow; and of his son Philip Tarlton, we never hear afterwards. 2

From 1597 to 1604, the most important period as regards Shak- espeare, it does not appear that any official statements by the master of the revels have been preserved. In the same way there is an unfortunate interval between 1604 and 1611.

1 One of the last pieces represented before Queen Elizabeth was a

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1 Tarlton, who died, as we have already stated, in Sept., 1585, obtained great celebrity by his performance of the two parts of "Derrick and Misfortunes."

2 Derrick, or Deriche, or Dyrick, have been the names of the title of this play, in some of the copies. Dr. Blount has brought together the following extracts, relating to this period and a little afterwards:

1587 Solut. Histriomus Comitis Leicestrin. ut cum suis ludis magnis 

1588 Solut. Histriomus Honoistomatis Domini Howard 

1589 Solut. Histriomus, ne indos inhostes esterocient infor 

1604 Solut. per D. Eedes, vice-cancellari locum tenentes, quamined Histriomus, ut sine perturbatione in scriptum Academiae discordat.
the second play founded upon English history represented at court, as well as the second original theatrical production in blank-verse that has been preserved. The example, in this particular, had been set, as we have already shown, in *Gorboduc*, fifteen years before; and it is probable, that in that interval not a few of the serious compositions attempted in blank-verse, but had not yet been used on any of our public stages.

The main body of "The Misfortunes of Arthur" was the authorship of Thomas Hughes, a member of Gray's Inn; but some speeches and two choruses (which are in rhyme) were added by William Fulbecke and Francis Flower, while no less a man than Lord Bacon assisted Christopher Yelverton and John Lancaster in the production. The diction of the dunciad, Hughes evidently took *Gorboduc* as his model, both in subject and style; and, like Sackville and Norton, he adopted the form of the Greek and Roman drama, and adhered more strictly than his predecessors to theunities of time and place. The plot relates to the rebellion of Mordred against his father, king Arthur, and part of the plot is very revolting; on account of the incest between Mordred and his stepmother Guinevere. Mordred's name is a most proper, and there is a vast deal of blood and slaughter throughout, and the catastrophe is the killing of the son by the father, and of the father by the son; so that a more painfully disagreeable story could hardly have been selected. The author, however, possessed a very bold and vigorous genius; his characters are strongly drawn, and the language they employ is consistent with their situations and habits; his blank-verse, both in force and variety, is superior to that of either Sackville or Norton.

It is very clear, that up to the year 1580, about which date Gasson published his "Plays confuted in Five Actions," dramatic performances on the public stages of London were sometimes in prose, but more constantly in rhyme. In his "School of Absurd," 1579, Gasson speaks of "two prose books played at the Bell Savage," but in his "Plays confuted" he tells us, that his "Plays confuted" to the stage, in this and his other continuations are rolled up in rhyme.

With one or two exceptions, all the plays publicly acted of a date anterior to 1550, that have come down to us, are either in prose or in rhyme. The case seems to have been different, as already remarked, with some of the court-shows and private entertainments; but we are now advertising to the pieces represented at such places as the Theatre, the Curtain, Blackfriars, and the Playhouse, as adapted to public amusements, to which the public was indiscriminately admitted.

The earliest work, in which the employment of blank-verse for the purpose of the common stage is noticed, is an epistle by Thomas Nashe introducing to the world his friend Robert Greene's "Menaphon," in 1587: there, in reference to "a vain-glorious tragedian," he says, that they are "most commonly on the stage our dramatists." Greene lives on the stage of the tragedy of "Tamburlaine," whom he accuses of "setting the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse," and who, it should seem, had somewhere accused Greene of not being able to write it.

We learn from various authorities, that Christopher Marlowe was the author of "Tamburlaine the Great," a dramatic work of the highest celebrity and popularity, printed as early as 1598, and affording the first instance of the use of blank-verse in a public theatre: the title-page of the edition 1598, states, that it had been "several times shown upon stages in the city of London." In the preface the author claims to have introduced a new form of composition:

"From jiggings veins of rhyming mother-wits,
And such conceits as downage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c.

Accordingly, nearly the whole drama, consisting of a first and second part, is in blank-verse. Hence we see the value of Dryden's loose assertion, in the dedication to Lord Orrery of his "Rival Ladies," in 1664, that, "Shakespeare was the first who, to shun the pains of continual rhyming, invented that kind of writing which we call blank-verse."

The distinction belongs to Marlowe. The genius of Shakespeare's predecessors, and a poet who, if he had lived, might, perhaps, have been a formidable rival of his genius. We have too much reverence for the exhaustless originality of our great dramatist, to think that he cannot afford this, or any other tribute to a poet, who, as far as the public stage is concerned, deserves to be regarded as the inventor of a new style of composition.

That the attempt was viewed with jealousy, there can be no doubt, after what we have quoted from Nashe and Greene. It is most likely that Greene, who was older than Nashe, had previously written various dramas in rhyme; and the bold experiment of Marlowe having been instantly successful, Greene was obliged to abandon his old course, and his extant plays are all in blank-verse. Nash, who had at-
Machaut Marlowe in 1587, before 1593 (when Marlowe was killed), had joined him in the production of a blank-verse tragedy on the story of Dido, which was printed in 1594. It has been objected to "Tamburlaine," that it is written in a turgid and ambitious style, such indeed as Nash and Greene ridicule; but we are to recollect that Marlowe was at this time endeavouring to win audiences from the "jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits," and that, in order to satisfy the ear for loss of the jingle, he was obliged to give what Nashe termed the swavish strain of bragging blank-verse. This consideration will of itself account for breaches of a more correct taste to be found in "Tamburlaine." In the Prologue, besides what we have already quoted, Marlowe tells the audience to expect "high asounding terms," and he did not disappoint expectation. Perhaps the better to reconcile the ordinary frequenter of public theatres to the change, he inserted various scenes of low comedy, which the printer of the edition in 1595 thought it proper to digressing, and far unmeet for the matter. Marlowe likewise sprinkled couples here and there, although it is to be remembered, that having accomplished his object of substituting blank-verse by the first part of "Tamburlaine," he did not, even in the second part, think it necessary by any means so frequently to introduce occasional rhymes. In these plays where there is ground for believing to be the finery works of Shakespeare, the couplets are more frequent, and more far common than in any of the surviving productions of Marlowe. This circumstance is, in part, to be accounted for by the fact (as far as we may so call it) that our great poet retained in some of his performances portions of old rhyming dramas, which he altered and adapted to the stage; but in early plays, which are to be looked upon as entirely his own, Shakespeare appears to have deemed rhyme more necessary to satisfy the ear of his audience than that Marlowe held it when he wrote his "Tamburlaine the Great."

As the first employment of blank-verse upon the public stage by Marlowe is a matter of much importance, in relation to the history of our more ancient drama, and to the subsequent adoption of that form of composition by Shakespeare, we ought not to dismiss it without affording a single specimen from "Tamburlaine the Great." The following is a portion of a speech by the hero to Zenocrate, when first he meets and loves her:

"Disdains Zenocrate to live with me,
O, my true love, to be my followers?
Think you I weigh this treasure more than you?
Not all the gold in India's wealthy arms
Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train.
Zenocrate, fairer than the Love of Jove,
Brighter than the silver Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Sythian hills,
Thy person is more worth to Tamburlaine,
Than the possession of the Persian crown,
Though my heart break in my mother's womb,
A hundred Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on steeds swifter than Pegasus;
Thy garments shall be made of Median silk,
Engirded with precious jewels of mine own
More rich and valuable than Zenocrate's;
With milk-white harts upon an ivoryosed
Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen poles,
And scale the icy mountains lofty tops, Which with thy beauty will be soon dissolv'd."

Nash having alluded to "Tamburlaine" in 1597, it is evident it could hardly have been written later than 1588 or 1586, which is about the period when, without any other, and with much appearance of probability, suppose it that Shakespeare arrived in London. In considering the state of the stage just before our great dramatist became a writer for it, it is clearly, therefore, necessary to advert briefly to the other works of Marlowe, observing in addition, with reference to "Tamburlaine," that it is a historical drama, in which not a single unity is required; time, place, and nation are equally at his command. The scene is laid at once to or from Persia, Scythia, Georgia, and Morocco, as best suited the purpose of the poet.

Marlowe was also, most likely, the author of a play in which the Priest of the Sun was prominent, as Greene mentions it with "Tamburlaine" in 1588, but no such piece is now known: he, however, wrote "The Tragedy of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," "The Massacre at Paris," "The rich Jew of Malta," and an English historical play, called "The troublesome King and lamentable Death of Edward the Second," besides aiding Nash in "Dido Queen of Carthage," as already mentioned. If they were not all of them of a date anterior to any of Shakespeare's original works, they were written by a man who had set the example of the employment of blank-verse upon the public stage, and perhaps of the historical and romantic drama in all its leading points. That Shakespeare's "Edward the Second" afford's sufficient proof of both these points: the versification displays, though not perhaps in the same abundance, nearly all the excellences of Shakespeare; and in point of construction, as well as in interest, it bears a strong resemblance to the "Richard the Second" of our great dramatist. It is impossible to read the one without being reminded of the other, and we can have no difficulty in assigning "Edward the Second" to an anterior period.

The same remark, no less applicable to the plays which came from the pen of Robert Greene, who died in September, 1592, when Shakespeare was rising into notice, and exciting the jealousy of dramatists who had previously furnished the public stages. This jealousy broke out on the part of Greene in, if not before, 1592, (in which year his "Groatsworth of Wit," a posthumous work, was published by his contemporary, Henry Chettle), when he complained that Shakespeare had "stolen" a play of his and joined with the feathers of others: he alluded, as we apprehend, to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of the two parts of the "Contention," in the original state, will serve to show the condition of our dramatic literature at that great epoch of our stage-history, when Shakespeare began to acquire celebrity. "The True Tragedy of Richard III." is a drama of about the same period, which has come down to us in a much more imperfect state, the original manuscript having been obviously Edward II." We willingly adopt the qualification of Mr. Hallam upon this point, where he says, "In Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. ii., p. 171, edit. 1841, "I am reluctant to admit that Shakespeare's plays are authentically extant, or that we can place a date within a few years of 1592, as to the productions of which we have no record, but which Shakespeare remedied, perhaps, not very long before the death of Greene.

4 They have been accurately reprinted by the Shakespeare Society on the care of Mr. Halliwell, from the earliest impression in 1594 and 1595.
very corrupt. It was printed in 1594, and Shakespeare, finding its in the possession of the company to which he was attached, probably had no scruple in constructing his "Richard the Third" of some of its rude materials. It "seems not unlikely that Robert Greene, and perhaps some other popular dramatists of his day, had been engaged upon "The True Tragedy of Richard III."  

The dramatic works published under the name or initials of Robert Greene, or by extraneous testimony ascertained to have been written by him, are "The Prince" (1588), "Hymen's Triumph" (1593), "The Fair Indian" (partly drawn from the poems of Bolando and Ariosto) first printed in 1594; "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay," also first printed in 1594, and taken from a popular story-book of the time; "Alphonsus King of Arragon," 1594, for which we know of no original; and "James the Fourth" of Scotland, 1593, partly borrowed from history, and partly mere invention. Greene also joined with Thomas Lodge in writing a species of moral-miracle-play, (purporting of the nature of the poem in the hands of the Duke of Devonshire) the first published under the title of "A Looking-Glass for London and England," 1594, derived from sacred history; and to him has also been imputed "George a Greene, the Pioneer of Wakefield," and "The Contention Between Liberty and Prodigiety," the one printed in 1599, and the other in 1602. It may be seriously doubted whether he had any hand in the two dramatic productions above-named as his except in the lines bear comparison with those of Shakespeare. He doubtless began to write for the stage in rhyme, and his blank-verse preserves nearly all the defects of that early form; it reads heavily and monotonously, without variety of pace and inflection, and almost the only difference between it and rhyme is the absence of corresponding sounds at the ends of the lines.

It is generally agreed that his rhyming, quite as striking a degree, be long to another of the dramatists who is entitled to be considered a predecessor of Shakespeare, and whose name has been before introduced—Thomas Lodge. Only one play in which he was assisted has descended to us, and it bears the title of "The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Mariana and Sylvia." It was not printed until 1600, after the author's death, in 1590, and we may safely consider his tragedy as a part of the productions of Shakespeare: it was probably written about 1587 or 1588, as a not very successful experiment in blank-verse, in imitation of that style which Marlowe had at once rendered popular.

As regards the dates when his pieces came from the press, John Lyly is entitled to earlier notice than Greene, Lodge, or even Marlowe; and it is possible, as he was ten years older than Shakespeare, that he was a writer before any of them; it does not seem, however, that his dramas were intended for the public stage, but for court-shows or private entertainments. His "Alexander and Campaspe," the best of his productions, was represented at Court, and it was twice printed, in 1584, and again in 1591: it is like most of this author's productions, in prose; but his "We Woman in the Moon" (printed in 1597) is in blank-verse, and the "Maid's Metamorphoses" (1594) is the index of it. Hence it is evident that these dramatic productions generally, whether composed in a refined, affected, and artificial style, can be said to have had any material influence upon stage-entertainments before miscellaneous audiences to London, it is unnecessary for our present purpose to say more regarding them.

George Peele was about the same age as Lyly; but his theatrical productions (with the exception of "The Arraignment of Paris," printed in 1584, and written for the court) are of a different description, having been intended for exhibition at the ordinary theatres. His "Edward the First" he calls a "famous chronicle," and most of the incidents are derived from history: it is, in fact, one of our earliest plays founded upon English annals. It was printed in 1593 and in 1599, but with so many imperfections, that there is no strong reason to believe it was as it stood in the state in which it came from the author's pen. The remarkable feature belonging to it is the unworthy manner in which Peele sacrificed the character of the Queen to his desire to gratify the popular antipathy to the Spaniards: the opening of it is spirited; and affords evidence of the author's skill as a writer of blank-verse. His "Battle of Alcazar" may also be termed a historical drama, in which he has endeavored to write himself an extraordinary scene as to time, incidents, and charactern. It perhaps preceded his "Edward the First" in point of date, (though not printed until 1594,) and the principal event it refers to occurred in 1578. "Sir Clymoon and Clanydes" is merely a romance, in the old form of a rhyming play; and "David and Bethsabe," a scriptural drama, and a great improvement upon older pieces of the same description: Peele here confined himself strictly to the incidents in Holy Writ, and it certainly contains the best specimen of his blank-verse composition. His "Old Wives Tale," in the shape in which it has reached us, seems hardly deserving of criticism, and it would have received little notice but for some remote, and perhaps accidental, resemblance between its story and that of Milton's "Comus."  

The "Jerome" of Thomas Kyd is to be looked upon as a specimen of tragedy in blank-verse; the date of its composition is on the testimony of Ben Jonson, may be stated to be prior to 1588, just after Marlowe had produced his "Tamurhane," and when Kyd hesitated to follow his bold step to the full extent of his progress. "Jerome" is therefore partly in blank-verse, and partly in rhyme; the same observation will apply, though not in the same degree, to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy." It is in truth a second part of..."
"Jerónimo," the story being continued from one play to the other, and managed with considerable dexterity. The interest in the latter is great, and generally well sustained, and some of the characters are drawn with no little art and force. The success of "Jerónimo," doubtless, induced Kyd to write the second part of it immediately; and we may not hesitate in concluding that "The Spanish Tragedy" had been acted before 1590.

Besides Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, Lyly, Peele, and Kyd, there were other dramatists, who may be looked upon as the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, but few of whose printed works are of an earlier date, as regards composition, than some of those which came from the pen of one or other of these men. Nash was the most distinguished, whose contribution to "Dido," in conjunction with Marlowe, has been before noticed: the portions which came from the pen of Marlowe are, we think, easily to be distinguished from those written by Nash, whose genius does not seem to have been of an imaginative or dramatic, but of a satirical and obligatory character. He produced alone a piece called "Summer's Last Will and Testament," which was written in the autumn of 1592, but not printed until 1600: it bears internal evidence that it was exhibited as a private show, and it could never have been meant for public performance.1 Henry Chettle, who was also senior to Shakespeare, has left behind him a tragedy called "Hoffman," which was not printed until 1630; and he was engaged with Anthony Munday in producing "The游戏"; the latter of these men, Thomas Kyd, was the first of his contemporaries to write a tragedy in English, and his "The Spanish Tragedy" was written in 1588, and was published in 1601. From Henslowe's Diary we learn that both these pieces were written subsequent to the date when Shakespeare had acquired a high reputation. Munday had been a dramatist as early as 1584, when a rhyming translation by him, under the title of "The Two Italian Gentlemen," came from the press; and in the interval between that year and 1602, he wrote the whole or parts of various plays, which have been lost.2 Robert Wilson ought not to be omitted; he seems to have been a prolific dramatist, but only one comedy by him has survived, under the title of "The Cobbler's Prophesy," and it was printed in 1594. According to the evidence of Henslowe, he aided Drayton and Monday in writing "The First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1600; but he must at that date have been old, if he were the same Robert Wilson who was one of the subscribers to the "Catholic Playhouse," and who became one of the leaders of the company called the Queen's Players in 1583. He seems to have been a low comedian, and his "Cobbler's Prophesy" is a piece of drollery of which must have depended in a great degree upon the performers.

With regard to mechanical facilities for the representation of plays before, and indeed long after, the time of Shakespeare, it may be sufficient to state, that our old public theatres were merely round wooden buildings, open to the sky in the audience part of the house, although the stage was covered by a hanging roof: the spectators stood on the ground in front or at the sides, or were accommodated in boxes round the inner circumference of the edifice, or in galleries at a greater elevation. Our ancient stage was unfurnished with movable scenery; and tables, chairs, a few boards for a battlemented wall, or a rude structure for a tomb or an altar, seem to have been nearly all the properties it possessed. It was usually hung round with decayed tapestries; and as there was no other mode of costume, but the necessary arras, the author of the piece, that the player, on his entrance, should take occasion to mention the place of action. When the business of a piece required that the stage should represent two apartments, the effect was accomplished by a curtain, called a traverse, drawn across it; and a sort of balcony in the rear enabled the writer to represent his characters at a window, on the platform of a castle, or on an elevated terrace.

To this simplicity, however, we doubtless owe some of the finest passages in our early plays; for it was part of the business of the dramatist to supply the absence of coloured canvas by grandeur and luxuriance of description. The ear was thus made the substitute for the eye, and the poet's pen, aided by the auditor's imagination, more than supplied the place of the painter's brush. Moveable scenery was unknown in our public theatres until after the Restoration; and, as has been observed elsewhere, "the introduction of it gives the date to the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry."4

How far propriety of costume was regarded, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we apprehend that more attention was paid to it than has been generally supposed, or than was accomplished at a much later and more pluralable time. Shakespeare, however, in this department no outlay was spared: the most costly dresses were purchased, that characters might be consistently habited; and, as a single proof, we may mention, that sometimes more than 20/. were given for a cloak,5 an enormous price, when it is recollected that money was then five or six times as valuable as at present.

We have thus briefly stated all that seems absolutely requisite to give the reader a correct notion of the state of the English drama and stage at the period when, according to the best judgment we can form from such evidence as remains to us, Shakespeare advanced to a forward place among the dramatists of the day. As long ago as 1679 Dryden gave currency to the notion, which we have shown to be mistaken, that Shakespeare "created first the stage," and he repeated it in 1692.6 It is not necessary to the just admiration of our noble dramatist, that we should do injustice to his predecessors or earlier contemporaries: on the contrary, his miraculous powers are best to be estimated by a comparison with his ablest rivals; and if he appear not greatest when his works are placed beside those of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, or Lodge, however distinguished their rank as dramatists, and however deserved their popularity, we shall be content to think, that for more than two centuries the world has been under a delusion as to his claims. He rose to eminence, and he maintained it, amid struggles for equality by men of high genius and varied talents; and with his example ever since before us, no poet of our own, or of any other country, has even approached his excellence. Shakespeare is greatest by a comparison with great ones, or he is nothing.

1 It can be shown to have been represented at Croydon, no doubt at Reddington, the residence of the Carew's, under whose patronage Nash acknowledged himself to have been living. See the dedication to his "Terrors of the Night," 4to, 1594. The date of the death of Nash, who probably took a part in the representation of his "Summer's Last Will and Testament," has been disputed: whether he perished before or after 1601; but the production of a canto upon him, from Fitz-greely's Aesopin, printed in 1601, must put an end to all doubt. See the Introduction to Nash's "Pierce Penelope," 1592, as reprinted for the Shakespeare Society.

2 The only known copy of this comedy is without a title-page, but it was entered at Stationer's Hall in 1594, under the name of "Pierce Penelope," and may be presumed that it was printed about that date.

3 He had some share in writing the first part of the "Life of Sir John Oldcastle," printed in 1594, and we may presume that it was printed about that date.


5 In his Prologue to the alteration of "Troilus and Cressida" 1679, he puts these lines into the mouth of the Ghost of Shakespear—

"Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age. I found not, but created first the stage,"

In the dedication of the translation of Juvenal, thirteen years after, dryden repeats the same assertion in nearly the same words; "he created the stage among us." Shakespeare did not create the stage, and least of all did he create it such as it existed in the time of Dryden, "it was, in truth, created by no art more, and in a very late age; and whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, when he began to write for the theatre our romantic drama was completely formed, and firmly established."—Pref. to "The Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i., p. x.

CHAPTER I.

Shakespeare advanced or rewarded by Henry VII. Antiquity of the Shakespeares in Warwickshire, &c. Earliest occurrence of the name at Stratford-upon-Avon. The Trade of John Shakespeare. Richard Shakespeare of Sutcliffe, probably father to John Shakespeare, and certainly tenant to Robert Arden, father of John Shakespeare's wife. Robert Arden's seven daughters. Antiquity and property of the Arden family. Marriage of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden: their circumstances. Purchase of a tenement by John Shakespeare. His progress in the corporation. It has been supposed that some of the paternal ancestors of William Shakespeare were advanced, and rewarded with lands and tenements in Warwickshire, for services rendered to Henry VII. The rolls of that reign have been recently most carefully searched, and the name of Shakespeare, according to any mode of spelling it, does not occur in them.

Many Shakespeares were resident in different parts of Warwickshire, as well as in some of the adjoining counties, at an early date. The register of the Guild of St. Anne of Knolle, or Knowle, beginning in 1407 and ending in 1535, when it was dissolved, contains various repetitions of the name, during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III, Henry VII, and Henry VIII: we there find a Thomas Shakespeare of Balshalle, or Balsall, Thomas Chaspe, and John Shakespeare of Rowington, Richard Shakespe of Wolsche, together with Joan, Jane, and William Shakespeare, of places not mentioned: an Isabella Shakespeare is also there stated to have been prioriss de Wrazale in the 19th Henry VII. The Shakespeares of Wroxal, of Rowington, and of Balsall, are mentioned by Malone, as well as other persons of the same name at Claverdon and Hampton. He carries back his information regarding the Shakespeares of Warwick no higher than 1602, but a William Shakespeare was drowned in the Avon near Warwick in 1574, a John Shakespeare was resident on "the High Pavement" in 1575, and a Thomas Shakespeare in the same place in 1583.

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon is 17th June, 1555, when Thomas Siehe instituted a proceeding in the court of

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1. On the authority of a grant of arms from the herald's college to John Shakespeare, which circumstance is considered hereafter.
2. For this information we are indebted to Mr. Staunton, of Longbridge House, near Warwick, the owner of the original Registerium Principium et Sororum Gulielmi Sancte Anne de Knolle, a MS. upon vellum.
3. For the circumstance of the drowning of the nameake of our poet, we are obliged to the Rev. Joseph Hunter. Mr. Charles Dickens was good enough to be the medium of the information respecting the Shakespeares of Warwick, transmitted from Mr. Sandys, who derived it from the land-revenue records of the respective periods.
4. Aubrey's words, in his MS. in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, are these:—"William Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech." This tradition certainly does not read like truth, and at what date Aubrey obtained the bailiff, for the recovery of the sum of 8l. from John Shakespeare, who has always been taken to be the father of our great dramatist. Thomas Siehe was of Arlesmore, near Stratford-upon-Worcester, Warwickshire, and out of record of the suit John Shakespeare is called "glover," in English. Taking it for granted, as we have every reason to do, that this John Shakespeare was the father of the poet, the document satisfied Malone that he was a Glover, and not a butcher, as Aubrey had affirmed, nor a dealer in wool, as Rowe had stated. We think that Malone was right, and the testimony is unquestionably more positive and authentic than the traditions to which we have referred. As it is also the most ancient piece of direct evidence connected with the establishment of the Shakespeare family at Stratford, and as Malone did not copy it quite accurately from the register of the bailiff's court, we quote it as it there stands:


John Shakespeare's trade, "glover," is expressed by the common contraction for the termination of the word; and it is, as usual at the time, spelt with the letter w instead of v. It deserves remark also, that although John Shakespeare is often subsequently mentioned in the records of the corporation of Stratford, no addition ever accompanies his name. We may presume that in 1566, he was established in his business, because on the 30th April of that year he was one of twelve jurymen of a court-leet. His name in the list was at first struck through with a pen, but underneath it the word steet was written, probably by the town-clerk. Thus we find him in 1566 acting as a regular trading inhabitant of the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Little doubt can be entertained that he came from Suttterfield, on Warwick side: and he in two particulars has several new documents before us. It appears from them, that a person of the name of Richard Shakespeare (no where before mentioned) was resident at Suttterfield in 1560; he was tenant of a house and land belonging to his information has not been ascertained: Malone conjectured that Aubrey was in Stratford about 1600; he died about 1700, and, in all probability, obtained his knowledge from the same source as the writer of a letter, dated April 10, 1668, to Mr. Edward Southwell, printed in 1689. It appears from hence that the parish clerk of Stratford, who was "above eighty years old" in 1664, had told Mr. Edward Southwell's correspondent that William Shakespeare had been "bounteous apprentice to a butcher," but he did not say that his father was a butcher, nor did he add any thing as absurd as Aubrey subjoins, respecting the killing of a calf, "in a high style."

Rowe is supposed to have derived his materials from Betterton, the actor, who died in 1710, and who, it is said, went to Stratford to collect such particulars as could be obtained: the date of his visit is not known.

In 1690, a person of the name of Antony Shakespeare lived at Strattefeld, and, as we learn from the Master-book of the county of Warwick for that year in the State Paper Office, he was appointed "hillman."
Robert Arden (or Arden, as the name was anciently spelt, and as it stands in the papers in our hands) of Wilmecote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. By a conveyance, dated 21st Dec., 11th Henry VIII, we find that Robert Arden then became possessed of houses and land in Snitterfield, from one Joselyne, and his Frau; from Robert Arden the property descended to his son, and it was in the estate which was occupied by Richard Shakespeare in 1550. We have no distinct evidence upon the point; but if we suppose Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield to have been the father of John Shakespeare of Stratford, who married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, it will easily and naturally explain the manner in which John Shakespeare was introduced to the family of the Ardens, and which so conveniently is called Richard Shakespeare, father of John, and the grandfather of William Shakespeare, was one of the tenants of Robert Arden.

Malone, not having the information we now possess before him, was of opinion that Robert Arden, who married Agnes Webbe, and died in 1566, had only four daughters, but the fact undoubtedly is that he had at least seven. On the 7th and 17th July, 1560, he executed two deeds, by which he made over to Adam Palmer and Hugh Porter, in trust for some of his daughters, certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield. In these deeds he mentions six daughters by name, four of them married and two single:—viz., Agnes Stringer, (who had been twice married, first to John Hewyns,) Joan Lambert, Katherine Etkins, Margaret Webbe, Joseph Arden, and Alicia Arden. Mary, his youngest daughter, was not included, and it is possible that he either made some other provision for her, or, that, by a separate and subsequent deed of trust, he made her an equivalent in Snitterfield for what he had made over to her sisters. It is quite certain, as will be seen hereafter, that Mary Arden brought property in Snitterfield, as part of her fortune, to her husband John Shakespeare.

Although the Ardens were an ancient and considerable family in Warwickshire, which derived its name from the forest of Arden, or Arden, in or near which they had possessions, John Shakespeare either made some other provision for her, or, that, by a separate and subsequent deed of trust, he made her an equivalent in Snitterfield for what he had made over to her sisters. It is quite certain, as will be seen hereafter, that Mary Arden brought property in Snitterfield, as part of her fortune, to her husband John Shakespeare.

The register of this event is in the following form, under the head "Baptisms, Anne Dom. 1557. "The seventh daughter to John Shakspeare." It seems likely that the child was named after her aunt, Joan, married to Edward Lambert of Barton on the Heath. Edward Lambert was related to Edmund Lambert, after whom Shakespeare was registered at Snitterfield in 1546, and he supposed (there is little doubt of the fact) that he was the brother of John Shakespeare. Henry Shakespeare was born in 1560, and Richard Shakespeare in the same village in 1562, and he may have been named brother of John Shakespeare, and all three sons to Richard Shakespeare.

This is re-ordered the more probable by the fact that John Shakespeare christened one of his children (born in 1570) Richard. Malone found the fact that Richard Shakespeare was living at Rowington in 1574.

They are thus described: "Petcum illud maremum nec, et tres quartas terres fortissimam per dominum, cum suis pertinentias, in Snitterfield, quae sunt in tenemento ejusdem Ricardi Henleis, et tertam illud cottinganum nec, cum gardinum et pomarum pertinentias, in Snitterfield, quae sunt in tenemento Hugonis Porter." Adam Palmer, the other doctor, does not seem to have occupied any part of the property of the Robert Arden who died in 1556, and to whose seventh daughter, Mary, John Shakespeare was married.

No registration of that marriage has been discovered, but we need not hesitate in deciding that the ceremony took place in 1557. Mary Arden and her sister Alice were certainly unmarried, when they were appointed "ex officine," under the provisions of the will of their father, in 1560 and the probability seems to be that they were on that account chosen for the office, in preference to their five married sisters, Joan, the first child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, was baptized in the church of Stratford upon-Avon on the 15th Sept., 1568, so that we may fix their union towards the close of 1557, about a year after the death of Robert Arden.

It was probably in contemplation of his marriage that, on 21st October, 1557, John Shakespeare became the owner of two copyhold houses in Stratford, one in Greenhill-street, and the other in Henley-street, which were alienated to him by George Turner and Edward West, respectively; the house in Greenhill-street had a garden and croft attached to it, and the house in Henley-street only a garden; and for each he was to pay to the lord of the manor an annual rent of sixpence. In 1567 he was again sworn as a jurymen upon the court-leet, and in the spring of the following year he was amerced in the sum of fourpence for not keeping clean the gutter in front of his dwelling; Fran-
is in possession of the original presentation made by these officers on the 4th May in that year, the name of the father of our great dramatist, coming last, after those of Henry Bydly, Lewis sp William, and William Mynske. The most remarkable circumstance connected with it is the number of persons who were amerced in sums varying from 8d. to 2s. William Shakespeare was fined 3s. 4d. for “breaking the assize,” he being a “common baker.” Three other bakers were severely compelled to pay similar amounts on the same occasion, and for the same offence. In September following the date of this report John Shakespeare was elected one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible post, in which he remained two years.

His second child, Margaret, or Margareta, (as the name stands in the register) was baptized on the 24 Dec., 1562, when he was an adult chamberlain. She was buried on 30th April, 1652.

The greatest event, perhaps, in the literary history of the world occurred a year afterwards—William Shakespeare was born. The day of his birth cannot be fixed with absolute certainty, but he was baptized on the 26th April, 1564, and the memorandum in the register is precisely in the following form:—


So that whoever kept the book (in all probability the clerk) either committed a common clerical error, or was no great proficient in the rules of grammar. It seems most likely that our great dramatist had been brought into the world the three days before he was baptized, and it was then the custom to delay the infant’s baptism till the second Sunday following. He is still pointed out by tradition, in Henley-street, as that in which William Shakespeare first saw the light, and we have already shown that his father was the owner of two copy-hold dwellings in Henley-street and Greenhill-street, and we may, perhaps, conclude that the birth took place in the former. John and Mary Shakespeare having previously lost two girls, Joan and Margaret, William was at this time the only child of the parents.

A malignant fever, denominated the plague, broke out at Stratford while William Shakespeare was in extreme fancy: he was not two months old when it made its appearance, having been brought from London, where, according to Stow, (Annuales, p. 1112, edit. 1615.) it raged with great violence throughout the year 1566, and did not so far alate that term could be kept, as usual at Westminster, until June 1567. It is also stated that there were no deaths in Stratford in November and December, 1564, and Malone calculated that it carried off in that interval more than a seventh part of the whole population, consisting of about 1400 inhabitants. It does not appear that it reached any member of the immediate family of John Shakespeare, and it is not at all unlikely that he avoided its ravages by quitting Stratford for Snitterfield, where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as tenant to Alexander Webe, who, as we have seen, in 1566, had obtained

I. The original memorandum runs thus:—

Francis Berlage, Master Baly that now ys, Ademes Gryny, Mr. ete. hath been to gather these two memorandums, in Chappell Lane, John Shakspere, for not kepyinge of their guttere cleane, they stand anstered.

The above were ameryed, 1d., is placed above the name of each of the parties.

The following are the terms used:—

Item, ther treuty and webelloyd Humphrey Pymly, Roger Sadler, John Taylor, and John Shakspere, constable.

This fact appears from a lease, before noticed, granted on 21st March, 1564, in favour of two members of the corporation, Agnes Arden, for dyverse and sundry confusions, hath demised, granted, &c. to the said Alexander Webe, and to his successors, together for a time of seven years, a cottage, with all appurtenances, in Snitterfield. The cottage and the wert is a half of a yeire in hand whereunto belonging, &c., being in the townes and fyldes of Snitterfield affored: which now are in the occupation of Richardes Shakespeare, John Henley, and John Hargrey. 4 Of course the property formed part of the jointure of Agnes Arden, mentioned in the will of her husband.

Of John Shakespeare, the shoemaker, seems not to have belonged to the reversion, at all events, till many years afterwards, so that the
a lease for forty years from his relative, the widow Agnes Arden, of the messuage in which Richard Shakespeare resided.

In order to show that John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, though not in affluent circumstances, Malone adduced a piece of evidence derived from the register of Stratford: it consists of the names of persons in the borough who were interrogationed at the visitation of the plague, contributed various sums to the relief of the poor. The meeting at which it was determined to collect subscriptions with this object was convened in the open air, "At a hall holden in our garden," &c.; no doubt on account of the infection. The donations varied between £3 4d. (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symes) and 6d.; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare was entered in the minutes that at that date he was not an alderman; and of twenty-four enumerated five others gave the same amount, while six gave less: the bailiff contributed 2s. 4d., and the head alderman 2s. 6d., while ten more put down either 2s. 6d. or 2s. each, and a person of the name of Botte 1s. These subscriptions were raised on the 30th August, but on the 6th September a further sum seems to have been required, and the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1s. each, Adrian Quincey 1s. 6d., and John Shakespeare and four others 6d. each; only one member of the corporation, Robert Bratt, whose name will afterwards occur, contributed 4d. We are, we think, warranted in concluding, that in 1564 John Shakespeare was an industrious and thriving tradesman.

He continued steadily to advance in rank and importance in the corporation, and was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford on the 4th July, 1566; but he did not take the usual oath until the 6th September following. The bailiff of the year was Richard Hill, a woollen-dyer; and the father of our poet became the occupant of that situation rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about four years and a half old. John Shakespeare was bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas 1569, the autumn being the customary period of election. In the meantime his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on 13th October, 1566.

Joan seems to have been a favourite name with the Shakespearees; and John Shakespeare is mentioned in the records of the guild of Knowle, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and John and Mary Shakespeare christened their first child, which died an infant, Joan. A third daughter was born to them while John Shakespeare was bailiff, and her they also baptized Joan on 16th April, 1569. For the partiality of the name of Joan, in this instance, upon which some biographers have remarked without being able to explain it, may be accounted for by the fact that a maternal aunt, married to Edward Lambert, was called Joan; and it is very possible that she stood god-mother upon both occasions. Joan Lambert was one of the daughters of Robert Arden, regarding whom, until recently, we have had no information.

We have now traced John Shakespeare through various offices in the borough of Stratford, until he reached the highest distinction which it was in the power of his fellow-townsmen to bestow: he was bailiff, and ex-officio a magistrate.

Two new documents have recently come to light which belong to this period, and which show, beyond all dispute, that although John Shakespeare had risen to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford, with his name in the commission of the peace, he was not able to write. Malone referred to the records of the borough to establish that in 1566, when John Wheler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelve other marksmen, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Arden, his "father and head alderman." There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability to write: and if there were any doubt upon this point, (it being a little ambiguous whether the signature referred to the name of Thomas Dyunn, or of John Shakespeare,) it can never be entertained hereafter, because the Shakespeare Society has put in possession of two warrants, granted by John Shakespeare as bailiff of Stratford, the one dated the 3rd, and the other the 9th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the capture of John Ball and Richard Dalle, on account of debts severally due from them, to both of which his mark was appended. The same fact is established by two other documents, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert, belonging to a period ten years subsequent to that of which we are now speaking.

CHAPTER III.


Although John Shakespeare could not write his name it has generally been stated, and believed, that while he was the officer of the borough he obtained a grant of arms from Clarendon Cooke, who was in office from 1566 to 1592. We have considerable doubt of this fact, partly arising out of the circumstance, that although Cooke's original book, in which he entered the arms he granted, has been preserved in the Heralds' College, we find in it no note of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had confirmed, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in this case such an entry has failed, though these arms was made in 1596, but we cannot help thinking, with Malone, that this instrument was obtained at the personal instance of the poet, who had then actually purchased, or was on the eve of purchasing, New Place (or the "great house," as it was also called) in Stratford. The confirmation states, that the heralds had been "by credible report informed," that "the parents and late antecessors" of John Shakespeare were for their valiant and faithful services advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince, Henry the Seventh; but, as has been before stated, on examining the rolls of that reign, we can discover no trace of advancement or reward to any person of the name of Shakespeare. It is true that the Ardens, or Arderns, were so "advanced and rewarded," and these, though not strictly the "parents," were certainly the "antecessors" of William Shakespeare's family.


The register of the parish-church contains the subsequent entry:

"1566, October 13, Gilbertus filius Johanne Shakespeare." 1

1 Although John Shakespeare was at this time bailiff, no Mr. or Magister is prefixed to his name in the register, a distinction which appears to have been made after he had served that office.

"1566, April 15, Jane the daughter of John Shakespeare." 2

2 Malone gave both the confirmation and exemplification of arms, but appears to have been made after he had served that office.

3 Malone gives as the parochial one the following print of the state of the originals in the heralds' College:—thus he printed "parent and late antecessor," instead of "parents and late antecessors," in the confirmation; and "whose parent and great-grandfather, and late antecessor," instead of "whose parent, great-grandfather, and late antecessor," in the exemplification. We are bound here to express our acknowledgments to Sir Charles Young, the present Master of Arms, for the trouble he took in minutely collating Malone's copies with the documents themselves. Other errors he pointed out do not require particular notice, as they apply to parts of the instruments not necessary for our argument.

4 Although the Ardens, or Arderns, are mentioned by William Shakespeare in the 16th and 17th years of his reign; and he is spoken of in the grants as Wm. Arden and Henricus Arden, and the other that of bailiff of the lordship of Codnor, and keeper of the park there. He obtained a grant of lands in 33 Henry VII.; viz., the large manor of Yoxall, in the county of Stafford, on condition of a payment of a rent to the King of 4s. per annum.
Shakespeare. In 1599, an exemplification of arms was procured, and in this document it is asserted that the "great grand father of John Shakespeare had been "advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements" by Henry VII. Our poet's "great grand father," by the mother's side, was so "advanced and rewarded," and we know that he did "faithful and approved service" to that "most prudent prince."

Another point, though one of less importance, is, that it is stated, in a note at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that "the helmet was sent, over which "showeth" was written: if the original patent, under Cooke's hand, had been sent to the Heralds' College in 1596, there could have been little question about it; but the substituted word "showeth" is more indefinite, and may mean only, that the party applying for the confirmation alleged that Cooke had granted such a coat of arms! That William Shakespeare had been granted a grant of arms for himself in 1596 is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor, (a profession then much looked down upon) and not of a rank in life to entitle him to it; he, therefore, may have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been bailli of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Arden under bard's title, one of whose "grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the marriage of his father with an Arden, were his "ancestors."

We only doubt whether John Shakespeare obtained any grant of arms, as has been supposed, in 1565-9; and it is to be observed that the documents relating to this question, still preserved in the Heralds' College, are full of corrections and interlinear marks, particularly as regards the ancestor of John Shakespeare: we are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1596, Garter of that day, or his assistants, made confusion between the "great grandfather" and the "ancestors" of John, and of William Shakespeare. What is stated, both in the confirmation and exemplification, as to parentage and descent, is true as regards William Shakespeare, but erroneous as regards John Shakespeare.

That William Dethick, garter-kings-at-arms, 1599 was subsequently called to account for having granted coats to persons whose station in society and circumstances gave them no right to distinction. The case of John Shakespeare was one of those complained of in this respect; and had Clarencieux Cooke really put his name in 1565-9 to any such patent as, if it was asserted, had been exhibited to Sir William Dethick a copy of it, some record of it, would probably have remained in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had merely acted on the precedent of Clarencieux Cooke would, to a considerable extent at least, have justified Sir William Dethick. No copy, nor record, was however so produced, but merely a memorandum at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that an original grant had been sent or shown, which memorandum may have been added when Sir William Dethick's conduct was called in question; and certain other statements are made at the bottom of the same document, which would be material to Garter's vindication, but which are not borne out by facts. One of these statements is, that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was worth 500l., an error certainly as regarded him, but a truth probably as regarded his son.

It is really a matter of little moment whether John Shakespeare did or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was bailiff of Stratford; but we are strongly inclined to think that he was entitled to one. The value of 500l. in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequently wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having conceded arms to various persons without due caution and inquiry.

In 1570, when William Shakespeare was in his seventh year, his father was in possession, of a field called Ingen, or Ington, meadow, within two miles of Stratford, which he held on a yearly rent. We cannot tell in what year he first rented it, because the instrument proving his tenancy is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th Dec, 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was 8l., a considerable sum, certainly, for that time; but if there had been a "good dwelling-house and orchard" upon the field, as Malone conjectured, that circumstance would, in all probability, have been mentioned. We now know that Shakespeare owned it for agricultural purposes, but upon this point we are without information. That he lived in Stratford at the time we infer from the fact, that on the 28th September, 1571, a daughter, named Anne, was baptized at the parish-church. He had thus four children living, two boys and two girls, William, Gilbert, Joan, and Anne, but the last died at an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 1579. It will be remembered that, on the baptism of his daughter Anne, he was, for the first time, called "Magister Shakespeare" in the Latin entry in the Register, a distinction he seems to have acquired by having served the office of bailiff two years before. The same observation will apply to the registration of his fifth child, Richard, who was baptized on 11th March, 1573-4, as the son of "Mr. John Shakespeare." Richard Shakespeare may have been named after his grandfather of Stratford, who perhaps was present on the occasion.

The increase of John Shakespeare's family seems, for some time, to have been accompanied by an increase of his means, and in 1574 he gave Edmund and Emman Hall 46l. for two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, in Henley-street. It will not be forgotten that he was already the owner of a copyhold tenement in the same street, which he had bought at a small price, in 1556, before his marriage with Mary Arden. To one of the two last-purchased dwellings John Shakespeare is supposed to have removed his family; but, for aught we know, he had lived from the time of his marriage, and continued to live in 1574, in the house in Henley-street, which had been alienated to him eighteen years before. It does not appear that he had ever ported with West's house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of three houses in Henley-street. Forty use the same shield of arms, single, or impaled as aforesaid, during thirteenth and fourteenth century. The motto, as given at the head of the confirmatory, is NON SINE DUCTO. For "Arden of Wellingote" the heralds should have said Arden de Wilemecote. 3 Malone places reliance on the words of the close roll, from which this impression is derived, but he seems to feel that the speaker was not an accurate witness, and that "a good dwelling-house and orchard" would have been specified, and not included in such general terms: they are not mere "appurtenances;"

4 The following are copies of the register of the baptism and burial of Anne Shakespeare:

- 1574 April 3. Name of John Shakespeare was the party to whom the hall was granted to be held argent; and for his crest or cognizance a falcon with wings displayed, standing on a wreath of his crown, having a helm, mantles and tassels attached to it, would probably have remained in the office of arms. In the confirmation, as well as in the exemplification, it is stated that the arms are "depicted in the margin," and in the latter reference is made to another escutcheon, in which the arms of Shakespeare are impaled with the surnames of Arden of Wellingote, signifying thereby that they may and shall be lawfull for the said John Shakespeare, gene., "sure and
It is, we apprehend, indisputable that soon after this date the title of John Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he experienced disappointments and losses which seriously affected his pecuniary circumstances. Malone was in possession of several important facts upon this subject, and recently a strong piece of confirmatory testimony has been presented to us which was in the hands of Malone, applicable to the beginning of 1578. At a borough ball on the 29th Jan, in that year, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratford should pay 6s. 8d., and every burgess 3s. 4d. towards "the furniture of three pike-men, two bill-men, and one arer." Now, although John Shakespeare was not only an alderman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in 1571, he was allowed to contribute only 3s. 4d., as if he had been merely a burgess: Humphrey Plynley, another alderman, paid 5s., while John Walker, Thomas Brodgen, and Anthony Turner contributed 2s. 6d. each, William Bracce 2s., and Robert Bratt "nothing in this place." It is possible that Bratt had been called upon to furnish a contribution in some other place, or perhaps the words are to be taken to mean, that he was excused altogether; and it is to be remarked that the allotment to the poor in Sept., 1664, Bratt was the only individual who gave no more than fourpence.

In November, 1578, it was required that every alderman should "pay weekly to the relief of the poor 4d."

John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were excepted: they were "not to be taxed to pay any thing," while two others (one of those Alderman Plynley) were rated at 3d. a week.

In March, 1578-9, when another call was made upon the town, for the purpose of purchasing corslets, calivers, &c., the name of John Shakespeare was found, at the end of the account, in a list of persons whose "sums were unpaid and unaccounted for." Another fact tends strongly to the conclusion that in 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money: he owed a baker of the name of Roger Sadler 5s., for which Edmund Lambert, and a person of the name of Cornish, had become security: Sadler died, and in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, he included the following among the debts due to him:—Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornish, for the debt of Mr. John Shacksper, 5s.

Malone conjectured that Edmund Lambert was some relation to Mary Shakespeare, and there can be little doubt of it, as an Edward Lambert had married her sister Joan Arden. To Edmund Lambert John Shakespeare, in 1578, mortgaged his wife's estate in Ashton Cantlow, called Asbyes, for 40I., an additional circumstance to prove that he had no more money than was required to meet his necessities about this date seems to have been, that in 1579 he parted with his wife's interest in two tenements in Sittenfield to Robert Webbe for the small sum of 4I. This is a striking confirmation of John Shakespeare's embarrassments, with which Malone was not acquainted; but the original deed, with the bond for the fulfillment of covenants, (both bearing date 15th Oct., 1579) subjoined to the disquisition of John Shakespeare and Mary Shakespeare, and sealed with their respective seals, is in the hands of the Shakespeare Society. His houses in Stratford descended to his son, but they may have been mortgaged at this period, and it is indisputable that John Shakespeare divested himself, in 1578 and 1579, of the landed property his wife had brought him, being in the end driven to the extremity of raising the trifling sum of 4I. by the sale of her share of two messuages in Sittenfield.

It has been supposed that he might not at this time reside in Stratford-upon-Avon, and that for this reason he only contributed 3s. 4d. for pikemen, &c., and nothing to the poor of the town, in 1578. This notion is refuted by the fact, that in the deed for the sale of his wife's property in Sittenfield to Webbe, in 1578, he is called "John Shackspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "Johnsham Shackspeare de Stratfordup-Avon, in co. Worcs." Had he been resident at Stratford, or at Sittenfield he would hardly have been described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. Another point requiring notice in connexion with these two newly-discovered documents is, that in both John Shakespeare is termed "yeoman," and not Glover: perhaps in 1579, although he continued to occupy a house in Stratford, he had relinquished his original trade, and having embarked in agricultural pursuits, to which he had not been educated, had been unsuccessful. This may appear not an unusual mode of accounting for some of his difficulties. In the midst of them, in the spring of 1580, another son, named Edmund, (perhaps after Edmund Lambert, the mortgagee of Asbyes) was born, and christened at the parish church.

CHAPTER IV.

Education of William Shakespeare: probably at the free-school of Stratford. At what time, and under what circumstances, he left school. Possibly an assistant in the school, and afterward in an attorney's office, before he received his legal education. His marriage with Anne Hathaway. The preliminary bond given by Fulke Gauden and John Richardson. Birth of Susanna, the first child of William Shakespeare and wife Anne. William Shakespeare's opinion on the marriage of persons of disproportionate age. His domestic circumstances. Anne Hathaway's family.

At the period of the sale of their Sittenfield property by his father and mother, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and in what way he had been educated is more matter of conjecture. It is highly probable that he was at the free-school of Stratford, founded by Thomas Jolly in the reign of Edward IV., and subsequently chartered by Edward VI.; but we are destitute of all evidence beyond Rowe's assertion. Of course, we know nothing of the time when he might have been first sent there; but if so sent between 1570 and 1578, Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins, were successively masters, and from them he must have derived the rudiments of his Latin and Greek. Thackeray said that at this date Shakespeare could not read, write or cipher, but only "the kind of is quite certain from the proof we have adduced, that neither of them could write; but this very deficiency might render them more desirous that their eldest son, at least, if not their children in general, should receive the best education circumstances would allow. The free grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare made use of themselves.

As we are ignorant of the time when he went to school, we are also in the dark as to the period when he left it. Rowe, indeed, has told us that the poverty of John Shakespeare, and the necessity of employing his son profitably at home, induced him, at an early age, to withdraw him from school, as there is no evidence that he ever received any benefit from that institution. Moreover, the evidence, as we have seen, that Shakespeare did not understand Latin and Greek, proves that it was not intended that he should receive an education beyond that which could be obtained in a grammar-school.

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of
Nycholas Knollés, Vicar of Asonot,
Wylliam Sayeres, and Anthony Os-
hale, with other more."

The seal affixed by John Shakespeare has his initials I S upon it, while that appended to the mark of his wife represents a rudely-graved horse. The mark of Mary Shakespeare seems to have been intended for an unexecuted imitation of the letter M. With reference to the word "cozen," used throughout the indenture, it is to be re-

"The register contains the following:
1609, Mar 3, Edmund sonne to Mr John Shakesper"
from the place of instruction. Such may have been the case; but in considering the question, we must not leave out of view the fact that the education of the son of a member of the corporation would cost nothing; so that, if the father's embarrassments, the expense of continuing studies there could not have entered into the calculation; he must have been taken away, as a rule, in order to aid his father in the maintenance of his family, considering, after the death of his father, Anne in 1579, and the birth of his son Edmund in 1580, of his wife and five children. However, we are without the power of confirming or contradicting Rowe's statement.

 Aubrey has positively asserted, in his MSS., in the Ashmolean Museum, that "in his younger years Shakespeare had been a schoolmaster in the country; and the truth may be, though we are not aware that the speculation has ever been handled, that being a young man of abilities, and rapid in the acquisition of knowledge, he had been employed by Jenkins (the master of the school from 1577 to 1580, if not for a longer period) to aid him in the instruction of the juvenile boys. Such a course is certainly not very unusual, and it may serve to account for this part of Aubrey's narrative."

We decided to concur with Malone in thinking that, after Shakespeare left the free-school, he was employed in the capacity of an attorney. Proofs of something like a legal education are to be found in many of his plays; and it may be safely asserted, that they do not occur anything like so frequently in the dramatic productions of his contemporaries. We doubt if, in the whole works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Jonson, Heywood, Chapman, Marston, Dekker, and Webster, many legal terms and allusions are to be found, as in only six or eight plays by Shakespeare; and, moreover, they are applied with much technical exactness and propriety. Malone has accumulated some of these.

1 The narrowness of his father's circumstances, and the want of means to support his son, forced his father to withdraw him from school, and unhappily prevented his farther preference."—Rowe's Life.

Aubrey cite "Mr. Beeston" as his authority, and as persons of that name were connected with theatres before the death of Shakespeare, and long afterwards, we ought to trace the transaction with the more respect. Richard Rolland, in consulting to his Diary, was employed in the same capacity. We learn from the encomiums of the "Menaphon," that Shakespeare was "author of two, and a part of three, and was under consideration for a fourth." The "Hamlet," to which Shakespeare alludes, must much remember the players have always been the only drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama, which was in existence long before Shakespeare had been the old drama.

The invention, divested of useless formal contractions, runs thus:

"Noverint universi personae, non Felix Sandells de Stratford faber, sed Thomas Newenham in comitate Warwick, agricola, et Johanne,使其信以Chronin non propter reputationem suam, sed propter suam honestatem, et suam open and open heart. had an excellent fancy, and that he was neither bold, nor gentle, nor expressive, nor withal with that which sometimes it was never in my power to write, sufragium passum est, as Augustus said, of Herodotus. His wit was in his power; would the use of it had been too bad."—Josephus.

"Hence he proceeds to instance a passage in "Julius Caesar." Ben Jonson, then, in corroborating this, was there was ever more in him to be praised, than to be contemned and pardoned." Consistently with what Ben Jonson and his followers, in the following address to "the dear father of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. Condell," to the great variety of Readers," before he had judged at the time of the "10th of December."—"His mind and hand went together, and his thought he entertained with the readiness, that we have scarce received from his pen in his papers."
ceremony was performed, but certainly not at Stratford-upon-Avon, to which both the parties belonged, where the churchmen resided, and where if it had been registered, it would have been recorded. The object of the bond was to obtain such a dispensation from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom after only a single publication of the banns; and it is not to be concealed or denied, that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secrecy. However, it ought not to escape notice that the seal used when the bond was executed, although damaged, has upon it the initials R. H., as if it had belonged to himself, and several passages in Shakespeare’s plays have been pointed out by Malone, and repeated by other biographers, which seem to point directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were “mislaid in respect of years.” The most remarkable of these is certainly the well-known speech of the Duke to Viola, in “Twelfth Night,” (act ii. sc. 4) where he says,

“Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband’s heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our families are great and uniform,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women’s are.”

Afterwards the Duke adds,

“Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.”

Whether these lines did or did not originate in the author’s reflections upon his own marriage, they are so applicable to his own case, that it seems impossible he should have written them without recalling the circumstances at leading his lady union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. Such, we know, was the confirmed opinion of Coleridge, expressed on two distinct occasions in his lectures, and such we think will be the conclusion at which most readers will arrive:—“I cannot hesitate in believing,” observed Coleridge in 1816, “that in this passage from ‘Twelfth Night,’ Shakespeare meant to give a caution arising out of his own experience; and, but for the fact of the discrepancy of years between himself and his wife, I doubt much whether the dialogue between Viola and the Duke would have received this turn!” It is incident to our nature that youths, just advancing to manhood, should feel with peculiar strength the attraction of women whose charms have reached the full-blown summer of beauty; but we cannot think that it was so necessary a consequence, as some have supposed, that Anne Hathaway should have possessed peculiar personal advantages. It may be remarked, that poets have often appeared comparatively indifferent to the features and persons of their mistresses, since, in proportion to the strength of their imaginative faculty, they have been able to supply all physical deficiencies. Coleridge was aware, if not from his own particular case, from reasons of example, that the beauty of the objects of the affection of poets was sometimes more fanciful than real, and his notion was, that Anne Hathaway was a woman, with whom the boish Shakespeare had fallen in love, perhaps from proximity of residence and frequency of intercourse, and that she had not any peculiar recommendations of a personal description. The truth, however, is, that we have no evidence either way; and when Oldys remarks upon the 93rd sonnet, that it seems to him a confidential letter to his “dear wife, on some suspicion of her infidelity,” it is clear that he was under an entire mistake as to the individual, the lines,

“So shall I live supposing thou art true
Like a deceived husband; so love’s face
May still seem love to me,”

were most certainly not applied to his wife; and Oldys could have had no other ground for asserting that Anne Hathaway was “beautiful,” than general supposition, and the erroneous belief that a sonnet like that from which we have made a brief quotation had Shakespeare’s wife for its object.

The present may not be an improper opportunity for remarking (if, indeed, the remark might not be entirely spared, and the reader left to draw his own inferences) that the balance of such imperfect information as remains to us leads us to the opinion that Shakespeare was not a very happy married man. The disparity in age between himself and his wife from the first was such, that she could not “sway level in his husband’s heart;” and the disadvantage, for certain time at least, more apparent as they advanced in years; may we say also, that the peculiar circumstances attending their marriage, and the birth of their first child, would not tend, even in the most grateful and considerate mind, to increase that respect which is the chief source of confidence and comfort in domestic life. To this may be added the fact (by whatever circumstances it may have been occasioned, which we shall not consider presently) that Shakespeare quitting his home at Stratford a very few years after he had become a husband and a father, and that although he revisited his native town frequently, and ultimately settled there with his family, there is no proof that his wife ever returned with him to London, or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis: that she may have done so is very possible; and in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-rate to an amount that may indicate that he occupied a house in Southwark, he found it from the way in which he is described that he “lived in a boyish manner.” This is certainly decisive against the supposition that Shakespeare was an “imaginative being” who would render “personal charms” in his wife less necessary to his happiness.

1 Malone conjectured that the marriage took place at Weston, or Bilston, near Wolverhampton, where Shakespeare was born, and stated therefrom that the marriage was a clandestine one. A more recent search in the registers of some other churches in the neighbourhood of Stratford has not added peculiar personal advantages. It may be remarked, that poets have often appeared comparatively indifferent to the features and persons of their mistresses, since, in proportion to the strength of their imaginative faculty, they

2 Rowe tells us, (and we are without any other authority) that Hathaway was “said to have been a substantial yeoman,” and he was most likely in possession of a seat, such as John Shakespeare had used in 1579.

3 The fact is registered in this form:—


4 We derive this opinion from our own notes of what fell from Coleridge upon the occasion in question. The lectures, upon which as was then engaged, were delivered, are from one belonging to the Globe tavern, a Fleet-street. He repeated the same sentiment in

5 The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the Aldine edition of his Poems, 12mo. 1852. p. x. It comprises all the indications that our poet then gave that he was the author of the sonnets.

6 When the Rev. Mr. Dyce observes that “it is unlikely that a woman devoid of personal charms should have won the youthful affections of so imaginative a boy as Shakspeare,” he has no notion of the mere fact that Shakespeare was an “imaginative being” would render “personal charms” in his wife less necessary to his happiness.

7 In his MS. notes to Langbaine, in the British Museum, as quoted by Steevens. See “Malone’s Shakespeare, by Boswell,” vol. xx. 296.

8 We have noticed this matter more at length hereafter, with reference to the question, whether Shakespeare, in 1605, were not rated to the poor of Southwark in respect of his tenement property, and not for any dwelling-house which he occupied.
in the town-hall, if that could be granted to them, or elsewhere. It so happened that the earliest record of the presentation of any plays in Stratford-upon-Avon, the probable date in the year when John Shakespeare was dead, is the precise year not stated, but it was in 1584 when "the Queen's Players" (meaning presumably at this date, one company of her "Interlude Players") retained under that name by her father-in-law (garter-bearer) received 9s. out of the corporate funds, while the Earl of Worcester's servants in the same year obtained only 12s. In 1573, just before the grant of the royal licence to them, the Earl of Leicester's Players, of whom James Burbage was the treasurer, received 6s. 8d.; and in the next year the companies acting under the names of the Earls of Warwick and Worcester obtained 17s. 6d. and 9d. respectively. It is unnecessary to state precisely the number of plays exhibited at various times by the bailiff, aldermen, and burgesses, but we may notice, that in 1574 the players of the Earls of Leicester and Warwick again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronized by one of the noble neighborhood, (in a very unusual circumstance) the Countess of Essex, "Lord Strange's men" (at this date not players, but tumblers), also exhibited in the same year. In 1580 the Earl of Derby's players were rewarded. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earls of Warwick and Berkeley in 1583; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester's players having been in the town. In 1585 the earl of Berkeley's players, and those of Lord Chamberlain, performed in Stratford, while, in the next few years, companies appear to have visited the borough. In 1586 the "players" (without mentioning any name) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded: viz. the Queen's Players, and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with another company, the noblemen countenancing them not being named.

It is to be remarked that several of the players, with whom Shakespeare was afterwards connected, appear to have come originally from Stratford or its neighborhood. A family of the house of Burbage was resident in Stratford, and one member of it attained to the highest dignity in the corporation; in the muster-book of the county of Warwick, in 1569, preserved in the State-paper office, we meet in various places with the name of Burbage, Slye, and Hume, although not with the same Christian names as those of the actors in Shakespeare's plays. The general combination of Nicholas Tooley is, however, found there; and he was a well-known member of the company to which Shakespeare was attached. It is very distinctly ascertained that James Burbage, the father of the celebrated Richard Burbage (the representative of many of the heroes in the works of our great dramatist) and one of the original builders of the Blackfriars theatre, migrated to London from that part of the kingdom, and the name of Thomas Greene may be connected with the fact. He was familiar to all who are acquainted with the detailed history of our stage at that period. Many supposed that Thomas Greene might have introduced Shakespeare to the theatre, and at an early date it was certainly a member of the company called the Lord Chamberlain's servants; how long he continued we are without information, although we know that he came, and perhaps not long after 1589, an actor in the rival association under Alleyn, and that he was one of Queen Anne's Players when, on the accession of James I, she took a company under her patronage. If any introduction to the Lord Chamberlain's servants had been necessary for Shakespeare then, and this early date, he could easily have procured it from several other quarters. The frequent performances of various associations of actors in Stratford and elsewhere, and the taste for theatricals thereby produced, may have had the effect of drawing not a few young men in Warwickshire from their homes, to follow the attractive and profitable profession; and such may have been the case with Shakespeare, without supposing that domestic differences, arising out of disparity of age or any other cause, influenced his determination, or that he was driven away by the terror of Sir Thomas Walsingham's spy, or the mis-stated date of the Revels. It has been matter of speculation, and mere speculation, for nobody has pretended to bring forward a surmise upon the question whether Shakespeare visited Kenilworth in the battle, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Duke of Leicester in 1575, and whether the Earl of Strange; with his train and pageantry he then witnessed did not give a colour to his mind, and a direction to his pursuits. Considering that he was then only in his eleventh year, that we cannot believe he found his way into that gaudy and august assembly. Kenilworth was four miles distant: John Shakespeare, though he had been bailiff, and was still held an alderman of Stratford, was not a man of sufficient rank and importance to be there in any official capacity, and he probably had not means to equip himself and his son for such an exhibition. It may be very well as a matter of fancy to indulge such a notion, but it seems to us, every reasonable person, against it. That Shakespeare was the cause of the elaborate preparations, and of the magnificent entertainments, there can be no doubt, for it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in the public archives.

Nicholas Tooley, was of Bourningle, and he is said to have been possessed of 29½ goods. We are indebted to Mr. Lowndes for directing our attention to this document, which he only recently discovery in the public archives. It has been conjectured, but we believe, upon no evidence beyond the following entry in the register of deaths at Stratford, that Greene was in some way related to Shakespeare. 1593. March 6. Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare.

This was perhaps the father of Thomas Greene, the actor, who was a comedian of great reputation and popularity, and became manager of the "City Gallants," in a character called "Bull's Head," a sort of the Queen's Players, in which it occurs, with the constantly repeated phrase, "Tu quoque," and which was printed in 1611. The Revels of 1660 is also said to be "Quoquyo"; it was printed in 1614, under the double title of "Greene's Tu Quoque, or the City Gallant," and which, it is believed, was written by Thomas Greene, but it may be doubted, whether it was this the comedian, for it is a very respectable copy of the early manuscript. 1593. August 4. Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare, the younger, who was a comedian, at Stratford, and one of them was a solicitor acted in London.

1 Upon this point we differ from the Rev. Mr. Halpin in his incriminating testimony was printed by the Church Society. Bishop Percy, in his "Essay upon the Revels," printed several passages from the "Essay upon the Revels," and which he printed in 1754, under the title of "An Essay upon the Revels," and which he printed in 1754. The Revels of 1660 is also said to be "Quoquyo," and which was written by Thomas Greene, but it may be doubted, whether it was this the comedian.

2 The Earl of Warwick, was a gentleman of very early years, and who was the only one of the companies which the Queen had not patronized. It is directed to be formed, consisting of a selection of the best actors among the variety of companies which were there exhibited, and the "sundry fees of taxes" were to be paid to his Lordship. The earl's name is given to the companies, and was printed in 1614, under the double title of "Greene's Tu Quoque, or the City Gallant," and which, it is believed, was written by Thomas Greene, but it may be doubted, whether it was this the comedian, for it is a very respectable copy of the early manuscript.

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The Life of William Shakespeare.

CHAPTER VI

John Shakespeare removed from his situation as alderman of Stratford, and its possible connexion with William Shakespeare's departure for London in the latter end of 1586. William Shakespeare a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1587. Complains against actors; two companies claimed for bringing Martin Mar-prelate on the stage. Certificate of the sharers in the Blackfriars. Shakespeare, in all probability, a good actor: our older dramatics often players. Shakespeare's earliest compositions for the stage. His "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," probably written before he came to London.

In reference to the period when our great dramatist abandoned his native town for London, we think that sufficient importance can be attached to the fact, as to substantiate any important incident affecting the life of his father. John Shakespeare was deprived of his own as alderman of Stratford in the autumn of 1586: we say that he was deprived of his gown, not because any resolution precisely warranting these terms was come to by the rest of the corporation, but because it is quite evident that such was the fact, from the tenor of the entry in the records of the borough. On the 8th Sept. 1586, the following memorandum was entered in the register by the town clerk:

At this hall William Smythe and Richard Courte are chosen to be Wardens of the Town of John Wheler, and John Shakespeare; for that Mr. Wheler doth desyer to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakespeare doth not come to the hallies, when they be warned, nor hath done of a long time.

According to this note, it was Wheler's wish to be removed from his situation of alderman, and had such also been the desire of John Shakespeare, we should, no doubt, have been told so; therefore, we must presume that he was not a consenting, or at all events not a willing party to this proceeding; but there is no doubt, as Malone ascertained from an inspection of the ancient books of the borough, that he had ceased to attend the hallies, when they were "warned" or summoned, from the year 1579 downwards. This date of 1579 is the more important, although Malone was not aware of the fact, because it was the same year in which John Shakespeare was so distressed for money, that he disposed of his wife's small property in Stratford for 4l.

We have thus additional reasons for thinking, that the unpropitious state of John Shakespeare's pecuniary circumstances had induced him to abstain from attending the ordinary meetings of the corporation, and finally led to his removal from the office of alderman. We may, therefore, with some degree of probability that this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford cannot be known from any circumstances that have since come to light, but it will not fail to be remarked, that in point of date the events seem to have been coincident.

Malone "supposed" that our great poet left Stratford "about the year 1586 or 1587," but it seems to us more likely that the event happened in the former than in the latter year. His twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized, as we have shown, early in February, 1586, and his father did not cease to be an alderman until about a year and seven months afterwards. The fact, that his son had become a player, may have had something to do with the lower rank his brethren of the bench thought he ought to hold in the corporation; or the resolution of the son to abandon his home may have arisen out of the degradation of the father in his native town; but we cannot help thinking that the two circumstances were in some way connected, and that the period of the departure of William Shakespeare, to seek his fortune in a company of players in the metropolis, may be fixed in the latter end of 1586.

Nevertheless, we do not hear of him in London until three years afterwards, when we find him a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre. It had been constructed (or, possibly, if not an entirely new building, some large edifice had been adapted to the purpose) upon part of the site of the dissolved monastery, because it was beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and corporation of London, who had always enunciated decided hostility to dramatic representations. The undertaking seems to have been prosperous from the commencement; and in 1589 no fewer than sixteen performers were sharers in it, including, besides Shakespeare and Burbage, Thomas Greene of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Nicholas Todey, also a Warwickshire man: the association was probably thus numerous on account of the flourishing state of the concern, many being desirous to obtain an interest in its receipts. In 1589 some general complaints seem to have quotation from "A Jig," or humorous theatrical ballad, called "The Horse-load of Fools," found in the manuscript in which it has been handed down to us, is stated to have been written by Richard Tarlton, and in all probability was delivered by him before applauding audiences at the Theatre in Shorelind. Tarlton introduces to the spectator a number of puppets, accompanying the exhibition by psalter stanzae upon each, and he thus speaks of one of them:

"This foolo comes from the citizens; Nay, Priests doe not frowse; I know him as well as you By his livery gowne: Of rare horseman-fam'd mad.

"He is a foole by pretence And seruittude, he says; And hates all kinde of wisdome, But most of all in players: Of a veris obstinate famil."e.

"You have him in his livery gowne, But present he can Quantum for a mule or more. Or for an alderman; With a golde chaine in his familie.

"Being borne and bred for a foole, Why should he be wise. It would be like his master not to sit With his brethren of saze; Of a veris longe sardes familie."
been made, that improper measures were introduced into plays; and it is quite certain that "the children of Paul's," as the acting choir-boys of that cathedral were called, and the association of regular professional performers occupying the Theatre in Shoreditch at this date, had introduced Martin Mar-prelate upon their stages, in a manner that had given great concern to the Puritans. Tyndall, the municipally-accustomed, and having brought the matter to the knowledge of Lord Burghley, two bodies of players, those of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, (the latter by this time having advanced from tumbler to actors) had been summoned before the lord mayor, and ordered to desist from all performances. The silence of other associations would probably have been beneficial to that exhibiting a sort of certificate of their good conduct, asserting that they had been introduced into the theatre for matters of state and religion, and that no complaint of that kind had ever been preferred against them. This certificate passed into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-general, and it has been preserved among his papers. We subjoin a copy of it in a note.

It seems rather strange that this testimonial should have come from the players themselves: we should rather have expected this certificate to be in the character of some disinterested parties; and we are to take it merely as a statement on their own authority, and possibly as a sort of challenge for inquiry. When they say that no complaint of the kind had ever been preferred against them, we are of course to understand that the assertion applies to a time previous to some general representation against theatres, which had been made in 1589, and in which the players were not themselves particularly excluded.

In this document we see the important fact, as regards the biography of Shakespeare, that in 1589 he was, not only an actor, but a sharer in the undertaking at Blackfriars; and whatever inference may be drawn from it, we find that his name, following eleven others, precedes those of Kempe, Johnson, Goodale, and Arunny. Kempe, we know, was the successor of Tarlton (who died in 1598) in comic parts, and must have been an actor of great value and eminence in the company; Johnson, as appears by the royal license, had been one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Leicester in 1574: of Goodale we have no account, but he bore a Stratford name; and Arunny, though he had been instructed by Tarlton, was perhaps at that date quite young, and of low rank in the association. The situation in the latter part of the century may seem to show that, even in 1589, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the sharers in Blackfriars theatre. In November, 1589, he was in the middle of his twenty-sixth year, and in the full strength, if not in the highest maturity, of his mental and bodily powers.

We can have no hesitation in believing that he originally came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and that, instead of any other argument, as that he was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting," and the poverty of his father, and the difficulty of obtaining profitable employment in the country for the maintenance of his family, without other motives, may have induced him readily to give way to that inclination. Aubrey, who had probably taken due means to inform himself, adds, that "he did act exceedingly well," and we are convinced that the opinion, that he was a very active and popular performer, and that Shakes-peare was a very moderate performer, is erroneous. It seems likely that for two or three years he employed himself chiefly in the more active duties of the profession he had chosen; and Peele, who was a very practised and popular play-wright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying anything of Winters, regarding whom we know nothing but that at a subsequent time he had become a sharer in the management of the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, Shakespeare's services as a dramatist may not materially have interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele had joined a rival establishment, he may have been much more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming clearly understood, he was less frequently a performer.

Out of the sixteen sharers of which the company he became a member, we are acquainted with that of Mr. Thomas More," (Harl. Coll., No. 7385) which, we may conjecture, was licensed for the stage before 1592.

"The first title-page related in a collection of old playhouse books," of which the earliest extant impression is in 1611, but they were no doubt collected and published very soon after the death of Tarlton in 1589.

When the Rev. Mr. Dyce published his edition of Peele's Works, he was not aware that there was any impression of that author's "Tale of Troy," in 1604, as well as in 1599, containing such variations as show that it must have been corrected and augmented by Peele after its first appearance. The impression of 1604 is the most delightful volume, perhaps, ever printed, not exceeding an inch and a half high by an inch wide, with the following title:—"The Tale of Troy. By G. Peele, M. of Artes in Oxford. Printed by A. H. for T. B., and are to be sold at the sign of the Crown in Newgate Street."

It is curious that the nature of the changes and additions made by Peele after the original publication in the edition of 1604 the poem thus opens:—

"In that world's consummated part, whose waves yet swell With everlasting showers of tears that fell, In joy and sorrow kinds and beds of blood That long was shed, Troy, Neptune's city, stood, Gorgeously built, like to the house of Fame, Or court of Jove, as some describe the same," &c.

The four lines which commence the second page of Mr. Dyce's edition are thus extended in the copy of 1604:

"His court presenting to our human eyes An image of the kind of one, at least, Where ladies troop'd in rich diuagoues dress, Glistening like stars of pure immortal fire. Thus happy, Prian, did thou live of yore, That to thy fortune heavens could add no more."

Peele was dead in 1596, and it is likely that there were one or more intervening impressions of "The Tale of Troy," between 1580 and 1584.
longed to consist in 1589, (besides the usual proportion of liked men, who only took inferior characters) there would be more than a sufficient num ber for the representation of most plays, without the assistance of Shake skpeare. He was, doubtless, soon busily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the raraeness of his appearance on the stage will of course apply more strongly in his after life, when he produced one or more dramas every year.

His instructions to the players in "Hamlet," have often been noticed. He was admirably acquainted with the theory of the art, and if, as Rowe as serts, he only took the short part of the Ghost in this tragedy, we are to recollect that even if he had considered himself competent to it, the study of such a character as Hamlet, (the longest on the stage as it is now acted, and still longer as it was originally written) must have consumed more time than he could well afford to bestow on it, especially when we call to mind that there was a member of the company who had hitherto represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubted, as his popularity was extraordinary. To Richard Burbage was therefore assigned the arduous character of the Prince, while the author took the brief, but important part of the Ghost, which required person, deportment, judgment, and voice, with a delivery distinct, solemn, and impressive. All the elements were employed for the due performance of "the buried majesty of Denmark." It may be observed, in passing, that at the period of our drama, such as it existed in the hands of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, authors were most commonly actors also. Such was the case with Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, Peele, probably Nash, Munday, Wilson, and others: the same practice prevailed with some of their successors, Ben Jonson, Heywood, Webster, Field, &c.; but at a somewhat later date, dramaticists do not usually appear to have trodden the stage. We have no hint that Dekker, Chapman, or Marston, though contemporary with Ben Jonson, were actors; and Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Middleton, Daborne, and Shirley, who may be said to have followed them, as far as we now know, never had anything to do with the performance of their own dramas, or of those of other poets. In their day the two departments of author and actor seem to have been generally distinct, while the condition was certainly the same some years anterior to the demise of Elizabeth.

It is impossible to determine, almost impossible to guess, what Shakespeare had or had not written in 1589. That he had chiefly employed his pen in the revival, alteration, and improvement of existing dramas we are strongly disposed to believe, but that he had not ventured upon original composition it would be much too bold to assert. "The Companions of Errors," was taken to be one of the pieces, which, having been first written, by an inferior dramatist, was heightened and amended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date of which we are now speaking, and "Love's Labour's Lost," or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," may have been original compositions brought upon the stage prior to 1590. We also consider it more than probable that "Titus Andronicus" belongs even to an earlier period; but we feel satisfied, that although Shakespeare had by this time given to the productions of poems employed for the stage of his rivals, he could not have written any of his greater works until some years afterwards. With regard to productions unconnected with the stage, there are several pieces among his scattered poems, and some of his sonnets, that indisputably belong to an earlier part of his life. A young man, so gifted, would not, and could not, wait until he was six or twenty before he made considerable and most successful attempts at poetical composition; and it is morally certain that "Venus and Adonis," was in being.

For in a deadly mortal strife,
Striving to stop the breath.

"Of one who was his rival foe,
With his own dagger's blaze,
He groaned, and his hand met first
Pierc't through the eye and bristle.

Which pretty exactly accords with the tradition of the mode in which he came to his end, in a scuffle with a person of the name of Archer: the register of his death at St. Nicholas, Deptford, ascertains the date of his death in "1st June, 1613, of a consumptive sickness, called Archer." He was just dead when Peck wrote his "Honour of the Garter," in 1593, and there spoke of him as "unhappy in his end," and dying for "the want of a son of such noble quality in his family;" Philarist, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of that name; Amintor, in their "Maid's Tragedy."—See "The Aloney Papers," printed by the Hain brothers, in a subsequent page we have inserted the whole passage relating to his characters from the Epitaph on Burbage. Mr. Rawstorne, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition, in one volume, 1818, was, we believe, the first to remark upon the almost absolute necessity of having a good, if not a great actor, for the part of the Ghost: Shakespeare's name stands first among the players of "Every Man in His Humour," and fifth among those of "Sonnets." 4

4 From a Ms. Epitaph upon Burbage, (who died in 1619,) sold among the books of the late Mr. Heber, we find that he was the original Hamlet, Romeo, Prince Henry, Henry V, Richard III, Macbeth, Brutus, Coriolanus, Shylock, Lear, Pericles, and Othello, in Shakespeare's Plays: in those of other dramatists he was Jeronimo, in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," Antonio, in Marston's "Antonio and Mellida," and in Massinger's "The Jew of Malta." The poet of "beauties;" Philaster, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of that name; Amintor, in their "Maid's Tragedy."—See "The Aloney Papers," printed by the Hain brothers, in a subsequent page we have inserted the whole passage relating to his characters from the Epitaph on Burbage. Mr. Rawstorne, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the edition, in one volume, 1818, was, we believe, the first to remark upon the almost absolute necessity of having a good, if not a great actor, for the part of the Ghost: Shakespeare's name stands first among the players of "Every Man in His Humour," and fifth among those of "Sonnets." 4

5 It seems from an obscure ballad upon Marlowe's death, (handed down to us in MS., and quoted in "New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare," vo. 1, 1836,) that he had broken his leg while acting at the Curtain Theatre, which was considered a judgment upon him for his irreligious and lawless life.

"Both day and night would he blaspheme,
And day and night would he swear,
As if it was a dream,
Not ending in despair.

A poet he was of repute,
And wroth full many a play;
Now getting to a sudden suit,
Now begging by the way.

He had also a player beene
Upon the Curtain stage.
But setting up in the second scene,
When in his early age.

He was a fellow to all those
That did God's laws reject;
Consenting with the Chaste man's foes,
And men of ill aspect." 5

The ballad consists of twenty-four similar stanzas of Marlowe's death, the author thus writes:

"His lust was lawlees in his life,
And brought about his death.
exhibited the wantonness of lawless passion in "Venus and Adonis," he followed it by the exaltation of matronly chastity in "Lucrece," and there is, we think, nothing in the latter poem which a young man of one or two and twenty, so endowed, might not have written. Neither is it at all impossible that he had done something in connexion with the stage while he was yet resident in his native town, and before he had made up his mind to quit it. If his "dedication for poetry and acting," to repeat Aubrey's words, were so strong, it may have been that he had written and acted. He may have contributed temporary prologues or epilogues, and without supposing him yet to have possessed any extraordinary art as a dramatist—only to be acquired by practice,—he may have inserted speeches and occasional passages in older plays: he may even have assisted some of the companies in getting up, and performing the dramas they represented in or near Stratford. We own that this conjecture appears to us at least plausible, and the Lord Chamberlain's servants (known as the Earl of Leicester's players until 1587) may have experienced his utility in both departments, and may have held out strong inducements to so promising a novice to continue his assistance by accompanying them to London.

What we have here said seems a natural and easy way of accounting for Shakespeare's station as a sharer at the Blackfriars, or as a dramatist in London, to say nothing of the problem to have finally adopted the profession of an actor and to have come to London for the purpose of pursuing it.

CHAPTER VII.

The earliest allusion to Shakespeare in Spenser's " Tears of the Muses," 1591. Proofs of its applicability—What Shakespeare had probably by this date written—Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury, Warwickshire. No other dramatist of the time merited the character given by Spenser. Greene, Kyd, Peele, and others, had not yet risen to attempt it, and we subjoin the first of Spenser's " Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591.

We come now to the earliest known allusion to Shakespeare as a dramatist; and although his surname is not given, we apprehend that there can be no hesitation in applying what is said to him; it is contained in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591. The application of the passage to Shakespeare has been much contested, but the fraudulent reprint, which also contains various pieces to which it is known, Beaumont had no pretensions. To afford the better means of comparison, and as we know of only one copy of the edition of 1602, we subjoin the title-page prefixed to it: "Salvator mundi: or, a discourse of the true state and inward meaning of Spenser's Tears of the Muses. Imprinted at London for John Hodgetts, &c. 1602." It is almost to be wondered that the getter up of this piece of information did not support it by reference to Shakespeare's obvious knowledge of horses and horsemanship, displayed in so many parts of his works. The description of the horse in "Venus and Adonis," which may be compared with the handling of the animal in "Hamlet," the biographer of the horse-borne anecdote ought to have added, that Shakespeare had the minute and accurate acquaintanceship with the subject from his early observation of the skill of the English nobility and gentility, after they had remonstrated at the play-house door—'

"chiefly skill in riding." The following lines were once said to have been added by Spenser:

"Proper to gentle blood."—Spenser's F. Q. b. ii. c. 4.

We have already stated that although in 1595 only one or named company performed in Stratford, in the very next year there are signs of the Blackfriars company having (in addition to a minor act) five companies were entertained in the borough one of these consisted of the players of the Earl of Leicester, to whom the Blackfriars theatre belonged; and it is very possible that Shakespeare had at that date exhibited his fellow-townsmen in his new professional capacity. Before this time his performances at Stratford may have been merely of an amateur description. It is, at all events, a striking circumstance, that in 1596 only one company performed, and that in 1597 such extraordinary encouragement was given to theatre in London.
difficulty in our mind is, how the lines are to be explained by reference to any other dramatist of the time, even supposing, as we have supposed and believe, that our great poet was at this period only rising into notice as a writer for the stage. We will first quote the lines, literatim as they stand in the edition of 1591, and afterwards say something of the claims of others to the distinction they confer.

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate, With klnudly counter under Mimick shade, Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late; With whom all joy and joly merriment Is also dealed, and in dolour drest."

"In head thereof scolling Scorrileitie, And scornfull Follie with contempt is crept, Rolling in rynes of shamlcss ribaudrie, Without regard or due Decorum kept: Each idle wit at will presumes to make, And doth the Learner's task upon him take.

"But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen Large Arreats of mirth and sweete Nectar flowe, Scorning the boldnes of such base-born men, Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe, Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell, Than so himselfe to mockeye to sell."

The most striking of these lines, with reference to our present inquiry, is, "Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late;" and hence, if it stood alone, we might infer that Willy, whoever he might be, was actually dead; but the latter part of the third stanza we have quoted shows us in what sense the word "dead" is to be understood: Willy was "dead" as far as regarded the admirable dramatic talents he had already displayed, which had enabled him, even before 1591, to outstrip all living rivalry, and to afford the most certain indications that still extant things Spenser saw he would accomplish: he was "dead," because he

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell, Than so himselfe to mockeye to sell."

It is to be borne in mind that these stanzas, and six others, are put into the mouth of Thalia, whose lamentations on the degeneracy of the stage, especially in comedy, follows those of Caliope and Melpomene. Rowe, under the impression that the whole passage referred to Shakespeare, introduced it into his "Life," in his first edition of 1709, but silently withdrew it in his second edition of 1714; his reason, perhaps, was that he did not see how, before 1591, Shakespeare could have shown that he merited the character given of him and his productions—

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate."

Spenser knew what the object of his epology was capable of doing, as well, perhaps, as what he had done; and we have established that more than a year before the publication of these lines, Shakespeare had risen to be a distinguished member of the Lord Chamberlain's company, and a sharer in the undertakings at the Blackfriars. Although

we feel assured that he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, he may have done much, besides what has come down to us, amply to warrant Spenser in applauding him beyond all his theatrical contemporaries. His earliest printed plays, "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard I.," and "Richard III.," bear date in 1597; but it is indisputable that he had at that time written considerably more, and part of what he had so written is contained in the quartos of 1598, never having made his appearance in any earlier form. When Ben Jonson published the large volume of his "Works" in 1616, he excluded several comedies in which he had been aided by other poets, and re-wrote part of "Sejanus," because, as is supposed, Shakespeare, (who performed in it, and whom Jonson terms a "happy genius,"

had assisted him in the composition of the tragedy as it was originally acted. The player-editors of the re-edition of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories," in 1623, may have thought it right to pursue the same course excepting in the case of the three parts of "Henry VI.:

the poet, or poets, who had contributed to these histories (perhaps Marlowe and Greene) had been then dead thirty years; but with respect to other pieces, persons still living, whether authors or booksellers, might have joint claims upon them, and hence their exclusion.

We only put this as possible circumstance; but we are persuaded that Shakespeare, early in his theatrical life, must have written much, in the way of revivals, alterations, or joint productions with other poets, which has been forever lost. We here, as before, conclude that none of his greatest, original dramatic productions had come from his pen; but if in 1591 he had only brought out "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost," they are so infinitely superior to the best works of his predecessors, that the justice of the tribute paid by Spenser to his genius would at once be admitted.

At all events, if before 1591 he had not accommodated, by any means, all that he was capable of, he had given the clearest indications of high genius, abundantly sufficient to justify the anticipation of Spenser, that he was a man

"whom Nature's selfe had made To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate.

a passage which in itself admirably comprises, and compresses nearly all the excellences of which dramatic poetry is susceptible—the mockery of nature, and the imitation of truth.

Another point not hitherto noticed, because not hitherto known, is, that there is some little ground for thinking that Spenser, if not a Warwickshire man, was at one time resident in Warwickshire, and later in life he may have become associated with Shakespeare. His birth had been naturally placed in 1552, and on the authority of some lines in his "Prothalamion" it has been supposed that he was born in London: East Smithfield, near the Tower, has also been fixed upon as the part of the town where he first drew breath; but the parish registers in that neighbourhood have been searched in vain for a record of the event.

An Edmund Spenser unquestionably dwelt at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, in 1566, which was the appearance year of the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to Cambridge, and elsewhere. We believe that he was concerned in "The Yorkist Tragedy," and that he may have contributed some parts of "Arne of Peverham" but in spite of the ingenuous letter, published at Edinburgh in 1855, we do not think that he aided Fletcher in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and there is not a single passage in "The Birth of Merlin" which is worthy of his most careless notice.

Of "The first part of Sir John Oldcastle," we have elsewhere spoken; and several other supposititious dramas in the folio of 1623, which certainly would have done little credit to Shakespeare's genius, if not actually written by him, have been written just a century before the date of this poem; and we may be permitted to express a wish that Shakespeare, instead of "The Faerie Queene," could discover some entry of the kind. See his "Supplemental Apology," p. 22. Subsequent investigations, instituted with reference to this question, have led to the same result. Odysseus is responsible for the statement.
was admitted a sizer at Rembroke College. The fact that Edmund Spenser (a rather unusual combination of names!) was an inhabitant of Kingsbury in 1569 is established by the muster-book of Warwickshire, preserved in the state-papers, on which he has been registered, but it does not give the ages of the parties. This Edmund Spenser may possibly have been the father of the poet, (whose Christian name is no where recorded) and if it were the one or the other, it seems to afford a link of connexion, however slight, between Spenser and Shakespeare, of which we have had no previous knowledge. Spenser was at least eleven years older than Shakespeare, but their early residence in Warwickshire points the possibility. As regards character, however, he labours the contrary position with great pertinacity and considerable ingenuity, and it is extraordinary how a man of much reading, and of sound judgment upon many points of literary discussion, could impose upon himself and be led so far from the truth, by the desire to establish a novelty. At all events, he might have contented himself with an endeavour to prove the negative as regards Shakespeare, without going the strange length of attempting to make out the affirmative as regards Lyly.

We do not for an instant admit the right of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries to the tribute of Spenser; but Malone might have made out a case for any of them with more plausibility than for Lyly. Greene was a writer of fertile fancy, but choked and smothered by the overlaying of scholastic learning; Kyd was a man of strong natural parts, and a composer of vigorous lines; Lodge was a poet of genius, though not in the department of the drama; Peele had a elegant mind, and was a smooth and agreeable versifier; while Marlowe was gifted with a soaring and a daring spirit, though unchecked by a well-regulated taste; but all had more nature in their dramas than Lyly, who generally chose classical or mythological subjects, and dealt with those subjects with a wearisome monody of style, with thoughts quaint, concealed, and violent, and with an utter absence of force and distinctness in his characterization.

It is not necessary to enter farther into this part of the question, because, we think, it is now established that Spenser's lines might apply to Shakespeare as regards the date of their publication, and indisputably applied with most felicitous exactness to the works he has left behind him.

With regard to the lines which state, that 'Willy

‘Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,

Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell,'

we have already shown that in 1589 there must have been some compulsory cessation of theatrical performances, which affected not only offending, but unpolluting companies: hence the certificate, or more properly remonstrance, of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars. The choir-boys of Paul were silenced, and their "masters of state and religion" on their stage, when they introduced Martin Mar-priestle into one of their dramas; and the players of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange were prohibited from acting, as far as we can learn, on a similar ground. The interdiction of performances by the children of Paul's was persevered in for about ten years; and although the public companies (after the completion of some inquires by commissioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a temporary suspension of all theatrical exhibitions in London.

This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare.

epigram, attributed to Spenser, may have been occasioned by the obstruction by the Lord Treasurer of some additional proof of the date of Shakespeare's death for the use of Malone. First published the anecdote in his "Worth'm," 1592; but sixty years earlier, and within a very short time after the death of Shakespeare, the"Reflected Myth," which we have cited, for we found it not, was written by: he does not name the young man, it is true, but perhaps not quite so young as has been imagined.

The authorship has been already even to speculate where Spenser was at school—possibly at Kingsbury. Dryton was also a Warwickshire man.

If differences of opinion, founded upon discrepancies of contemporaneous or nearly contemporaneous representations, have prevailed respecting the extreme poverty of Spenser at the time of his death, this doubt is very far removed; and a pension of 30s. (one third of our present money) from the royal bounty, which probably he received to the last. At the same time we think there is much plausibility in the story that Lord Burghley stood in the way of some special pecuniary gift from Elizabeth. The Rev. H. J. Todd disbelieves it, and in his "Life of Shakespeare" calls it "a calumny," on the foundation of the pension, without considering, perhaps, that, the extreme to which he has gone in his "Tears of the Muses." If Malone had wished to point out a dramatist of that day to whom the words of Spenser could by no possibility apply, he could not have made a better choice than William Lyly. However, he labours the contrary position with great pertinacity and considerable ingenuity, and it is extraordinary how a man of much reading, and of sound judgment upon many points of literary discussion, could impose upon himself and be led so far from the truth, by the desire to establish a novelty. At all events, he might have contented himself with an endeavour to prove the negative as regards Shakespeare, without going the strange length of attempting to make out the affirmative as regards Lyly.

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This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare.
We have no means of ascertaining how long the order, inhibiting theatrical performances generally, was persevered in; but the plague broke out in London in 1592, and in the autumn of the year, when the number of deaths was greatest, "the Queen's players," in their progress round the country, whether they wandered when thus prevented from acting in the metropolis, performed at Chesterton, near Cambridge, to the great annoyance of the heads of the university.

It was at this juncture, probably, if indeed he ever were in that country, that Shakespeare visited Italy. Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever, and in many respects original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," has maintained the affirmative with great confidence, and has brought all one view the internal evidence afforded by the "Twelfth Night," and his "Droll Comedies." External evidence there is none, since not even a tradition of such a visit has descended to us. We own that the internal evidence, in our estimation, is by no means as strong as it appeared to Mr. Brown, who has evinced great ingenuity and ability in the conduct of his case, and has made as much as possible of his proofs. He dwells, among other things, upon the fact, that there were no contemporaneous translations of the truth of the events in "Twelfth Night." But these evidence are founded; but Shakespeare may have understood as much Italian as answered his purpose without having gone to Venice. For the same reason we lay no stress upon the recently-discovered fact, (not known when Mr. Brown wrote) that Shakespeare constructed his "Twelfth Night" with the aid of one or two Italian comedies; they may have found their way into England, and he may have read them in the original language. That Shakespeare was capable of translating with so much ease the surnames, our supposed, we are morally certain; but we think that if he had travelled to Venice, Verona, or Florence, we should have had more distinct and positive testimony of the fact in his works than can be adduced from them.

Other authors of the time have left such evidence behind them as cannot be disputed. Lyly tells us so distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich informs us that he became acquainted with foreign travel, and it extended itself to the other side of the Alps: Daniel goes the length of letting us know where certain of his sonnets were composed; Lodge wrote some of his tracts abroad: Nash gives us the places where he met particular persons; and his friend Greene admits his obligations to Italy and Spain, whither he had travelled early in life in pursuit of letters. In truth, at that period and afterwards, there seems to have been a positive rage for foreign travel, and it extended itself to foreign actors, as well as to poets; for we know that William Kempe was in Rome in 1601, during the interval between the time when, for some unexplained reason, he quitted the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, and joined that of the Lord Admiral. Although we do not believe that Shakespeare ever was in Italy, we admit that we are without evidence to prove a negative; and he may have gone there without having left behind him any distinct record of the fact. At the date to which we are now advertizing he might certainly have had a convenient opportunity for doing so, in consequence of the temporary prohibition of dramatic performances in London.

Death of Robert Greene in 1592, and publication of his "Greatworth of Wit," by H. Chettle. Greene's address to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and his envious mention of Shakespeare's office to Chettle, are at Chettle's disposal; the apology of the latter in his "Kind-heart's Dream." The character of Shakespeare there given. Second allusion by Spenser to Shakespeare in "Colin Clout's come home again," 1594. The "gentle Shakespeare." Change in the office of his plays 1591 and 1594: his "Richard II," and "Richard III."
duce Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele to cease to write for the stage; and, in the course of his exhortation, Greene bitterly inveighs against "an upstart crow," who had availed himself of the dramatic labours of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank verse as the acknowledged poet of his contemporaries, who was a Johannes Factotum, and who, in his own opinion, was "the only Shake-scene in a country." All this is clearly levelled at Shakespeare, under the purposely-perverted name of 'Shake-scene,' and the words, 'Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," are a parody upon a line in a historical play, (most likely by Greene) "O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide," from which Shakespeare had been permitted to make slight alterations.

From hence it is evident that Shakespeare, near the end of 1592, had established such a reputation, and was so important a rival of the dramatists, who, until he came forward, had kept undisputed possession of the stage, as to excite the envy and enmity of Greene, even during his last and fatal illness. It also, we think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz. that our great poet possessed such variety of talent, that, for the purposes of the company of which he was a member, he could do anything that he might be called upon to perform: he was the Johannes Factotum of the association: he was an actor, and he was a writer of original plays, an adapter and imposer of those already in existence, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, and inserted scenes, speeches or passages on any temporary subject, that could be of assistance to the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists: Shakespeare was the Johannes Factotum who could turn his hand to any thing connected with his profession, and who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade. In our view, therefore, the quotation we have made from the "Groatworth of Wit," previously so often quoted from it, is natural and proper. That Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: that he did there is no doubt, for we are told so by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Groatworth of Wit:" he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligibly that there is no room for dispute. Marlowe, also, and, without reason, complained of the manner in which Greene had spoken of him in the same work, but to him Chettle made no apology, while to Shakespeare he offered all the amendments in his power.

His apology to Shakespeare is contained in a tract called "Kind-heart's Dream," which appeared without date, probably on 3 September, 1592, and Chettle tells us in "Kind-heart's Dream," that Greene did, "I about three months" before, it is certain that "Kind-heart's Dream" came out prior to the end of 1592, as we now calculate the year, and about three months before it expired, according to the reckoning of that period. The whole passage relating to Marlowe and Shakespeare is highly interesting, and we therefore extract it entire.

"About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry book-sellers' hands: among others his Greatworth of Wit, in which a letter, written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken: and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossit to it and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have, all but as Greene expected, misused the published bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known: and how in that I dealt, I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them, that take offence, was I acquainted: and with one of them [Marlowe] I could not if I never be a no. Shakespeare whom at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially in such a case, the author being dead) that I did not I am as sure as if it was in his own hand, and had not abridged himself; have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and in the face of his grace in being his in the first. [Marlowe] whose learning I reverence, and at the persuas of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought I in some dissembled writ, or had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use no worse than I deserve."

The accusation of Greene against Marlowe had reference to the freedom of his religious opinions, of which it is not necessary here to say more: the attack upon Shakespeare we have already inserted and observed upon. In Chettle's apology to the latter, one of the most noticeable points is the tribute he pays to our great dramatist's abilities as an actor: his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: the word "quality" was applied, at that date, peculiarly and technically to acting, and the "quality," Shakespeare "professed" was that of an actor.

"His facions grace in writing," is separately adverted to, and admitted, while "his uprightness of dealing" is attested, not only by Chettle's own experience, but by the evidence of others. His "ship" "was a vessel," and Shakespeare for the ensuing assault of Greene shows most decisively the high opinion entertained of him, towards the close of 1592, as an author, an actor, and a man.

We have already inserted Spenser's warm, but not less judicious and well-merited, eulogium of Shakespeare in 1591, when in his " Tears of the Muses" he addresses him as Willy, and designates him "that same gentle spirit, from whose pen Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flow." If we were to trust printed dates, it would seem that in the same year the author of "The Faerie Queene" gave another proof of his admiration of our great dramatist, when he allude to a passage in "Colin Clout's come home again," which was published with a dedication dated 27th December, 1591; but Malone proved, beyond all cavil, that for 1591 we ought to read 1594, the printer having made an extraordinary blunder. In the poem (after the author has spoken of many living and dead dramatists by their names, as Alabaster and Daniel, and others by fictitious and fanciful appellations) he inserts these lines:

- Malone, with a good deal of research and patience, goes over all the pseudo-names in "Colin Clout: come home again," applying each to poets of the time; but how uncertain and unsatisfactory any attempt of the kind must necessarily he may be illustrated in a single instance. Malone refers the following lines to Arthur rackielding:
The LIFE of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

"And there, though last not least, is Eton; A gentle shepherd may no where be found, Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention, Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

Malone takes unnecessary pains to establish that this passage applies to Shakespeare, although he pertinaciously denied that "our pleasant Willy" of "The Tears of the Muses" was intended for him. We have no doubt on either point; and it is singular, that it should never have struck Malone that the same epithet is given in both cases to the person addressed, and that epithet one which, at a subsequent date, almost constantly accompanied the name of Shakespeare, in "The Tears of the Muses" he is called a 'gentle spirit,' and in "Colin Clout's come home again" we are told that, "A gentle shepherd may no where be found."

In the same feeling Ben Jonson calls him "my gentle Shakespeare," in the noble copy of verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, so that ere long the term became peculiarly applied to our great and amiable dramatist. This coincidence of expression is another circumstance to establish that Spenser, certainly had Shakespeare in his mind when he wrote his "Tears of the Muses" in 1591, and his "Colin Clout's come home again" in 1594. In the latter instance the whole description is nearly as appropriate as in the earlier, with the addition of a line, which has a clear and obvious reference to the patronymic of our poet: his Muse, says Spenser, "Doth, like himself, heroically sound."

These words alone may be taken to show, that between 1591 and 1594 Shakespeare had somewhat changed the character of his compositions: Spenser having applauded him, in his "Tears of the Muses," for unrivalled talents in comedy, (a department of the drama to which Shakespeare had, perhaps, at that date entirely, though not exclusively, devoted himself) in his "Colin Clout" spoke of the "high thought's invention," which then filled Shakespeare's muse, and made him sound as "heroically" as his name. Of his genius, in a loftier strain of poetry than belonged to comedy, our great dramatist, by the year 1594, must have given some remarkable and undeniable proofs. In 1591 he had perhaps written his "Love's Labour's Lost," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," but in 1593 he had, no doubt, presented to the world some of his great historical plays, his "Richard II." and "Richard III.," both of which, as before remarked, together with "Romeo and Juliet," came from the press in 1597, though the last in a very mangled, imperfect, and unauthentic state. One circumstance may be mentioned, as leading to the belief that "Richard III." was brought out in 1594, viz. that in that year an impression of "The True Tragedy of Richard the Third," (an earlier play of Shakespeare?) was published, that it might not be bought under the notion that it was the new drama by the most popular poet of the day, then in a course of representation. It is most probable that "Richard II." had been composed before "Richard III.," and to either or both of them the lines, "Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention, Doth, like himself, heroically sound," will abundantly apply. The difference in the character of Spenser's tribute to Shakespeare in 1591 and 1594 was occasioned by the difference in the character of his productions.

The passage, in truth, applies to Thomas Churchyard, as he himself informs us in his "Pleasant Discourse of Court and War," 1596: he "tompains of neglect, and tells us that,�... / Who sang so long, until quite hoarse he grew." 1

The platform where all poets thrive, Save one whose voice to hoarse, they say; There is where all are laid bare, As children in a pageant play."

In the same way we might show that Malone was mistaken as to other poets he supposed alluded to by Spenser; but it would lead us too far out of our way. 2

Hence we see that Shakespeare took two names in his "Henry VIII." from persons who bore them in his native town. 3

1 In a passage we have already extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discovers," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions?" but he is there perhaps referring to his style of composition.

2 We have to express our best thanks to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this manuscript, and for supplying us with an analysis of its contents.

3 The first certificate has not been found in the State Paper Office, the most diligent search.

4 Hence we see that Shakespeare took two names in his "Henry VIII." from persons who bore them in his native town.
we are to recollect that it could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension of that kind need not have kept him away from church on the Sabbath. Neither was it likely that his son, who was at this date profitably employed in London as an actor and author, and who three years before was a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, would have allowed his father to continue so distressed for money, as not to be able to attend the usual place of divine worship. Therefore, it can be inferred by John Shakespeare's continued interest in pecuniary difficulties at the time his son William quitte Stratford, we altogether reject the notion that his son had permitted his father to live in comparative want, while he himself possessed more than competence.

"Age, sickness, and impotency of body," may indeed have kept John Shakespeare from church, but upon this point we have no information beyond the fact, that if he were born, as Malone supposed, in 1530, he was at this date only sixty-two.

With regard to his religious opinions, it is certain that after he became alderman of Stratford, on 4th July 1565, he must have taken the usual oath required from all protestants; but, according to the records of the borough, it was not administered to him until the 12th September following his election. This trilling circumstance perhaps has the more appeared, as it escape to some of the corporate officers at one court, and to swear in them at the next. So far John Shakespeare may have conformed to the requirements of the law, but it is still possible that he may not have adopted all the new protestant tenets, or that having adopted them, like various other conscientious men, he saw reason afterwards to return to the faith he had abandoned. We have no evidence on this point as regards him, that we are aware of, as regards a person of the name of Thomas Greene, (who, although it seems very unlikely, may have been the same man who was an actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and who was a co-sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, in 1599) who is described in the certificate of the commissioners as then of a different parish, and who, it is added, had confessed that he had been "reconciled to the Romish religion." The memorandum in these terms—

"It is here to be remembered that one Thomas Greene, of this parish, herefore presented and indicted for a recusant, hath confessed to Mr. Eobt. Burgoyn, one of the commissioners for this service, that an out Preest reconcilied him to the Romish religion, while he was prisoner in Worcestur gaol. This Greene hath not ever since renounced his error.

On the same authority we learn that the wife of Thomas Greene was a "most wilfull recusant," and although we are by no means warranted in forming even an opinion on the question, whether Mary Shakespeare adhered to the ancient faith, it is indisputable, if we may rely upon the representation of the commissioners, that some of her family continued Roman Catholics. In the document under consideration it is stated, that Mrs. Mary Arden and her servant John Browne had been presented to the commissioners as

1 By an account of rents received by Thomas Rogers, Chamber- lord of Stratford, it appears that "John Shakespeare, the Shakespeare poet, having been baillif and head-alderman, was usually styled. Mr. Shakespeare, as we have before remarked. However, it is a confi- dent to be asserted, that the name of Shakespeare or the poet's family is that of Henry Fieldy or Field, whose goods Mr. John Shakes- ppeare was subsequently employed to value: they were therefore in all probability neighbours."

"Shakespeare and his Times," vol. I. p. 8. D. Drake seems to be of the opinion that John Shakespeare may have refrained from answering the corporation calls previous to 1594, on account of his religious opinions.

2 It has the following title:

"A True and perfect Inventory of the Goods and Cattle, which were the Goods and Cattle of Henry Fieldly, late of Stratford-upon-Avon in the County of Warwicke, Tanner, now deceased, bequeathed, by William Shakespeare, the 21st day of August, Anno Domini 1562. By Thomas Trussell, Bevôt man, Mr. John Shakesher, Richard Spencer and others."

The items of the inventory consist of nothing but an enumeration of old bedsteads, painted cloths, and so of no curiosity and of little value. It is to be observed that John Trussel was an attorney of Stratford, and it seems likely that the valuation was made in resoundants, and that they had been so prior to the date of the former return by the same official person.

In considering the subject of the faith of our poet's father, we ought to put entirely out of view the paper upon which Dr. Drake lays some stress; we mean the sort of religious will, or confession of faith, supposed to have been found, about the year 1710, concealed in the tiling of the house John Shakespeare is conjectured to have inhabited. It was written by William Shakespeare (as the name of his house is not attenion, and there are many reasons for believing it to be spurious. Malone once looked upon it as authentic, but he corrected his judgment respecting it afterwards.

Upon the new matter we have here been able to produce, we shall leave the reader to draw his own conclusion, and to decide for himself whether John Shakespeare bore church in 1592, because he was in fear of arrest, because he was "aged, sick, and impotent of body," or because he did not accord in the doctrines of the protestant faith.

We ought not, however, to omit to add, that if John Shakespeare were infirm in 1592, or if he were harassed and threatened by creditors, neither the one circumstance nor the other prevented him from being employed in Aug- ust 1592 (in what particular capacity, or for what precise purpose is not stated) to assist "Thomas Trussell, gentleman," and "Richard Spencer, yeoman," in taking an inventory of the goods and chattels of Henry Fieldly of Stratford, tanner, after his decease. A contemporary copy of the original document has recently been placed in the hands of the Shakespeare Society for publication, but the fact, and not the details, is all that seems of importance here. In the heading of the paper our poet's father is called "Mr. John Shakespeare," and at the end we find his name as "John Shaksper, gent.," and "Richard Spencer, yeoman," in a paper, as it is shown, in which the addition of "senser" was made, and the object of it might be to distinguish him more effectually from John Shakespeare, the shoemaker in Stratford, with whom, of old perhaps, as in modern times, he was now and then embroiled. The fact itself may be material in determining whether John Shakespeare, at the age of sixty-two, was, or was not so "aged, sick, or impotent of body," as to be unable to attend protestant divine worship. It certainly does not seem likely that he would have been selected for the performance of such a duty, however trilling, if he had been so apprehensive of arrest as not to be able to leave his dwelling, or if he had been very infirm from sickness or old age.

Whether he were, or were not a member of the protestant reformed Church, it is not to be disputed that his children were, all of whom were born before 1566, were baptised at the ordinary and established place of worship in the parish. That his son William was educated, lived, and died a protestant we have no doubt.

We have already stated our distinct and deliberate opinion that "Venus and Adonis" was written before its author left his home in Warwickshire. He kept it by him for some years, and early in 1595 seems to have put it into the hands relating to Field's will. The whole sum at which the goods were estimated was £14. 14s. 0d., and the total, with the names of the persons making the appraisement, is thus stated at the end of the account:

"Some total!—£14. 14s. 0d. John Shaksper senior By me Richard Spencer Per Richard Spencer Script. present."

Of course, unless, as does not appear in this copy, John Shakespeare made his mark, the document must have been subscribed by his son before being signed by the printer. But the title page of this publication has been brought within our view by Sir Frederick B. Wat- tfon, a very elegant and valuable book, which is in the benefit of the theatrical funds of our two great theatres. The object of the very zealous and amiable compiler was to counteract a notion, formerly prevailing that Wm. Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic, and he has done so very effectually, although we do not find among his extracts one which seems to us of great value upon this question: "Benedick" (as the title is printed) for the proposition, that the play was grounded on the chaste Virtue of Queen Elizabeth in "Henry VIII.," act v. sc. 4. It consists of but five expressive words, which we think clearly refer to the completer of the Reformation under our maiden queen.

"In her days * * * God shall be truly known !"
of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stafford, and might be the son of the Henry Fielde, or the Irish goods John Shakespeare was employed to value in 1592. It is to be recollected that at the time "Venus and Adonis" was sent to the press, while it was printing, and when it was published, the plague prevailed in London to such an excess, that it was deemed expedient by the privy council to put a stop to all theatrical performances. Shakespeare seems to have availed himself of this interruption of the theatre for the introduction of a different character to those which had been ordinarily seen from his pen. Until "Venus and Adonis" came out, the public at large could only have known him by the dramas he had written, or by those which, at an earlier date, he had altered, amended, and revived. The poem came from Field's press in the spring of 1593, preceded by a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. Its popularity was great and increased faster than the number of those who would have desired to purchase it. In the first instance, the wishes of the young nobleman on the subject, Lord Southampton was more than nine years younger than Shakespeare, having been born on 6th Oct. 1578. We may be sure that the dedication of "Venus and Adonis" was, on every account, acceptable, and Shakespeare followed it up by inscribing to the same peer, but in a much more assured and confident strain, his "Lucrece." It is evident from the opening of the dedication, that Shake- speare was aware of the unexampled nature of "Venus and Adonis," and the unexampled nature of "Lucrece." It was not calculated, from its subject and the treatment of it, to be so popular as "Venus and Adonis," and the first edition having appeared from Field's press in 1594, a reprint of it does not seem to have been called for until after the lapse of four years, and the third edition bears the date of 1600. It must have been about this period that the Earl of Southampton bestowed a most extraordinary proof of his high-minded munificence upon the author of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece." It was not unusual, at that time and afterwards, for noblemen, and others to whom works were dedicated, to make presents of money to the writers of them; but there is certainly no instance upon record of such a grant as that, or one of any sort, as that of which we are now to speak; nevertheless, we have every reliance upon the authenticity of the anecdote, taking into account the unexampled merit of the poet, the known liberality of the nobleman, and the evidence upon which the story has been handed down. Rowe was the original narrator of it in print, and he doubts not had it, with other information, from Betterton, who probably received it directly from Sir William Davenant, and communicated it to Rowe. If it cannot be asserted that Davenant was strictly contemporary with Shakespeare, he was contemporary with Shakespeare's contemporaries; and from him he must have retained the original information. Rowe gives the statement in these words:—

"There is one instance so singular in the munificence of Shakespeare's that if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William Davenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his Shakespeare's affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted; that my Lord Southampton in one year gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to."

No biographer of Shakespeare seems to have adverted to the period when it was likely that the gift was made, in combination with the nature of the purchase Lord Southampton was in the habit of making precisely at the same date that the Lord Chamberlain's servants entered upon the project of building the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, not very far to the west of the Southwark foot of London Bridge. "Venus and Adonis" was published in 1593; and it was on the 22nd Dec. in that year that Richard Burbage, the great actor, and the leader of the company to which Shakespeare was attached, signed the deed to a carpenter for the purpose of the construction of the Globe. It is not too much to allow at least a year for its completion; and it was during 1594, while the work on the Bankside was in progress, that "Lucrece" came from the press. Thus we see that the building of the Globe, at the cost of the shareholders in the Blackfriars theatre, was coincident in point of time with the appearance of the two poems dedicated to the Earl of South- hampton. It is, it be too much to believe that the young and bountiful nobleman, having heard of this enterprise from the peculiar interest he is known to have taken in all matters relating to the stage, and having been incited by warm admiration of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," in the fore-front of which he rejoiced to see his own name, presented Shakespeare with 1000l., to enable him to make good the money he was to produce, as his proportion, for the completion of the Globe! We do not mean to say that our greatest dramatist stood in need of the money, or that he could not have deposited it as well as the other shareholders in the Blackfriars'; but Lord Southampton may not have thought it necessary to inquire, whether he did or did not want it, nor to consider precisely what it had been customary to give ordinary versifiers, who sought the pay and patronage of the nobility. Although Shakespeare had not yet reached the climax of his excel- lence, Lord Southampton knew him to be the greatest dramatist this country had yet produced; he knew him also to be the writer of two poems, dedicated to himself, with which nothing else of the kind could bear comparison; and in the exercise of his bounty he measured the poet by his deserts, and "used him after his own honour and dignity," by bestowing upon him a sum worthy of his title and char- acter, and which his wealth probably enabled him without difficulty to afford. We do not believe that there has been any exaggeration in the amount, (although that is more possible, than that the whole statement should have been a fiction) and Lord Southampton may thus have intended also to indicate his hearty good will to the new undertaking of the company, and his determination to support it."

1 By the following order, derived from the registers:—
"That for avoyding of great concourse of people, which causeth increase of the infection, it were convenient that all Playes, Bear- bawes, Fair, and Market Days, and in particular in the season of these assemblies, should be suppressed during the time of infection, for that infected people, after their long keeping in, and before they be cured of their desease and infection, of many sorts of recreations use to resort to such assemblies, where, through heat and thorge, they infect many sound persons."—

2 Malone knew nothing of any copy of 1594. The impression of 1600 was printed for W. Leake; only a single copy of the edition has come down to our day; it had been entered by him as early as 1595.  

3 The author of the present Life of Shakespeare is bound to make this demonstration of his personal knowledge. This work was the result of all his researches, and his acquaintance with every contribution to the enterprise, through the hands of an individual whom he had good reason to distinguish from the rest of the company."

4 After the Globe had been burned down in June, 1613, it was re- built very much by the contributions of the king and the nobility.
CHAPTER X.

The opening of the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, in 1595, Union of Shakespeare's associates with the Lord Admiral's players. The theatre at Newington Butts. Projected repair and the Blackfriars, opened by the inhabitants of the precinct. Shakespeare's rank in the company in 1596. Petition from him and seven others to the Privy Council, and its results. Repair of the Blackfriars theatre. Shakespeare a resident in Southwark in 1596; proof that he was so from the papers at Dulwich College.

We have concluded, as we think that we may do very fairly, that the construction of the new theatre on the Bankside, subsequently known as the Globe, having been commenced soon after the signature of the bond of Burbage to Street, on 23d Dec. 1598, was continued through the year 1594; we apprehend that it would be finished and ready for the reception of audiences early in the spring of 1595. It was a round wooden building, open to the sky, while the stage was protected from the weather by an overhanging roof of thatch. The number of persons it would contain we have no means of ascertaining, but it was certainly of larger dimensions than the Rose, the Hope or the Swan, three other edifices of the same kind and used for the same purpose, in the close vicinity of the theatre. The Rose theatre was of the same kind, as it was called, entirely covered in, and of smaller size; and from thence the company, after the Globe had been completed, was in the habit of removing in the spring, perhaps as soon as there was any indication of the setting in of fine cheerful weather.

Before the building of the Globe, for the exclusive use of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain, there can be little doubt that they did not act all the year round at the Blackfriars; they appear to have performed sometimes at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and Richard Burbage, at the time of his death, still had shares in that playhouse. Whether they occupied it in common with any other association is not so clear; but we learn from Henslowe's Diary, that in 1594, and perhaps at an earlier date, the company of which Shakespeare was a member had played at a theatre in Newington Butts, where the Lord Admiral's servants also exhibited. At this period of our stage-history the performances usually began at three o'clock in the afternoon; for the citizens transacted their business and dined early, and many of them afterwards walked out into the fields for recreation, often visiting such theatres as were open purposely for their reception. Henslowe's Diary shows that the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's servants had joint possession of the Newington theatre from 3d June 1594, to April 15th November 1595. During this period various pieces were performed, which in their titles resemble plays which unquestionably came from Shakespeare's pen. That none of these productions were by our great dramatist, it is, of course, impossible to affirm; but the strong probability seems to be, that they were older dramas, of which he subsequently, more or less, availed himself. Among these was a "Hamlet," acted on 11th of June, 1594; a "Taming of a Shrew," acted on 11th June, 1594; an "Abduction," acted on 10th June, 1594; a "Venetian Captive," acted on 12th Aug. 1594; a "Caesar and Pompey," acted 8th Nov. 1594; a "Second Part of Caesar," acted 26th June, 1595; a "Henry V.," acted on 25th Nov. 1595; and a "Troy," acted on the 22d June, 1596. To these we might add a "Palamon and Aristeus," (acted on 17th Sept. 1594) if we suppose Shakespeare to have had any hand in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and an "Antony and Cleopatra." (acted on the 20th June, 1595) as it is called in the barbarous record, which may possibly have had some connexion with "Antony and Cleopatra." We have no reason to think that Shakespeare did not aid in these representations, although he was perhaps, too much engaged with the duties of authorship, at this date, to take a very busy or prominent part as an actor.

The fact that the Lord Chamberlain's players acted at Newington until November, 1596, may appear to militate against our notion that the Globe was finished and ready for performances in the spring of 1595; and it is very possible that the construction occupied more time than we have imagined. Malone was of opinion that the Globe might have been opened even in 1594; but we postpone that event until the following year, because we think the time too short, and because, unless it was entirely completed early in 1594, it would not be required, inasmuch as the company for which it was built seem to have acted at the Blackfriars in the winter. Our notion is, that even after the Globe was finished, the Lord Chamberlain's servants now and then performed at Newington in the summer, because audiences having been accustomed to expect them there, assembled for the purpose, and the players did not think it prudent to re-linquish the enrolment thus to be obtained. The period we have been considering was a time of transition, and we need not interfere with the representations at the Globe. If any members of the company had continued to play at Newington after November 1596, we should, no doubt, have found some traces of it in Henslowe's Diary.

Another reason for thinking that the Globe was opened in the spring of 1595 is, that very soon afterwards the sharers in that enterprise commenced the repair and enlargement of their theatre in the Blackfriars, which had been in constant use for twenty years. Of this proceeding we shall have occasion to say more presently.

We may feel assured that the important incident of the opening of a new theatre on the Bankside, larger than any that then stood in that or in other parts of the town, was celebrated by the production of a new play. Considering his station and duties in the company, and his popularity as a dramatist, we may be confident also that the new play was written by Shakespeare. In the imperfect state of our information, it would be vain to speculate which of his dramas was brought out on the occasion; but if the reader will refer to our several Introductions, he will see which of the plays according to such evidence as we are acquainted with, may appear in his view to have the best claim to the distinction. Many years ago we were strongly inclined to think that "Henry V." was the piece; the Globe was round, and this drama "heavenly" as pointedly mentioned in that drama; so that at all events we are satisfied that it was acted in that theatre: there is also a nationality about the subject, and a popularity in the treatment of it, which would render it peculiarly appropriate; but on farther reflection and information, we are unwillingly convinced that "Henry V." was not written until some years afterwards.

We frankly own, therefore, that we are not in a condition to answer the question, and we are disposed, where we can, to refrain even from conjecture, when we have no ground on which to rest a speculation.

Allowing about fifteen months for the erection and completion of the Globe, we may believe that it was in full operation in the spring, summer, and autumn of 1595. On the approach of cold weather, the company would of course return to their winter quarters in the Blackfriars, which

1 We know that they did so afterwards, and there is every reason to believe that they did so at the beginning of the theatre. The following passage from an Englishman's record, in his Diary in the Ashmolean Museum, that he saw "Macbeth" at the Globe, on the 26th April, 1890; "Richard II." on the 12th Nov. 1891; and "The Tempest" in the Haymarket, in the same year. See the Introductions to those several plays.

2 The same is precisely the case with Pope, the celebrated comedian, who died in Feb. 1664. His will, dated 23d July, 1665, contains the following clause: "Item, I give and bequeath to the said Mary Clark, alias Wood, and to the said Thomas Hemley, as well all my part, right, title, and interest, which I have, or ought to have, in and to all that playhouse, with the appurtenances, called the Curtain, situate and being in Holinwell, in the parish of St. Leonard's in Shoreditch, in the county of Middlesex: as also my part, estate, and interest, which I have, or ought to have, in and to all that playhouse, with the appurtenances, called the Globe, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the county of Surrey."—Chalmers' Supplemental Apology, p. 165.

Richard Burbage lived and died (in 1619) in Holywell-street, near the Curtain theatre, as if his presence were necessary for the tenor of the concern, although he had been an actor at the Blackfriars for many years, and at the Globe ever since its erection.

3 Inquiry into the Authorship, &c. p. 57.
was enclosed. Located within, and comparatively warm. This theatre, as we have stated, at this date had been in constant use for twenty years, and early in 1596 the sharers directed their attention to the extensive repair, enlargement, and, possibly, entire re-construction of the building. The evidence that they entertained such a design is very decisive; and we may presume that the unanimous consent of the members of the company at the Globe encouraged them to this outlay. On the 9th Jan. 1596 (1595, according to the then mode of calculating the year) Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain at the time, but who died about six months afterwards, wrote to Sir William More, expressing a wish to take a house of him in the Blackfriars, and adding that he had heard that Sir William More had parted with a portion of his own residence "to some that mean to make a playhouse." 1

The truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence of their increased popularity, owing, we may readily imagine, in a great degree to the success of the plays Shakespeare had produced, the company which had occupied the Blackfriars theatre found that their house was too small for their audiences, and wished to enlarge it; but it appears rather singular that Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, should not have availed himself to state their representations under the sanction of his name and office, and should only have heard that some persons "intend to make a playhouse" of part of Sir William More's residence. We have not a copy of the whole of Lord Hunsdon's letter — only an abstract of it — which reads as if the Lord Chamberlain did not even know that there was any theatre at all in the Blackfriars. Two documents in the State Paper Office, and a third presented by Mr. J. H. Roundell to the British Museum, give us an idea of what was the object of the actors at the Blackfriars in 1596. The first of these is a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the completion of the work of repair and enlargement, then commenced, but against further performances in the theatre. Of this paper it is not necessary for our purpose to say more, but, for the benefit of to-day, on the part of the associations of actors, it is a very valuable relict, not so much as it gives the names of eight players who were the proprietors of the theatre or its appurtenances, that of Shakespeare being fifth in the list. It will not have been forgotten, that in 1599 no fewer than sixteen sharers were enumerated, and that then Shakespeare's name was the twelfth; but it did not by any means follow, that because there were sixteen sharers in the receipts, they were also proprietors of the building referred to as being to be enlarged. Thomas Pope, (from whose will we have already given an extract) Richard Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Heminge) Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, (who withdrew from the company in 1601) William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were "owners" of the theatre as well as sharers in the profits arising out of the performances. The fact, however, seems to be that the sole owner of the edifice in which plays were represented, the proprietor of the freehold, was Richard Burbage, who in herited it from his father, and transmitted it to his sons; but as a body, the parties addressing the privy council for the "petition" appears to have been their owners of, as well as sharers in, the Blackfriars theatre. We insert the document in a text whose serving more than like others of a similar kind, it is without signatures. 2

The date of the year when this petition of the actors was presented to the privy council is ascertained from that of the remonstrance of the inhabitants which had rendered it necessary, viz. 1596; but by another paper, among the theatrical relics of Alleyn and Henslowe at Dulwich College, we are enabled to show that both the remonstrance and the affair were anterior to the date of the petition by one year. Henslowe, step-father to Alleyn's wife, and Alleyn himself, were always, very prudently, to have kept up a good understanding with the officials of the department of the revels; and on 3rd May, 1595, a person of the name of Veale, servant to Edmund Tylhey, master of the revels, wrote to Henslowe, informing him (as of course he must take an interest in the result) that it had been decided by the privy council, that the Lord Chamberlain's servants should be allowed to complete the play, but not to enlarge it, and in the Blackfriars; the note of Veale to Henslowe is on a small slip of paper, very clearly written; and as it is short, we here insert it:—

"Mr. Henslowe. This is to enforme you that my Mr., the Master of the revels, hath rec. from the Lord of the counsell order that the L. Chamberlaine's servants shall not be disturbed at the Blackfriers, according with their petition in the Council, but that they be not repaired, or enlarged, but to any other purpose in that part of the town: the company pretend to be allowed to finish out their design, as regarded the restoration of the edifice, and the increase of its size; but the privy counsell consented only that the building should be repaired. We are to conclude, therefore, that after the repairs were finished, the theatre would hold no more spectators than formerly; but that the dilapidations of time were substantially remedied, we are sure from the fact, that the house continued long afterwards for the purpose for which it had been originally constructed. 3

What is of most importance in this proceeding, with reference to Shakespeare, is the circumstance upon which we have already remarked; that whereas his name, in 1589, stood twelfth in a list of sixteen sharers, in 1596 it was advanced to the fifth place in an enumeration of eight persons, who termed themselves "owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and liberty of the Black-

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2 "To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honourable Privy Council. The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others, servants to the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majeste." Sheweth, most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriers, which hath beene for many yeares used and occupied by them, and that they have soe long time needed tyme and money to repair and enlarge their house, which the same, by reason of its having beene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the repairation thereof they have no tyme and money to make the same convenient for the entertainment of auditors coming there. That soe this and your Petitioners have all and any of them put down some particular and notable receipts in your name and Others, which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their quallity of stage-players; but that certaine persons (some of them of honour) inhabittants of the said precinct and liberty of the Blackfriers have, as your Petitioners are informed, besought your honourable Lordshippes not to permit the said private house any longer to remain open, but heretofore to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injures of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their calling as players and actors; and that you shall take the same into your Consideration. And whereas they doe hereby by this petition, beg of your honourable Lordshippes to have their receiptes, and all other papers necessary for the same. Very humbly, your Petitioners, &c."

3 The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honourable Lordshippes grant permission to finish the repairs and alterations which they have hitherto been well ordered in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honourable Lordshippes will not inhibit them from acting at the Blackfriers, and your Petitioners, as to duty most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happiness of your honourable Lordshippes."
It is not difficult to suppose that the speculation at the Globe had been remarkably successful in its first season, and that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had thereby been induced to expect money upon the Blackfriars, in order to render it more commodious, as well as more spacious, under the calculation, that the receipts at the one house during the winter would be greater in consequence of their popularity at the other during the summer.

Where Shakespeare had resided from the time when he first came to London, until the period of which we are now speaking, we have no information; but in July, 1596, he was living in Southwark, perhaps to be close to the scene of action, and more effectually to superintend the performances at the Globe, which were continued through at least seven months of the year. We have no knowledge whether he removed there shortly before the opening of the Globe, or whether from the first it had been his usual place of abode; but Malone tells us, "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596." He gives us no further insight into the contents of the paper; but, he probably referred to a small slip, borrowed, with the object of a letter, from Dr. Dugdale's College, many of which were returned after his death. Among these returned slips there had been the paper in question, which is valuable only because it proves distinctly, that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation, although it by no means establishes that he had not resided there long before.

We subjoin it exactly as it stands in the original: the handwriting is ignorant, the spelling peculiar, and it was evidently merely a hasty and imperfect memorandum.

"Inhabitantes of Southwark as have complained, this — of July, 1596.

Mr Markis
Mr Tuppin
Mr Langorth
Wilseme the pyper
Mr Barett
Mr Shaksper
Phellipes
Tomson
Mother Golden the bands
Nagges
Fulpott and go more, and soo well ended."

This is the whole of the fragment, for such it appears to be, and without further explanation, which we have not been able to find in any other document, in the depository where the above is preserved or elsewhere, it is impossible to understand more, than that Shakespeare and other inhabitants of Southwark had made some complaint in July 1596, which, we may guess, was hostile to the wishes of the writer, who congratulated himself that the matter was so well at an end. Some of the parties named, including our great dramatist, continued resident in Southwark long afterwards, as we shall have occasion in its proper place to show.

The writer seems to have been desirous of speaking derogatorily of all the persons he enumerates, but still he designates some as "Mr. Markis, Mr. Tuppin, Mr. Langorth, Mr. Barett, and Mr. Shaksper; but "Phellipes, Tomson, Nagges, and Fulpott," he only mentions by their surnames, while he adds the words "the pyper" and the "bands" after "Wilseme" and the "Mother Golden," probably to indicate that any complaint from them ought to have but little weight. All that we certainly collect from the memorandum is what Malone gathered from it, that in July 1596, (Malone only gives the year, and adds "near the Bear-garden," which we do not find confirmed by the contents of the paper) in the middle of what we have considered the second season at the new theatre called the Globe, Shakespeare was an inhabitant of Southwark. That he had removed thither for the sake of convenience, and of being nearer to the spot, is not unlikely, but we have no evidence upon the point. As there is reason to believe that Burbage was the principal actor at the Globe, lived in Holywell Street, Shoreditch, near the Curtain playhouse, such an arrangement, as regards Shakespeare and the Globe, seems the more probable.

CHAPTER XL


We have already mentioned that in 1578 John Shakespeare and his wife, in order to relieve themselves from pecuniary embarrassment, mortgaged the small estate of the latter, called Asbyes, at Wilnecote in the parish of Aston Cantlow, to Edmund Lambert, for the sum of 40l. As it consisted of nearly sixty acres of land, with a dwelling-house, it must have been worth, perhaps, three times the sum advanced, and by the admission of all parties, the mortgagors were again to be put in possession, if they repaid the money borrowed on or before Michaelmas-day, 1600. According to the assertion of John and Mary Shakespeare, they tendered the 40l. on the day appointed, but it was refused, unless other monies, which they owed to the mortgagees at the same time. Edmund Lambert (perhaps the father of Edward Lambert, whom the eldest sister of Mary Shakespeare had married) died in 1586, in possession of Asbyes, and from him it descended to his eldest son, John Lambert, who continued to withhold it in 1597 from those who claimed to be its rightful owners.

In order to recover the property, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in chancery, on 24th Nov. 1597, against John Lambert of Barford, co. Warwick, in which they alleged the fact of the tender and refusal of the 40l. by Edmund Lambert, who, wishing to keep the estate, did not comply with the tender a condition not included in the deed. The advance of other monies, the repayment of which was required by Edmund Lambert, was not denied by John and Mary Shakespeare, but they contended that they had done all the law required, to entitle them to the restoration of their estates of Asbyes; in this they were not supported, for John Lambert was of "great wealth and ability, and well friends and allied amongst gentlemen and freeholders of the country, in the county of Warwick," while, on the other hand, they were of "small wealth, and very few friends and alliance in the said county." The answer of John Lambert merely denied that the 40l. had been tendered, in consequence of which he alleged that his father became "lawfully and absolutely seized of the premises, in his demesne, as of fee." To this answer John and Mary Shakespeare put in a replication, reiterating the assertion of the tender and refusal of the 40l. on Michaelmas-day, 1580, and praying Lord Keeper Egerton (afterwards Baron Elnesmere) to decree in their favour accordingly.

1 "Inquiry into the Authenticity," &c. p. 218. He seems to have reserved particularia for his "Life of Shakespeare," which he did not live to complete, and which was imperfectly finished by Boswell.

2 It is just possible that by "Wilseme the pyper" the writer meant Frederick Willes, for whom the letter of Master Philip Ford to "Machado about Nothing," who, might be, and probably was, a player upon some wind instrument. See also the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (printed by the Shakespeare Society) p. 15, the reference of "Mr. Wilson, the singer," when he died on one occasion with the founder of Dulwich College.

3 Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, ii. p. 182.
If any decree were pronounced, it is singular that no trace of it should have been preserved either in the records of the court of Common Pleas at Westminster, or in the registers of the court of Chancery at London; but such is the fact, and the inference is, that the suit was settled by the parties without proceeding to this extremity. We can have little doubt that the bill had been filed with the concurrence, and at the instance, of our great dramatist, who at this date was rapidly acquiring wealth, although his father and mother put forward in their bill their own poverty and powerlessness, compared with the riches and influence which he acquired. However the claim advanced, a suit was not brought to issue, but the parties apparently agreed to compromise the matter, and the suit was not carried further.

Such is the account which Shakespeare gives of the suit in the margin opposite the title of the play; and in the margin of the copy in the possession of the Shakespeare Society, we read that the suit was settled by the parties, and that no further proceedings were taken. The suit, therefore, was never brought to issue, and the cause was never tried. But we have no other evidence of the suit, and, therefore, cannot say whether the account given by Shakespeare is correct, or whether the suit was brought to issue, and whether the suit was tried, and whether the judgment was given for either party.

In the following extract from Malone's Shakespeare, we find a reference to the suit:

"Malone found, and printed, a letter from Abraham Sturley, of Stratford-upon-Avon, dated 1597-8, stating that his "neighbours girded with the words they felt through the dearth of corn," and that malcontents in great numbers had gone to Sir Thomas Lucy and Sir Fulke Greville to complain of the malsters for engrossing it. Connected with this, the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of a document of much value as regards the biography of our poet, although, at first sight, it may not appear to deserve notice; it is sure in the end to attract. It is thus headed—"

"The meate of corn and malle, taken the 4th of February, 1597, in the 40th yeare of the raigne of our most gracious Sovereigne Ladye, Queen Elizabeth, &c.""

"And in the margin opposite the title are the words "Stratforde Burroghlie, Warwicke." It was evidently prepared in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town; and it is divided into two columns, one showing the "Townsmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers' malt." The names of the Townsmen and Strangers (when known) are all given, with the wards in which they resided, so that we are enabled by this document, among other things, to prove in what part of Stratford the family of our great poet then dwelt; it was in Chapel-street Ward, and it appears that at the date of the account William Shakespeare had ten quarters of corn in his possession. As may be curious to see who were his immediate neighbours, and in what order the names are given, we copy the account, as far as it relates to Chapel-street Ward, exactly as it stands—"

**Chappel Street Ward.**

1. Francis Smythe, Jun., 8 quarters.
2. John Cox, 6 quarters.
3. Mr. Thomas Darby, 174 quarters.
4. Mr. Thomas Darby, 8 quarters.
5. Mycawell Hare, 5 quarters.
6. Mr. Bassetide, 6 quarters.
8. Thomas Balsey, 6 quarters—barely 1 quarter.
9. Sir John Rogers, 10 strikes.
10. Wm. Emmettes, 8 quarters.
11. Mr. Aspinal, about 11 quarters.
12. Wm. Sackepeke, 10 quarters.
13. Jul. Shave, 7 quarters.

"We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer to this document upon another point, but in the mean time we may remark that the name of John Shakespeare is not found in any part of it. This fact gives additional probability to the belief that the two old people, possibly with some of their children, were living in the house of their son William, for such may be the reason why we do not find John Shakespeare mentioned in the account as the owner of any corn. It may likewise in part explain how it happened that William Shakespeare was in possession of so large a quantity: in proportion to the number of his family, in time of scarcity, he would be naturally desirous to be well provided with the main article of subsistence; or it is very possible that, as a grower of wheat, he might keep some in store for sale to those who were in want of it. Ten quarters does not seem much more than would be needed for his own consumption; but it affords some proof of his means and substance at this date, that only two persons in Chapel street Ward had a larger quantity in their hands. We are led to infer from this circumstance that our great dramatist may have been a cultivator of land, and it is not unlikely that the wheat in his granary had been grown on his mother's estate of Asbyes, at Wilmecote, of which we know besides 9 quarters of barley—th' sir peas, beans, and vetches to 15 quarters, and their oats to 12 quarters. The malt, the property of strangers amounted to 21 quarters and 5½ of malt, with 3 quarters of pews. Besides malt, the Townsmen, it is said, were in possession of 43 quarters and a half of "wheat and mill-corn," and of 10 quarters and 6 strike of harves, but it seems to have been considerably more, even in Chapel-street Ward."
that no fewer than fifty, out of about sixty, acres were arable. We must now return to London and to theatrical affairs there, and in the first place advert to a passage in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the real or supposed connexion of the two great dramatists and Ben Jonson. Rowe tells us that 'Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it over in their hands and superciliously shewn it to a friend, who had set upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare, luckily, cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.' This anecdote is entirely disbelieved by Mr. Gifford, and he rest his incredulity upon the supposition, that Ben Jonson's earliest known production, 'Every Man in his Humour,' was originally acted in 1597 at a different theatre, and he produces as evidence Henslowe's Diary, which he states, proves that the comedy came out at the Rose.

The truth, however, is, that the play supposed, on the authority of Henslowe, to be Ben Jonson's comedy, is only called by Henslowe 'Humours' or 'Umers,' as he ignorantly spells it. It is a mere speculation that this was Ben Jonson's play, and that it may have been composed by any other poet, in the title of which the word 'Humour' occurred; and we have the indisputable and unequivocal testimony of Ben Jonson himself, in his own authorized edition of his works in 1616, that 'Every Man in his Humour' was not acted until 1598; he was not satisfied with stating on the title-page, that it was 'acted in the year 1598 by the Lord Chamberlain his servants,' which might have been considered sufficient; but in this instance (as in all others in the same volume) he informs us at the end that 1598 was the year in which it was first acted:—

"This comedy was first acted in the year 1598."

Are we prepared to disbelieve Ben Jonson's positive assertion (a man of the highest and purest notions, as regarded truth and integrity) for the sake of a theory founded upon the bare assumption, that Henslowe by 'Umers' not only meant Ben Jonson's 'Every Man in his Humour,' but could not stand anything else?

Had it been brought out originally by the Lord Admiral's players at the Rose, and acted with so much success that it was repeated eleven times, as Henslowe's Diary shows was the case with 'Umers,' there can be no apparent reason why Ben Jonson should not have said so; and if he had afterwards withdrawn it on some pique, and carried it to the Lord Admiral, Mr. Gifford can conceive it possible that a man of Ben Jonson's temper and spirit would not have told us why in some other part of his works.

Mr. Gifford, passing over without notice the positive statement we have quoted, respecting the first acting of 'Every Man in his Humour' by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598, proceeds to argue that Ben Jonson could stand in need of no such assistance, as Shakespeare is said to have afforded him, because he was 'as well known, and perhaps better,' than Shakespeare himself. Surely, with all deference for Mr. Gifford's undoubted neatness and general accuracy, we may doubt how Ben Jonson could be better, or so well known as Shakespeare, when the latter had been for twelve years connected with the stage as author and actor, and had written, at the lowest calculation, twenty dramas, while the former was only twenty-four years old and had produced no known play but 'Every Man in his Humour.' It is also to be observed, that Henslowe had no pecuniary transactions with Ben Jonson prior to the month of August, 1598; whereas, if 'Umers' had been purchased from Jonson, as well known as Shakespeare, when the latter had been so frequently married over some sum of money or some sum of payment, anterior to the production of the comedy on the stage in May, 1597.

Add to this, that nothing could be more consistent with the amiable and generous character of Shakespeare, than that he should thus have interested himself in favour of a writer who was ten years his junior, and who gave such undoubted proofs of genius as are displayed in 'Every Man in his Humour.' Our great dramatists, established in public favour by such comedies as 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' by such a tragedy as 'Romeo and Juliet,' and by such histories as 'King John,' 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.' must have felt himself above all rivalry, and could well afford this act of 'humanity and good-nature,' as Rowe terms it, (though Mr. Gifford, quoting Rowe's words, accidentally omits the two last words.)

It is to be recollected also that Rowe, the original narrator of the incident, does not, as in several other cases, give it as if he at all doubted its correctness, but unhesitatingly and distinctly, as if it were a matter well known, and entirely believed, at the time he wrote.

Another circumstance may be noticed as an incidental confirmation of Rowe's statement, with which Mr. Gifford does not take notice, but which has been recently discovered. In 1598 Ben Jonson, being then only twenty-four years old, had a quarrel with Gabriel Spencer, one of Henslowe's principal actors, in consequence of which they met, fought, and Spencer was killed. Henslowe, writing to Allyn on the subject on the 26th September, uses these words:—"Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly; that is Gabriel, who, in his passion, fell in He that was a blocklayer."

Now, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy called "Umers," and had it been his "Every Man in his Humour," which was acted by the Lord Admiral's players eleven times, it is not very likely that Henslowe would have been ignorant who Benjamim Jonson was, and have spoken of him, not as one of the dramatists in his pay, and the author of a very successful piece, but as a blocklayer. He was writing also to his step-daughter's husband, the leading member of his company, to whom he would have been ready to give the fullest information regarding the disastrous affair. We only adduce this additional matter to show the improbability of the assumption, that Ben Jonson had anything to do with the comedy of "Umers," acted by Henslowe's company in May, 1597, and the probability of the position that, as Ben Jonson himself states, it was originally brought out in 1598.

2 Malone's Shakespeare, by Bowell, vol. ii p. 25
3 For the materials of the following note, which sets right an important error relating to Ben Jonson's mother, we are indebted to Mr. Petrie's "Works," vol. i, p. 254.

Malone and Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 5) both came to the conclusion that the Mrs. Margaret Jonson, mentioned in the "Register of the Field's Books," and the "Field's Pay-Bills," (1576, 1578, 1590, 1591, 1593, 1595,) was Ben Jonson's mother. This is incorrect.

4 Ben Jonson's "Conversations," p. 290. It is incontestable that the Mrs. Margaret Fowler, who was married in 1575, was dead before 1590; for her husband, Ch. Thomas Fowler, was then buried, and in the inscription upon his tomb, in the old church of St. Martin's in the Fields, it was stated that he survived his three wives, Ellen, Margaret, and Elizabeth, who were buried in the same grave.

5 The precise form in which the entry stands in Henslowe's so called Register-book is:—

"May 1597. 11. It. to the commodity of Umers."

6 The Memorials of the W. L. D. 1416, p. 66. The author of this work has since seen reason to correct himself on this and several other points.
CHAPTER XII

Restriction of dramatic performances in and near London in 1597. Thomas Nash and his play, "The Island of Dogs," imprisonment of Nash, and of some of the players of the Lord Admiral. Favour shown to the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral. Printing of Shakespeare's Plays in 1597. The list of his known dramas, published by F. Meres in 1598. Shakespeare authorized to print his plays, and to have his name on the press. Cardinalship of dramatic authors in this respect. "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. Shakespeare's reputation as a dramatist.

In the summer of 1597 an event occurred which seems to have produced for a time a serious restriction upon dramatic performances. The celebrated Thomas Nash, early in the year, had written a comedy which he called "The Island of Dogs:" that he had partners in the undertaking there is no doubt; and he tells us, in his tract called "Lenten Stuff," printed in 1599, that the players, when it was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in the beginning of August, 1597, had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his piece, by making large additions, for which he ought not to have been responsible. The exact nature of the performance is not known, but it was certainly satirical, no doubt personal, and it must have had reference also to some of the polemical and political questions of the day. The representation of it was forbidden by authority, and Nash, with others, was arrested under an order from the privy council, and sent to the Fleet prison. Some of the offending actors had escaped, and were playing at the Theatre in Surrey, in a proceeding which had been already done in the way of punishment, wrote from Greenwich on 15th August, 1597, to certain magistrates, requiring them strictly to examine all the parties in custody, with a view to the discovery of others not yet apprehended. This important official letter, which has hitherto been unmentioned, we have inserted in a note from the registers of the privy council of that date; and by it we learn, not only that Nash was the author of the seditious and scandalous" comedy, but that his son was not the author in it, and "the maker of part of the said play," especially pointed at, who was in custody.

Before the date of this incident the companies of various play-houses in the county of Middlesex, but particularly at the Curtain and Theatre in Shoreditch had attracted attention, and given offence, by the licentious character of their performances; and the registers of the privy council show that the magistrates had been written to on the 28th July, 1597, requiring that no plays should be acted during the summer, and directing, in order to put an effectual stop to such performances, because "sordid matters were handled on stage," that the two places above named should be "put down." The magistrates were also enjoined to send for the owners of "any other common play-house" within their jurisdiction, and not only to forbid performances of every description, but "so to deface" all places erected for theatrical representations, "as they might not be employed again to such use." This command was given just anterior to the production of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," which was certainly not calculated to make obvious entertainment by any person in authority about the Court.

The Blackfriars, not being, according to the terms of the order of the privy council, "a common play-house," but what was called a private theatre, does not seem to have been included in the general ban; but as we know that similar directions had been conveyed to the magistrates of the county of Surrey, it is somewhat surprising that they seem to have produced no effect upon the performances at the Globe or the Rose upon the Bankside. We must attribute this circumstance, perhaps, to the exercise of private influence; and it is quite certain that the necessity of keeping some companies in practice, in order that they might be prepared to exhibit, when required, before the Queen, was made the first pretext for granting exclusive "licences" to the actors of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Lord Admiral. We know that the Earl of Southampton and Sir Edward Phillips, about this time, were in the frequent habit of visiting the theatres; the Earl of Nottingham also seems to have taken an unusual interest on various occasions in favour of the company acting under his name, and to the representations of these noblemen we are, perhaps, to attribute the exemption of the Globe and the Rose from the operation of the order "to deface" all buildings adapted to dramatic representations in Middlesex and Surrey, which could not be called "public theatres," and for any such purpose in future. We have the authority of the registers of the privy council, under date of 19th Feb. 1597-8, for stating that the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral obtained renewed permission "to use and practise stage-plays," in order that they might be duly qualified, if called upon to perform before the Queen.

This privilege, as regards the players of the Lord Admi- ral, seems the more extraordinary, because that was the very company which only in the August before had been given such offence by the representation of Nash's "Isle of Dogs," that its farther performance was forbidden, the author and some of the players were arrested and sent to the Fleet, and vigorous steps taken to secure the persons of other parties who for a time had made their escape. It is very likely that Nash was the scape-goat on the occasion, and that the chief blame was thrown upon him, although, in his tract,
very pressed to find, which the more constant correspondent of the press, more less the author, if he has been seen the streets, could not have allowed to pass. Nearly all players, of which there were more defective than the usual, which is the case with many impressions of this kind. And on this point Mr. Heaviside, as it commonly came from the press with the author's approbation, is, we think, the worst specimen of typography that ever met our observation.

Returning to the important list of twelve plays furnished by Mercers, we may add that although he does not mention them, there is no doubt that the three parts of "Every Man" had been repeatedly acted before 1600, which is generally inferable that Nephomene, both parts of "History," "Love's Labour's Lost," has been performed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be "All's Well that Ends Well." Under a different title, our notice is to Introduces, in one original name given to it was "Love's Labour's Won." And that, when it was revived with adoptions and alternations, in 1605 or 1606, it received also a new appendix.

In connection with the question regarding the interest taken by Shakespeare in the publication of his works, we may notice the important point mentioned in the year after the appearance of the list furnished by Mercers. In 1598 came out a collection of short miscellaneous poems under the title of "The Passion Play," which were all of them imitated, by W. Jaggard the printer, or by W. Leeke the bookseller, to Shakespeare's advantage, for some of them were subjects in the introduction to our respect of this little work we have stated all the known particulars regarding it, but Shakespeare, as far as appears from any evidence that has descended to us, took no notice of the trick played upon him: possibly he never heard of it, or if he heard of it left it to its own detection, not thinking it worth while to intercede. It serves to establish, what certainly could not otherwise be decided, that Shakespeare was so much in the manner in which a scemining printer and stationer endeavored to take advantage of that popularity.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several other authorities, how little our great dramatist was about this period known and admired for his plays. Richard Barnfield published his "Encomium of Lady Pervis" in 1598, the year in which the list of twelve of Shakespeare's plays was printed by Mercers and from a copy of verses entitled "Barnfield's Epistle to the Poets" we quote the following notice of Shakespeare:

"And Shakespeare then, whose honey-sweetening vein, Pleasing the word, my praises doth contain, Wherein, if none, my muse, with many a stanza, They name in fame's immortal book hath placed; Live ever you, at least in fame live ever: Well may the body die, but fame die never."

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the stage, where his dramas were in daily performances before crowded audiences, but from the success of his "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," which had gone through various editions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still steeper instance, we may refer to a play in which Burbage and Kempe are introduced as characters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity in the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shakespeare's dramas, we allude to "The Return from Parnassus," which was disgracefully acted before the death of Queen Elizabeth. At a scene where two young students are increasing the merits of particular poets, one of them speaks thus of Shakespeare:

"One leaves Shakespeare at Lamentace, His sweetest vers upon heart-wrenching life, Could but a wiser support him contented, Without ever a foolish, any imputation."

Yet not the most distant allusion is made to any of his dramatic productions, although the poet estimated by the young students immediately before Shakespeare was Ben Jonson, who was declared to be "the wittiest fellow of a hundred years, in England," in a show invention. Hence we infer that this stage of Shakespeare's career should be as the commencement of the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespeare depended rather upon his poems than upon his plays, almost as if productions for the stage were not looked upon at that date, as part of the reconstructed literature of the country.

CHAPTER XIII

New Place, or, "the great house," in Stratford, bought by Shakespeare in 1613, to house the Lord Chamberlain's players, from the Bankes to the Fortune theatre at Drury Lane. History of the Lord Chamberlain's and Lord Dorset's company. Order in which coating the acting of plays in the Globe and Fortune; the influence of Shakespeare's works over other companies, and the end of the seventeenth century. The "Great Part of the Life of William Shakespeare," printed in 1660, Henry Chettle's Shakespeare, and marking of the whole-page.

It will have been observed, that in the document we have produced, relating to the quantity of com and maid in Stratford it is stated that William Shakespeare's residence was in that division of the borough called Chapel-street Ward. This is an important consideration, because we think it may be said to settle decisively the disputed question, that our great dramatist purchased what was known as the "great house," or New Place, before or after 1605. It was situated in Chapel-street Ward, close to the chapel of the Holy Trinity. We are now certain that he had a house in the ward in February, 1611-12, and that he had ten quarters of corn there; and we need not doubt that it was the dwelling which had been built by Sir Hugh Chrystie in the reign of Henry VII. The Chrysties subsequently sold it to a person of the name of Bostel, and he to Mercers Underhill, who disposed of it to Shakespeare. We therefore find him, in the beginning of 1587, occupying one of the best houses of Stratford. He who had quitted his native town about twelve years before, poor and comparatively friendless, was able by the profits of his own exertion, and the exercise of his own talents, to return to, and to establish his family in more comfort and opulence than as far as is known they had ever before enjoyed.

1 See page 136 for a note on the place where Shakespeare lived and worked.

2 See page 140 for a note on the ownership of New Place.

3 See page 142 for a note on the influence of Shakespeare's work on other companies.

4 See page 144 for a note on the marking of the whole-page.

5 See page 145 for a note on the life of Shakespeare's great house, or New Place.
We consider the point that Shakespeare had become owner of New Place in or before 1597 as completely made out, as, at such a distance of time, and with such imperfect information upon nearly all matters connected with his history, could be at all expected.  

We may now adduce evidence, as we have already remarked (p. xxi), that the confirmation of arms in 1596, obtained as we believe by William Shakespeare, had reference to the permanent and substantial settlement of his family in Stratford, and to the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered circumstances of that family—altered by its increased wealth and consequence, owing to the success of our great poet both as an actor and a dramatist.

The remuneration to Lord Admiral players under Heneslowe and Alleyn, from the Rose theatre at the Bankside, to the new house called the Fortune, in Golden-lane, Cripplegate, soon after the date to which we are now referring, may lead to the opinion that that company did not find itself equal to sustain the rivalry with the Lord Chamberlain's, under Shakespeare and Burbage, at the Globe. That theatre was opened, as we have added reasons to believe, in the spring of 1596: the Rose, though our only evidence in this case is the supposition of repairing it might enter into the calculation, when Heneslowe and Alleyn thought of trying the experiment in a different part of the town, and on the Middlesex side of the water. Theaters being at this date merely wooden structures, and much frequented, they would soon fall into decay, especially in a marshy situation like that of the Bankside: so damp was the soil in the neighbourhood, that the Globe was surrounded by water for a long time after its completion: and, from the fact anywhere stated, it is most likely that the Rose was similarly drained. The Rose was in the first instance, and as far back as the reign of Edward VI, a house of entertainment with that sign, and it was converted into a theatre by Heneslowe and a grocer of the name of Cholmeley about the year 1584; but it seems to have early required considerable reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to 1599, when Heneslowe and Alleyn resolved to abandon Southwark. However, it may be doubted whether they would not have continued where they were, re-collecting the convenient proximity of Paris Garden, (where bears, bulls, 

dc. were baited, and in which they were also jointly interested), and the success of the Lord Chamberlain's players at the Globe, which had been now for four or five years. Heneslowe and Alleyn seem to have found, that neither their plays nor their players could stand the competition of their rivals, and they accordingly removed to a vicinity where no play-house had previously existed.

The Fortune theatre was commenced in Golden-lane, Cripplegate, in the year 1599, and finished in 1600, and thither they moved. Why Heneslowe and Alleyn transported their whole dramatic company, in the spring of 1602 by the addition of that great and popular comic performer, William Kempe. The association at the Globe was then left in almost undisputed possession of the Bankside. There were, indeed, occasional, and perhaps not unfrequent, performances at the Rose, (although it had been stipulated with the public authorities that it should be pulled down, if leave were given for the construction of the Fortune) and奇瑞 were for the accommodation of the general in the old theatre. We thus see that, in the unfriendly to all theatrical performances they obtained an order from the privy council, dated 224 June, that no other public play-houses should be permitted but the Globe in Surrey, and the Fortune in Middlesex. Nevertheless, the privy council registers, where this order is inserted, also contain distinct evidence that it was not obeyed, even in May 1601; for on the 18th of that month the Lords wrote

2 We may be disposed to assign the following lines to about this time, or a little earlier; they relate to some theatrical wager in which Alleyn, of the Lord Admiral's players, was, for a part named, to be matched against Kempe, of the Lord Chamberlain's servants. By the words "Will's new play" there can be little doubt that some work by Shakespeare was intended; and we know from Heywood's "Hierarchy of the Binned Angels," 1643, that Shakespeare was constantly familiarly called "Will." The document is preserved in the Cottonian Register, B. v. i. 10; and it was first printed in the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 13.

"Sweet Nedde, nowe wynee an other wager For thine old friend Alleyn to play, Tarlton himselve thou dost exell, And Beattley beeste, and conquer Knell, If thy work be pulled downe, thou must have all the profit, The moneys downe, the place the Hope; Phillipes shall hide his head and Pope, If thou art not, the publicke shall join thee some other days."  

Consequently, Ned Alleyn says, Thou still as macheles Ned shall shyne, If Roscie Richard foames and fumes, The Globe shall have but a poor continuance, If thou dost set; and Willas newe playe Shall beseareat some other days."

3 After his return from Rome, where he was seen in the autumn of 1601.

4 It was at the Fortune that Alleyn seems to have realized so much money in the few first years of the undertaking, that he was able in Nov. 1604 to purchase the manor of Kennington for 2105s. and in the next year, 1605, he purchased the freehold of land in that village, for £120; in two sums, in money of the present day, would be equal to at least £33,000; but it is to be observed that for Dulwich, Alleyn only paid £2000 down, while the remaining sum was left upon mortgaging. In the commencement of the seventeenth century theatrical speculations generally seem to have been highly lucrative. See "The Alleyn Papers," (printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 226.

To my Lewing good friend and contryman Mr W. Shakespeares.

The defeasance as regards the direction of the letter, lamented by Malone, is in so much importance, because we have proved that Shakespeare was resident in Southwark in 1596; and he probably was so in 1594, because the reasons which we have supposed, induced him to take up his abode there would still be in operation, in as much force as ever.

1 In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakespeare planted a mulberry tree; and as the garden of this house was the traditional site of the Abbey, it is now thought that Shakespeare might have planted one of the mulberry trees, which were called "the mulberry trees of the count of Warwick." In our time we have seen many relics, said to have been formed from one of these mulberry trees, as could hardly have been furnished by all the mulberry trees in the county of Warwick.
to certain magistrates of Middlesex requiring them to put a step to the performance of a play at the Curtain, in which were introduced "some gentlemen of good desert and quality," a reference to the closing of the house, although it was open in defiance of the imperative command of the preceding year. We know also upon other testimony, that not only the Curtain, but theatres on the Bankside, besides the Globe, (where performances were allowed) were then in occasional use. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the order of the 22d June, 1600, was never strictly enforced, and one of the most remarkable circumstances of that time, the little attention, as regards theatricals, that appears to have been paid to the absolute authority of the court. It seems exactly as if restrictive measures had been adopted in order to satisfy the importunity of particular individuals, but that there was no disposition on the part of persons in authority to carry them into execution. Such was probably the fact; for a year and a half after the order of the 22d June had been issued it was renewed, but, as far as we can learn, with just as little effect as before.

Besides the second edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1599, (which was most likely printed from a play house manuscript, being very different from the mutilated and manufactured copy of 1597) five plays by our great dramatist found their way to the press in 1600, viz. "Titus Andronicus," (which we have before remarked had probably been originally published in 1594) "The Merchant of Venice," "The winter's tale," "Henry IV," part ii., and "Much Ado about Nothing." The last only was not mentioned by Meres in 1598; and as to the periods when we may suppose the others to have been written, we must refer the reader to our several Introductions, where we have given the existing information upon the subject. "The Chronicle History of Henry V." also came out in the same year, but without the name of Shakespeare upon the title-page; and it is more probable that it was originated and garbled by the representation of the play, as it proceeded from the author's pen, than the "Romeo and Juliet" of 1597. Whether any of the managers of theatres at this date might not sometimes be concerned in selling impressions of dramas, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we do not believe it, and we are satisfied that dramatic authors in general were content with disposing of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no employment to be derived from publication. We are not without something like proof that actors now and then sold their parts in plays to booksellers, and thus, by the combination of them and other assistance, editions of popular plays were surreptitiously printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a circumstance which happened in 1600, and is connected with the question of the authorized or unauthorized publication of Shakespeare's plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called "The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," came out, on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare appeared at length. We find by Henslowe's Diary that this drama was in fact the authorship of four poets, Anthony Munday, Thomas Middleton, Robert Willyams, and Richard Hathaway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick of the bookseller, Thomas Pavier, in the hope that it would be bought as his work. Malone remarked upon this fraud, but he was not aware when he wrote, that it had been detected and corrected at the time, for since his day more than one copy of the "First Part, 

Death of John Shakespeare in 1601. Performance of "Twelfth Night" in September, 1600. The first edition of Shakespeare's Plays; and Barbage; Manningham's Diary in the British Museum the authority for it. "Othello," acted by Barbage and others at the Lord Keeper's in August, 1602. Death of Elizabeth, and Arrival of James I. at Theobalds. English actors in Scotland in 1595. The Plays of Shakespeare in 1600; enlarged, and their value estimated. The freedom of Aberdeen conferred in 1601 upon Laurence Fletchur, the leader of the English company in Scotland. Probability that Shakespeare never was in Scotland.

The father of our great poet died in the autumn of 1601 and he was buried at Stratford-upon-Avon. He seems to have left no will, and if he possessed any property, in land or houses, not made over to his family, we know not how it was divided. Of the eight children which his wife, Mary Arden, had brought him, the following were then alive, and might be present at the funeral—William, Gilbert, Joan, Richard, and Edmund. The latter years of William Shakespeare (who, if born in 1530 as Malone supposed, was in his seventy-first year) were doubtless easy and comfortable, and the prosperity of his eldest son must have placed him beyond the reach of pecuniary difficulties.

Early in the spring of 1602, we meet with one of those rare facts which distinctly show how uncertain all conjecture must be respecting the date when Shakespeare's dramas were originally written and produced. Malone and Tyrwhit, in 1790, conjectured that "Twelfth Night" had been written in 1614; in his second edition Malone altered it to

"For though he here inclosed bee in plaister,
When he was free he was this townes school-master
This Weel you see, as that Arvett
The Nymph of Sicile: Noe, men may carose a
Health of the plump Lyrae, noblest grapes.
From these faire coynides, and turne drunk like apes.
This second spring I keep, as did that dragon
Hesperian appes. And nowe, sir, a plague on
This your pure toscas, faire daye, welcome;
But whoe can doubt of this, when, loe! a Well come
is nowe unto the gate? I will say more,
But word nowe faying, care not last I care.

The eight lines in Nicholls's "Progresses of James I." are from Drummond's Poem, and there can be little doubt that the whole speech was from his pen.

"It was a charge to Sir Robert Greene, that, by driven the pressure of necessity, he had on one occasion raised money by making a double sale of his play called "Orlando Furioso," 1594, first to the players and afterwards to the booksellers. This may have been the fact, but it was unquestionably an exception to the ordynary rale

"See the Introduction to "Henry IV," Part I.

"On the 8th September, as we find by the subsequent entry in the banish register—

"1601, September 3. Mr. Johnes Shakespeare"
1607, and Shakespere, weighing the evidence in favour of
one date and of the other, thought neither correct, and fixed
upon the year 1602 in which the Amsterdam copy was fully printed.
The truth is, that we have irrefragable evidence, from
an eye-witness, of its existence on 2nd February, 1602, when
it was played at the Reader's Feast in the Middle Temple.
This eye-witness was a barrister of the name of Mannon-
man, who left a Diary behind him, which has been pre-
served in the British Museum; but as we have inserted his
account of the plot in our introductory to the comedy, (Vol. iii.
of the published edition of 1661) it is required here no more
mention of the circumstances. However, in another part of the same
manuscript, he gives an anecdote of Shakespeare and Bur-
bage, which we quote, without further remark than that it
has been supposed to depend upon the authority of Nicho-
las Tooke, but on looking at the original record again, we
doubt whether it came from any such source. A "Mr. Toawe"
is repeatedly introduced as a person from whom Mannon-
man received information; and we think we are justified in
that name, though
blotted, seems to be placed at the end of the paragraph,
certainly without the addition of any Christian name. This
circumstance may make some difference as regards the
authenticity of the story, because we know not who Mr. Toawe
might be, while we are sure that Nicholas Tooke
was a fellow-actor in the same company as both the
individuals to whom the story relates. At the same time it
was, very possibly, a mere error. Shakespeare and players
of that sort was often the case, in some older jokes;
and applied to Shakespeare and Burbage, because their
Christian names happened to be William and Richard.

Elizabeth, from the commencement of her reign, seems
to have extended her personal patronage, as well as her
public countenance, to the drama; and scarcely a Christmas
or a Shrovetide can be pointed out during the forty-five
years she occupied the throne where there were not dra-
matic entertainments either at home or abroad. Whitehall, Greenwich, Nun-
meuch, Richmond, or Windsor. The latest visit she paid to
any of her nobility in the country was to the Lord Keeper,
Sir Thomas Egerton, at Harefield, only nine or ten months
before her death, and it was upon this occasion, in the very
beginning of August, 1602, that "Othello" (having been
used for her amusement, and the Lord Chamberlain's
players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hert-
fordshire for the purpose) was represented before her.
In this production, it is said, with perfect propriety, "Twelfth
Night," all that we positively know that such drama was
performed, and we are left to infer that it was a new play,
from other circumstances, as well as from the fact that it
was customary on such festivities to exhibit some drama
that, as a novelty, was then attracting public attention.
Hence we are led to believe, that "Twelfth Night" (not
printed until it formed part of the folio of 1623) was writ-
ten and performed in the latter part of 1601; and that "Othello" (first published in 4to. 1622) came from
the author's pen about a year afterwards.

In the memorandum ascertaining the performance of
"Othello" at Harefield, the company by which it was
represented is called "Burbages Players," that designation arising out of the fact, that he was looked upon as the
leader of the association; he was certainly its most cele-
brated member, and was very similar to the "senior author"
or "principal player" of the famous company of the late
Queen. Whether Shakespeare had any and what part in the tragedy, either
then or upon other occasions, is not known; but we do not think
any argument, one way or the other, is to be drawn
from the fact that the company, when at Harefield, does
not seem to have been under his immediate government.
Whether he was or was not one of the "players" in the
"Expedition of the Argosy," we only entertain a doubt that as
an actor, and moreover as one "excellent in his quality, he
must have been often seen and applauded by Elizabeth.
Chettle informs us after her death, in a passage already
quoted, that she had "opened her royal ear to his lays;" but
this was obviously in his capacity of dramatist, and we
have no direct evidence to establish that Shakespeare had
ever performed at Court.

James I reached Thetford in his journey from Edin-
burgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. Before he quitted
his own capital he had had various opportunities of wit-
tnessing the performances of English actors; and it is in-
teresting, but at the same time a difficult question, whether
Shakespeare had ever appeared before him, or, in other
words, whether our great dramatist had ever visited Scot-
don! We have certainly no affirmative testimony upon

Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince,
They died with thee, dear Dick,—
Not to revive again. Jeronimo
Of English cause to move men to his fate.
They cannot call thee from thy naked bed
By hollow outcry; and Anthony's dead.
Edward, too, is in the midst of these amends:—
If in the course of my inquiries, I have been unacknowledged (I may perhaps say)
'to find anything which represents our great dramatist in a
less favorable light, I am far from being here committed to the
lament it, but I do not therefore feel myself at liberty to conceal
and suppress the fact.' The anecdote is this.
"Upon a truce when Burbage, played Rich. 3, there was a citizen
grew so far in liking with him, that before she went from the
play, she appointed him to come that night unto her, by the name
of Rich. 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went be-
fore, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbage came. Then
message being brought, that Rich. the 3. was at the door, Shake-
spere came hither to be made, that Will was the Conqueror was
before Rich. the 3. Shakespeare's name William."

This story may be a piece of scandal, but there is no doubt that
Burbage was the younger Richard of the late Queen. The visiting players home to supper, see Middleton's "Mad World, my
Master," Act v. sc. 2, in "Dodd's Old Plays," last edit. The play is called in the title, "Titus Andronicus; or, the Conquest and
Recovery of Dacie."

Amends for Ladies," Act iii. sc. 4, in the supplementary volume
to "Dodd's Old Plays," published in 1629.

See the "Introduction" to "Othello." Also "The Egerton Pa-
ers," printed by the Camden Society, 1840, p. 345.

1 In a former note we have inserted the names of some of the principal players of the time, as required by Burbage, as they are given in the Euphues upon his death, in 1619.

The MS. from which the above lines are copied seems, at least in one place, defective, but it might be cured by the addition of the words," and not long since." The MS. from which the above lines are copied seems, at least in one place, defective, but it might be cured by the addition of the words: "and not long since."

"You poets all, brave Shakespeare, Johnson, Greene,
Bestow your time to write for England's Queen," &c.
 Excepting for this notice of "brave Shakespeare," the production
is utterly contemptible, and must have been the work of some of the
"pobulm and underviloe" of poetry, who, according to a poem in Histle's "England's Mourning Garment," had put forth upon
the occasion the rude rhymes, and metrical reams."
the point, beyond what may be derived from some passages in "Macbeth," descriptive of particular localities, with which passages our readers must be familiar: there is, however, ample room for conjecture; and although, on the whole, we are inclined to think that he was never north of the Tweed, it is indisputable that the company to which he belonged, or a part of it, had performed in Edinburgh and Aberdeen, and he now doubtless in some intermediate places. We will merely state the existing proofs of this fact.

The year 1599 has been commonly supposed the earliest date at which an association of English actors was in Scotland; but it can be shown beyond contradiction that "her Majesty's players," meaning those of Queen Elizabeth, were in Edinburgh ten years earlier. In 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary from England to James VI. of Scotland, thus writes to Lord Burghley, under date of the 22d October:

"My Lord Bothwell begins to show himself willing and ready of his Majesty's pleasure, and desires hereafter to be thought of as he shall deserve: he sheweth great kindness to our nation, using her Majesty's Players and Condottiers with all courtesy." 1

In 1589, the date of Ashby's dispatch, Shakespeare had quitted Stratford about three years, and the question is, what company was intended to be designated as "her Majesty's players." It is an admitted fact, that in 1583 the Queen selected twelve leading performers from the theatrical servants of some of her nobility, and they were afterwards called "her Majesty's players," and we know, that in 1590 the Queen had two companies acting under her name: in the autumn of the preceding year, it is likely that one of these associations had been sent to the Scottish capital for the amusement of the young king, and the company formed in 1583 may have been divided into two bodies for this express purpose. Sir John Sinclair, in his "Statistical Account of Scotland," established that a company of the Queen's players was in Perth in June, 1589; and although we are without evidence that they were English players, we may fairly enough assume that they were the same company spoken of by Ashby, as having been used courteously by Lord Bothwell in the October following.

We have no means of ascertainign the names of any of the players, nor indeed, excepting the leaders Laneham and Dutton, can we state who were the members of the Queen's companies in 1590. Shakespeare might be one of them; but, if so, we cannot claim that division of the company which was dispatched to Scotland.

It is not at all improbable that English actors, having found their way north of the Tweed in 1589, would speedily repeat their visit; but the next we hear of them is, not until after a long interval, in the autumn of 1599. The public records of Scotland show that in October, 1599, (exactly the same season as that in which, ten years earlier, they are spoken of by Ashby) 43d. Excise, and desires had been delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians," in the next month they were paid 41L 12s. at various times. In December they received no less than 338L. 6s. 8d.; in April, 1600, 10l.; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to 400. 2

Thus we see, that English players were in Scotland from October, 1599, to December, 1601, a period of more than two years. 3 These years were certainly spent in the production of Shakespeare was one of the association. We cannot, however, entertain a doubt that Laurence Fletcher, (whose name, we shall see presently, stands first in the patent granted by King James on his arrival in London) was the leader of the association which performed in Edinburgh and elsewhere, because it appears from the registers of the town council of Aberdeen, that on the 9th October, 1601, the English players received 32 marks as a gratuity, and that on 22d October the freedom of the city was conferred upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "comedian to his Majesty." The company had arrived in Aberdeen, and received by the public authorities, under the sanction of a special letter from James VI.; and, although they were in fact the players of the Queen of England, they might on this account be deemed and treated as the players of the King of Scotland.

Our chief reason for thinking it unlikely that Shakespeare would have accompanied his fellows to Scotland, at all events between October, 1599, and December, 1601, is, that, as the principal writer for the company to which he was attached, he could not well have been spared; and because we have good ground for believing that about that period he must have been unusually busy in the composition of plays. No fewer than five dramas seem, as far as evidence, positive or conjectural, can be obtained, to belong to the interval between 1598 and 1602; and the proof appears to us tolerably conclusive, that "Henry V.;" "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It" were performed in 1599 and 1600. 4 Besides, as far as we can be able to decide such a point, the company to which our great dramatist belonged continued to perform in London; for although a detachment under Laurence Fletcher may have been sent to Scotland, the main body of the association called the Lord Chamberlain's players exhibited at court at the usual seasons in 1599, 1600, and 1601. Therefore, if Shakespeare visited Scotland at all, we may say that he must have been there at an earlier period, and there was undoubtedly ample time between the years 1599 and 1599 for his to have been done so. Nevertheless, we have no tidings that any English actors were in any part of Scotland during those ten years.

CHAPTER XV.

Proclamation by James I. against plays on Sunday. Renewal of theatrical performances in London. Patent of May 17th, 1603, to Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others. Royal patronage of three companies of actors. Shakespeare's additional purchases in Stratford-upon-Avon. Shakespeare in London in the autumn of 1600; and a performance for the office of Master of the Queen's Revels. Characters Shakespeare is known to have performed. His retirement from the stage, as an actor, after April 9th, 1604.

Before he even set foot in London, James I. thought it necessary to put a stop to dramatic performances on Sunday. This fact has never been mentioned, because the proclamation he issued at Thaehold on 7th May, containing the paragraphs for this purpose, has only recently come to light. There had been a long pending struggle between the Puritans and the players upon this point, and each party seemed by turns to gain the victory; for various orders were, from time to time, issued from authority, forbidding exhibitions of the kind on the Sabbath; and those orders had been uniformly more or less contradicted. We may suppose, that strong remonstrances having been made to the King by some of those who attended him from Scotland, a clause with this special object was appended to a proclamation directed against monopolies and legal extortions. The mere circumstance of the company in which this paragraph,

1 Between September, 1599, and September, 1600, Queen Eliza-

beth had issued a patent to two gentlemen of England, as a present of the King's bounty, the new settlement of his marriage, a splendid mask, with all the necessary appurtenances, and we find it charged for in the accounts of the department of the works for that year. See "History of English Drama," Part II. (1575-1603), vol. i. p. 270. It is most likely that the actors from London accompanied this gift.

2 From MS. Harel 447, being copies of despatches from Mr. Ashby to different members of the Council in London. We are indebted to Sir N. Hill for directing our attention to these curious notices.

3 A year or two before, an extract of a letter from the Revels' Accounts," "printed from the Shakespeare Society," p. xxxii.

4 For these particulars of payments, and some other points connected with them, we are indebted to Mr. Laing, of Edinburgh, who has made extensive and valuable collections for a history of the Stage in Scotland.

5 The accounts of the Revels' department at this period are not so complete as usual, and in Mr. F. Cunningham's book we found no details of any kind between 1597 and 1601. The accounts for the first years of the new reign have been given by the actor, the members of the Earl's Company, and we believe, to the companies of his Majesty. We are thus enabled to judge of the performance of the productions of Shakespeare, and we earnestly hope that the missing accounts may yet be recovered.
against dramatic performances on Sunday, is found, seems to prove that it was an after-thought, and that it was inserted, because his counsellors had urged that James might be pleased with a new expression of public opinion; and perhaps some put an end to the profession. 1

The King, having issued this command, arrived at the Charter-house on the same day, and all the theatrical companies, which had temporarily suspended their performances, began to act again on the 9th May. Permission to this effect was given by James I, and communicated through the ordinary channel to the players, who soon found reason to rejoice in the measure, for in the sign that followed, days after he reached London he took the Lord Chamberlain's players into his pay and patronage, calling them "the King's servants," a title they always afterwards enjoyed. For it is purpose he issued a warrant, under the privy seal, for making out a patent under the great seal, authorizing the nine following actors, and others, to perform in his name, not only at the Globe on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom, and for a yearly sum of 1607, the first year of his reign; and perhaps in May, 1603, was an old man, for he died in the February following. Kempe had joined the Lord Admiral's players soon after the opening of the Fortune, on his return from the Continent, for we find him in Henslowe's pay in 1602. Nicholas Tooley had also perhaps withdrawn from the association at this date, or his name would hardly have been omitted in the patent, as an established actor and man of some property and influence; but he, as well as Kempe, not long subsequently rejoined the association with which he was connected, and perhaps had taken new steps in his profession.

We may assume, perhaps, in the absence of any direct testimony, that Laurence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company by any remarkable excellence as an actor. He had been in Scotland, and had performed with his associates before James in 1599, 1600, and 1601, and in the latter year he had been registered as "his Majesty's Comedian" at Aberdeen. He might, therefore, have been a familiar figure in the King's company; and perhaps, in the association, he perhaps owed his place in the patent of May, 1603, to that circumstance. 1 The name of Shakespeare comes next, and as author, actor, and sharer, we cannot be surprised at the situation he occupies. His progress upward, in connexion with the profession, had been gradual and uniform; in 1589 he was twelfth in a company of sixteen members: in 1596 he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603 he was second in a company of nine members.

The degree of encouragement and favour extended to actors by James I in the very commencement of his reign is remarkable. Not only did he take the Lord Chamberlain's players unto his own service, but the Queen adopted the company which had acted under the name of the Earl of Worcester, of which the celebrated dramatist, Thomas Heywood, was an actor, and in a letter of that of the Lord Admiral, at the head of which was Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College. These three royal associations, as they may be termed, were independent of others under the patronage of individual noblemen.

The policy of this course at such a time is evident, and James I, seems to have been impressed with the truth that the patent under the great seal, made out in consequence of this warrant, bare date two days afterwards.

Nothing seems to be known of the birth or origin of Laurence Fletcher, [who is saId by some to be an elder brother of John Fletcher], the dramatist, "Bishop Fletcher, the father, died on 18 June, 1589, having made his will in October, 1594, before he was translated from Worcester to London. This document seems never to have been examined, but it appears from it, as Mr. P. Cunningham informs us, that he had no fewer than nine children, although he only mentions his sons Nathaniel and John by name. He died poor, and among the Lansdown MSS. is one, entitled "Reasons to move her Majesty to some commissiion towards the maintenance of the late Bishop's son, who is not printed in Birch's "Memoires." He incurred the lasting displeasure of Queen Elizabeth by marrying, for his second wife, Lady Baker of Ashborne, a man of more rank than himself. He may believe general report, and a satirical poem of the time, handed down only in manuscript, which begins thus:

The pride of prelacy, which now long since was banished with the Pope, is said to of late have arriv'd at Brittows, and from thence By Worcester into London brought his state.

It afterwards goes thus:

The Romanes Turquin, in his folly blind, And could no longer be contented to bid A Laos make; But our proud Turquins bear a braver mind, And of a Laos doth a Laurece make.

We cannot venture to quote the coarse epithets liberally bestowed upon Laurence Fletcher, but our author, thence, tells us of his lines:

'But yet, if any will the reason find, Why he that look'd so lightly as a steer, Should bear the name of bear; And take the leavings of the common people.'

We ought to have mentioned that the poem is headed "Bishop Fletcher and my Lady Baker." The Bishop had buried his first wife, Elizabeth, at Chelsea Church in December, 1592. Nathaniel Fletcher, mentioned above, was married with his brother John in his person, during his absence from London, to Elizabeth, who was a sister to William White; but who Mrs. White might be, or what was the process of nature of Nath. Fletcher's "survived, we have no information.

"The abode of stage-players, withereth, I find the country much troubled, may easily be reformed, they having no commission to play in any place without licence; and therefore by your willingness if they be not continued, you may soon be rid of them."

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1 The paragraph is in these terms, and we quote them because they have not been noticed by any historian of our stage.

"And for that we are informed, that there hath been hereof too great neglect in this kingdom of keeping the Sabbath day; for the better observing of the same and avoiding all impieties propagation, We do strictly charge and command that no Bear-baying, Bul-baring, Entertaining, common Players, or other like disorderly and unlawful entries or, passages, be frequent, kept, or used at any time hereafter upon the Sabbath day. Given at our Court at Theobalds, the 7th day of May, in the first year of our Reign." 2

2 This fact we have upon the authority of Henslowe's Diary. See the Henslowe Diary and Account Book, vol. 1, p. 346.

3 It runs verbatim et litteratim thus:

By the King.

"Right trusty and wellbeloved Counsellors, we greet you well, and will and command you, that under your privie Seal in your custody, for the time being, you cause our letters to be directed to the keeper of the Seal and his successors in Scotland, commanding him under the great seal, to cause our letters to be made patents in forme following: James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and of the United Dominions of the United Netherlands, Constables, Hendnorghers, and other our office and loving subjects greeting. Know ye, that we of our special grace, certaine knowledge, and more motion have licensed, and authorized, and presented due licence and authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemmings, Hene Condell, William Sly, Robert Army, Richard Cowley, and Nathaniel Kempe, to be the nine following Actors, and others, to appear in the presence of our father the King, to wit and cause the arts and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Morals, Pastoral, Stage pieces, and such other like, as the King with his Councils shall from time to time, for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them, during our pleasure. And we do hereby discharge, release, and absolve them, and each of them, and every individual of them, from all former patents, for the use and exercise of such matters, within our county of Surry, as also within any town hall, or mort mall, or other convenient places within the liberties & freemen of any cities, towns, parishes, or suburbs whatsoever within our said realms and dominions. Willing and commanding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not to suffer them to use any of their liberties, nor of any of your liberty, or of your place, or of any place, for any such purpose of recreation of our loving subjects, or as for our solace and pleasure, during our said pleasure, but also to be aiding and assisting them, if any wrong be to them offered. And to allow them such former convenience, as you shall be given to make, they being as well, and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalf. Given under our Seale at our manner of Greenewich, the seaventeenth day of May in the first year of our reign of England, France, and Ireland, A.D. 1596, six s. x. x. p. per lake." 4
the passage in "Hamlet," (brought out, as we apprehend, very shortly before he came to the throne) where it is said of these "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," that it is "better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." James made himself sure of their good report, and an epigram, attributed to Shakespeare, has been preserved on some stone as a grateful return for the royal condescension bestowed upon the stage, and upon those who were connected with it. We copy it from a coeval manuscript in our possession, which seems to have belonged to a curious accumulator of matters of the kind, and which also contains an unknown production by Dekker, as well as various other pieces by dramatists and poets of the time. The lines are entitled, "SHAKESPEARE ON THE KING."

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date, Triumphant their tomb, felicity their fate: But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."

But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker.

We have seen these lines in more than one other old manuscript, and as they were constantly attributed to Shakespeare, and in the form in which we have given them, are in no respect unworthy of his pen, we have little doubt of their authenticity. Having established his family in the "great house" called "New Place" in his native town in 1597, by the purchase of it from Herecles Underhill, Shakespeare seems to have contemplated considerable additions to his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £282 upon 107 acres of land, which he bought of William and John Combe, and attached to his tenancy by indenture and rent. This transaction part is in existence, bearing date 1st May, 1602, but to neither of them is the signature of the poet affixed; and it seems that he was being absent, his brother Gilbert was his immediate agent in the transaction, and to Gilbert Shakespeare the property was delivered to the use of William Shakespeare. In the autumn of the same year he became the owner of a copyhold tenement (called a coagium in the indenture) of seven acres in the parish of Stratford-upon-Avon; and this purchase was subsequent to a grant of all that part of the Undershall property to him by Walter Gesty. In November of the next year he gave Herences Underhill £290 for a messuage, barn, granary, garden, and orchard close thereon, in Stratford; but in the original fine, preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, the precise situation is not mentioned. In 1603, therefore, Shakespeare's property, in or near Stratford-upon-Avon, besides what he might have bought of, or inherited from, his father, consisted of New Place, with 107 acres of land, an addition made by the father in Walker's Street; and the additional messuage, which he had recently purchased from Underhill.

Whether our great dramatist was in London at the period when the new king ascended the throne, we have no means of knowing, but that he was so in the following autumn we have positive proof; for in a letter written by Mrs. Alleyn, (the wife of Edward Alleyn, the actor) to her husband, then in the country, dated 20th October, 1603, she tells us that she had seen "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe" in Southwark. At this date, according to the same authority, most of the companies of players who had left London for the province, on account of the prevalence of the plague, and the consequent cessation of dramatic performances, had returned to the metropolis; and it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was one of those who had returned, having found an opportunity of visiting his family at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Under Elizabeth the Children of the Chapel (originally the choir-boys of the royal establishment) had become an acknowledged company of players, and these, besides her association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty's Revels, requiring that the pieces they produced should be presented to the Queen before the approval of the celebrated poet Samuel Daniel. The instrument of their appointment bears date 30th January, 1603-4; and from a letter from Daniel to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, preserved among his papers, we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of master of the Queen's revels; he says in it, "I cannot but know, that I am lesse deserving than some that sued by other of the nobility to her Majesty for this recompence; but I am most of all pleased after introducing the name of his good friend," Drayton, he adds the following, which, we apprehend, refers with sufficient distinctness to Shakespeare:—"It seemeth to my humble judgement that one who is the author of plays, new dayly presented on the public stages of London, and the possessor of no small gains, and moreover himself an actor in the King's company of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be Master of the Queen's Revels, such being a sort of countenance or a back-scraper, on whose aid I should not only be required, but should be compelled by law, and by the ordinance of the council of the College of Physicians, to take up with me in my present office, which I shall chiefly concern myself in, without the assistance of such a person as myself." This objection would have applied with equal force to Drayton, had we not every reason to believe that before this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author. He had been a writer for Henslowe and Alleyn's company during several years, first at the Rose, and afterwards at the Fortune; but he seems to have relinquished that species of composition about a year prior to the demise of Elizabeth, the last piece in which he was concerned of, of which we have any intelligence, being noticed by Henslowe under date of May, 1602: this play was called "The Harpies," and he was assisted in it by Dekker, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a suitor for this office, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as no actor. We have already spoken of the desirability of his permanent place on the stage, and to the tradition that he was the original player of the part of the Ghost in "Hamlet." Another character he is said to have sustained is Admum, in "As you like it," and his brother Gilbert, (who in 1602 had received, on behalf William Shakespeare, the 107 acres of land purchased from William and John Combe) who probably survived the Restoration, is supposed to have been the author of this tradition. He had acted also in Ben Jonson's "Every Man In His Humour," in 1598, after (as we believe) introducing it to the company; and he is supposed to have written part of, as well as known to have written, from being imputed to him in that volume, and by a passage in "Monsieur Katski, a Roome," he is evidenced to be acquainted with the connexion between the Devil and John Combe, or John of Comber (as he is there called) was much older:—"She he had his rest at the date, the devil and John of Comber" (the Devil and John Combe). There is no ground for supposing that Shakespeare was ever on bad terms with any of the Combes, and in his will he expressly left his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe. A MS. of that will now before us, we find the following given as an epitaph upon Sir William Stowe:—

"Hear ten in the hundred lies dead and ingraved: But a hut between his son and his name.

And the couplet is printed in no very different form in "The More the Merrier," by H. F., 1608, as well as in Camden's "Remains." A coeval copy of the court-roll is in the hands of the Shakespeare Society. Malone has seen it, and published a copy of it, but it was his intention to have used it in his unfinished Life of Shakespeare. See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 63.

"See the introduction to "As you like it.""
performed in the same author's "Sejanus," in 1603. This is the last we hear of him upon the stage, but that he continued a member of the company until April 9, 1604, we have the evidence of a document preserved at Dulwich College, where the names of the King's players are enumerated in the following order:—Barbage, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Armin, Sly, Cowley, Oster, and Day. If Shakespeare had undertaken any theatrical writing, we need not hesitate in deciding that he quittd that department of the profession very shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI


No sooner had our great dramatist ceased to take part in the public performances of the King's players, than the company appears to have thrown off the restraint by which it had been usually controlled ever since its formation, and to have produced plays which were objec
tions to the court, as well as offensive to private persons. Shakespeare, from his abilities, station, and experience, must have possessed great influence with the body at large, and due deference, we may readily believe, was shown to his knowledge and judgment in the selection and acceptance of plays sent in for approbation by authors of the time. The contrast between the conduct of the association immediately before, and immediately after his retirement, would lead us to conclude, not only that he was a man of prudence and discretion, but that the exercise of these qualities had in many instances kept his fellows from incurring the displeasure of persons in power, and from exciting the animosity of particular individuals. We suppose Shakespeare to have ceased to act in the summer of 1604, and in the winter of that very year we find the King's players giving offence to "some great counsellors" by performing a play upon the subject of the murder of Falstaff. The fact has been upon the evidence of one of Sir R. Winwood's correspondents, John Chamberlain, who, in a letter dated 18th December, 1604, uses these expressions:—The tragedy of Gowry, with all action and actors, hath been twice represented by the King's players, with exceeding concourse of all sorts of people; but whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that princes should be played upon the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great counsellors are much displeased with it, and so, if it is thought, shall be forbidden." Whether it was so forbidden we do not hear upon the same or any other authority, but no such drama has come down to us.

In the next year (at what particular part of it is not stated) Sir Leonard Halden, then Lord Mayor of London, backed no doubt by his brethren of the corporation, made a complaint against the same company, "that Kempe, (who at this date had rejoined the associat5n) Armin, and others, players (and not personally) were come upon their stage one or more of the worshipful aldermen of the city of London, to their great scandal and the lessen-
ing of their authority," and the interposition of the privy council to prevent the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done in consequence, if anything were done does not appear in any extant document.

In the spring of the next year still graver charge was brought against the body of actors of whom Shakespeare until very recently, had been one; and it originated in no less a person than the French ambassador. George Chap-
man, had written two plays upon the history and execution of the Duke of Biron, containing, in the shape in which they were originally produced on the stage such matter that M. Be
umo, the representative of the King of France in London, thought it necessary to remonstrate against the repeti-
tion, and the performance of it was prohibited: as soon however as the court had quitted London, the King's play-
ers persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the players were arrested, (their names are not given) but the author made his escape. These two dramas were printed in 1608, and again in 1626; and looking through them, we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the his-
torical incidents, which could have given offence; but the truth certainly is, that all the objectionable portions were cut out; the piece, though, in the hands of the French ambassador, to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Vernueil were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giv-
ing the latter a box on the ear.

This information was conveyed to Paris under the date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French ambassador, appear-
edly in order to have his letters acquainted with the law-
less character of dramatic performances at that date in England, adds a very singular paragraph, proving that the King's players, only a few days before they had brought the Queen of France upon the stage, had not hesitated to intro-
duce upon the same boards their own reigning sovereign in a most unseemly manner, making him swear violently, and beat a gentleman for interfering with his known propensity for the chaste. This undoubtedly is a boldness on the part of the players; but, nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until M. Beaumot had directed the attention of the public auth-
orities to the insult offered to the Queen of France: then, an order was issued putting a stop to the acting of all plays in London; but, according to the same authority, the compa-
nies had clubbed their money, and, attacking James I. on his weak side, had offered a large sum to be allowed to continue. The French ambassador himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's pecuniary

1 From lines preceding it in the 4to, 1605, we know that it was brought out at the Globe, and Ben Jonson admits that it was re-
cently performed.

2 We may notice two productions of this great and various author, one of which is mentioned by Ant. Wood (Ath. Oxon. edit. 1704, vol. i. p. 250), and the other by Mr. Bsterne (Anecdotes of the English Stage, 2nd edit. vol. iv. p. 276, edit. 2do.), on the authority merely of the stationers' registers; but none of our literary antiquaries seem to have been able to meet with them. They are both in existence. The first is a de-
fence of his "Andromeda, Libera," 1614, which he wrote in cele-
bation of the marriage of the Duke of Somerset and the Countess of Roos, which Chapman tells us had been "most maliciously mis-
terpreted," it is called "A Free and OFFensive Justification" of his poem, and it was printed in 1614. It is chiefly in prose, but at the end in a dialogue in rhyme, between Pheme and Theodina, the last being meant for Chapman: Wood only supposes that Chapman wrote it, but if he could have read it he would have entertained no so-
cute. It appears that Somerset himself had conceived that "An-
dromeda Libera," was a covert attack upon him, and from this no-
tion Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. The poetical dialogue is thus opened by Pheme, and sufficiently explains the object of the writer.

3 "He, no 'Theodina' you must not dreame
Y're thus dismast in peace: soon too extremes
The auditors' song hath strange delight in's ears,
Nay, in your haven you shipwacks: y'are undes.
Your Perceous is dispeast'd, and sleighteth now
to prove you to work as late, and as servile
The peoples god-voice hath exclam'd a way
Your mistie cloude; and he sees, cleare as day,
His purpose to quicken, and to incline you.
Wishing unblest your unproper song."
wants would be effectual, and that permission, under certain restrictions, would not long be withheld.

Whatever encomiums Shakespeare had derived from the Blackfriars or the Globe theatres, as an actor merely, we may be tolerably assured was only a small portion of his genius. He would thus be able to devote more of his time to dramatic composition, and, as he continued a sharer in the two undertakings, perhaps his income on the whole was not much lessened. Certainly it is, that in 1605 he was in possession of a considerable sum, which he was anxious to invest advantageously in property in or near the place of his birth. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which he quitted Stratford, he always seems to have contemplated a permanent settlement, and it seems even to have constantly turned in the direction of his birth-place. As long as before January, 1598, he had been advised "to deal in the matter of titles" of Stratford;1 but perhaps at that date, having recently purchased New Place, he was not in sufficient funds for the purpose, or possibly the party in possession of the lease of the tithe, though not unwilling to dispose of it, required more than it was deemed worth.

At all events, nothing was done on the subject for more than a year after that, and nothing for the whole space of seven years before Shakespeare, who is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," executing an indenteure for the purchase of the unexpired term of a long lease of the great tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and of the small tithes of "wool, lamb, and other small and privy tithes, herbage, oblations," &c., in Stratford, old Stratford, Bishopston, and Welcombe, in the county of Warwick. The vendor was Raphle Hulme, of Ipsley, Esquire; and from the draft of the deed, now before us,2 we learn that the original lease, dated as far back as 1539, was "for four score and twelve years;" so that in 1605 it had still twenty-six years to run, and for this our great dramatist agreed to pay 410L: by the receipt, contained in the same deed, it appears that he paid the whole of the money before it was executed by the parties.

He might very fitly be described as of Stratford-upon-Avon, because he had there not only a substantial, settled residence for his family, but he was the owner of considerable property, both in land and houses, in the town and neighbourhood; and he had been before so described in 1602, when he bought the 107 acres of William and John Combe, which he annexed to his dwelling of New Place.

A spurious edition of "Hamlet" having been published in 1604,3 a more authentic copy came out in the next year, containing much that had been omitted, and more that had been added. The last of the present series of editions, we believe, that Shakespeare, individually, had anything to do with this second and more correct impression, and we doubt much whether it was authorized by the company, which seems at all times to have done its utmost to prevent the appearance of plays in print, lest to a certain extent the public curiosity should thereby be satisfied.

The point is, of course, liable to dispute, but we have little doubt that "Henry VIII." was represented very soon after the accession of James I, to whom and to whose family it certainly drew a higher price than "Macbeth," having been written in 1605, we suppose that it had been produced at the Globe in the spring of 1608. Although it related to Scottish annals, it was not like the play of Gozury's Conspiracy (mentioned by Chamblerine at the close of 1603), founded, to use Von Raumer's words, "upon recent history," and instead of running the slightest risk of giving offence, many of the sentiments and allusions in it werestocked, especially to the "two-fold balls and treble sceptres," in Act iv. scene 1, must have been highly acceptable to the King. It has been supposed, upon the authority of Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, that King James with his own hand wrote a letter to Shakespeare in return for the compliment paid to him in "Macbeth;" the Duke of Buckingham is said to have had Davenan's evidence for this anecdote, which was first told in print in the advertisement to Lutold's edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1710.4 The assertion that Shakespeare was 1679 or 1714,5 so that, at all events, he did not adopt it; and it seems very improbable that James I should have so far confounded, and very probable that the writer of Lutold's advertisement should not have been very scrupulous. We may conjecture, that a privy seal under the sign manual, (then the usual form of proceeding) granting to the King's players some extraordinary reward on the occasion, has been misrepresented as a private letter from the King to the dramatist. Malone speculated that "Macbeth" had been played before King James and the King of Denmark, (who arrived in England on 6th July, 1606) but we have not a particle of testimony to establish that a tragedy relating to the assassination of a monarch by an ambitious vassal was ever represented at court: we should be surprised to discover any proof of the kind, because such incidents seem usually to have been carefully avoided.

The youngest son of the illustrious and happy pair, William and Anne Shakespeare, Susanna, having been born in May, 1583, was rather more than twenty-four years old when she was married, on 5th June, 1607, to Mr. John Hall, of Stratford, who is styled "gentleman" in the register,6 but he was a professor of medicine, and subsequently practised as a physician. There appears to have been no reason on any side for opposing the match, and we may conjecture that the ceremony was performed in the presence of our great dramatist, during whose absence from home five months afterwards he lost his brother Edmund, and his mother in the autumn of the succeeding year.

There is no doubt that Edmund Shakespeare, who was

1 We derive these very curious and novel particulars from M. Von Raumer's "Hamlet" notes upon the Sixth and Seventh Centuries, translated by Lord Francis Egerton, vol. ii. p. 219. The terms are worth quoting.

April 5, 1601. I ceased certain players to be forbid from acting. The reason was this; the Queen, however, she saw that the whole court had left town, they persisted in acting it; now, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle Verneuil. When the last play was over, words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them were arrested; but the principal person, the author, escaped.

2 He has been before found to have made his own King and all his favorites in a very strange fashion: they made him write and swear because he had been robb'd of a bird, and beat a young man because he had told him of his misfortune. It would be impossible to put them in the scene. They represent him as drunk at least once a day, &c.

3 He has upon this made order, that no play shall be henceforth acted that does not profit. Perhaps the number of plays offered 100,000 livres. Perhaps the permission will be again granted, but upon condition that they represent no recent history, nor speak of the quarrel that was between them.

4 In a letter from a resident in Stratford of the name of Abraham Sturley. It was originally published by Boscawell (vol. i. p. 596) at length, but the only part which relates to Shakespeare runs thus: "we are not taught it necessary to preserve the uncouth abbreviations of the original."

5 This is one special remembrance of your father's motion. It seemeth by him that our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare, is willing to discharge the charge of many upon some of yeardland or other at Shotters, or near about us: we thinketh it a very fit pattern to move him to deal in the matter of our tithe. By the instructions you can give him the charge and by making it to make the same as a faire mark for him to shooe at and not useless to him. It obtained would advance him in deco, and he would do us much good." The terms of this letter prove that Shakespeare's townsmen were of opinion that he was desirous of advancing himself among the inhabitants of Stratford.

6 The only copy of this impression is in the library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, and we have employed it at a certain extent in setting and explaining the text of the tragedy. See the Introductory to "Hamlet."

7 That the story came through the Duke of Buckingham, from Davenan, seems to have been a conjectural addition by Udy's: the words in Lutold's advertisement are these:—"That most learned Fletcher and great Lord of the Blackfriars, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shake- speare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of William Davenan, andcredible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer was the first to give currency to the notion, that the compliment to the Stuart family in "Macbeth" was the occasion of the letter.

8 The terms are these:

1607, Junii 5. John Hall gentlemans & Susanna Shakespeare.

9 He was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, in the immediate neighborhood of the Globe theatre, the registration being in the following form, specifying, rather unusually, the occupation of the deceased.

1607, Dec. 31. Edmund Shakespeare, a player.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

not twenty-eight at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of a player, having perhaps followed the fortunes of his brother William, and attached himself to the same company. We, however, never meet with his name in any list of the associations of the time, nor is he mentioned as an actor among the characters of any old play with which we are acquainted. We may presume, therefore, that he attained no eminence; perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical company, where he only took inferior parts; for when the engagement of a larger number of performers than usual was necessary, Mary Shakespeare survived her son Edmund about eight months, and was buried at Stratford on the 9th Sept. 1608.

There are few points of his life which can be stated with more confidence than that our great dramatist attended the funeral of his mother; filial piety and duty would of course impel him to visit Stratford on the occasion, and in proof that he did so, we may mention that on the 16th of the month he was godfather to a boy of the name of William Walker. Shakespeare's mother had probably resided at New Place, the house of her son; from whence, we may presume also, the body of her husband had been carried to the grave seven-years before. If she were of full age when she was married to John Shakespeare in 1557, she was about 72 years old at the time of her decease.

The reputation of our poet as a dramatist seems to have been at its height. His "King Lear" was printed three times for the same bookseller in 1608; and in order perhaps to increase its sale, (as well as to secure the purchaser against the old "King Lear," a play upon the same story, being given to him instead) the name of "M. William Shakespear" was placed very conspicuously, and most unusually, at the top of the title-page. The same observation will in part apply to "Pericles," which came out in 1609, with the name of the author rendered particularly obvious, although in the ordinary place. "Trovilus and Cressida," which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very distinctly legible, but in a somewhat smaller type. In both the latter cases, it would likewise seem, that there were plays by older or rival dramatists upon the same incidents. The most noticeable proof of the advantage which a bookseller conceived he should derive from the announcement that the work he published was written by our poet, is afforded by the title-page of the collection of his dispersed sonnets, which was ushered into the world as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in very large capitals, as if that were something which could be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir (p. xcvii) we have alluded to the circumstance, that in 1609 Shakespeare was rated to the poor of the Liberty of the Clink in a sum which might possibly indicate that he was the occupant of a contrivance, a dwelling-house in Southwark. The fact that our great dramatist paid six-pence a week to the poor there, (as high a sum as anybody in that immediate vicinity was assessed at) is stated in the account of the Life of Edward Alleyn, printed by the Shakespeare Society, (p. 90) and there it is too hastily inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is very possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that be paid the rate not for any habitation, good or bad, large or small, but in respect of his theatrical property in the Globe, which was situated in the same district. The parish register of St. Saviour's establishes, that in 1601 the churchwardens had been instructed by the vestry "to talk with the players" respecting the payment of tithe and contributions to the maintenance of the poor; and it is not very unlikely that this arrangement was made under which the sharers in the Globe, and Shakespeare as one of them, would be assessed. As a confirmatory circumstance we may add, that when Henslowe and Alleyn were about to build the Fortune play-house, in 1599-1600, the inhabitants of the Lordship of Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, petitioned the privy council in favour of the undertaking one of their reasons being, that "the creators were contented to give a very liberal portion of money weekly towards the relief of the poor." Perhaps the parties interested in the Globe were contented to come to similar terms, and the parish to accept the money weekly from the various individuals. Henslowe, Alleyn, Lowin, Town, July, &c., who were either sharers, or actors and sharers, in that or other theatres in the same neighbourhood, contributed in different proportions for the same purpose, the largest amount being to Shakespeare and Alleyn, which was paid by Shakespeare, Henslowe, and Alleyn.

The ordinary inhabitants included in the same list, doubtless, paid for their dwellings, according to their several rents, and such may have been the case with Shakespeare; all we contend for is, that we ought not to conclude at once, that Shakespeare was the tenant of a house in the Liberty of the Clink, merely from the circumstance that he was rated to the poor. It is not unlikely that he was the occupant of a substantial dwelling-house in the immediate near neighbourhood of the Globe, where his presence and assistance would often be required; and the amount of his income at this period would warrant such an expenditure, although we have no reason for thinking that such a house would be needed for his wife and family, because the existing evidence is opposed to the notion that they ever resided with him in London.

CHAPTER XVII.

Attempt of the Lord Mayor and aldermen in 1608 to expel the King's players from the Blackfriars, and its failure. Negotiation by the corporation to purchase the theatre and its apparatus: interest of the players and other sharers. The income of Richard Burbage at his death. Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, and his statement regarding Shakespeare's expenditure. Copy of a letter from Lord Southampton on behalf of Shakespeare and Alleyn. Probably the contract of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere in favour of the company at the Blackfriars theatre.

We have referred to the probable amount of the income of our great dramatist in 1605; and within the last ten years a

1 The following is a copy of the register.

1688, Septemb. 9. Marry Shakespear, Wydowe.

2 The account (preserved at Durham College) does not state that he received any compensation of 27 dollars being rated at the poor, for dwelling-houses, but merely that they were rated and assessed to a weekly payment towards the relief of the poor, some for dwelling-houses, and others perhaps in respect to different kinds of property: it is thus entitled —

A breif not taken out of the poore bookes, containing the names of such as have liberty, which are rated and assessed to a weekly payment towards the relief of the poore. As it standes now encreased, this 6th day of April, 1688. Delivered up to Phillip Henslowe, by John Page, Waederward, and the overseers of the same liberty.

In 1688, it commences with these names:—

Phillip Henslowe, squier, assessed at weekly

Ed. Alleyn, assessed at weekly

Robert Toppin, assessed at weekly

Mr Langworth, assessed at weekly

Mr Benfield, assessed at weekly

Mr Griffin, assessed at weekly

Mr Pettipin, assessed at weekly

Mr Lowens (i. e. Lowin), assessed at weekly

The account is in three divisions; and in the first, besides the above, we find the names of

Francis Carter, iis 6d. Gilbert Catherens, iis 6d.

and twenty-one others. The next division includes a list of nineteen names, and ten of these names, including the following actors:

Thomas Pope, iis 6d. Mr Juby, iis 6d.

Richard Hunt, iis 6d.

Mr Ed. Collins, iis 6d. Mr Roper, iis 6d.

Mr W. Carter, iis 6d.

Mr Chapper, iis 6d.

and all the rest pay a rate of either 14s or 17s, including the following actors:

Mr Tuke, iis 6d.

Mr Juby, iis 6d.

Mr Hunt, iis 6d.

Mr Garter, iis 6d.

The third division consists of seven persons who only paid one penny per week, and among them we perceive the name of no individual who, according to other evidence, appears to have been in any way concerned with theatres: Malone (see his "Inquiry," p. 215) has seen this document, but he mis-states that it belongs to the year 1602 and 1605.

2 John Northbrooke, in his Treatise against Plays, Players, &c., (Shakespeare's Society's reprint, p. 123) informs us that in 1577 people contributed weekly to the support of the poor "according to their ability, some a penny, some two pence, another four pence, and the best commonly gave but six pence."
The Life of William Shakespeare

1. These transactions most probably occurred before September, 1609, because Laurence Fletcher died in that month. However, it is not certain that the "Laz," mentioned in the document, was Laurence Fletcher: we know of no person named Lazaret Fletcher, though he may have been the personal representative of Lawrence Fletcher.
2. This is headed:

"For avoiding the Playhouse in the Precinct of the Black Friars.

**Probable Date:** 1609

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<tr>
<td>Item</td>
<td>Lowering also one share and an half</td>
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<td>Item</td>
<td>Peere more players with one half share to eche of them</td>
<td>406 13 4</td>
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Summa totalis: 6166 13 4

Moreover, the hired men of the Company demanded some remuneration for their great loss, and the Widows and Orphans of Players, who are paid by the Shakers at diverse rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will cost the Lord Mayor and the Citizens at least 7000.

3. This new and valuable piece of information was pointed out to us by Sir Leman, who has been indefatigable in his researches as to the demonstrable result of theomnography.


4. The value of these plays in 1609, when the value of real estate was very high, was enormous. The value of the property of Burbage and Fletcher, including the theatre, was given as $10,000.
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he may have made with the rest of the company for the regular contribution of dramas, in lieu perhaps of his own personal exertions.

In a work published a few years ago, containing extracts from the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was year of Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose memoranda extend from 1648 to 1674, it is stated that Shakespeare in his elder days lived at Stratford, and was a frequent visitor to the stage by passion every year, and for that an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000£ a year, as I have heard. We only add this passage to show what the opinion was as to Shakespeare's circumstances shortly after the Restoration. We take it for granted that the sum of 1000£ (equal to nearly 5000£ now) is a considerable exaggeration, but it may warrant the belief that Shakespeare lived in good style and port, late in life, in his native town. It is very possible, though we think not probable, that after he retired to Stratford he continued to write, but it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement he supplied the stage with two plays every year. He might not be able at once to requite his old and confirmed habits of composition; but such other evidence as we possess is opposed to Ward's statement, to which he himself appends the cautionary words, "as I have heard." Of course he could have known nothing of his forty-six years after our poet's decease. He might, however, easily have known inhabitants of Stratford who well recollected Shakespeare, and, considering the opportunities he possessed, it strikes us as very singular that he collected so little information.

We have already adverted to the bounty of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare, which we have supposed to have been consequent upon the dedication of "Venus and Adonis." Mr. Ellesmere, and equivalent in point of date with the building of the Globe Theatre. Another document has been handed down to us among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, which proves the strong interest Lord Southampton still took, about fifteen years afterwards, in Shakespeare's affairs, and in the prosperity of the company to which he was attached: it has distinct reference also to the pending and unequal struggle between the corporation of London and the players at the Blackfriars, of which we have already spoken. It is the copy of a letter subscribed H. S. (the initials of the Earl) to some nobleman in favour of our great dramatist, and of the chief performer in many of his plays, Richard Burbage; and recollecting what Lord Southampton had before done for Shakespeare, and the manner in which from the first he had patronized our stage and drama, it seems to us the most natural thing in the world for an author personally interested in the welfare of those who had so many public and private claims. We may conclude that the original was not addressed to Lord Ellesmere, or it would have been found in the depository of his papers, and not merely a transcript of it; but a copy of it may have been furnished to the Lord Chancellor, in order to give him some information respecting the characters of the parties upon whose cause he was called upon to decide. Lord Ellesmere stood high in the confidence of his sovereign: he had many important public duties to discharge besides those belonging to his great office; and notwithstanding he had shown himself at all times a liberal patron of letters, and had had many works of value dedicated to him, we may readily imagine, that although he must have heard of Shakespeare and Burbage, he was in some degree of ignorance as to their individual deserts, when this communication was intended to remove. That it was not sent to him by Lord Southampton, who probably was acquainted with him, may afford a proof of the delicacy of the Earl's mind, who would not seem directly to interpose while the question of the sort was pending before a judge, (though possibly not in his judicial capacity) the history of whose life establishes that where the exercer of his high functions was involved he was equally decorous to public and to private interests.

We have introduced an exact copy of the document in a note, and it will be observed that it is without date; but the subject of it shows beyond dispute that it belongs to this period, while the lord mayor and aldermen were endeavouring to expel the players from a situation where they had been uninterruptedly established for more than thirty years. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was attained, because the Blackfriars Theatre and his brethren were not allowed, until many years after wards, to exercise any authority within the precinct and liberty of the Blackfriars, and that the King's servants continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XVIII.


There is reason for believing that the important question of jurisdiction had been decided in favour of the King's Company, on the same January 7, 1610. A warrant of that date authorizing a juvenile company to exhibit at Blackfriars, as well as the association which had been in possession of the theatre ever since its original construction. One circumstance connected with this document, to which we shall presently advert, may however appear to cast a doubt upon the point, whether it had yet been finally determined that the corporation of London was by law excluded from the precinct of the Blackfriars. It is a fact, of which it may be said we have conclusive proof, that almost from the first, if not from the first, the
Blackfriars theatre had been in the joint possession of the Lord Chamberlain's servants and of a juvenile company called the Children of the Chapel; they were also known as "her Majesty's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars," and it is not to be supposed that they employed the theatre or alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances in the winter, at the Blackfriars theatre, and in the summer, in the Globe. It is not improbable, therefore, that the remarkably wide range and variety of performances that Shakespeare's company undertook in the winter of 1606-7 was due both to the Blackfriars theatre and the Children of the Chapel. The Blackfriars was the most far-reaching of the London theatres, and was licensed for performances throughout the year, whereas the Children of the Chapel were limited to the winter season. Shakespeare's company was able to draw on the resources of both theatres, and to present a wide range of plays, from classical tragedies to popular romances. This allowed them to appeal to a wide audience, and to gain a reputation as a versatile and talented company.
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The Taming of the Shrew," or for the older play, with nearly the same title, upon which it was founded.

"Timon" and "Pericles" were printed in 1609, and to our mind there seems but little doubt that they had been written and prepared for the stage only a short time before they came from the press. With the single exception of "Othello," which came out in 4to in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1609 and the date of the publication of the folio in 1623. We need not here discuss what play, first performed by our great dramatist after 1609, because we have separately considered the claims of each in our preliminary Introductions. "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," seem to belong to a late period of our poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition.

Between January 1609-10, when Shakespeare was one of the parties to whom the warrant for the Children of the Queen's Revels was conceded, and the year 1612, when it has been reasonably supposed that he quitted London to take up his permanent residence at Stratford, we are in possession of no facts connected with his personal history. It would seem both natural and probable that before that, before he disposed of his theatrical property, which must necessarily be of fluctuating and uncertain value, depending much upon the presence and activity of the owner for its profitable management, In his will (unlike some of his contemporaries who expired in London) he says nothing of any such property, and we are left to infer that he did not die in possession of it, having disposed of it before he finally retired to Stratford. It is to be recollected also that the species of interest he had in the Blackfriars theatre, independently of his shares in the receipts, was peculiarly irrevocable: it consisted of the warde and properties, which in 1608, when the city authorities contemplated the purchase of the whole establishment, were valued at 500l.; and we may feel assured that he would sell them to the company which had the constant use of them, and doubtless had paid an annual consideration to the owner. The fee, or freehold, of the house and ground was in the hands of Richard Burbage, and from him it descended to two sons: that was a permanent and substantial possession, very different in its character and durability from the dresses and machinery which belonged to Shakespeare. The mere circumstance of the nature of Shakespeare's property in the Blackfriars seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth, where he meant to spend the rest of his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five and twenty years. Supposing him to have begun his theatrical career at the end of 1586, as we have imagined, the quarter of a century would be completed by the close of 1612, and for ought we know, that might be the period Shakespeare was in his mind fixed upon for the termination of his toils and exertions.

It has been ascertained that Edward Alleyn, the actor founder of the college of "Godd's Gift" at Dulwich, purchased property in the Blackfriars in April 1612, and although it may possibly have been theatrical, there seems sufficient reason to believe that it was not, but that it consisted of certain leasehold houses, for which according to his own account, he paid a quarterly rent of 5l. The brief memorandum upon this transaction preserved at Dulwich certainly relates to any thing rather than to the species of interest which Shakespeare indisputably had in the wardrobe and properties of the Blackfriars theatre: the term, Alleyn uses would apply only to tenements or ground, and an Burbage valued his freehold of the theatre at 1000l., we need not hesitate in deciding that the lease Alleyn purchased for 599l. or 64l. was a lease of the playhouse. We shall see presently that Shakespeare himself, though under some peculiar circumstances, became the owner of a dwelling-house in the Blackfriars, unconnected with the theatre, very soon after he had taken up his abode at Stratford, and Alleyn probably had made a similar, but a larger investment in the same neighbourhood in 1612. Whatever, in fact, of Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre was by his death both as a shareholder and property owner, he need not hesitate in concluding that in the then prosperous state of theatrical affaires in the metropolis, he was easily able to procure a purchaser.

He must also have had a considerable stake in the Globe, but whether he was also the owner of the same species of property there, as at the Blackfriars, we can only speculate. We should think it highly probable that, as far as the mere theatre-houses were concerned, the shares of property were made to serve for both theatres, and that when the summer season commenced on the Bankside, the necessary apparel was conveyed across the water from the Blackfriars, and remained there until the company returned to their winter quarters. There is no hint in any existing document what became of our great dramatist's interest in the Globe; but here again we need not doubt, from the profit that had always attended the undertaking, that he could have had no difficulty in finding parties to take it off his hands. Burbage we know was rich, for he died in 1613 worth 3000l., a year in land, besides his personal property, and he and others would have been glad to add to their capital, so advantageously employed, by purchasing Shakespeare's interest.

It is possible, as we have said, that Shakespeare continued to employ his pen for the stage after his retirement to Stratford, and the buyers of his shares might even make it compulsory to him to use his talent in behalf of the company, and we may doubt whether, with his long experience of the necessity of personal superintendence, he would have continued a shareholder in any concern of the kind over which he had no control. During the whole of his life in connexion with the stage, even after he quitit it as an actor, he seems to hav1

1 One copy of the folio is known with the date of 1612 upon the title-page; the others contain the date of 1613, or (in one instance) befallen to Nov. 1613, as if it had not been published until late in that year, unless we suppose the entry made by Blount and Jaggard some time after to be the form in which the printers made the reference to the rights that first printed there, which they might thought be invaded.
2 We ought, perhaps, to except a writ issued by the borough court in June 1610, at the suit of Shakespeare, for the recovery of a small sum due him. A similar instance is recorded in 1611, when our post sought to recover 17 l. 13s. 6d, from a person of the name of Rogers, for corn sold to him. These facts are ascertained from the existing record of Stafford.
3 See the Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, p. 105, where a conjecture is hastily hazarded that it might be Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre. Upon this question we agree with Mr. Knight in his Shakespeare, a Biography, prefixed to his pictorial edition of the Poet's works.
4 It is in the following form, upon a small damp-injured piece of paper, and obviously a mere memorandum.
5 April 1612.
6 Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfriars 160s.
7 More for the Blackfriars 160s.
8 More again for the Lease 210s.
9 The writings for the same and other small charges $6 & 5.

If this paper had any relation at all to the theatre in the Blackfriars, this 1612, is as I am disposed to think, it must have been written on paper upon which Shakespeare's name was engraved, that Shakespeare could neither grant nor sell a lease; and it is quite clear that Burbage did not, because he remained in possession of the playhouses at the time of his death: his sons asserted on paper after his decease, that they had paid 600l. a quarter for the property he held until his decease in 1625.

4 We have already inserted an extract from an epistle upon Bur- bagage, in which the writer enumerates the manner in which he had preserved Shakespeare's property. The following lines in Smeaton's MS. No. 1786, (pointed out to us by Mr. Bruce) are just worth preserving on account of the reminiscence of the access to which we turn:

An Epistle on Mr. Richard Burbage, the Player.

This life's a play, seen out by nature's art,
Where every man has his allotted part.
The man hath done all that he could set.
He hath his time, and he hath acted well.
The play now ended, thank's to his grace to his
The setting house, and the man of his place,
Where to give his fame this be not forbidden;--
Here lies the best tragedian ever play'd.

From hence we might infer, against other authorities, that what was called the "tiring room" in theatres, was so called because the actors retired to it, and not attired in it. It must likely answer much the same, but we sometimes find it called "the attiring room" by authors of the time.
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CHAPTER XIX.

The immediate members of the Shakespeare family resident at this date in Stratford were comparatively few. Richard Shakespeare had died of the age of forty, only a month before William Shakespeare signed the deed for the purchase of the house in Blackfriars. Since the death of Edmund, Richard had been our poet's youngest brother, but regarding his way of life at Stratford we have no information. Gilbert Shakespeare, born two years and a half after William, was also probably at this time an inhabitant of the borough, or its immediate neighbourhood, and perhaps married, for in the register, under date of 3rd September, 1612, there is an account of the burial of "Gilbérieus Shakespeare, adolescens," who might be his son. Joan Shakespeare, who was five years younger than her brother William, had been married at about the age of thirty to William Hart, a latter, in Stratford; but as the ceremony was not performed in that parish, it does not appear in the register. Their first child, William, was baptized on 29th August, 1609, and they had afterwards children by the names of Mary, Thomas, and Michael, born respectively in 1603, 1605, and 1608. Our poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, who, as we have elsewhere stated, was married to Mr. John, afterwards Dr. Hall, in June, 1607, produced a daughter who was baptized Elizabeth on 21st February, 1607–8; so that Shakespeare was a grandfather before he had reached his forty-fifth year; but Mrs. Hall had no further increase of family.

By whom New Place is otherwise called "the great house," was inhabited at this period, we can only conjecture. That Shakespeare's wife and his youngest daughter Judith (who completed her twenty-eighth year in February, 1612) resided in it, we cannot doubt; but as it would be much more than they would require, even after they were permanently joined by our great dramatist on his retirement from London, we may perhaps conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Hall were joint occupiers of it, and aided in keeping up the virility of the family circle. Shakespeare himself only completed his forty-eighth year in April, 1612, and every tradition and circumstance of his life tends to establish not only the gentleness and kindness, but the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition.

Nevertheless, although we suppose him to have separated himself from the labours and anxieties attendant preferred to be called "of Stratford-upon-Avon," contemplating, as he probably did through the whole of his theatrical life, a return thither as soon as his circumstances would enable him to do so with comfort and independence. We are thoroughly convinced, however, that, anterior to March, 1613, Shakespeare had taken up his permanent residence with his family at Stratford.
upon his theatrical concerns, he was not without his annoyances, though of a different kind. We refer to a chancericty in which he seems to have been involved by the purchase, in 1605, of the remaining term of a lease of part of the tithe of Stratford. It appears that a rent of 27/. 13s. 4d. had been reserved, which was to be paid by certain lessees under peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disregarding the consequences, had refused to contribute their proportions, and Richard Lane, Esq., of Stratford-upon-Avon, Esquire, and William Shakespeare, "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," were under the necessity of filing a bill before Lord Ellesmere, to compel all the persons deriving estates under the dissolved college of Stratford to pay their shares. What was the issue of the suit is not any where stated; and the only important point in the deed of the bill, in the hands of the Shakespeare Society, is, that our great dramatist thereon stated the value of his "moety" of the tithes to be 60l. per annum.

In the summer of 1613 a calamity happened which we do not believe affected our author's immediate interests, on account of the strong probability that he had taken care to diversify all theatrical property before he finally took up his reside in his birth-place. The Globe, which had been more than eight years, and had been burned down on 29th June, 1613, in consequence of the thatch, with which it was partially covered, catching fire from the discharge of some theatrical artillery. It is doubtful what play was then in a course of representation: Sir Henry Wotton gives it the title of "All is True," and calls it "a new play," while Hoare, in his continuation of Stowe's Annals, distinctly states that it was "Henry the Eighth." It is very possible that both of them may be correct, and that Shakespeare's historical drama was that night revived under a new name, and therefore mistakenly called "a new play" by Sir Henry Wotton, although it had been nearly ten years on the stage. The Globe was rebuilt in the next year, as we are told on what may be considered good authority, at the cost of King James and of many noblemen and gentlemen, who seem to have contributed sums of money for the purpose. If James I. had not leisureed on the occasion, it afforded another out of many proofs of his disposition to encourage the drama, and to assist the players who acted under the royal name. Although Shakespeare might not be in any way peculiarly affected by the event, we may be sure that he would not be backward in using his influence, and perhaps in rendering assistance by a gift of money, for the reconstruction of a playhouse in which he had often acted, from which he had derived so much profit, and in the continuance of the performances at which so many of his friends and fellows were deeply interested.

He must himself have had an escape from a similar disaster at Stratford in the very next year. Fires had broken out in the borough in 1694 and 1695, which had destroyed many of the houses, then built of wood, or of materials not calculated to resist combustion; but that which occurred on the first of May, 1614, in the Street, is worthy of note, as being of much larger size than both its predecessors. At the instance of various gentlemen in the neighbourhood, including Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Verney, and Sir Thomas Lucy, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favour of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorizing the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the restoration of the town; and alleging that within two hours the fire had consumed twenty-two dwelling-houses, besides many of other houses, office, also with great store of corn, hay, straw, wood, and timber. The amount of loss is stated, on the same authority, to be "eight thousand pounds and upwards." What was the issue of this charitable appeal to the whole kingdom, we know not.

It is very certain that the dwelling of our great dramatist, in the street which was burned down in the year 1613, and possibly was taking some steps in favour of his fellow-townsmen. However, his principal business seems to have been to projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighbourhood of Stratford in which he had an interest. Some inquiries as to the rights of various parties were instituted in September, 1614, as we gather from a document yet preserved, and which is now before us. The others of those house claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare, Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopstone." All that it is necessary to quote is the following, which refers to Shakespeare, and which, like the rest, is placed under the head of "Amentic Freeholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

Mr. Shakespeare, vide land: non common, nor ground

The play house in Salisbury Court, in Fleet-street, was pulled down by a company of soldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these sad times, on Saturday, the 24th day of March, 1649.

The bulk: in Drury-lane, was pulled down also this day, being Saturday the 29th of March, 1649, by the same soldiers.

The Fortune play house, between White-Cross streets and Golding-street, was burned down in the year 1691. Art built again, with brick works outside, in the year 1622; and now pulled down on the inside by these soldiers, this 1649.

The Hope, on the Bankside in Southwark, commonly called the Bear Garden: a play house for stage plays on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays; and for the baiting of the bears on the 24th of March, 1645, the meaning was that of being pulled down when they please. It was built in the year 1610; and now pulled down to make tenements by Thomas Walker, a pettyrose man of this street, who sold it, the 22nd of October, to Seven of Mr. Godfries bears, by the command of Thomas Price, then his Sherfere of Furry, were shot to death on Saturday, the 9th day of February, 1655, by a company of soldiers.

We take these particulars from a copy of the document printed by Thomas Furost, who then had a patent for all proclamations, to the effect that the house "was restored and used for the usual place in the possession of the Shakespeare Society."

The name of his friend William Combe is found among the "estates," which is the house claims are set out are, "Mr. Shakespeare, vide land: non common, nor ground"
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beyond Gospell bush: noe ground in Sandifeld, nor none in Howill field beyond Bishotnon, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishotnon."

The date of this paper is 5th September, 1614, and, as we have said, we may presume that it was chiefly upon this occasion of the publication of the Chronicon that the Venetian came to London on the 16th November. It should appear that Thomas Greene, of Stratford, was officially opposing the inclusions on the part of the corporation; and it is probable that Shakespeare's wishes were accordant with those of the majority of the inhabitants; however this might be, (and it is liable to dispute which party Shakespeare favoured) the members of the municipal body of the borough were nearly unanimous in the same view. As we can perfect particularly remaining upon this subject, they wished our poet to use his influence to resist the project, which seems to have been supported by Mr. Arthur Mainwaring, then resident in the family of Lord Ellesmere as auditor of his domestic expenditure.

The above is the last extant panegyric upon Shakespeare during his lifetime, and it extends, in point of fervour and zeal, if not in judicious criticism, any that had gone before it; for Richard tells the reader, that the writer of the scenes in which he had figured on the stage had imped his fame with the quill of the historic muse, and that, by the magic of verse, he had written so much and so finely, had raised him from oblivion. That C. B. was an acknowledged authority on stage is proved by his learned and various authorities. As we have stated, his work is one of great excellence, but it would be going too much out of our way to enter here into any further examination of it.

CHAPTER XX.

Shakespeare's return to Stratford. Marriage of his daughter Judith to Thomas Quiney in February, 1613. Shakespeare's will to be proved March 1616. His last illness: attended by Dr. Hall, his son-in-law. Uncertainty as to the nature of Shakespeare's fatal malady. His birth-day and death-day the same. Entry of his burial in the register at Stratford. His will's action complicated, and circumstances to prove that it was prepared two months before it was execut- ed. His bequest to his wife, and provision for her by dower.

The autumn seems to have been a very usual time for publishing new books, and Shakespeare having been in

It is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society, and on every account it is well merited both in distinction. We may suspect, in the last line but one, that the word "wits" has been misprinted for "acts." The stanza which follows the above refers to another play, founded on a distinct portion of the same history, and relating especially to Jane Shore:

"And what a piece of good fortune did I shew On mistress Shore, when (with a faine hate To unacquaint life) I forced her to peep Barefoote on romance, with destitute state. But now her fame by a vile play doth grow, Whose fate the women do commiserate," &c.

The allusion is to the very popular and popular play of "Ed- ward IV." (reprinted by the Shakespeare Society), in which Shore's wife is introduced; or it may be to a different drama upon the events of her life, which is known on various authorities, had been brought upon the stage as early as 1604. Richard Crook, as Richard Crook, in Shakespeare's Diary, that in June, 1602, Ben Jonson was himself of the Lord Admiral's players at the Fortune. We have no evidence that it was ever completed or represented. Ben Jonson's testimony in favour of the poet of C. B. is comprised into a few lines.
London in the middle of November, 1614, as we have remarked, he was perhaps there when "The Ghost of Richard the Third" came out, and, like Ben Jonson, Chapman, and others, might be acquainted with the author. He probably returned home before the winter, and passed the rest of his days in tranquil retirement, and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends, whether residing in the country, or occasionally visiting him from the metropolis. The latter, it may be supposed, was the case in February, 1616; all men of good sense will theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the society of his friends; and he adds what cannot be doubted, that "his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." He must have been of a lively and communicative disposition; and his long residence in London, amidst the bustling and varied scenes connected with his public life, independently of his natural powers of conversation, could not fail to render his society most agreeable and desirable. We can readily believe that when any of his old associates of his stage, whether authors or actors, came to Stratford, they found a hearty welcome and free entertainment at his house; and that he would be the last man, in his prosperity, to treat with slight or indifference those with whom, in the earlier part of his life, he had been connected. That it could not be in Shakespeare's nature to disregard the claims of ancient friendship, especially if it approached him in a garb of comparative poverty.

One of the very latest notes of his life was bestowing the hand of his daughter Judith upon Thomas Quiney, a vintner and wine-merchant of Stratford, the son of Richard Quiney. She must have been twenty years older than her husband, having, as already stated, been born 2nd February, 1597; while he was not born until 25th February, 1589; he was consequently twenty-seven years old, and she thirty-one, at the time of their marriage in February, 1616; and Shakespeare thus became father-in-law to the son of the friend who, eighteen years before, had borrowed of him 50l., and who had died on 31st May, 1602, while he was bailiff of Stratford. As there was a difference of four years in the ages of Judith Shakespeare and her husband, we ought perhaps to receive that fact as some testimony, that our great dramatist did not see sufficient evil in such disproportion to induce him to oppose the union.

His will had been prepared as long before its actual date as 25th January, 1615-16, and this fact is apparent on the face of it: it originally began "Vicissum quoque die Januarij," (not Febrariz, as Malone erroneously reads it) but the word Januarij was subsequently struck through with a quill pen. Possibly it was not thought necessary to alter vicissum quoitno, or the 25th March might be the very day the will was executed: if it were, the signatures of the testator, upon each of the three sheets of paper of which the will consists, bear evidence (from the want of firmness in the writing) that he was at that time suffering under sickness. It opens, it is true, by stating that he was "in perfect health and mory," and such was unquestionably the case when the instrument was prepared in January, but the execution of it might be deferred until he was attacked by serious illness and then the date of the month only might be altered, leaving the assertion as to health and memory as it had originally stood. What was the nature of Shakespeare's fatal illness we have no satisfactory means of knowing, but it was probably not of long duration; and if when he subscribed his will he had really been in health we are persuaded that at the age of only fifty-two he would have been dignified with the appellation of "the last of the metropolis. All three signatures are more or less inartile and illegible, especially the two first, but he seems to have made an effort to write his best when he affixed both his names at length at the end. By me William Shakespeare."

We hardly need entertain a doubt that he was attended in his last illness by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who had then been married to Susanna Shakespeare more than eight years; we have expressed our opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Hall lived in the same house with our poet, and it is to be recollected that in his will he leaves New Place to his daughter Susanna. Hall must have been a man of considerable science for the time at which he practised, and he has left behind him proofs of his knowledge and skill in a number of cases which had come under his own eye, and which he described in Latin: these were afterwards translated from his manuscript, and published in 1657 by Jonas Cooke, with the title of "Select Observations on English Bodies," but the case of Dr. Hall's father-in-law is not found there, because, unfortunately the "observations" only begin in 1617. One of the earliest of them shows that an epidemic, called the "new fever," then prevailed in Stratford and "invaded many." Possibly Shakespeare was one of these; though, had such been the fact, it is not unlikely that, when speaking of "the Lady Beaufort," the author of July 1st, 1617, Dr. Hall would have referred back to the earlier instance of his father-in-law. He does advert to a tertian ague of which, at a period not mentioned, he had cured Michael Drayton, ("an excellent poet," as Hall terms him) when he was, perhaps, on a visit to Shakespeare. However, Drayton, as formerly remarked, was a native of Warwickshire, and Dr. Hall may have been called in to attend him elsewhere.

Whatever doubt may prevail as to the day of the birth of Shakespeare, none can well exist as to the day of his death. The inscription on his monument in Stratford church tells us,

"Obit Anno Domini 1616.
Ætatis 58, die 23 April.

And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same day of the same month, supposing him, as we have every reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 23rd
April, 1564. It was most usual about that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tombstones, tablets, and monuments; and such was the ease with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623." Dr. Hall deceased Nov. 25th, 1653." Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died April 4, 1647;" Susanna Hall deceased the 11th of July, A. 1649." Therefore, although the Latin inscription on the monument of our great dramatist may, from its form and punctuation, appear not so decisive as these we have quoted in English, there is fact no ground for disputing that he died on 23rd April, 1616. It is quite certain from the record that was interred on the 25th April, and the record of that event is placed among the burials in the following manner:

"1616. April 25th. Will Shakespeare, Gent." Whether from the frequent prevalence of infectious disorders, or from any other cause, the custom of keeping the bodies of relatives unburied, for a week or more after death, seems comparatively of modern origin; and we may illustrate this point also by reference to facts regarding some of the members of the Shakespeare family. Anne Shakespeare was buried two days after she died, viz. on the 8th Aug, 1623: Dr. Hall and Thomas Nash were buried on the day after they died; and although it is true that there was an interval of five days between the death and burial of Mrs. Hall, yet her corpse was conveyed from some distance, to be interred among her relations at Stratford. Nothing would be easier than to accumulate instances to prove that in the time of Shakespeare, as well as before and afterwards, the custom was to bury persons very shortly subsequent to their decease. In the case of our poet, concluding that he expired on the 23rd April, there was, as in the instance of his wife, an interval of two days before his interment.

Into the particular provisions of his will we need not enter at all here, for we have printed it at the end of the present memoir from the original, as it was filed in the Prerogative Court, probate having been granted on the 22d June following the date of it. His daughter Judith is there only called by her Christian name, although she had been married to Thomas Quiney considerably more than a month anterior to the actual date of the will, and although her eldest daughter Susanna is mentioned by her husband's patronymic. It seems evident, from the tenor of the whole instrument, that while Judith Shakespeare was still married, Judith was not married, although her speedy union with Thomas Quiney was contemplated: the attorney or scrivener, who drew it, had first written "son and daughter," (meaning Judith and her intended husband) but erased the words "son and" afterwards, as the parties were not yet married, and were not "son and daughter" to the testator. It is true that Thomas Quiney would not have been Shakespeare's son, only his son-in-law; but the degree of legitimacy were not at that time strictly marked and attended to, and in the same will Elizabeth Hall is called the testator's "niece," when she was, in fact, his granddaughter.

The bequest which has attracted most attention is an altercation in the following words, "I'm 1 gave unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture." Upon this passage has been founded, by Malone and others, a charge against Shakespeare, that he only remembered his wife as an afterthought, and then merely gave her "an old bed." As to the last part of the accusation it may be answered, that the "second best bed" was probably that in which the husband and wife had slept, when he was in Stratford earlier in life, and every night since his retirement from the metropolis: the best bed was doubtless reserved for visitors: if, therefore, he were to leave his wife any express legacy of the kind, it was most natural and considerate that he should give her that portion of furniture, which for many years they had jointly occupied. With regard to the second part of the charge, our great dramatist has of late years been relieved from the stigma, thus attempted to be thrown upon him, by the mere remark, that Shakespeare's property being principally freehold, the widow by the ordinary operation of the law of England would be entitled to, what is legally known by the term, "dower."

It is extraordinary that this question should not have occurred to Malone, who was educated to the legal profession; but that many others should have followed him in his unjust imputation is not remarkable, recollecting how prone most of Shakespeare's biographers have been to repeat errors, rather than take the trouble to inquire for themselves, to sift out truth, and to balance probabilities.

Witty above her sex, but that's not all; Wise to salvation was good Minias Hall. Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this Wholly of him with whom she's now in bliss.

Then, passenger, hast we a tear To weep with her that weep for all? That weep, yet set her selfe to Cheer them up with comfortes cordial. Her loye she liveth, her mercy spread When thou hast nere a tear to shed."

The register informs us that she was buried on the 16th July, 1649: The following is copied from the register. —

"1633, August 8. Mrs. Shakespeare."

Their registrations of burial are in these terms:

- "1635. Nov. 36. Johannes Hall, medicus pertinacius.
- 1647 April 5. Thomas Nash, Gent."

The register contains as follows:

- "1649, July 16. Mrs. Susanna Hall, widow."

We are indebted to Sir P. Madden, Keeper of the MSS in the British Museum, for the use of a most exact collation of Shakespeare's will; in addition to which we have several times gone over every stanza of the whole in order to have printed it as nearly as possible as it appears in the original. Another trifling circumstance leading to the conclusion that the will was prepared a month, though not much, before March, is that Shakespeare's sister is called Jane Hart, and not Jane Hart, widow; her husband had died a few days before Shakespeare, and he was buried on 17 April, 1623, as "Will Hart, mater." She was buried on 4 Nov, 1646. Both entries are contained in the parish registers of Stratford.

This vindication of Shakespeare's memory from the supposed neglect of his wife we owe to Sir P. Night, in his "Pictorial Shakespeare." See the Postscript to "Twelfth Night." When the explanation is once given, all the wonder it was never before mentioned; but like many discoveries of different kinds, it is not less simple than important, and it is just that Mr. Knight should have full credit for it.
CHAPTER XXI.


A MONUMENT to Shakespeare was erected anterior to the publication of the folio edition of the "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" in 1623, because it is distinctly mentioned by Leonard Digges, in the earliest copy of commemorative verses prefixed to that volume, which he states shall outlive the poet's tomb:

"when that stone is rent,
And time dissolve thy Stratford Monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still."

This is the most ancient notice of it; but how long before 1623 it had been placed in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, we have no means of deciding. It represents the poet sitting under an arch, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left resting upon a sheet of paper; it has been the subject of much discussion among the judges that it was cut by an English sculptor (perhaps Thomas Stanton) and we may conclude, without much hesitation, that the artist was employed by Dr. Hall and his wife, and that the resemblance was as faithful as a bust, not modelled from the life, but probably, under living instructions, from some picture or cast, could be expected to be. Shakespeare is there considerably fuller in the face, than in the engraving on the title-page of the folio of 1623, which must have been made from a different original. It seems unlikely that after he separated himself from the business and anxiety of a professional life, and withdrew to the permanent inhaling of his native air, he became more robust, and the half-length upon his monument conveys the notion of a cheerful, good-tempered, and somewhat jovial man. The expression, we apprehend, is less intellectual than it must have been in reality, and the forehead, though lofty and expansive, is not strongly marked with thought; on the whole, it has rather a look of gaiety and good humour than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry.

On a tablet below the bust are placed the following inscriptions, which we give literally:

1. "Iulicius Pylivm, genic Socratcm, arte Maroncm,
Terra tegit, popiivas maeest, Olympysh labet.
Stay, Passenger, why guest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envies Death hath past
Within this monument: Shakespeare; with whom
Quick nature dide: whose name doth deck y' Tomb
Far more then cost; with all y' he hath writ,
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit
Oblit anp Del. 1616.
Æthias. 55. die 23 Apt."

On a flat grave stone in front of the monument, and not far from the wall against which it is fixed, we read these lines, and Southwell's correspondent (whose letter was printed in 1838, from the original manuscript dated 1698) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:

2. "Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare:

Best be ye may y' spares these stones,
And ev'rt be ye y' moves my bones."

The half-length on the title-page of the folio of 1623, engraved by Martin Droeshout, has certainly an expression of greater gravity than the bust on Shakespeare's monument; and, making some allowances, we can conceive the original of that resemblance more capable of producing the mighty works Shakespeare has left behind him, than the original of the bust at all events, rather looks like the author of "Lear" and "Macbeth," and the last line of the author of "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" the one may be said to represent Shakespeare during his later years at Stratford, happy in the intercourse of his family and friends and the cheerful companions of his neighbours and townsman; and the other, Shakespeare in London, revolting the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat hardened by the knowledge of the career of his past. The bust is obviously the likeness which ought to accompany his plays, and which his "friends and fellows." Heminge and Condell, preferred to the head upon the "Stratford Monument," of the creation of which they must have been aware.

There is one point in which both the engraving and the bust in a degree concur,—we mean in the length of the upper lip, although the peculiarity seems exaggerated in the bust. We have no such testimony in regard to the truth of the resemblance of the bust as the engraving, opposite to which are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Ben Jonson, and doubtless from his pen. Let the reader bear in mind that Ben Jonson was not a man who could be hired to commend, and that, taking it for granted he was sincere in his praise, he had the most unquestionable means of forming a judgment upon the subject of the likeness between the living man and the dead representation. We give Ben Jonson's testimonial exactly as it stands in the folio of 1623, for it afterwards went through various literal changes.

"To the Reader.

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life;
Q. could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpass
All, that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, let it be
Not on his Picture, but his Book."

B. I."

With this evidence before us, we have not hesitated in having an exact copy of Droeshout's engraving executed for the present edition of the Works of Shakespeare. It is, we believe, the first time it has ever been selected for the press, since the appearance of the folio of 1623; and although it may not be recommended by the appearance of so high a style of art as some other imputed resemblances, there is certainly not one which has such undeniable claims to our notice on the grounds of fidelity and authenticity.

The fact that Droeshout was required to employ his skill upon a bad picture may tend to confirm our reliance upon the likeness and there are pictures of Shakespeare as some have contended, but as we are far from believing, Heminge and Condell, when they were seeking for an appropriate ornament for the title-page of their folio, would hardly have chosen one which was an unskilful painting, if it had not been a striking resemblance. If only half the pictures said, within the last century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact from the life, the poet must have living, who could have contradicted him, had the praise not been deserved. Jonson does not speak of the painter, but of the "graver," who we are inclined to think did full justice to the picture placed in his hands. Droeshout was a man of considerable eminence in his branch of art, and has left behind him undoubted proofs of his skill—some of them so much superior to the head of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623, as to lead to the conclusion, that the picture from which he worked was a very coarse specimen of art.
possessed a vast stock of patience, if not a larger share of
vanity, when he devoted so much time to sitting to the
artiste of the day; and the player-editors could have found
no difficulty in procuring a picture, which had better pre-
tensions to their approval. To us, therefore, the very de-
fects of the engraving, which accompanies the folio of 1623,
are a recommendation, since they serve to show that it was
both genuine and faithful.

Andrey is the only authority, beyond the inferences that
may be drawn from the portrait, for the personal appear-
ance of Shakespeare; and he sums up our great poet's phy-
sical and moral endowments in two lines—"He was a
handsome well-shaped man, very good company, and of a
very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." We have every
reason to suppose that this is a correct description of his
personal appearance, but we are unable to add to it from
any other source, unless indeed we were to rely upon a few
equivocal passages in the "Sonnets." Upon this point, it has
been supposed by some that he was lame, and cer-
tainly the 87th and 89th Sonnets, without allowing for a
figurative mode of expression, might be taken to import as
much. If we were to consider the words literally, we
should imagine that some accident had befallen him, which
rendered it impossible that he should continue on the stage,
and hence there could easily account for his early retirement
from the scenes. With Andrey, perhaps, standing alone of his
most famous predecessors, Christopher Marlowe,
but we have no sufficient reason for believing it was the fact as re-
gards Shakespeare: he is evidently speaking metaphorically
in both places, where "lame" and "lamelessness" occur.

His social qualities, his good temper, hilarity, vivacity,
and what Andrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, and
smooth wit," (in our author's own words, "pleasant without
scurrility, witty without affectation"), cannot be doubted.
since, besides what may be gathered from his works, we
have it from various quarters; and although nothing very
good of this kind may have descended to us, we have
sufficient to show that he must have been a most welcome
visitor in all companies. The epithet "gentle" has been
frequently applied to him, twice by Ben Jonson, (in his
lines before the engraving, and in his laudatory verses pre-
fixed to the plays in the folio of 1623) and if it be not to be
understood precisely in its modern acceptation, we may
be sure that one distinguishing feature in his character was
general kindliness: he may have been "sharp and sententious",
but never needlessly bitter or ill-tempered: his wit had no
malice for an ingrediant. Fuller speaks of the "wit-combats"
between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the convivial
meetings at the Mermaid club, established by Sir Walter
Raleigh;1 and he adds, "two I behold like a Spanish
bullfights: Shakespeare, an English man-of-war: the
bully, like the former, was built far higher in learning;
slow, but slow in his performances: Shakespeare, with the
English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could
turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds
by the quickness of his wit and invention." The simile is
well chosen, and it came from a writer who seldom said
anything ill. Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity and
slowness is a witicism between him and Shakespeare, said
to have passed at a tavern. One of the Ashmolean manu-
scripts (No. 38) contains the following—

"Mr. Ben Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins for his epistle,

Here lies Ben Jonson
Who was once one:
he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently
That, while he liv'd, was a slow thing,
And now, being dead, is nothing.

It is certainly not of much value, but there is a great
difference between the estimate of an extempore joke
at the moment of delivery, and the opinion we may
form of it long afterwards, when it has been put upon
paper, and transmitted to posterity under such names
as those of Shakespeare and Jonson. The same ex-
cuse, if required, may be made for two other pieces of
unpretending pleasantness written the same parties, which
we subjoin in a note, because they relate to such men
and have been handed down to us upon something like
authority.

Of a different character is a production preserved by
Dugdale, at the end of his Visitations of Salop, in the
Heralds' College: it is an epitaph inscribed upon the tomb
of Sir Thomas Stanley, in Tongue church; and Dugdale,
his testimony is inimicable, distinctly states that
"the following verses were made by William Shakespeare,
the late famous tragedian."

"Written upon the east end of the tomb.

Ask who lies here, but do not weep;
He is not dead, he doth but sleep.
This stony register is for his bones;
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

Written on the west end thereof.

Not monumental stone preserves our name,
Nor sky-spiring pyramids our name.
The memory of thee is all we have to
Shall out-live marble and defacer's hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

With Malone and others, who have quoted them, we
feel satisfied of the authenticity of these verses, though we
may not perhaps think, as he did, that the last line bears

1 See the extract from a ballad on Marlowe (p. xxxi). This cir-
cumstance, had he known it, would materially have aided the mod-
ern sceptic, who argued that Shakespeare and Marlowe were one
and the same.
2 See Ben Jonson's Works, vol. 1, p. lxxv) figures the date of
the establishment of this club, at the Mermaid in Friday Street, about
1600, and he adds that "here for many years Ben Jonson repaired
with Shakespeare, Beaumont, and John Marston, Sir Walter Car-
stin, Donne, and many others, whose names, even at this distant
period, call up a mixed feeling of reverence and respect." Of what
use were these? of what use are these many assemblies Beaumont thus speaks, addressing
Ben Jonson—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As from a man who was but lately came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

The Mitre, in Fleet Street, seems to have been another tavern where
the wit-combats of the day were curiously assembled.
4 Fuller has another similar, on the same page, respecting Sha-
kespeare and his achievements, which is worth quoting. "He was an
eminent instance of the truth of that rule, 'Prae sumum, et rad nastiur;'
one is not made, but born a poet. Indeed his learning was very little,
so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are
pointed and smooth even as they are taken out of the earth, so nature
itself was all the art which was used upon him." Of course Fuller
is here only referring to Shakespeare's classical acquirements: his
learning of a different kind, perhaps, exceeded that of all the
sages put together.
5 Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children
and after the christening, being in a deep study, Jonson came to
where him up, and Ballard, why he was so melancholy?—"No
faith, Ben, (syes he) not I: but I have been considering a great
while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-
child, and I have recollected at last,—'I'll give thee what?' says he
'I' faith, Ben, I'll then give him a dozen of Latine spoons, and
then shall translate them.'

Of course the joke depends upon the pun between Latin, and the
mixed metal called latten. The above is from a MS. of Sir R.
Draper, who quotes the authority of Dr. Donne. It is inserted in
Mr. Tacitus's curious volume, printed for the Camden Society,
under the title of "Anecdotes and Traditions." 2 p. 3. The next is
from a MS. called "Poetical Characters," formerly in the H-
learn Collection—

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the meeting
to the Globe theatre—Totus mundus agit histrionem.

Jonson. If but stage-actors all the world displays,
Where shall we find spectators of their plays?

Shakespeare. Little, or much of what we see, we do:
We are both actors and spectators too."
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKEPEARE.

such "strong marks of the hand of Shakespeare!". The coincidence between the line

"Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name,"

and the passage in Milton's Epitaph upon Shakespeare, prefixed to the folio of 1632,

"Or that his hollow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid."

seems, as far as we recollect, to have escaped notice.

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative (with as little interruption of its thread as, under the circumstances, and with such disjointed materials, seemed to us possible) the particulars respecting the life of the "myriadaminded Shakespeare"; with which our predecessors were acquainted, or which, from various sources, we have been able, during a long series of years, to collect. Yet, after all, comparing what we really know of our great dramatist with what we might possibly have known, we cannot but be aware how little has been accomplished. "Of William Shakespeare," says one of our greatest living authors of the

1 The following reaches its more questionable shape: it is from a MS. of the time of Charles I., preserved in the Bodleian Library, which contains also poems by Herrick and others.

"AN EPISTAL.

"When God was pleas'd, the world as willing yet,
Ellis James to nature paid his debt,
And here reposeth. As he lived he died,
The saying in him strongly verified.
Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and died as well.
Wm. Shakespeare."

such our greatest dead one, "whom, through the mouths of those whom he has inspired to body forth the modifications of his immense mind, we seem to know better than any human writer, it may be truly said that we scarcely know anything. We see him, so far as we do see him, not in himself, but in a reflex image from the objectivity in which he is manifested: he is Falstaff, and Mercutio, and Mal volo, and Shylock, and Sidone, and Pericles, and Lear, and Othello; but to us he is a scarcely a determined person, a substantial reality of past time, the man Shakespeare." We cannot flatter ourselves that we have done much to bring the reader better acquainted with "the man Shakespeare," but if we have done anything we shall be content; and, instead of attempting any character of our own, we will subjoin one, in the words of the distinguished writer we have above quoted, as brief in its form as it is comprehensive in its matter:—"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature,—it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near to him in the creative powers of the mind; no man had ever such strength at once, and such variety of imagination."

If the details of his life be imperfect, the history of his mind is complete; and we leave the reader to turn from the contemplation of "the man Shakespeare" to the study of THE POET SHAKEPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

Vicesimo Quinto Die Martij Anoo Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nune Rex Anglic d.e. Decimo quarto & Scotie xfis Annv; Domini 1616.

T. Wul Shakespeare.

In the name of God Amen I William Shakeppeare of Stratford vpon Avon in the country of warre gwent in perfect health & memorie god be praysed doe make & Ordynye this my last will & testament in manner & forme following That ys to saye First I Comend my Soule into the hands of god my Creator hoping & assuredlie believing through thonely merites of Jesus Christe my Saviour to be made partaker of lyfe everlasting. And my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made Item I Gyve & bequest vnto my Daughter2 Juldyth One hundred & Ffymbie pounds of lawfull English money to be paid vnto her in manner & forme following That ys to saye One hundred pounds in dischare of her marriage portion within one yeare after my decease with consideration after the Rate of Twoe Shillinges in the pound for one long tymse as the same shalbe vnpaid vnto her after my decease & the Ffymbie pounds Resistewth thereof vpon her Succeeding of or gowing of such sufficient Seccurtie as the overseers of this my Will shall like of to Surrender or grannte All her estate & Right that shall descend or come vnto her after my deceases or that shees noe hath of in or to one Copiehold tenements with thappurtenances lyeing & being in Stratford vpon Avon aforesaid in the

1 The following is from an exact transcript of the original Will deposited in the Prerogative office, London, the only difference being that we have not thought it necessary to give the legal contractions of the scrivener; in all other respects, even to the misspelling of capital letters, and the omission, or correction, of most faultless.
2 The word "Maritij" is interlined above "January," which is written through with the pen. Malme (Shaksp. by Bowell, vol. i. p. 261.) states that the word stuck through in January, but this is a mistake.

sought county of warre being parell or holden of the manour of Rowington vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall & her heires for ever Item I Gyve & bequest vnto my said Daughter Judith One hundred and Ffymbie Pounds more if shee or Anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensuing the Date of the Date of this my Will during which tymse my executors to passe her consideration from my decease according to the Rate aforesaid And if she dye within the said terme without issue of her bodye then my will ys & 1 Doge & bequest One Hundred Pounds thereof to my Nece Elizabeth Hall & the Ffymbie Pounds to be sett forth by my executors during the lif of my Sister Johane Harte & the use & profit thereof of Cominge shalbe payed to my said Sister late & after her decease the said 1 shall Remaine Amongst the children of my said Sister Equallie to be Devided Amongst them But if my said Daughter Judith be lyvinge att thend of the said three Yeares or anie yssue of her bodye then my will ys & see 1 Devise & bequest the said Hundred and Ffymbie Pounds to be sett out by my executors & overseers for the best benefit of her & her issue & the stock not to be paid vnto her see longe as shee shalbe married & Covert Baron3 but my will ys that she shall have the consideration yearly paid vnto her during her lif & after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children if she have Anie & if not to her executors or assignes she lyvinge the said terme after my decease Provided that if such her

3 Before "Daughter" some was originally written, but struck through with the pen. The words "in discharge of her marriage portion" are interlined. The word "of" is interlined. The words "not to be" are interlined. The words "by" are interlined. The words "to be" are interlined.
groundes such have gyve shall bequeath The barnes wherein HemiTiges Apeece 'Tke

The words "the house" are interlined.

The first sheet ends with the word "bequeath," and the testator's signature is in the margin opposite.

After "decess" follow three words, struck through with the pen, "to be set out for her within one year after my deceas by my executors with thadwise and directions of my overseers for her best profit fulfill her marriage and then the same with the increase thereof to be paid vnto the estrate ought also to have included the word "her," which follows "vnto." The words "the said Elizabeth Hall" are interlined above her, which is struck through with the pen. This parenthesis is an interlinear.

The words "Hames Sadler" is an interlinear above Mr. Richard Tyler'sheider, which is erased.

The words "to William Raynoldes gentleman xxvj viij to buy A Ringe" are interlined.

Witnes to the publishing hereof Fra: Collyns Julius Shawe John Robinson Hamet Sadler Robert Whattoott

Probatum cora Magn. William Byrde Deoro Comiss. de xxii mensias Junij Anno Dui 1616 Juramy Johamis Hall vnuis ex de Cui de Beune de Jurat Resavt plate de Susanna Hall alt ex de ci venit de petitur

(lov' ex')

After "xxvj viij" in gold was originally written, but erased with the pen.

The words "& to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Bur- bage and Henry Cundel xxvj viij to buy them Ringes" are interlined.

The words "for better enabling of her to perfoime this my will & towards the performans thereof" are interlined.

The words "in word aforesaid" are interlined.

After "Fourth" the word "some" was first written, but erased with the pen.

The second sheet ends with the word "heirs," and the signature of the testator is at the bottom of it.

The words "the said" are interlined.

The word "hand" is interlined above scale, which is erased with the pen.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

THE TEMPEST.

"The Tempest" was first printed in the folio edition of Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," bearing date in 1623, where it stands first, and occupies nineteen pages, viz. from p. 1, to p. 19 inclusive. It fills the same place in the folios of 1623, 1634, and 1685.

A material fact, in reference to the date of the first production of "The Tempest," has only been recently ascertained: we allude to the notice of the performance of it, before King James, on Nov. 1st, 1611, which is contained in the "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, p. 211: the memorandum is in the following form:

"Halions nyght was presented att Whitbhill before the Kinges Majestice a play called the Tempest."

In the margin is inserted the additional circumstance, that the performance was by "the King's Players," and there can be no reasonable doubt that it was Shakespeare's drama, which had been written for that company. When it had been so written, is still a point of difficulty; but the probability, we think, is that it was selected by the Master of the Revels, for production in 1611, in order to test its popularity and public taste. Eleven other dramas, as appears by the same document, were exhibited between Oct. 31, 1611, and the same day in the next year; and it is remarked that those of the (at first-play, at least) company those (at first-play, at least) company there were comparatively new plays, and with regard to the eleventh, it was not more than three years old. 1 We may, perhaps, be warranted in inferring, therefore, that "The Tempest" was also not then an old play.

It seems to us, likewise, that the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that it was a late production, and that it belongs to about the same period of our great dramatist's literary history as his "Winter's Tale," which was also chosen for a (first-)play, in Whitehall only four days after "The Tempest" had been exhibited. In point of construction, it must be admitted at once that there is the most obvious dissimilarity, inasmuch as "The Winter's Tale" is a piece in which the unities are utterly disregarded, while in "The Tempest" they are strictly observed. It is only in the involved and parenthetical character of some of the speeches, and in psychological resemblances, that we would institute a comparison between "The Tempest" and the "Winter's Tale," and would refer to "hence that they belong to about the same period.

Without here adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story, or to temporary incidents which may have suggested any part of the plot, we may remark that there is one piece of external evidence which strongly tends to confirm the opinion that "The Tempest" was composed not very long before Ben Jonson wrote one of his comedies: we allude to his "Bartolomew Fair," and to a passage in "the Induction," frequently mentioned, and which we consider thinking was intended as a hint not only at "The Tempest," but at "The Winter's Tale." Ben Jonson's "Bartolomew Fair," was acted in 1614, and written perhaps in the preceding year, during the popularity of Shakespeare's two plays; and there we find the following words, which we reprint, for the first time exactly as they stand in the printed edition:

"The word 'servant-monster,' "antiques," "Tales," "Tempests," and "drolleries," which last Shakespeare himself employs in "The Tempest," (Act iii. sc. 7), seem so applicable, that they can hardly relate to anything else.

It may be urged, however, that what was represented at Court in 1611 was only a revival of an older play, acted before 1596, and such may have been the case: we do not, however, think it probable, for several reasons. One of these is an analogy of the circumstances which attended the first performance of "The Tempest," that in "The Merchant of Venice," written before 1598, the name of Stephano is invariably pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, while in "The Tempest," the proper pronunciation is as constantly required by the verse. It seems certain, therefore, that Shakespeare found his error in the interval, and he may have learnt it from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," in which Shakespeare performed, and in the original list of characters to which, in the account of 1611, the names not only of Stephano, but of Prospero occur.

Another circumstance shows, we think almost decisively, that "The Tempest" was not written until after 1608, when the production of his latest Shakespearean drama (as we may infer from the above notice) had been introduced, like some others, to answer a temporary or complimentary purpose, and that it is given as a necessary and continuous portion of the dialogue.

The Rev. Mr. Montaigne's Essay, by Florio, makes its first appearance in print. In Act ii. sc. 1, is a passage so closely copied from Florio's version, as to leave no doubt of identity. If it be said that these lines may have been an insertion subsequent to the original production of the play, we answer, that the passage is not such as could have been introduced, like some others, to answer a temporary or complimentary purpose, and that it is given as a necessary and continuous portion of the dialogue.

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That play, as it received, in his very ingenious and elaborate "Disquisition on the Tempest," has referred to this and to other points, with a view of proving that every body has hitherto been mistaken, and that this play instead of being one of his latest, was one of Shakespeare's earliest works. With regard to the point derived from Montaigne's Essay by Florio, 1608, he has contended, that if the particular essay were not separately printed before, (of which we have not the slightest hint) Shakespeare may have seen the translation in manuscript, but unless he so saw it in print or manuscript as early as 1596, nothing is established in favour of Mr. Hunter's argument; and surely when other circumstances show that "The Tempest" was not written till 1610, 2 we need not hesitate in deciding that our great dramatist went to no manuscript authority, but took the passage almost verbatim, as he found it in the complete edition. In the same way Mr. Hunter has argued, that "The Tempest" was not omitted by Meres in his list in 1608, but that it is found there under its second title, of "Love's Labours Won," but this is less better than a gratuitous assumption, even suppose we were to admit that "All's well that ends Well" is not the play intended by Meres. 3 Our notion is, that "All's well that ends Well" was originally called "Love's Labours Won," and so printed.

1 The earliest date hitherto discovered for the performance of "The Tempest" was the beginning of the year 1639, 4 which Malone established from Vertue's MSS. It was then acted by "the King's Company, before Princess Charlotte, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Palatine," but, where is not stated.

2 See also "prelude to the Introduction to "The Winter's Tale," the particular passage which is entitled in the Revel's Account Book," which may have been either T. Heywood's "Eape of Love swore," first printed in 1608, or a different tragedy on the same subject. 5

3 See "Allayn's raperes," printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 67, where Delarue, under note of Nov. 18th, 1612, speaks of "Jones's may" as then about to be performed. Possibly it was deferred for a short time, as the title-page states that it was acted in 1614, but may have been written in 1612, for performance in 1613.

4 Malone (Shakesp. by Roswell, vol. v. p. 78) quotes this important passage from Florio's translation of Montaigne with a singular degree of incorrectness: with many minor variations he substitutes particions for "dividences," and omits the words "no munsing of lands" altogether. This is a case in which verbal, and even literal, notes are required.

5 In the Introduction to "The Winter's Tale," we have assigned a reason, founded upon a passage in R. Greene's "Pandosto," for believing that "The Tempest" was anterior in composition to...

6 Mr. Hunter contends that in "The Tempest" "love's labours are won," but since the play is with every play in which the love is successful passion, after difficulties and disappointments; in "The Tempest" they are fewer than in most other plays, since from first to last the love of Ferdinand and Miranda is prosperous.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

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that it was revived, with some other changes, under a new name in 1605 or 1606.

Neither can we agree with Mr. Hunter in thinking that he has established that nothing was suggested to Shakespeare on the storm, in July 1609, which dispersed the fleet under Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, of which an account was published by a person of the name of Journdan in the following year. This point was, to our mind, satisfac-
tory made out by Malone, and the notion of the "still-very-xed Bernoothes" by Shakespeare seems directly to connect the drama with Journdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas," otherwise called "the Blossoms," which was printed in 1611, at the end of the play, in the folio of 1623, that the scene is laid "in an uninhabited island," and Mr. Hunter has con-
tended that this island was Lampedusa, which unquestionably lies in the track which the ships in "The Tempest" would take from the Bermudas to England. To this we do not persuade ourselves, that Shakespeare had any particular island in his mind; and secondly, if he had meant to lay his scene in Lampedusa, he could hardly have failed to introduce its name in some part of his provenance: in fact, Thomas is the deficiency of scenery, &c., it was the constant custom with our early dramatists to mention distinctly, and often more than once, where the action was supposed to take place. As a minor point, we may add, that we know of no extent of English coast where there has not been an island or islet. We have turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist, anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of "The Tempest," but without success. The ballad entitled "The Islanded Island," printed in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," is a more modern production than the play, from which it varies in the names, as well as in some parts of the story, as if for the purpose of concealing its source. Whether there was a popular form to which it refers, in truth, prove nothing, either as regards 1596 or 1591.

"If "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" were not the off-spring merely of the author's invention, we have yet to discover the source of its plot. Points of resemblance have been dwelt upon in connection with Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," 1590, and the "Diana" of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Younge until 1588; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, might as well be found in other romances, or would present them-
selves spontaneously to the mind of a young poet: the one is the command of banditti by Valentine; and the other the assumption of male atire by Julian, for a purpose nearly simi-
lar to that of Viola in "Twelfth Night." Extracts from the "Arcadia" and the "Diana" are to be found in "Shake-
peare's Library," vol. ii. The notion of some critics, that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is a strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

["A Most pleasant and excellent concocted Comedy, of Sir John Falstaffe, and the merrie Wives of Windsor. Enter-
mixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, by Sir Hugh the Welsh knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Sinder. With the swaggaing name of Ancient Fintoll, and Corporal Nym. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619." 4to. 27 leaves.

"Every Man in his Humour," but while we admit the antecutenes we cannot by any means allow the conclusiveness, of Mr. Hunter's reasoning.
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The 4to. of 1630, was "printed by T. H. for R. Meghren," &c. In the folio,1623, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" occupies twenty-two pages, viz. from p. 39 to p. 60 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It also stands third in the three later folios.

The comedy was printed for the first time in a perfect state in the folio of 1623: it had come out in an imperfect state in 1615, both in the "First Folio," of which neither the "name" nor the "title-page" states, that it had been "acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants" before the Queen "elsewhere." "Elsewhere," was perhaps at the Globe on the Bankside, and we may suppose, that it had been brought out, without the permission of the management of 1606, before the death of Sir Thomas Lucy. If the "dozen white laces" in the first scene were meant to ridicule her, Shakespeare would certainly not have introduced the allusion after the death of the poet, unless we can readily believe, and we learn that it was acted before James I., not long after he came to the throne: the following memorandum is contained in the accounts of the "Revels at Court," in the latter end of 1605:

"Mr. John Jolly and Mr. John SIMPLE. The last following a Play of the Merry Wives of Windsor.

This representation occurred on "the Sunday following" Nov. 1st., 1604.

We have here some to imagine that the surreptitious impression of 1602 was the comedy as it first came from the hands of Shakespeare, is a tradition respecting the rapidity with which it was composed. This tradition, when traced to its source, can be carried back no farther than 1705: John Dennis in that year printed his "Comical Gallant," founded on the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the dedication he states, that "the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in four days!" This gives no authority for any part of this assertion, but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter might have interpolated or rewritten parts of the text without reference or reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incomparably shorter period, and therefore that he was guilty of improvement. The assertion by Dennis was repeated by Gildon, Pope, Theobald, &c., and hence it has obtained a degree of unmerited credit which it seems by no means entitled to.

There has been a disputed question in what part of the series of dramas in which Falstaff is introduced, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read: Johnson thought it came in between "Henry IV. part ii," and "Henry V.," Malone, on the other hand, argued that it should be placed between the two parts of "Henry IV.," but the truth is, that almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to either hypothesis, and we doubt whether the one or the other is well founded. Shakespeare, having for some reason been advised to remove Falstaff from the parts of persons he might be immediately surrounded, and Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Mrs. Quickly, naturally presented themselves to his mind: he was aware that the audience, with whom they had been so long familiar, was not disposed still to be Falstaff's companions; and though Shakespeare had in fast hanged two of them in "Henry V.," and Mrs. Quickly had died, he might trust to the forgetfulness of those before whom the comedy was to be represented, and perhaps the readers, who have not laid down their books in time to observe the introduction. Any other mode of solving the modern difficulty seems unsatisfactory, and we do not believe that it ever presented itself to the mind of our great dramatist.

The earliest notice of any of the parts in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," is contained in Dekker's play called "Satromastix," 1602, where one of the characters observes, "We have six days since we got amaz'd at some silly jests of master Justice Shallow." This allusion must have been made some years after Shakespeare's comedy had appeared, unless, indeed, it were to the Justice Shallow of "Henry IV." part ii.

With regard to the supposed source of the plot, they have been sought by some to be founded on a play of the same name, by Drury, as the representation of the imperfect edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in 1609; the tale of "The Two Lovers of Pad," the only known English version of the time, is also contained in "Shakespeare's Library," Vol. ii.; but our opinion is, that the true original of the story (if Shakespeare did not himself invent the incidents) has not come down to us.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

["Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies," 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages, viz. from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was, of course, reprinted, in the later folios of 1664, 1664, and 1685.]

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry," III. 65, it is remarked, that "although it seems clear that Shakespeare did the play of "Measure for Measure," from which he derived his dialogue, that while writing "Measure for Measure," it is probable that he also made use of some other dramatic composition or novel, in which the same story was treated." I was led to form this opinion from the constant dependence of dramatists of that period to employ the productions of their predecessors, and from the extreme likelihood, that when our old play-writers were hunting in all directions for stories which they could convert to their purpose, they would not have passed over the novel by Giraldi Cinthio, which had not only been translated, but had no previous extraneous knowledge of any early performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
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Stevenes quotes a passage from "A True Narration of the Entertainment" of the King on his way from Edinburgh to London, in 1585, where it is stated that Shakespeare was acting in London and performed an exhibition against the inordinate and dally access of people coming. Taken with the context, the line above quoted read like an insertion.

Most may, therefore, profitably at the conclusion, that "Measure for Measure" was written either at the close of 1603, or in the beginning of 1604.

"Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of 1623; and extremely valuable was the introduction of Valpy, and the "12th" of the "Literary Remains," li. 122: "This play, which is Shakespeare's throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather, the most painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the monotonous—the one being disgusting, the other horrible—and the pardon and marriage of Angelo not merely baffles the strong indignant claim of justice (for cruelty, with lust and damnable baseless, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being morally repentant of), but it is likewise degrading to the character of woman." In the course of Lectures on Shakespeare delivered in the year 1818, Coleridge pointed especially to the character of the female sex, and the circumstances which tended to lower the character of the female sex. He then called "Measure for Measure" only the "least agreeable" of Shakespeare's dramas.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"The Comedie of Errors" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies sixteen pages, viz. from p. 85 to p. 100 inclusively. One of the earliest editions of "Comedies" it was reprinted in the three subsequent impressions of the same volume.

We have distinct evidence of the existence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which was acted at Hampton Court on new-year's night, 1576-7. The same play, in all probability, was repeated at Windsor on twelfth night, 1582-3, though, in the account of the Master of the Revels, it is called "The Historie of Ferrar." Boswell (Mal. Shakesp. III. 400.) not very happily conjectured, that this "Historie of Ferrar" was some piece by George Ferrar, as if it had been named after its author, who had been dead some years: the fact, no doubt, that the play is by Shakespeare, but he did not write the title by his ear. Thus we see that, shortly before Shakespeare is supposed to have come to London, a play was in course of performance upon which his own "Comedy of Errors" might have been founded. Such was probably, an early adaptation of the "Menaphon" of Plautus, of which a free translation was published in 1590, under the following title:

"A pleasant and fine Concluded Comedie, taken out of the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmfull, and yet most delightful. Written in English by W. W.—London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Corn-street. 1595. 4to."

The title-page, therefore, does not (as we might be led to suppose from Steevens's reprint in the "Six Old Plays") mention the "Menaphon" by name, but we learn from the context of the book itself.

Ritson was of opinion, that "Shakespeare was not under the slightest obligation" to the translation of the "Menaphon," by W. W., supposed, by Ant. Wood (Ath. Oxon. by Bils. I 766), to be W. Warner: and most likely it was not. But, not wanting of resemblance, but because "The Comedy of Errors" was, in all probability, anterior in point of date, n.4 because Shakespeare may have availed himself of the old drama which, as has been noticed, was performed at court in 1581 and 1583. They have both that origin in Plautus; and it was, perhaps, the popularity of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" which induced Creede to print Warner's version of the "Menaphon" in 1595. Therefore, from a putative of Elyot and Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," and possibly from the "Menaphon," or of Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," but those points we may suppose to have been derived immediately through the court-dramas, and not directly from Plautus. Sir W.
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Blackstone entertained the belief, from the "long hollering verses" in the "Comedy of Errors," that it was "among Shakespeare's earliest," this is plausible, but we infer, from their general dissimilarity to the style of our great dramatist, that these "long hollering verses" formed a portion of the old court-drama, of which Shakespeare re-casted and made quite in the style of true comedy anterior to the time of Shakespeare, and it is easy to distinguish such portions of the comedy as he must have written.

The earliest notice we have of "The Comedy of Errors," is in the edition of Plutarch's Tamps., 1598, where he gives it to Shakespeare under the name of "Errors." How much before that time it had been written and produced on the stage, we can only speculate. Malone refers to a part of the dialogue in Act III, scene 1, between Dromio of Ephesus, conversing with her, and the "kitchen wench" who insisted upon making love to him, and who was so fat and round—"spherical like a globe"—that Dromio could find out countries in her.

"Ant. S. Where France?" "Dro. S. In her head: arm'd and reverted, making war against her head."

It is supposed that an equivocation was intended on the word "head" (which was nothing but a corruption of "hair"), and that Shakespeare alluded to the civil war in France, which began in the middle of 1598, and did not terminate until the close of 1599. This notion seems well founded, and there would be but little difficulty in it; and it accords pretty exactly with the time when we may believe "The Comedy of Errors" to have been written. But here we have a range of four years and a half, and we can arrive at no conclusion more or less probable than that of a period about 1598-9, or 1599.

"By his Mai's Plagers. On Inosents Night, the play of Errors," the name of Shackerd, or Shakespeare, being inserted in the margin as "the name of his hand." The epithet of "his hand," therefore, not only "revived," but represented at court very soon after James I. came to the crown; we may be confident, however, that the question respecting Shackerd were not repeated on the occasion, although retained in the MS. used by the actors-editors for the folio of 1623.

In his Lectures on Shakespeare in 1818, Coleridge passed over "The Comedy of Errors" without any particular or separate observation; but in his "Lectures on England and French Poets" we find the following notice (vol. ii. 90 and 114), in much the same terms. "Shakespeare," he observes, "has in this piece presented us with a legitimate force, in exactest consonance with the philosophical principles and character of nature as distinguished from comedy and entertainments. A proper force is mainly distinguished from comedy by the license allowed, and even required, in the fable, in order to produce strange and lucentable situations. The story need not be so. A comedy would probably be more so. Even now the two Antipholiuses, because, although there have been instances of almost undistinguishable likenesses, is in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, causas ludendi nature, and the verum will not excuse the inserat

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"MUCH ado about Nothing. As it hath been sundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain's, or his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600. 4to. 30 leaves."

It is also printed in the division of "Comedies" in the folio 1623, where it comprises twenty-one pages, viz., from folio 101, to p. 121, inclusive. The book is reprinted in Malone, 1796, 2nd Ed., with some other folios.

We have information respecting "Much Ado about Nothing" anterior to the appearance of the 4to edition in 1600, excepting that it was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 26th of August in that year, in the following memorandum:

"23 Aug, 1600. And, Wise Wm. Aspley Two books, the one called Muchado about Nothing, and the other The Second Part of the History of King Henry the Seventh, with the Humors of Sir John Falstaff, by Mr. Shakespeare."

There is another memorandum in the same register bearing date on the 4th August, without the year, which runs in these terms:—"As you like it, a book, by Mr. Shakespear, a copy for another. The Comedy of Ado about Nothing, a book." Opposite the titles of these plays are added the words, "be to be staid." This last entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1599, for Nebi is the date immediately preceding; Malone, therefore, is of opinion that Shakespeare inserted the notice for staying the publication of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" and the two other plays, did not think it necessary to repeat the figures. The arrival of the 4th August against the publication had most likely been withdrawn by the 23rd of the same month. The object of the "stay" was probably to prevent the publication of "Henry V," "Every Man in His Humour," and "Much Ado about Nothing," by any other book-sellers than Wise and Aspley.

The 4to. of "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," which came out in 1600, (and we know of no other impression in that form) is a well-printed work for the time, and the type is unusually good. It contains no hint from which we can at all distinctly infer the date of its composition, but Malone supposed that it was written early in the year in which it came from the press. Considering, however, that the comedy would have to be got up, set, and become popular, before it could receive any attention, or appear as a separate composition, it is reasonable to suppose that the play may reasonably be carried back as far as the autumn of 1599. That it was popular, we can hardly doubt, and the extracts from the Stationers' Registers seem to show that apprehensions were felt, lest rival book-sellers should publish it to be read.

It is not included by Mere in his list he furnishes in his "Paladius Tanae, 1598; and "Englann's Paramours, 1600," contains no quotation from it. If any allusion is drawn from this fact, it might be, that it was written subse-

- Much Ado about Nothing, (as I understand from one of Mr. Vertue, MSS.) formerly passed under the title of "Bedereck and Beaming." Homer, the player, received, on the 20th May, 1613, the sum of £40, and £20 more as his Majesty's gratuity, for exhibiting the play in the Court, among which was this comedy, a book. The clue of the title, if it may be pronounced, was, not that it was made, could only have been temporary. The divisions of Acts (Scenes are not marked) were first made in the folio of 1623. The adaptation of "Much Ado about Nothing," on the different incidents of another of Shakespeare's dramas (see the "Introduction" to "Measure for Measure," by Sir William Davenant, was first printed in the edition of his works in 1673.

The serious portion of the plot of "MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING"
Nothing," which relates to Hero, Claudio, and "John the Bastard," is extremely similar to the story of Ariodante and Genevra, in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," B. v. It was separately versified in English by Pemberton, "The Last Act of a Picture of Righteous and Juilyt," 1562, and of Bernard Garter's "Two English Lovers," 1588; and it was printed by Thomas East, without date, two or three years after those poems had appeared. It was licensed for the press in 1589, and was put on the stage of the Queen's. (The following is a nearly verbatim copy from the folio, 1623, with the addition of some errors of the press.)

There is a general concurrence of opinion that "Love's Labour's Lost" was one of Shakespeare's earliest productions for the stage. It would appear that the "Loyal Comedie" of 1598 was sufficiently impromptuized over Shakespeare's own multifacility, by imaginary self-position, or out of such a country town and a school-boy's observation might supply. The only objection to this theory is, that at the time "Love's Labour's Lost," which neither seems to have been acquiesced in same degree with the nature of the Italian comic performances; but this acquaintance he might have acquired comparatively early in life. The character of Armado is that of a Spanish braggart, very much such a personage as was common on the Italian stage, and figures in OE Ingomari, (which, as the Rev. Joseph Hunter was the first to point out, Shakespeare saw before he wrote his "Twelfth Night," under the name of Giglio; in the same comedy, as M. Purkis will observe, there are not a few novel from which this comedy had been derived, adds that "the story has most of the features of an ancient romance"; but it is not at all impossible that Shakespeare found some corresponding inci- dents in Ariosto, and several of his plays have not met with any such production, although, if used by Shakespeare, it most likely came into this country in a printed form.

The question whether Shakespeare visited Italy, and at what period of his life, cannot properly be considered here; but it is a very important point in relation both to his biography and works. It was certainly a very general custom for our poets to travel thither towards the close of their lives, and various instances of long sojourns are on record. Robert Greene tells us in his "Repentance," 1592, that he had been in Italy and Spain; Thomas Nash, about the same date, mentions what he had seen in France and Italy; and Daniel has several early sonnets on his "going to Italy," and on his residence there. Some of our most celebrated actors of that time also made journeys across the Alps; and Mr. Hallowell, in the notes to his "Coventry Mysteries," printed for the Shakespeare Society, has shown that Sylph, the actor who performed Dogberry in "Much Ado about Nothing," was in Rome in 1601.

It is vain to attempt to fix with any degree of precision the date when "Love's Labour's Lost" was first printed. As far as we now know, in 1599, 4to, and then it professed on the title-page to have been "newly corrected and augmented; it was likewise there told that it was presented before Queen Elizabeth, "the last Christmas." It was not uncommon for dramatists to revise and add to their plays when they were selected for exhibition at court, and such may have been the ease with "Love's Labour's Lost" for many years after that time. For the year this period did not end until 25th March. It seems likely that the comedy had been written six or even eight years before, that it was revised in 1596, with certain corrections and augmenta-

conversant in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings, with a sort of semi-coronation. Certainly, we are neither."

This Thomas Lodge's "Royal Armoir of Loyal Poesie," 1564, contains an ill-written ballad, called "The Revolution, a love-story," founded upon the serious portion of "Much Ado about Nothing" which we have considered, and which if this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakespeare, and if it possessed the tradition only of its riper works, or accounts of them in the tradition of the time might be reasonably expected to have come down to us, we may well imagine that its characteristics might we not still have discovered in "Love's Labour's Lost," though as in a portrait taken of him in his riper years, so a notice is a true likeness of the poet's character and his general character and his characteristics throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters and the whimsical determination equally, yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are p. 44, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, ["by W. S.,"] and Smethwick; and the title-page states that it was published "as it was acted by his Majesties servants at the Globe Theatre.""

In 'The Second Fruits,' 1601, where he complained of the want of decorum in English dramatic representations. The pronunciation was evidently insignificant and we say "safely deliver the whole conjecture as unfounded."

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

["A pleasant Comedie called, Loves labours lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented By W. Shakespeare. Imprinted at London by W. W. for Cubert Barbe."

In the folio, 1623,"Love's Labour's Lost" occupies 28 pages, in the division of "Comedies," viz. from p. 122 to XX; p. 14, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, ["by W. S.,"] and Smethwick; and the title-page states that it was published "as it was acted by his Majesties servants at the Globe Theatre.""

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In the folio, 1623,"Love's Labour's Lost" occupies 28 pages, in the division of "Comedies," viz. from p. 122 to XX; p. 14, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, ["by W. S.,"] and Smethwick; and the title-page states that it was published "as it was acted by his Majesties servants at the Globe Theatre.""
tions for performance before the Queen; and this circumstances was immediately afterwards. The evidence derived from passages and allusions in the piece, to which Malone refers in his "Chronological Order," is clearly of little value, and he does not himself place much confidence in it. "Love Labour Lost" is mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in their printed collections, and in the summer of 1600, in the same year that the "Midsummer-Night’s Dream" was first printed, because Spenser was not dead in 1598, when "Midsummer-Night’s Dream" was mentioned by Mures. It is very doubtful whether any particular reference was made to Shakespeare, who, perhaps, could not advert in strong terms to the religious nature of learning. T. Warton carried the question back to shortly subsequent to the year 1591, when Spenser’s " Tears of the Muses" was printed, which, from the time of Rowe to that of Malone, was considered to contain passages highly imitative of Shakespeare. There is a slight coincidence of expression between Spenser and Shakespeare, in the poem of the one, and in the drama of the other, which deserves remark: Spenser says,—

"Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late.

And one of Shakespeare’s lines is,—

"Of learning, late deceas’d in beggary."

Yet it is quite clear, from a subsequent stanza in "The Tears of the Muses," that Spenser did not refer to the natural death of "My Willy" whom he was, but only that he "rather chose to sit in idle cell," than write in such unfavourable times. In the same manner, Shakespeare might not mean that Spenser (if the allusion indeed be to him) was actually "deceased," but merely, as Spenser expresses it in his "Colin Clive," if that he was "dead in his soul," and "by an allusion to Queen Elizabeth as the "fair vestal, tiréd of the west," in A. ii. sc. 1, affords no note of time. It seems highly probable that "A Midsummer Night’s Dream" was not written before the summer of 1594, and if the speech of Titania in A. ii. sc. 1, were intended to describe the real state of the kingdom, from the extraordinary wetness of the season, we may infer that the drama came from the pen of Shakespeare at the close of 1594, or in the beginning of 1595. Written by James Roberts, 1600. 32 leaves.

"A Midsummer Night’s Dream." As it hath been sundry timespublicly acted by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare, and are to be sounde at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, in Fleetstreete, 1600. 32 leaves.

"A Midsummer Night’s dream. As it hath been sundry times publicly acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakespeare." Printed by James Roberts, 1600. 32 leaves. In the folio, 1623, it occupies 18 pages, viz, from p. 145 to 162 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is of course, like the other plays, inserted in the later folio edition.

This drama, which on the title-page of the earliest editions is not called comedy, history, nor tragedy, but which is included by the player-editors of the first folio among the "comedies" of Shakespeare, was twice printed in 1600, for "The Theatre, and the Curtain," both booksellers, and employed someunnamed printer; but Roberts was a printer as well as a bookseller. The only entry of it at Stationers’ Hall is to Fisher, and it runs as follows:—

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

The Merchant of Venice.

The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh, and the obtaining of Portia, by the choice of three caskets. Written by W. Shakspeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600. 4to, 48 leaves.

The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venise. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jewe towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh; and the obtaining of Portia by the choyse of three caskets. As it hath beene acted in the year 1600. By the Seruants. Written by William Shakspeare. At London, Printed by I. R., for Thomas Heyes, and are to be sold in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Greene Dragon, price 6d a booke.

It is also printed in the folio, 1623, where it occupies 25 pages, viz. from p. 163 to p. 184, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." Besides its appearance in the later folios, the Merchant of Venice was republished in 1610, 1637 and 1652.

The two plays of Venice are treated in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice," and were written about the same period. The incidents of Venice are distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities, but no English original of either of them of the age of Shakespeare has been discovered. That there were such originals is highly probable, but if so they have perished with many other relics of our popular literature. Whether the separate incidents, relating to the bond and to the caskets, were ever combined in the same novel, as all as Shakespeare combined them in his dramatic essay, of course to be determined. Stueve asserts boldly, that "as a play, comprehending the distinct plots of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer;" and the evidence he adduces is a passage from Gesson's "School of Abuse," 1679, where he says, "I have in 1600 seen a new play called "The Jew," and the other "Polone," of the former Gesson states, that it "represented the greediness of worldly chasers, and bloody minds of usurers." (Shakespeare Society's Representative Edition, 1903.) The terms "moneylenders" and "usurers" may certainly have reference to the choice of the caskets; and the conduct of Shylock may very well be intended by the words, "bloody minds of usurers." It is possible, therefore, that a theatrical performance should have existed, anterior to the time of Shakespeare, in which the separate plots were united; and it is not unlikely that some novel had been published which gave the same incidents in a narrative form. "On the whole," says the learned and judicious Tytwhart, "I am inclined to suspect that Shakespeare followed something like an unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one."

Both stories are found separately in the Latin Gesta Romana, with considerable variations: that of the bond is chap. xlvii. of MS. Harley 2270, as referred to by Tytwhart; and that of the caskets is chap. xcvii. of the same collection. The Poets' Manual Guide gives a similar account to that of "The Merchant of Venice," with respect to the bond, the disguise and agreeable Portia, and the gift of the ring. This narrative (Gorn. iv. 1.) was written as early as the year 1675, but not printed in Italy until 1567. It is the merest trash, with no connection, in which the hero was engaged, is there laid in the dwelling of a lady at Belmont. These adventures seem afterwards to have been changed, in some English version, for the incident of the caskets. The character of Duke (Gorn. iv. 1.) a choice of caskets is introduced, but it does not in other respects resemble the choice as we find it in Shakespeare; while the latter, even to the inscriptions, is extremely like the history in the Gesta Romana.

The earliest date in English, within the range of any circumstances connected with the bond and its forfeiture, is contained in "The Orator: handling a Hundred sever. Discourses," a translation from the French of Alexander Silver, Anthony Munday, who published it under the name of Lazarus Plow. In 1596, 4to, there, with the head of "Declarcation 66," we find one: "Of a Jew, who would have his debt a pound of flesh of a Christian;" and it is followed by "The Christian's Answer," but nothing of the incident, out of which these "declarations" arose. Of the old ballad of "The Cruelitie of germuates, A Jew," in "Perey's Reliques," 1. 228 (edit. 1612) no dated edition is known; but most readers will be inclined to agree with Warton ("Obser. on the History of the Q." 1791) that the circumstance attached upon Shakespeare's play, and was anterior to it: it might owe its origin to the ancient drama of "The Jew," mentioned by Gossen, "Henslowe's Diary," under date of 25th Aug. 1594, contains an entry relating to the release of the Venetian Company, which a somewhat conjectured might mean "The Merchant of Venice," and it is a circumstance not to be passed over, that in 1594 the company of actors to which Shakespeare was attached was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts, as far as we can now learn, with the company of which Henslowe was chief manager.

Meres has "The Merchant of Venice" in his list, which was published in 1598, and we have no means of knowing how long prior to that date it was written. The Venetian Council of Honour, it was in a course of performance in August, 1594. The earliest entry regarding "The Merchant of Venice" in the Stationers' Register is curious, from its particularity:

"28 July, 1595, James Roberts. A booke of the Marriage of Venice, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venice. Provided that yt bee not printed by the said James Roberts, or anye other whatsoever, without lyence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain."

Shakespeare was one of the players of the Lord Chamberlain, and the object seems to have been to prevent the publication of the play without the consent of the company, to be signified through the nobleman under whose patronage they acted. This caution was given two years before the "Merchant of Venice" actually appeared on the stage. We find it published in 1600, both by J. Roberts and by Thomas Heyes, in favour of the last of whom we meet with another entry in the Stationers' books, without any proviso, dated,—

"28 Oct. 1600, Thomas Haines. The booke of the Merchant of Venice."

By this time the "lyence" of the Lord Chamberlain for printing the play had probably been obtained. At the bottom of the title-page of Roberts's edition of 1600, no place is stated where it was to be purchased: it is said: "The imprint to the edition of Heyes informs us that it was "printed by I. E.," and that it was "sold in Pauls Church-yard," &c. &c. The print of the edition of Heyes, was, most likely, J. Roberts; but it is entirely a difficulty to determine to which play this is the same year with the name of Roberts. The edition of Roberts is on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes; but the editors of the folio of 1623 indisputably employed that of Heyes, adopting variations from various authorities of the text. These are pointed out in our notes in the course of the play. The similarity between the names of Salario, Salarino, and Salerio, in "The Draconia Postera," has led to some confusion of the speakers of the later edition of the folio, which it has not always been found easy to set right.

"The Merchant of Venice" was performed before James I., on Shrove-Sunday, and again on Shrove-Tuesday, 1606; hence we have a right to infer that it gave great satisfaction at court. The fact is thus recorded in the original account.
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of expenses, made out by the Master of the Revels, and still preserved in the Audit Office:

"By His Ma'tie Platers. On Shrovesunday a play of the
Marchant of Venice."

"By his Majesty's. On Shrovesunday a play caled
the Marchent of Venice againe, commanded by the
Kings Ma'tie."

The name of Shaxberd, for Shakespeare, as "the poet
which made the play," is added in the margin opposite both
the above memorandums, indicating the popularity of this drama
before the closing of the theatres in 1612, it seems to have
been so much forgotten soon after the Restoration, that in
1690, Thomas Jordan made a ballad out of the story of it in his
Royal Artist of Loyal Poets," and thought himself so
liberty to pervert the original, by making the Jew's daughter
the principal instrument of punishing her own father: at
the trial, she takes the office which Shakespeare assigns to

AS YOU LIKE IT.

"As You Like It" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where

"2 occupies twenty-three pages, viz., from p. 185 to p. 207
includin in the 'stage directions, a book."

"It preserved
its place in the three subsequent impressions of that volume
in 1632, 1640, and 1685.

"As You Like It" is not only founded upon, but in some
points very closely copied from, a novel by Thomas Lodge,
under the title of "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie,"
which was published in 1590, as well as Act 2, and
1592, and a third edition came out in 1598. We have no in-
intelligence of any re-impression of it between 1595 and 1598.
This third edition perhaps appeared early in 1598, and we are
certainly to think that the republication of so particular a
work directed Shakespeare's attention to it. So, "As
You Like It may have been written in the summer of 1598,
and first acted in the winter of the same, or in the spring of the
following year.

The entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company
relating to "As You Like It," is confirmatory of this supposi-
tion. It has been already referred to in the "Introduction"
so "Much Ado About Nothing" and it will be well to insert
it here, precisely in the manner in which it stands in the
original record:

"4 August,

"As you like yt, a booke. Henry the fift, a booke. Every
man in his humor, a booke. The Comedie of Much
Ado About Nothing, a booke."

Opposite this memorandum are added the words "To be
staid." It will be remarked, that there is an important def-
ciency in the entry, as regards the purpose to which we
wish to apply it, and which is not in the least宓
inconceivable, and in that conjecture I have expressed con-
currence, that the clerk who wrote the titles of the four plays,
with the date of "4 August," did not think it necessary there
to repeat the year 1590, as it was found in the memorandum
immediately above. We know from the above reference to
Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," and "Much Ado About Nothing,"
were both printed in 1590, and Ben Jonson's "Every Man
in his Humour" in the year following; though Gifford, in his
edition of that poet's works (vol. i. p. 29), by a strange error
states, that the first impression was in 1593. The "stay," as
regards "Henry the Fifth," "Every Man in his Humour," and
"Much Ado About Nothing," was doubtless soon removed;
for "Henry the Fifth" was entered again for publication on the
12 August; and, as has been already shown, Wible and
Aspley took the same course with "Much Ado About No-
thing" on the 23rd August. There is no known edition of
"As You Like It" prior to its appearance in the folio of
1595 of Chereipe, which, according to Stowe's "Survey of
London," was set up in 1596, and was in decay in 1608.
This figure of Diana did not "weep;" for Stowe expressly
states that the water came "spilling from her naked breast.
"Therefore," this passage proves nothing as far as respects the

date of "As You Like It." Shakespeare probably intended
to make no allusion to any particular fountain.

It is not to be forgotten, in deciding upon the probable date of
"As You Like It," that Mercers makes no mention of it in
his "Shakespeare" in 1595; and that it was not until Stationer's
Hall on the 4th August (1600), we may conclude that it was
written and acted in that interval. In A. iii. sc. 5, a line from
the first Sebastian of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" is quoted;
and as that poem was first printed in 1598, "As You Like It"
must not have been written before 1598. There is no doubt
that Lodge, when composing his " Ros-
alynde: Euphues Golden Legacie," which he did, as he in-
forms us, while on a voyage with Captain Clarke, "to the is-
slands of Terceras and Canaries," had either "The Coke's
Tale of Gamelyn" ([falsely attributed to Chaucer, as Tyrwhit
contends in his Intro. to the Cant. Tales, i. clxxiii. Edit.
1836.) strongly in his recollection, or, which does not seem
very probable in such a situation, with a manuscript of it
actually before him. It was not printed until more than a
century afterwards. According to Farmer, Shakespeare
looked no farther than Lodge's novel, which he followed in
"As You Like It" quite as closely as he did Greene's "Pun-
dosto," in the "Winter's Tale." There are one or two con-
incidences of expression between "As You Like It" and "The
Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," but not perhaps more than might
be accidental, and the opinion of Farmer appears to be suffi-
cient to prove that "As You Like It" was only printed as part of "Shakespeare's Library," and it will be easy,
therefore, for the reader to trace the particular ressem-
lances between it and "As You Like It."

In his Lectures in 1818, Coleridge eloquently and justly
proposed the pastime of reading the "Winter's Tale" and "As
You Like It," but he did not attempt to compare it with Lodge's "Ro-
salynde," where the descriptions of persons and of scenery
are comparatively forced and artificial:—"Shakespeare," said
Coleridge, "never treated the theme with so much scenery merely
for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural
objects: he is never tedious or elaborate, but while he now
and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of
knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features
and broader characteristics in his narratives, leaving up to the
imagination. Thus in "As You Like It" he describes an oak
of many centuries growth in a single line:—

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps out."

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this descrip-
tion, and worked it out with all the patience and impert-
ience of detail. In Shakespeare the "antique root" furnishes
the whole picture.

These expressions are copied from notes made at the time;
and they partially, though imperfectly, supply an obvious
explanation of some criticism in vol. ii. p. 115, of Coleridge's
"Literary Remains."

Adam Spencer is a character in "The Coke's Tale of Game-
lyn, and in Lodge's "Rosalynde," and a great additional in-
fluence on this play attaches to its resemblance to the ex-
sistence of truth, that the part was originally sustained by Shake-
peare himself. We have this statement on the authority of
Oidy's MSS.: he is said to have derived it, immediately of course,
from Gilbert Shakespeare, who survived the Restora-
tion, and who had a faint recollection of having seen his bro-
thet William "in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to
personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and
appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he
was forced to be supported and carried by another person to
a table, at which he was seated among some company, who
were eating, and one of them sung a song." This description
very exactly tallies with "As You Like It," A. ii. sc. 7.

Shakespeare found no prototypes in Lodge, nor in any of
other work yet discovered, of any of the characters of the name of
James Touchstone, and Andrey. On the admirable manner in
which he has made them part of the staple of his story, and on
the importance of these additions, it is needless to enlarge.
It is more singular, that Shakespeare should have made the
characters of the name of Jaques into the same play; but in the
old impressions, Jaques de Bois, in the prefixes to his speeches,
is merely called the "Second Brother."

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"[The Taming of the Shrew] was first printed in the folio of
1598, where it occupies twenty-two pages, viz. from p. 308
to page 329 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It
was reprinted in the three later folios."

1 If we suppose that the third edition of Lodge's "Rosalynde"
was occasioned by the popularity of Shakespeare's comedy, founded upon
one of the earlier impressions in 1590 or 1592, it would show the "As
You Like It" was acted in 1598, and in that sense have been written in 95"
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that Coleridge and Tuck are right in their conclusion, that "All's Well that Ends Well," which was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, contains indications of the workings of Shakespeare's mind, and speaks of his composition at two separate periods. It is a point of some controversy, whether the "Love Labours Lost" and "Love Labours Won" of Mercia were the same piece as "All's Well that Ends Well." The supposition is not unsupported, for it was originally the fourth part of "Love Labours Won," as its second title. I do not pretend that Mr. Hunter, with all his acuteness and learning, has made out his case satisfactorily; and in our introduction to "The Tempest," some reasons were assigned that to play to the Tower in 1611, Mr. Hunter argues that the "Twelfth" even more than "All's Well that Ends Well," deserves the significant name of "Love Labours Lost," and he certainly is successful in showing that "All's Well that Ends Well" has all the qualities of a separate and sole title in two separate quotations of 1668. They are from towards the close of the play, and not, perhaps, with the strongest evidence that this portion was one of its author's later efforts.

My notion is (and the speculation of others is not so strong), that "All's Well that Ends Well? was in the first instance, and was simply called "Love Labours' Lost," and it had a clear reference to "Love Labours' Won," and that of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was perhaps, by so many, and so close, and with alteration in 1605 or 1606, when the former portion ("All's Well that Ends Well") was given to it. At this date, however, "Love Labours' Lost" probably continued to be represented; and we learn from a warrant of 1609 that it was chosen for performance at court between Jan. 1 and April 5, the entry runs in these terms:—"Betwixt Newer Day and Twelfth Day, a play of Love's Labours Lost." The name of the author, and of the company by whom the piece was acted, are not in this instance given. We have one other instance that "All's Well that Ends Well" met with the same distinction. Possibly Shakespeare altered its name, in order to give an appearance of greater novelty to the representation on its revival. This surprise, if well founded, would account for the difference in the titles, as we find them in Mercia and in the folio of 1623.

The name entering into the question, whether Shakespeare understood Italian, of which we think, little doubt exists, here must be considered. He might, as we have seen, have entertained, we need not suppose that we know of such a title as "Decameron," the story of which is already translated to his hands, in the form of a volume, in 1606. It is the 9th novel of the third book of Boccaccio's "Decameron," and it is the 12th novel of the first book of "The Palace of Pleasure." In the 3rd edition of the latter, it bears the following title, which is very literally translated by Painter:—"Giglotta di Nerbona guariute il Re di Francia d'un azzoletta: dominata per marito Beltramo di Rossignole; il quale contra suo voglia sposata, a Firenze se ne per bello amore, dove vogliaggando una giovane, in nome di lei Giglotta gente con lui e, hebbe due figliuoli; e perche egli poco havutava caro per moglie la tiene." The English version by Painter may be read in "Shakespeare's English version of the Decameron" (second edition, 1733), and hence it is probable that the poet was only second as to his use of "Decameron," and its value as a source for the outline of his plot, as regards Helena, Bertram, the Widow, and Diana. All that belongs to the characters of the Continent, The Chorus, and Commedia dell'Arte, in which the last is engaged, is derived from the "Decameron." But, to know the invention of Shakespeare, we have to turn to Boccaccio. The only name Boccaccio (and after him Painter) gives are Giglotta and Beltramo: the latter Shakespeare novellizes as Henry, and Bertram; and he changed Giglotta to Helena, probably because he had already named the title of one of his heroes, Shakespeare much degrades the character of Bertram, towards the end of the drama, by the duplicity, and ever false-faith, he makes him display: Coleridge (Lit. Lond. ii, 191) was convinced by the fact that in A. ii. sce. 6, Helena, "Shake- speare's loveliest character," speaks that which is untrue under the appearance of necessity; but using the word with the King of telling a lie, in order to avoid the truth, and of persisting in the winding up of the story occurs at Roussillon, as in Shakespeare, but the King is no party to the scene.

The substitution of Helena for Isabella as the "Measure for Measure" we attribute to Marianna for a common incident in Italian novels. One of these was inserted: "Narbon: the Labyrinth of Libris," by Austin Saker, 4to, 1650; a romance in which the scene is laid in Vienna, but the manner and means of Laura, where the object was done by a woman upon her reluctant hus-band; but the resemblance to the incident in "All's Well that Ends Well" is only general.

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

["Twelfth Night, Or what You Will," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz. from p. 275 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies," p. 276 having been left blank, and unpage. It appears in the same form in the three later folios.]

We have no record of the performance of "Twelfth Night" at court, nor is there any mention of it in the books at St. John's Hall, Pembroke College, Oxford, or St. John's College, Cambridge, where it was registered by Boore and Jaggard, as about to be included in the first folio of Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." It appeared originally in the "Newes of the Yeare, or What You Will," with the title and Scenes duly noted.

We cannot determine with precision when it was first written, but we know that it was noted on the celebration of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on Feb. 2, 1602, according to the modern computation of the year. The fact, according to its performance we have the evidence of an eyewitness, that it was his first; and more than that, it was registered by a person who seems to have been a barrister, and whose Diary, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum (Har. MSS. 3352). The name of the art, and literature, as follows:—

"Th[e Tw[elfh Night, Or What You Will,]" was printed in folio in English Drama in 1607, and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Twelfth Night, Or What You Will, 1598, has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Manningham. It runs an end to the conjecture of Malone, that "Twelfth Night" was written in 1607, and to the less probable speculation of Trollope, that it was not produced until 1614. Even if it should be objected that we have no evidence to show that this ComedY was compos- ed shortly prior to its representation at the Middle Temple, it may be answered, that it is capable of proof, that it was written posterior to the date of the translation of Livy's "Civil Wars," and had not been able to learn his "Chronological Order of the Roman Wars," and the augmentation of the Indies. When Malone prepared the "Discours of Voyages" was published in folio in English Drama in 1608, and in that volume is inserted the "new map with new translation of the Indies." More takes no notice of "Twelfth

way. According to my supposition, these passages, as well as another in the Epilogue, "A. is well ended, if this part is well ended, when the way was added when the comedy was added in this place, and a new preverbal phrase, which was in use in our language, that was written in 1607, and in that volume is inserted the "new map with new translation of the Indies." More takes no notice of "Twelfth

1 The two passages run as follows:—

"We must away: Our waggon is prepar'd, and time requires us.

"All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown."

A. iv. 4

"All's well that ends well yet."

Though none seem so adverse, and men unfaith.

Mr. Hunter prints "All's well that ends well yet" is, in Italian, with capitals, in both instances, as if it were a title; but in the original edition the words appear only in the ordinary type and in the usual text.
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"Twelfth Night" in his list, published in the same year, and we may conclude that the Comedy was not then in existence. The work was "newly employed" by "a new master," and changed by a writer, much less known, and with more particular reference is not necessary, as it forms part of the publication called "Shakespeare's Library." If our great dramatist at all availed himself of its incidents, he must of course have used an earlier edition than that of 1601.

A voluminous and various author of the name of Barbaresco Rich, who had been a "newly employed" and changed, and who, with "his Farewell to Military Profession," without date, but between the years 1578 and 1581, is known to be a type of "Apolonius and Silla," which has many points of resemblance.

In the Thirty-Sixth Novel of the Second Part, in the Lucea edit. 1544. 4to., where it bears the subsequent title:—

"Nicola, immemorial della Lattuca, va a servizio vesta da padre e figlio di suo fratello avvenne." In the collection by Belleforest, printed at Paris in 1572, 12mo, it is headed as follows:—

"Comme une fille Romaine, se vestant en page, servait long temps un sien sans estre cognois, et depuis Ponte a mari, avec autres divers discours." Although Belleforest inserts no names in his title, he adopts those of Bandello, but abbreviates or omits many of the speeches and some portions of the narrative: what in Bandello occupies several pages is sometimes reduced to a paragraph.

The subsequent passage, because it will more exactly show the degree of connexion between "Twelfth-Night" and the old French version: it is where Nicola, the Viola of Shakespeare, plays the part of the pregnant daughter, who, according to the interview with Catelle, the Olivia of "Twelfth-Night," on behalf of Lattuca, who answers to the Duke.

"Mais Catelle, qui avoit plus l'eal sur Porsare et sur la naive beaute, que Forelle aux paroles venant d'aillers, estoit une estrange jeune, et volontiers se fet ledette a bon de pour le bazar tout a sa ris; mais la haute la retint pour un empe: a la fin en pouvant plus, et vnaine de ceste impute d'ameur, et se trovant favorise de la commodite, ne se laissa point, que l'embrassant fort estroitement elle ne le baisant d'une douzaine de fois, et ce avec telle aseclivite et gestes efronter, que Romile s'apparrent bien que ceste ayait plus chere son accointance que les ambassadeurs de l'amoureux. Ceste cause luy dit, a qui la gaite, madame, me faire tant de bien en sa presence, et congoyc, joye de vos quelque gracieuse responce, avec laquelle je gaisse faire content et joieux mon seignor, lequel est en soucy et tourment continu pour ne savoir votre vertu et charme. C'estoit quelque temps, sa femme, qui d'un hain de plus en plus le venin d'amour par les yeux, lui semblloit que Romile devint de fois a plus autre bien." Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come down to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was "most like and neare to that in Italian called *Ingnani*." It was first acted in the city of Venice in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of *Giustini Anselmo*, who was killed by the Turks, and in the same year, being hanged in the middle of the city, was a popular subject of song among the Venetians. The author of *Ingnani* is not named.

Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come down to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was "most like and neare to that in Italian called *Ingnani*." It was first acted in the city of Venice in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of *Giustini Anselmo*, who was killed by the Turks, and in the same year, being hanged in the middle of the city, was a popular subject of song among the Venetians. The author of *Ingnani* is not named.

To the Duke...

*Gostanzo.* And where shall I find her?

*Ruberto.* I know one who is more hot for love of you, than you...

*Gostanzo.* Is she fair?

*Ruberto.* Indifferently.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

Gast ozone. Where's she?

Rurter to. Not far from you.

Gast ozone. And will she be content that I should lie with her.

Ruterto. If God wills it, and your honor shall do it.

Gast ozone. How shall I get to her?

Rutoerto. As you would come to me.

Gast ozone. Tell me, sir, do you love her?

Rutoerto. Because she often talks to me of her love.

Gast ozone. Do I know her?

Rutoerto. As well as you know me.

Gast ozone. Is she young?

Ruterto. Of my age.

Gast ozone. And loves me?

Ruterto. Adores you.

Gast ozone. Have I ever seen her?

Rutoerto. As often as you have seen me.

Gast ozone. Why does she not discover herself to me?

Rutoerto. Because she sees you the slave of another woman.

The resemblance between Giucrza and her brother Fortunato is so great, that Portia has mistaken the one for the other, and in the end, like Sebastian and Olivia, they are united; while Giucrza, being cured of her passion for Fortunato, is married to the persevering and disinterested affection of Giucrza, is married to her. Our great dramatist has given an actual, as well as an intellectual elevation to the whole subject, by the manner in which he has treated it; and this, in our estimation, is the most agreeable consideration, a considered a love comedy into a fine romantic drama.

So much for GF Ingannati, and it now remains to speak of GF Ingannati, a comedy which, in relation to "Twelfth-night," attempts to refute the criticism of Mr. Joseph Hunter in "The Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest," p. 78. GF Ingannati follows Bandello's novel with more exactness than GF Ingannati, though both change the names of the parties; and here we have the important feature that the hero, called Flamminio in the novel (pss. 122-126) is page to Flammiino, to whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Infanzia. Giucrza, as in Shakespeare, is employed by Flammiino to forward his suit with Giucrza. What succeeds is part of the Dialogue between Giucrza, in her male attire, and Flammiino:

"Lelia. Do as I advise. Abandon Infanzia, and love one who loves you in return. You may not find her as beautiful; but, tell me, is there nobody else whom you can love, and who loves you?

Flamminio. There was a young lady by my name,叫the woman, whom I was a thousand times about to tell you, you are much like her. She was thought the fairest, the cleverest, and the most dainty damsel of this country. I will show you her one of these days, for formerly I looked something like her. She was then rich and about the court, and I continued in love with her for nearly a year, during which time she showed me much favor. Afterwards she went to Miranda, and I was left to fall in love with Giucrza, whom she had been as cruel to me as Lelia was kind.

Lelia. Then you desire the treatment you have received. Since you have loved her who loved you, you ought to be elighted in return by others.

Flamminio. What do you say?

Lelia. You have loved her your first love, and still loves you more than ever, why did you abandon her for Lelia? I know not who could pardon that offence. Ab, signer Flamminio, you did her grievous wrong.

Flamminio. You are only a boy, Fabio, and know not the power of love. I tell you that I cannot help loving Giucrza. I adore her, nor do I wish to think of any other woman.

Elsewhere the resemblance between "Twelfth-night" and GF Ingannati, in point of situation is quite as strong, but the likeness ends, for in the dialogue we can trace no connexion between the two. The author of the Italian comedy has obviously found himself entirely upon Bandello's novel, of which there might be some transition in the time of writing, or following the original, than the version which Rich published before our great dramatist visited the metropolis. Whether any such literal translation and or had not been made, Shakespeare may have come to the Italian, and "Novelle di Bandello were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. If Shakespeare had followed Rich we should probably have discovered some verbal trace of his obligation, as in the cases where he followed Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," Little-donkey, where he availed himself of the works of Greene and Lodge. In GF Ingannati we find nothing but incident in common with "Twelfth-Night."

The vast inferiority of the former to the latter in language and sentiment may be seen in every page, in every line. The mistake of the brother for the sister, by Infanzia, is the same in both, and it terminates in a somewhat similar manner, for the female attendant of the lady, meeting Fabio (who is dressed, like his sister Giucrza, in white) in the street, conducts him to her mistress, who receives him with open arms. Giucrza and Infanzia are of course united at the end of the comedy.

The likeness between GF Ingannati and "Twelfth-Night" is certainly in some points of the story, stronger than that between GF Ingannati and Shakespeare's drama; but to nother, than to any degree of similarity, that our great dramatist resorted, although he had perhaps read both, when he was considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source whatever, for the addition of the " Fury of Dorothis" in "Twelfth-Night." In both the Italian dramas it is the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of employing the cup-brigars, pedants, and servants, who deal in the nearest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery. Shakespeare shows his infinite superiority in each department; in the more serious portion of his drama he employed the incidents furnished by predecessors as the mere scaffolding for the creation of his own beautiful edifice; and for the comic scenes, combining incidents of trifling import, to help the progress of the main plot, he seems, as usual, to have drawn merely upon his own innumerable resources.

It was an opinion, confidently stated by Coleridge in his lectures in 1818, that the passage in Act II. sc. 4, beginning

"Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself."

had a direct application to the circumstances of his own marriage with Anne Hattaway, who was so much senior to the poet, as to have been born many years before the time of the two dramas. Coleridge, as his剧中 influence, that the occasion of the marriage of Shakespeare's King, and the king's players performing at the private house in Black-Friars, and they usually removed to the Globe, which was open to the sky, late in the spring.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter's Tale" was produced at the Globe, very soon after that theatre had been opened for what might be called the summer season in 1611. In the winter, as has been well ascertained, the king's players performed at the private house in Black-Friars, and they usually removed to the Globe, which was open to the sky, late in the spring.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

"The Winter's Tale" was first printed in folio in 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages, from p. 277 to 303, and is the last in the division of "Comedies." The back of p. 305 is left blank and unpage. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.

Lytton, as we have already stated, "The Winter's Tale" was produced at the Globe, very soon after that theatre had been opened for what might be called the summer season in 1611. In the winter, as has been well ascertained, the king's players performed at the private house in Black-Friars, and they usually removed to the Globe, which was open to the sky, late in the spring.

The Winter's Tale was brought out early in 1611: the first of the three plays never published, and it consists of the following entry in the account of the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, from the 31st of October, 1611, to the same day, 1612:

"The 5th of November: A play called the winter's nights Tale." No author's name is mentioned, but the piece was represented at Whitehall, by "the king's players," as we find stated in the margin, and there can be no hesitation in deciding that the "Winter's Tale" was not the "Tempest," the "Twelfth-Night," the "Tale." The fact of its performance has been established by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his valuable work, entitled, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," 8vo, 1842.

The scene is decided to be on a coast in Africa, and the Winter's Tale was probably selected in account of its novelty and popularity.

1 From the Introduction to the same work, we find that "The Winter's Tale" was also performed at court on Easter Tuesday, 1618. The expenses of eleven other plays are included in the same account, viz. "The Tempest," "King and no King," "The City Gal- anter," "The Almackan," "The Twins Tragedy," "Capitl's Re- venge," "The Silver Age," "Luettsia," "The Nobleman," "Hy- muss," "Apollo's Huey," and "The Maid of Milan." The most of them were printed before they were thus acted, and some of them came from the press. "The Nobleman" by Cyril Tournour, was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication on 15th February, 1611, "Lucretia" may have been a different play from Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," which bears date in 1609; if so, there is no ex- ception, and all that came from the press at any period were 1611-12, the earliest in 1612, and the latest in 1615. Hence a strong inference may be drawn, that they were all dramas which had been recommended for court performance by their novelty and popularity.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

The second piece of evidence on this point has also recently appeared in Mr. S. Diary, or Notebook, kept by Dr. Simon Forman (MSS. in the British Museum, which, under date of the 16th May, 1611), he states that he saw "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe Theatre; this was the May preceding the presentation of it at Court on the 5th November, 1611. It is thus a brief account of the plot, which ingeniously includes all the main incidents:

"Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend then convinced and recovered. Death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him. But an old wench gave the king of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo in the temple of Dido. He found again, that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son in his father's stead, brought up by Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes' daughter. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Col. Pipet, and how he fenced him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he openen the poor man of all his money, and after cunning him a shepherd with a packer's pack, and there entrusted him again to the same boy. And he disguised himself as his own child, and turned courtier, &c. Beware of trusting fenced beggars or fasting fellows."

We may now be permitted to think that "The Winter's Tale" was in its first run on the 16th May, 1611, and that the Globe Theatre had not then been long opened for the season.

The opinion that the play was then a novelty, is strongly confirmed by this piece of evidence, which Malone discovered late in life, and which induced him to state, in a later opinion, that "The Winter's Tale" was written in 1604. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, dated the 15th August, 1606, which stated that "The Winter's Tale" was an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buc. Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until May, 1622. Sir George Buc must, therefore, have produced "The Winter's Tale" between October, 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May, 1611, when Forman saw it at the Globe.

It might have been composed by Shakespeare in the autumn and winter of 1609-10, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances at the King's players commenced there. Sir Henry Herbert informed Forman that when he gave permission to revive "The Winter's Tale" in August 1623, "the allowed book" (that to which Sir George Buc appended the signature) "was missing." It had no doubt been destroyed with the Globe Theatre was consumed by fire on 29th June, 1613.

We have seen that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were acted at Whitehall, and included in Sir George Buc's authorisation of these plays, of October, 1611, to October, 1612. How much older "The Tempest" might be than "The Winter's Tale," we have no means of determining; but there is a circumstance which shows that the composition of "The Tempest" was anterior to that of "The Winter's Tale," and this brings us to speak of the novel upon which the latter is founded.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract entitled "The History of Dorastus and Falstaff," better known as "The History of Dorothea and Pericles." This tract was the source of the later copies. As far as we now know, it was not reprinted until 1607, and a third impression appeared in 1609: it afterwards went through many editions; but it seems not unlikely that Shakespeare had access to it, as proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third scene which came out the year before we suppose him to have composed writing his "Winter's Tale." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene's story very closely, as may be seen by some of the notes of the course of the play, and the brief description of "Pandosto" from the unique copy of 1588, in "Shakespeare's Library." There is, however, one remarkable variation, which is necessary to point out. Greene says:

"The guard left her" (the Queen) "in this perplexity, and married the cousin to the king. He incited a body of sly commanded that without delay it should be put in motion, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and weather as the destinies please to appoint."

The child thus "left to the wind and wave" is the Perdita of Shakespeare, who describes the way in which the infant was exposed very differently, and probably for this reason:

that in "The Tempest" he had previously (perhaps not long before) represented a still more singular story of adrift at sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shakespeare came to write "The Winter's Tale," instead of following Greene, he had usually done in other minor circumstances, he varied from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas. It is true, that in the conclusion Shakespeare has also made important and most judicious changes in the story; since nothing could well be more revolting than for Pandosto, answering to Perdita, to fall first delightfully in love with his own father's daughter, and afterwards to commit suicide. The termination to which our great dramatist brings the incidents is at once striking and beautiful, and is an equal triumph of judgment and power.

It is, perhaps, singular that Malone, who observed upon the "involved parenthetical sentences" prevailing in "The Winter's Tale," did not in that very peculiarity find a proof that it must have been one of Shakespeare's later productions. In the Stationers' Registers there is no earlier entry of it than that of Nov. 8, 1623, when the publication of the first folio was contemplated by Bount and Jaggard: it originally appeared in that volume, where it is regularly divided into Acts and Scenes; the "Winter's Night's Tale," however, in the registers under date of May 28, 1594, must have been a different work. If any proof of the kind were wanted, we have, in two lines in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Marlowe and Nash, 1604, 4to, that "a winter's tale" was then in current phrase:

"Who would not undergo all kinds of toyle
To be well store'd with such a winter's tale?"

In representing Bohemia as a maritime country, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Greene's "Pandosto." With regard to the prevailing ignorance of geography, the subsequent passage from Sir Walter's "Triumphs of Love and Fortune," printed at random in the settings of Perdita, at a time when, if anything, Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any merchant in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there, it is to be observed, that Shakespeare reverses the scene of "Pandosto," and does not demand the character of the Bohemian being as yet the subject of invention. So that if Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any merchant in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there, it is to be observed, that Shakespeare reverses the scene of "Pandosto," and does not demand the character of the Bohemian being as yet the subject of invention. If it be born out of curiosity to know, that just anterior to the time of our poet, the name he assigns to the Queen of Leontes had been employed as that of a male character: in, "The Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," printed at London, 1589, and in "Hermione, the lover of the heroine.

"The idea of this delightful drama" (says Corderidge in his Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) is a genuine jealousy of disposition, that should be immediately followed by the perusal of "Othello," which is the exact contrast of it in every particular that the words "Servant-monster," "Anticks," "Tales," and "Tempests," applied to Shakespeare, but with our present information the fact seems hardly disputable.

2 How long it continued popular, may be judged from the fact that it was printed as a quarto, the first time, as the year 1575, when it was called "The Fortune-Lovers; or the Abuses of Those Ill-Putted, and of Fawne, only daughter and heir to the King of Bohemia.""
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well known and well defined effects and consequences, all of which are visible in Leontes, and I boldly say, more and more present in Aaron; but, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to catch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame and self-reproach; lastly, a solitary and private retreat from the world, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, and equivocals, by taking to those who cannot and will not enter into such a difficult undertaking as to arrive at the sentence to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

In his lectures in 1514, Caxton dwelt on the "not easily jealous" frame of Othello's mind, and on the art of the great poet in working up his general, and his dramatic interests in such a way that he contrived the characters of Othello and Leontes in this respect, the latter from predispension requiring no such malignant instigator as Iago.
clear that any reference to it was intended by Shakespeare. Where the matter is so exceptionally doubtful, we shall not attempt to fix on any particular year. If any argument, one way or other, could be adduced to show that it was produced during or after the King’s “Civil Wars,” it would be clear that he had original from of Shakespeare’s play, and that he was “surprised in the printed copy of 1597, from the fear of offending Elizabeth,” and not published, with the rest, until 1600. Such may have been the case, but we now know there were two separate plays upon the subject of Richard II., and the deposition of King Richard, and the deposition seems to have formed a portion of both. On the 30th April, 1611, Dr. Simon Forman saw “Richard 2,” as he expressly calls it, at the Globe Theatre, for which Shakespeare was a writer, at which he had been an actor, and in the receipts of which he was interested. In his original Diary, (MS. Ashm. 208.) preserved in the Bodleian Library, Forman inserts the following account of, and observations upon, the plot of the “Richard II.” he has been present at the performance.

"Remember therein how Jack Straw, by his overmuch boldness, not being politic, nor suspecting any thing, was suddenly, at Smithfield Bars, stabbed by Walworth, the Mayor of London; and so he and his whole army was dispersed. Therefore, in order to admit any party without a bar between, for a man cannot be too wise, nor keep himself too safe. Also, remember how the Duke of Gloucester, the Earl of Arundel, Oxford, and others, crossing the King in his journey about the last Friday in the month of July, were glad to fly and raise a host of men; and being in his castle, how the Duke of Leume came by night to bear him, with 800 men; but, having privy warning thereof, kept his gates fast, and would not suffer them any man to fly in his ear, and after was slain by the Earl of Arundel in the battle. Remember, also, when the Duke (I. e. Gloucester) and Arundel came to London with their army, King Richard came forth to them, and met them and gave them fair words, and promised them Pardon, and that all should be well, if they would discharge their army; upon whose promises and fair speeches they did it: and after, the King bid them all to a banquet, and so betrayed them, and cut off their heads, &c., because, they had not kept themselves in the way and the court, but his word. Remember therein, also, how the Duke of Lancaster privily contrived all villainy to set them all together by the ears, and to make the nobility to envy the King, and make mischief against him: and when he saw he had him up for his labour, because he should not bruit abroad, or speak thereof to others. This was a policy in the Commonwealth’s opinion, but I say it was a villain’s part, and a Judas’ kiss, to hang the man for telling the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee for thy good will."

The quotation was first published in New Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works, London, 1611. It is conjectured that "Richard II." might be the play which Sir Gilly Merrick and others are known to have procured to be acted the afternoon before the insurrection headed by the Earls of Essex and Southampton, (Essex’s Works by Mallet, 1615.) The New Particulars was published not long after the same date, Mr. Anyset argued, that "the deposition of King Richard" probably formed no part of the play. Forman saw, and that it might actually be another, and

the insurrection of Lords Essex and Southampton. Thorpe’s Caut.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

"The Treagedye of King Richard the second. As it hath beene properly actted by the right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1597."

The Treagedye of King Richard the second. As it hath beene properly actted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. By William Shake-speare. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1598."

The Treagedye of King Richard the Second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposson of King Richard. As it hath beene lately actted by the Kings Majesties servants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed by W. W. for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules churchyard, at the signe of the Foxe, 1600."

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in the folio of 1632, "the life and death of King Richard the second" occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 28 to p. 45, inclusive. The three other folio reprint it in the summer de folio in all it is divided into Acts and Scenes.

Above we have given the titles of four quarto editions of "King Richard II.," which preceded the publication of the folio of 1632, and which were all published during the life of Shakespeare: they bear date respectively in 1597, 1598, 1599, and 1602. The preceding impression of 1599, omitting any notice of "new additions," though containing the whole of them.

The name of our great dramatist first appears in connection with this historical play in 1595, as if Simmes the printer, and W. W. the stationer, when they published and sold this edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorized to state, that Shakespeare was the author of it. Precisely the same was the case with "King Richard III.," printed and published by the same parties in the following year, and also a second edition appeared in 1598, with the name of the author.

We will first speak regarding the date of the original production of the play of Richard II., and the time in which it is likely that the "new additions" were inserted.

It was entered on the Stationers Register in 1597, in the following manner:

"The Treagedye of King Richard the Second.

Andrew Wise [The Treagedye of Richard the Second]."

This memorandum was made anterior, but perhaps only shortly anterior, to the actual publication of "Richard II.," and it forms the earliest notice of its existence. Malone supposes that it was written in 1595, but he does not produce a single fact or argument to establish his position; nor perhaps could any be adduced beyond the circumstance, that having assigned the "Comedy of Errors" to 1592, and "Love’s Labour’s" to 1594, Malone suggested that Shakespeare was "the author" of the second Acts to the disturbances in Ireland. It is quite certain that the rebellion in that country was re- newed in 1594, and proclaimed in 1595: but it is far from the insurrection of Lords Essex and Southampton. Thorpe’s Caut.

1 There is another circumstance belonging to the title-page of the Duke of Devonshire’s copy which determines that the play was printed "as it hath beene properly actted by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlains, his servants." The company to which Shakespeare was attached at this time was the Lord Chamberlain after James I. came to the throne, but "the King’s Majesty’s servants," as in the title-page of the other copy of 1598. This copy was the one just found, and the second inscription made by Shakespeare was intended to reprint an edition of Richard II., including the "Parliament scene," but not mentioning it, before the death of Elizabeth; but that for some reason it was postponed for about five years.

2 There might be many reasons why the exhibition of the deposition of Richard II would be objectionable to Elizabeth, especially after the insurrection of Lords Essex and Southampton. Thorpe’s Caut.

Roffe, p. 58, contains an account of an interview between Lambarde (when he presented his pandect of the records of the Tower and Elizabeth, short time before that event) and the Queen, in his letter to her of the 11th of August, 1598. Lambarde replied, that "Such a wicked imagination was determined and attempted by a most unhind hand, in the most private manner." He said (the Queen) that will forsake God will also forget his benefactors." The publication of the "Civil Wars," without the mention on the title-page of "the Parliament Scene, and the deposition of King Richard," might have been contemplated about this date.

KING RICHARD II.

"The Treagedye of King Richard the second. As it hath beene properly actted by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, and are to be sold at shop in Paules churchyard at the signe of the Angel. 1597."

4to. 37 leaves.

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FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

[The History of Henrie the Fourth; With the battel at Shrewsbure, between the King, and Lord Henry Percy, named Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff. Newly corrected by W. Shakespere. At London, Printed by S.S. for Andrew Wic, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe of the Angel. 1598. 4to. 40 leaves.]

The History of Henry the Fourth. The battel at Shrewsbure, between the King, and Lord Henry Percy, named Henry Hotspur of the North. With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff. Newly corrected by W. Shakespere. London, Printed for Matthew Lawe, and are to be solde at his shop in Pauls Churchyard, near unto S. Anginstnes gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608. 4to. 40 leaves.

The edition of 1613 also consists of 40 leaves: and the only differences between its title-page and that of 1608 are the date, and the statement that it was "Printed by W. W." In the folio of 1623, "The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of Henry Sir John Falstaffe," occupies twenty-six pages, viz. from p. 46 to p. 73 inclusive. In the later folio it is reprinted in the same form.

At the time when Shakespeare selected the portion of his history included in the following play, as a fit subject for dramatic representation, the stage was in possession of an old play, entitled, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," written by W. Shakespere. London, Printed for Mathew Lawe, and are to be solde at his shop in Pauls Churchyard, near unto S. Anginstnes gate, at the signe of the Foxe. 1608. 4to. 40 leaves.

That a play upon the events of the reign of Henry V. was the original foundation of the present play is evident from the dramatic performances, it may be conjectured that "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" was not written until after 1589.

On the other three quartos were, more or less, printed from it, and the folio of 1623 seems to have taken the latest, that is, the last insertion of additions to this first part. We never find only in the folio, it may seem that the player-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the quarto of 1597. This is the more curious, as the quarto and folio passed together in the quarto, in one instance to the destruction of the continuity of the sense, and in most to the detriment of the play. Hence not only the expediency, but the necessity, of revising and correcting the quarto, with some important additions, which gave it the attraction of a new play; for the receipts (as we find by Henslowe's

1 It may perhaps be inferred that there was an intention to publish the "history," with these "new additions," in 1603: at all events, in that year the right in "Richard II." and "Richard III." and "The Famous Victories of Richard the Fourth" was transferred to Matthew Lawe, in whose name the plays came out when the next editions of them appeared. The entry reading them in the books of the Stationers' Company runs thus:

2 "On the 7th June 1603

3 Matth. Lawe in full Court, ij Entertainers or players. The first of Richard the 3d." and "The Famous Victories of Richard the 4th, the 1st pte. all Kings."

4 "Ich unternehme darzuhaben, dass Shakespeare's Anschueziehen mehrweislich geifielt und mit grossem Bedacht angebracht wird." —Ueber dramatiche Kunst und Literatur, viii, 43.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

"Diary" were of such an amount as was generally only produced by a first representation. Out of this circumstance may have arisen the publication of the early unacted editions in 1623. To the above quotation, the re-issue of "The Famous Victories" by a rival company, and the appearance of it from the press, possibly led Shakespeare to consider in what way, and with what improvements, he could avail himself further of the truth to which he belonged. This event would at once make the subject popular, and hence, perhaps, the re-impression of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth" in 1589. The year 1589 may possibly have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V." Part i.

It is to be observed, that the incidents which are summarily dismissed in one old play, are extended by our great dramatist over three—three of the two parts of "Henry VI."

It is impossible to mistake between "The Famous Victories" and Shakespeare's dramas, for, besides that the former has reached us evidently in an imperfect shape, the impassable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison. Who might be the writer of "The Famous Victories," it would be idle to speculate; but it is definitely inferior to most of the extant works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, or any other of the more celebrated producers of the time.

Sir John Oldcastle is one of the persons in "The Famous Victories;" and no doubt can be entertained that the character of Sir John Falstaff, in the first part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." was borrowed from Oldcastle. Any hesitation could formerly have been felt upon this point, it must have been recently entirely removed by Mr. Halliwell's very curious and interesting tract, "On the character of Sir John Falstaff," published by the Stationers' Company, 1841. How the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery of the following passage in a play by Nathaniel Field, called, "Amends for Ladies," 1618, it is difficult to comprehend: the lines seem to us decisive:

Did you ever see The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,

This can allude to nothing but to Falstaff's speech in Act iv. sc. 2, of the ensuing play; and it would also show (as Mr. Halliwell points out) that Falstaff sometimes "retained the name of Oldcastle" after the death of Oldcastle and Falstaff. This fact is remarkable, recollecting that "Amends for Ladies" could hardly have been written before 1611, that prior to that date no fewer than four editions of "Henry IV." Part i., had been printed, on the title-pages of which Falstaff was styled "Sir Jack Oldcastle," and that he was called by no other name from the beginning to the end of that drama. The case is somewhat different with respect to Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part ii., which contains a singular corroborative piece of evidence. Here, Oldcastle, the distinguishing character of that continuation of the "history" had been written and performed, in Act i. sc. 2 of the drama, Oid. is given as the prefix to one of Falstaff's speeches. The error is met with in no other place. When the text of the quart, 1600, was corrected for the press, this single passage escaped observation, and the ancient reading was preserved until it was expunged in the folio of 1623. Malone and Steevens, in opposition to Theobald, argue that Oid. was not meant for Oldcastle, but was the commencement of the name of some actor: none such belonged to Shakespeare's company, and the probability is all in favour of Theobald's supposition.

This change must have been made by Shakespeare anterior to the appearance of the first quart, 1600, and is the consequent entry in the Stationers' Registers, relating to the earliest edition of "Henry IV." Part i.

25 Feb., 1607.

Anthony W. WEISS.

A book intituled the History of Henry the third, with his battle of Shrewsbury against Henry Hottspurre of the North with the conceived Mirth of Sir John Falstaff."

The third edition of "The Famous Victories" was printed after James I. came to the throne: it has no date, but it states on the title-page that "it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants." This was a title-page, and may have been the object of the stationer being induced to believe that it was the same play as Shakespeare's work, which was certainly performed by "the King's Majesty's servants" about the same time; and consequently it is marked in the title-page of "The Old Plays," Svo. 1779.

The same conclusion may perhaps be drawn from the mention of "fat Sir John Oldcastle," in the "Meeting of Gallians at an Ordinarie," 1604, 4to, a tract recently reprinted, under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell, for the Percy Society.

As the year did not then end until the 25th March, the 25th February, 1597, was of course the 25th February, 1598; and of course the same! As to the above quotation from the first edition of "The History of Henry IV." with the date of 1598: we may infer, therefore, that it was ready, or nearly ready, to be issued at the time the memorandum was at Stationers' Hall, on the title-page, "The figures and contents of which are peculiarly obvious. It is certain, then, that before the play was printed, the name of Oldcastle had been altered to that of Falstaff. The reason for the change is asserted to have been, that some descendant of Sir John Oldcastle, or John Lodge, the good Lord Cobham, a play attributed to Shakespeare on the title-page of most of the copies printed in 1600, that other two copies of it have recently been discovered, and which have the same name. Hence, we are told, that the title-page was cancelled at the instance of our great dramatist, and another substituted.

There is another entry, under date 27th June, 1603, by which "Henry the 4 the first part," seems to have been transferred to Wriothesley, whom the editor of the "Old Plays," Mr. Halliwell, does not seem to have been aware, when speaking of "The First part of the true and honorable History of the life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," a play attributed to Shakespeare on the title-page of most of the copies printed in 1600, that other two copies of it have recently been discovered, which have the same name. Hence, we are told, that the title-page was cancelled at the instance of our great dramatist, and another substituted."

3 "The steale to Glendower and Lord Mortimer" is a common abbreviation of "Lord," out the compositors'
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

The Second part of Henrie the forth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the honours of Sir John Falstaff, and swaggering Pistol. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by Williame Shakespeare. London: Printed by F. S., for Andrew Who, 1600. 4to. 43 leaves. Other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sig. E 5 and F 6, have only 41 leaves.

In the folio, 1623, The Second Part of Henry the Fourth, continued to his death and coronation of King Henry the Fift, occupies twenty-nine pages in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, the last two not being numbered. Pages 89 and 90, by an error of the press, are numbered 91 and 92. In the reprint of the folio, 1623, this mistake is repeated. In the two later folios, the pagination continued from the beginning to the end of the volume.

We may state with more certainty than usual, that "Henry IV." Part II. was written before the 25th Feb. 1598. In the preliminary notice of "Henry IV." Part I., it is mentioned, that Act ii. sc. 2, of the "history" before us contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle when it was written; viz. that the prefix of Old, is retained in the quarto, 1600, before a speech which belongs to Falstaff, and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know that the name of Oldcastle was changed to that of Falstaff anterior to the entry of "Henry IV." Part I. in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 25th Feb. 1597-8. This circumstance overthrows Malone's theory, that "Henry IV." Part II. was not written until 1599. It requires no proof that it was produced after "Richard II." because that play is quoted in it.

The memorandum in the Stationers' Registers, printed and entered for publication in 1598, and not prepared for publication in 1597-8, as was first supposed, and is, therefore, not given in the column of the "Register," having been printed before the "Register," is an evident proof that "Henry IV." Part II. was printed in 1598.

The evidence shows that the edition was made up, not from any authentic manuscript, nor even from any combination of the separate parts delivered out to the actors by the copist of the theatre, but from what copies they had in their hands, while the performance was taking place. It is true that the quarto impressions contain not the slightest hint of the Choruses, nor of whole scenes, and long speeches, found in the folio of 1600. Yet the evidence seems to be that "Henry IV." was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incompleted state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the quartos, were added at a subsequent date, to give greater novelty and attraction to the play, printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity.

The quarto bear strong external and internal evidence of fraud: the earliest of them was not published by a bookseller or booksellers by whom Shakespeare's genuine dramas were issued; and the second and third came from the hands of Thomas Pavier, who was instrumental in giving to the world some pieces, with the composition of which Shakespeare had nothing to do. But no concern, though a few lines in the copist's hand are found in the quarto, and could be proved to have been written, while the performance was taking place. It is true that the quarto impressions contain not the slightest hint of the Choruses, nor of whole scenes, and long speeches, found in the folio of 1600, and the inference seems to be that "Henry IV." was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incomplete state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the quartos, were added at a subsequent date, to give greater novelty and attraction to the play, printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity.

"Shakespeare" was represented at Court on the 7th Jan. 1603, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by J. H. Millington, and published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 204; and these important additions may have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literaliter, as follows:--

On the 7th January was played the play of Henry the Fifth.

In the margin we are informed that it was acted by the King's Majesty's players, but the name of the author is not in this instance given, although "Shakespeare" is placed opposite the title of "Measure for Measure," a strange mistake. The fact that the actors belonged to Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion; but it is to be recollected also, that the old play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, reports on the title-page that it had been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants," even at so late a date as 1617, when the last edition of it made its appearance. Nevertheless, we may perhaps take for granted, that the "Henry

Pistol. As it hath been sundrie times played by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain his seruants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves.

The Chronicle History of the battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Aunentt. Pistol. As it hath been sundrie times played by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain his seruants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves.

The Chronicle History of Henry the Fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Aunentt. Pistol. As it hath been sundrie times played by the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlain his seruants. London: Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600. 4to. 27 leaves.

The Life of Henry the Fift. In the folio of 1623, occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 69 to p. 95 inclusive. The pagination from "Henry IV." Part II. to "Henry V." is not continued, but a new series begins with "Henry V." on p. 69, and is regularly followed to the end of the "Histories." The folio, 1623, adopts this error, but it is avoided in the two later folios, printed in haste for the satisfaction of public curiosity.
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The historical drama is first found in the folio of 1623: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfectness, has been discovered. Of the second and third parts

of the quarto, under different titles, lengthened in some speeches, and abbreviated in others, there are extant; but the first part of "Henry VI," appeared originally in the collected edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," put forth under the care of his executors, Henning and Conddell, without various scenes and speeches subsequently written and introduced: we are perfectly convinced that the three quarto editions of 1600, 1602, and 1608 do not at all contain the stage as it was acted in the first instance; but were originally made up of notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequendy patched together. Now that we meet with a few consecutive lines, similar to the authentic copy, but in general the text was altered and simplified. We might find proofs in support of our position in every part of the play, but as in his "Twenty quarto" Steevens has reprinted that of 1605. It will be needless to select more than a single specimen. We give the version as we find it, literalism, in the quarto, 1600, from the copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire: our extenu as an act, 2, 2, the speech of the King, just before the French Ambassadors are called in—

"Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin, And let his lordship know the noble sires of our France being in's, well bring it to our awe,
Or break it all in pieces.

Either our Choresasses shall with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like changeless mates
My speech and faultless.

Such is the speech as it is abridged and corrupted in the quarto, 1600: the correct text, as contained in the folio of 1623, may be found in this edition.

It is not unfrequently happened that the person who took down the lines as the actors delivered them, for the purpose of publishing the quarto, 1600, misunderstood what was said, and used wrong words which in sound nearly resembled the right: thus, earlier in the same scene, the Archbishop of Canterbury says, among other things—

"They of these Marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our infand from the pillering borderers."

In the quarto, 1600, the materials for which were probably obtained on the theatre, as we have in the passage thus given:

"The Marches, gracious sovereign, shall be sufficient
To guard your England from the pillering borderers."

We might multiply instances of the kind, but we do not think there can be any reasonable doubt upon the point.

The above facts are, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 28th Sept. 1599, and most likely the Choresasses formed part of the piece as originally acted, although the short-hand writer did not think it necessary portion of the performance to be included in the earliest quarto, 1600, which was taken down in a greatly simplified form, and perhaps the length of these and other excursions might somewhat baffle his skill. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V," is brought to a narrow point; and confined as we are, by the omission of all mention of the play by Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, we need feel little doubt that his first sketch came from the pen of Shakespeare, for performance at the Globe theatre, early in the summer of 1599. The enlarged drama, as it stands in the folio of 1623, was, of course, the result of two separate hands, and was not to be put in a complete shape in which it has there come down to us, until shortly before the date when it was played at Court.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The first Part of Henry the Sixth" was printed originally in the folio of 1623, where it contains twenty-four pages: viz. from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folios 1632, 1664, and 1685.
SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke Humphrey," was first printed in the folio of 1583, where it occupies twenty-seven pages; viz. from p. 120 to p. 146 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the subsequent folio impressions.

The "history" is an alteration of a play printed in 1554, under the following title: "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of York and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey. And the history of the famous Cardinal of Winchester, and the Calender," and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1584." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 12th March, 1588. Millington published a second edition of it in 1600; and on the 16th April, 1592, it was assigned by Millington to Tho. Pavier, and we hear of it again, in the Stationers' Register, merely as "York and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1595.

Coleridge acknowledges the important share he had in the publication of "The Greatworth of Wit," in his "Kind-hearts' Dream," which was printed at the close of 1592, or in the beginning of 1593, see the excellent reprint of this very curious and interesting tract wished to have it believed, that the old play was the production of our great dramatist.

Shakespeare's property, according to our present notions was only in the additions and improvements he introduced, which are included in the folio of 1623. In this section, we may see, with some accuracy, the first part of the Contention, as the sense, without it, is incomplete; but the old play has many passages which Shakespeare rejected, and the murder of Duke Humphrey is somewhat differently managed. In general, however, Shakespeare, in the minds of the story, and did not think it necessary to correct the obvious historical errors of the original.

It is impossible to assign a date to this play except by conjecture. Its success, perhaps, led to its being produced in the Hall of the older of the two Houses of York and Lancaster, and to its appearance from the press in 1594.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Yorke," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages, in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 147 to p. 172, inclusive, pages 165 and 166 being misprinted 167 and 168, so that these numbers are twice inserted. The error is corrected in the folio, 1632. The play is also contained in the folios of 1640 and 1645.

None of the commentators ever saw the first edition of the drama upon which, Shakespeare drew. Shakespeare's copy of "Henry VI. II.") bears the following title:— "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Henrv the Sixth, with the whole contention betwixt the two houses Lancaster and York, as it was some times acted by the Company of Players brooke his sermons. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595." So this play, like the "First Part of the Contention," was reprinted for the same bookseller in 1600, 4to. About the year 1615 a re-impression of both plays was published by T. P., and the name of Shakespeare, as has been already observed in our Introduction to "Henry VI. part i., first appears in connection with the "histories" in that third folio.

Believing that Shakespeare was not the author of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, nor of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of Yorke, 1595, and that Malone established his position, that Shakespeare only enlarged and altered them, it becomes a question by whom they were produced. Chalmers, who possessed the only known copy of "The True Tragedy," 1595, without scruple assigned that piece to Christopher Marlowe. Although there is no ground whatever for giving it to Marlowe, there is no reason for supposing that it came from the pen of Robert Greene.

In the Introduction to "Henry VI." part I., we alluded, as far as was then necessary, to the language of Greene, when comparing his play with Shakespeare's. This tract was not published until after the death of its author, in Sept. 1599, when it appeared under the editorship of Henry Chettle; and what follows is the whole that relates to our great dramatist.—"Yes, trust them not; for there is an al- start cow beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Jaques Factotum, in his own conceit the most perfect, was in error, the most miserable (Drayton's Edit. of Greene's Works, i. lxxxii.) In this extract, although Greene talks of an "upstart cow beautified with our feathers," he seems to have referred principally to his own works, and to the manner in which Shakespeare had "stolen" them. This opinion is somewhat confirmed by two lines in a tract called "Greene's Funerals," by R. B., 1594, where the writer is advertting to the obligations of other authors to Greene:—"Say more, the man that as eclips'd his fame with a little A Philip over the sea of the subject."

Here R. B. nearly adopts Greene's words, "beautified wit our feathers," and applies them individually what Greene perhaps to avoid the charge of egotism and vanity, had stated more generally. It may be mentioned, also, as a confirmatory circumstance, that the words "tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a player's hide," in our extract from the "Greatworth of Wit," are a repetition, with the omission of an interjection and made for the Percy Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Rimbault. In his address to the "Gentlemen Readers," Chettle apologizes to Shakespeare (not by name) for having been instrumental in the publication of Greene's attack upon him.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

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the change of a word, of a line in "The True Tragedy," 1555,

"O'tiger's heart, wrap'd in a woman's hide!"

Thus Greene, when charging Shakespeare with having appropriated his plays, parodies a line of his own, as if to show the particular productions to which he alluded:

"O'tiger's heart, wrap'd in a woman's hide!"

There is a striking coincidence between a passage in "The True Tragedy" and some lines in one of Greene's acknowledged dramas, "Aphonsus, King of Arragon," printed, in 1599, by Thomas Creed, the same printer who, in 1594, had produced from his press the earliest edition of the "First Folio." 1 "Aphonsus" the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man:

"Go, pack these hence onto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto the traitorous sire,
Here settle dead, and let every soul
Which he by treason set upon thy head:
And if he seek thee who did send thee down,
Aphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

In "The True Tragedy," 1555, Richard, while stabbing Henry VI. a second time, exclaims,

"If any spark of life remain in thee,
Drown, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

Shakespeare, when altering "The True Tragedy" for his own theatre, (for, as originally composed, it had been played by the Earl of Oxford's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing) adopted the line,

"O'tiger's heart, wrap'd in a woman's hide!
without the change of a letter, and the couplet last quoted with only a very slight variation;

"If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Drown, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither."

As in "Henry VI." part ii., Shakespeare availed himself of the same coincidence, 1594, so in "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595. He made, however, considerable omissions, as well as large additions, and in the last two Acts he sometimes varied materially from the conduct of the story as he found it in the older play. One improvement may be noticed, as it shows the extreme simplicity of our stage just before what we may consider Shakespeare's time; and to be ascertained by comparing two scenes of his "Richard IV."

(Act IV. sc. 2) with a portion of "The True Tragedy." In the older play, Warick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, concert a plan for surprising Edward IV. in his tent on another part of the stage. Having resolved upon the enterprise, they merely cross the boards of Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent (Act IV. sc. 2); whereas, Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, and by interposing a dialogue between the Watchmen, who guard the King's tent. Robert Greene, in his "Pinner of Wakefield," (See "Hist. of Eng., Dram. Poetry and the Stage," 28) ape'ly interjects a portion of his auditors, exactly in the same way as the author of "The True Tragedy."

It is to be observed of "Henry VI." part iii., as was remarked in the Introduction to the second part of the same play, that a line, necessary to the sense, was omitted in the folio, 1623, and has been introduced into our text from "The True Tragedy," 1555. It occurs in Act II. sc. 6, and it was, perhaps, inadvertently omitted by the抄写员 of the copyst from Shakespeare's history, as it appears in the folio, was printed.

KING RICHARD III.

The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephews: his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath been lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. At London, Printed by Thomas Creed, for Andrew Wisse, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angel, 1597. 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephews: his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath been lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wisse, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angel. 1602. 4to. 48 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pittifull murder of his innocent Nephews: his tyrannical usurpation: with the whole course of his detested life, and most deserved death. As it hath been lately Acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Newly augmented, by William Shakespeare. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Andrew Wisse, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angel. 1613. 4to. 48 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. In the landing of the Earl of Richmond, and the Battle at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages; viz. from p. 178 to p. 204. London. 4to. 1613. There is no material variation in the later folios.

The popularity of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" must have been great, judging only from the various quartos which preceded the publication of it in the folio of 1623. It originally came out in 1597, without the name of the author: and the first reprints in 1598, with "By William Shakspeare," on the title-page, and again in 1602, all three impressions having been made for the same bookseller, Andrew Wisse. On the 27th June, 1603, it was assigned to Matthew Wisse, as appears by an entry in the Stationers' Registers; accordingly, he published the fourth edition of the date of 1605: the fifth edition was printed for the same bookseller in 1613.

This seems to have been the last time it came out in quarto, antecedent to its appearance in the first folio; but after that there were three other quartos: one in 1619, 1629, and 1634, and it is remarkable that these were all mere reprints of the earlier quartos, not one of them including any of the passages which the player-editors of the folio first interpolated in their copy: on the fact coinciding with the inference that the publishers of the later quartos did not know that there were any material variations between the earlier quartos and the folio, that they did not think them of importance, or that the projectors of the folio were considered to have some special right of copyright in the additions. These additions, extending in one instance to more than fifty lines, are pointed out in our notes. It will also be found that more than one speech in the folio is unintelligible without aid from the quarto; and some other characters are added. Particularly for one Act iv. sc. 2, it is not possible to account.

With respect to the additions in the folio of 1623, we have no means of ascertaining whether they formed part of the play. Stuven's list of 1602, printed in his "True Tragedy," contained a better text than the folio: such a list of our opinion; for though the quarto sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that a reprint of the previous impressions of 1597 and 1598, for the same bookseller. It is possible that the augmentations observable in the later quartos of 1619, 1629, and 1634 were made in the same way. So it is not to be thought, that his edition of that year contained them. The quarto reprints, subsequent to that of 1602, all purport to have been newly augmented.

Malone gives the dates 1612, and in his copy at Oxford the last figure is blusht. The title-page in no respect differs from that of 1602, suggesting that the folio was "for the King's Majesty's servants." They were not so called, until after May, 1603.

"An impression in 1602 is mentioned in some lists, reset, as the case a copy of that date is doubtful."
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Jay, and bears marks of having been brought out in haste, and from an imperfect manuscript. The copy of the "history" in the folio of 1623 was in some places a reprint of the quarto, 1602, as several obvious errors of the press are repeated, right for "right," help for "helms," etc. For the addition of some, it was as if they were committed by an editor, who, without saving the play, had made it subserve his purpose only. See the reprint of this tract by the Shakespeare Society, the text being taken from the first impression.

1 Stevens calls it "The Actors' Vindication," as indeed it was entitled when it was reprinted (with alterations and insertions) by Cambridge, 1691, without the date. See p. 22.

2 This new fact in the history of our early drama and theatres, we owe to Mr. Peter Cunningham, who establishes it beyond contradiction, in his interesting and important volume of "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," printed for the Shakespeare Society. Introd. p. xxxii

The earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is as follows:

"20 Oct. 1594.
Andrew Whysow. The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Thirde, with the death of the Duke of Clarence.

This memorandum, probably, immediately preceded the publication of the quarto, 1597. The only other entry relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" is the previous issue of the same play, belonging to other persons. The earliest known version of the first act of this play is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we transcribe the following title-page:

"The true Tragedie of Richard the third; Wherein is showen the death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable and lamentable, and the comrade of Shore's wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the conclusion and laying of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorkes. As it was played by the Queen's players. Done by Richard Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, near Christ Church doore. 1594."

This title-page so nearly corresponds with the entry in the Stationers' Registers, as to leave no doubt that the latter refers to the same play. The phraseology, the spelling, and the word usage of both indicate to a remarkable degree the authorship of Shakespeare. As a parallel to this very rare attempt to print a play is the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we transcribe the following title-page:

"Poetrie, Truth, well met.

Trwth. Thanks, Poetrie: what makes thou upon a stage?

Post. Shadows.

Trwth. Then, will I addde the shadows.

Thereupon depart, and give Truee leave
Thee read thy page.

Post. Why, will Truee be a Player?

Trwth. No: but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedia in Edward ye laste daye,
That will revive the heartes of drooping mindes.

Post. Whereas?

Trwth. I do not know.

Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play, but before the Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as it went, which we give precisely as in the original copy now before us:

"Cresce cruro sanguanii, satisfie sanguanii cresce,
Quod spero se peste. O seetio, seetio, vestenda!

The drama itself afterwards opens with a scene represent-
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KING HENRY VIII.

"The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-eight pages; viz. from p. 205 to p. 223, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of "Historical". It fills the same place in the later impressions in the same form.

The principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when was it written. We are satisfied that the "Sedley's Play" (a manuscript play, not known to us till the "Eighth", in Act v. sc. 4, is quite decisive. There the poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor:—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heart,
As great in estimation as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(Who from this cloud of darkness
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour)
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed."

Ingenuity cannot pervert these lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some others which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and, moreover, that they were the work of Ben Jonson, on some revival of the play in the reign of James I. There does not exist the slightest evidence to establish either proposition. Any person, reading the whole of Cranmer's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an extensiveness and sequence of thoughts and words in it, as to make it very unlikely that it was dictated by the same intellect, and written by the same pen. Malone and others made up their minds that Cranmer's speech was written after the death of Elizabeth; and finding the genealogies we have quoted in the present of the teats of this supposition, they charged it as a subsequent addition, fixed the authorship of it upon a different poet, and printed it within brackets.

As to external evidence, there is no fact which has never had sufficient importance given to it. We allude to the following memorandum in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"12 Feb. 1604
"Nath. Butter, for the get good allowance for the Enterludes of K. Henry 8th before he begun to print it, and then procure the warden's hands to yt for the entrance of yt: he is to have the same for his copy."

Claimers asserted, without qualification, that this entry related to a contemporaneous play by Samiel Rowley, under the title of "12 Feb. 1604," and that the "enterlude" is expressly called in the entry "K. Henry 8th," and we feel no hesitation in concluding that it referred to Shakespeare's drama, which had probably been brought out on the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1604. The memorandum, judging from its terms, seems to have been made not at the instance of Nathaniel Butter, the bookseller, but of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in order to prevent any "repetitions" publication of the play. The "12 Feb. 1604," refers to the second or subsequent occasion of the reekoning the 12 Feb. 1605, and at that date Butter had not begun to print "Henry the Eighth." No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butter failed in getting "good allowance" with the "Cardenio" (no part of the work by John Webster). It would never have been used by Shakespeare during the life of Elizabeth.

The Globe Theatre was destroyed on 29th June, 1618, the match with which it was covered having been fired by the discharge of some small pieces of ordnance. (Hist. of Eng. Drama, by S. Coleridge.) Notwithstanding the calamity, it was not until 1644 that the theatre was re-erected by the Earl of Nottingham, while it was occupied by the Earl of Stowe's Chronicle, that the play then in a course of representation was "Henry the Eighth," but Sir Henry Wotton, who is very particular in this portion of his History, states by Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's Chronicle, that the play then in course of representation was "Henry the Eighth," but Sir Henry Wotton, who is very particular in this portion of his History, states that in 1644, the Earl of Nottingham's players, on the events of the life of Cardinal Wolsey, including necessarily some of the chief incidents of the evidence and facts which came from the poet's pen after James I had ascended the throne.

Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was certainly "translated into the English" before 1602, it had been revised by Cranmer, in Act v. sc. 4, is quite decisive. There the poet first speaks of Elizabeth, and of the advantages derived from her rule, and then proceeds in the clearest manner to notice her successor:—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
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made from the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and appears to have been very popular; though published at a high price, it often required a rebinding, and was reprinted several times reprinted; and we may, perhaps, presume that our great dramatist made use of an impression nearer his own time, possibly that of 1595. In many of the principal scenes of the printed copy there is a marked difference in the style of verbal exactness; and he was indebted to it for the whole conduct of his plot. The action occupies less than four years, for it commences subsequent to the retirement of the people to Mons Saur in 262, after the foundation of Rome, and terminates with the battle of Corinnae in 2.681.

"The Tragedy of Corioli" originally appeared in the folio of 1620, where it is divided into acts but not into scenes; and it was registered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jaggers in 1611. The title-page, with its commendation with verbal exactness; this would certainly induce us to fix it somewhat late in the career of our great dramatist. It is on the whole well printed for the time in the folio of 1620; but in Act ii. sec. 5, either the transcriber of the manuscript or the compositor must have omitted a line, which Pope supplied from conjecture (with the aid of North's *Pantler*), and which has ever since been received into the text, because it is absolutely necessary to the intelligibility of the passage. The Shakespearean line is not punctuated, and printed the line within brackets, besides pointing out the circumstance in a note.

**TITUS ANDRONICUS.**

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry tymes beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darby, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lordes Chamberlain their Servants. At London, Printed by I. B. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1600. 4to. 40 leaves.

The Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry tymes bee playde by the Kinges Maiesties Servants. London, Printed for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, nere the little North doore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611. 4to. 40 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus" occupies twenty-two pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz. from p. 81 to p. 52 inclusive. The three later folios, of course, insert it in the same part of the volume.

We have no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to Shakespeare. We have not the slightest doubt that the drama had been played not only by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," of whom Shakespeare was one, but by the theatrical servants of the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Darby, and the Earl of Sussex. The presence of Shakespeare's name upon the title-page of the folio, as well as the fact that the tragedy was one of the most popular and among the most frequently printed of his plays, would have necessarily been to have been confined to the company to which he belonged; but we know from Henslowe's Diary that between 3rd June, 1594, and 15th Nov. 1596, the Lord Chamberlain's servants were acting in apparent connection with those of the Lord Admiral; one of the plays, enumerated by Henslowe as having been acted in this interval, is "Titus Andronicus," which circumstance he records under date of 12th June, 1594. This may have been the very play Shakespeare had written, and which he recommended to his patron. We know, however, that although the Earl of Nottingham's servants was not one of them, the fact was stated on the title-page of the earliest extant impression. It is to be observed, however, that Henslowe has the entry of the play on the 23rd Jan. 1594–5, when it appears to have been a new play. The "Titus Andronicus," therefore, acted on 12th June, 1594, may have been a repetition of a drama, which possibly had been got up for Henslowe, in consequence of the success which the play had met with when played in the company of the Lord Admiral. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was written several years earlier.

It is very possible that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was founded upon some anterior dramatic performance, but on this point we have no evidence beyond what may be conjectured only gave "some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." 2

1 See "The Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 22. The theatre the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's players jointly occupied, was that at Newington Butts
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dated from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimilitudes of composition.

When Dacier entered the "noble Roman History of Titus Andreonius" in 1598, he equipped it with "the ballad thereof," which probably is the same printed in Perey's "Religie," a text which has been published more than once, first mentioned by Be. Jonson in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," (played first in 1614), as a piece of twenty-five or thirty years standing. This may have been Shakespeare's tragedy, that of John Heminges and Henry Condell, first printed in a quarto edition in 1623, and served as a foundation of both. The oldest notice of "Titus Andreonius" (excepting that by Meres) is contained in a tract called "Father Hubbard's Tales, or The Ant and the Nightingale," and dedicated to Thomas Middleton, where (Sign. E, 3) the author speaks of the "common old legend," or "like old Titus Andreonius." The loss of his hand by the hero would no doubt form an incident in every drama written upon the subject.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

An excellent concordance Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath beene often (with great applause) publiquely by the right Honorable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants. London, 1662. 4to. 39 leaves.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath beene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honorable the L. of Hunsdon his Servants. Printed by Thomas Creele, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop near the Exchange. 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. In a叶y time published, by the Kings Malatestes Servants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan Church-yard, in Fleetstreet under the Dyall. 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet" occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 88 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1632, 1668, and 1685.

It is certain that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1600; and the fact establishes that, even at that early date, our dramatists resorted to Italian novels, or translations of them, for the subjects of their productions. It is the most ancient piece of evidence of the kind yet discovered, and it is given by Arthur Brooke, who in that year published a narrative poem, called "The Tragicall History of Romeus and Iuliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes: "Though I saw the same manuscript lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth, than I have, or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good purpose." (The Dramatick Poets, 3rd Edition, Stage, vol. ii. p. 416.) Thus we see also, that the play had been received "with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence. There is not the slightest evidence of any other dramatic work founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1582 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of probably, more than thirty years; but no hint of the kind is given in any record, and certainly no such work, either manuscript or printed, has come down to us. Of the extreme popularity of the story we have abundant proof, and of a remote date. It was included by William Painter in the "second edition" of his "Palace of Pleasure," the dedication of which he dates 4th Nov. 1567; and in old writers we find frequent mention of the hero and heroine. Thomas Dulspeede gives the following brief "argument" in his "Pleasant Fable of Hermaphrodite and Salmeius," 1603: "A noble maiden of the city of Verona, in Italy, was the daughter of the old Lord Montecchio, and being pryeved early marr'd, her husband, after the death of her first spouse, gave her the sole of her two faithful friends." After this date the mention of the story becomes ever more frequent, and sometimes more particular; and our inference is, that it owed as much of its popularity, as it did to its excellence, to its being printed, pro or verce, or to the play spoken of by Brooke in 1599, but to subsequent dramatic representations, perhaps, more or less founded upon that early drama.

But for Shakespeare might be indebted to any such production we have no means of deciding; but Malone, Steevens, and others have gone upon the supposition, that Shakespeare was only under obligations either to Brooke's poem, or to that early dramatic piece, and that most of all the plays seem to have contemplated the possibility that he might have obtained assistance from some foreign source.

Arthur Brooke avowed that he derived his materials from Bandello (Part ii. Nov. 9), "La ciecutanee morte di due infelici amanti," and from Boistean's "Histoire de deux Amans," etc., in the collection of "Histoires Tragiqques," published by Belle-forest. Both Brooke's poem and Paynter's prose version have recently been reprinted as a work called "Shakespeare's Library," where the antiquity of the story is considered. Steevens does not seem to think that our great dramatist had obtained more from Paynter than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and we think, established, a contrary opinion. He examined a number of minute points of resemblance; but, surely, no doubt can be entertained by those who only compare the following short passage from a speech of Friar Laurence with three lines from Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet."

"Art thou a man? Then stand up, man; thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote the unreasonable fury of a beast."—(Act iii. sc. 3.)

This, as we shall see from what is subjoined, is almost verbatim from Brooke's "Romeus and Iuliet." Steevens says: "I must confess I had never before seen it in any manuscript."—(Skehrs Lib., p. 43.)

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" originally came out, but in an imperfect manner, in 1597, quarto. This edition is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has generally been treated as an unauthorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Since, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers (no Gooskeller's or stationer's name is placed at the bottom of the play) was made up from the play as it was acted, but muchly amended, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation. Our principal ground for this notion is, that there is such great inequality in different scenes and speeches, and in some places precisely that degree and kind of imperfections, which would belong to a manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. As Steevens printed the first and the third edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in his "Twety Quarters," a comparison, to test the worth of our remarks, cannot be received, as it do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play, subsequent to its earliest production on the stage, but merely that the quarto, 1597, does not contain the tragedy as it was originally acted. The second edition was printed in 1609, and it professes to have been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended:" the third dated edition appeared in 1619; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior to 1609, but anterior to the appearances of the folio in 1623. The quarto, 1597, is of no authority.

The quarto, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years earlier; and the repetition, in the folio of 1623, of a part also, is a decided evidence of its being copied, as a substitute for the quarto, 1609, or 1608, in that edition. The quarto, 1609, besides ordinary errors, makes several important omissions. Our text is that of the quarto, 1599, compared, of course, with the quarto, 1609, and with the folio (1623); and in some places, as for example, in the act and scene of the 19th of the 3rd act, of the value of this assistance, as regards particular words, we will only give a single instance, out of many, from Act iii. sc. 1, where Benvolio, in reference to the conflict between Mercutio and Tybalt, says of Romeo, his "right hand arm bears down their fatal points." The quarto, 1599 and 1609, and the folio of 1623, shrewdly read "aged arm;" and the editor of the folio of 1623 substituted "able arm!" the true word, for which no substitute equally good could be found, is only in the quarto, 1597.

"His agile arm bears down their fatal points."

It is stated that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted by the
It is remarkable that in no edition of "Romeo and Juliet," published anterior to the so-called Shakespearean edition, had Shakespeare’s name been appended thereto. This statement is verified by reviewing the history of the publication of "Romeo and Juliet," in which two distinct editions appeared in 1594 and 1597, respectively, before Shakespeare’s name was attached to the play, which was reprinted in 1599, 1600, and 1601. However, it is significant to note that the title-page of the 1599 edition inexplicably failed to include the name of the dramatist, while the 1600 and 1601 editions correctly displayed it.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

The Life of Tyr mus of Athens first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies the division of "Tragedies," twenty-one pages, numbered from p. 80 to p. 98 inclusive; but pp. 81 and 82, by an error, are repeated. Page 98 is followed by a leaf, headed, "The Actors’ Names," and the list of characters fills the whole page; the back of it is left blank. The drama bears the same title in the later folios.

Shakespeare is supposed not to have written "Timon of Athens" until late in his theatrical career, and Malone has fixed upon 1610 as the probable date when it came from his pen. We know, however, that in 1611, the "L. of Marston" of the Stationers’ Company was charged with inserting it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended" edition of 1599. But it is wanting even in the impression of 1608, although Shakespeare’s popularity must then have been great. Hence it is clear that the "L. of Marston," who ostentatiously called it "M. Willman Shakespere, his, &c. Life and Death of King Lear," and his Sonnets, in 1609, were recommended to purchasers, as "Shakespeare’s Sonnets," in unusually large characters on the title-page.

1 The Registers of the Stationers’ Company throw little light upon the question when "Romeo and Juliet" was first written. On 8 Aug., 1596, Edward White entered "A newe ballad of Romeo and Juliet," which may possibly have been the tragedy, printed (without a bookseller’s name) in 1597, though called only a ballad. On 22 Jan., 1597, "Romeo and Juliet" (together with "Love’s Labour’s Lost," and "The Taming of a Shrew") was entered to "Mr. Linge," with the statement that "Mr. Burbage, Master of Actors, &c." entered the same. On 29 Jan., 1597, "Hamlet," "The Taming of a Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Love’s Labour’s Lost," as having derived his property in them from Linge.
follow creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter 

dramatic satire,—a species of writing in which Shakespeare 

had never attempted, and that he could render it the very 

highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting 

that the subject might have been taken up under some 

temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment.

How far this notion was or could be matter of 

conjecture and discussion; but a whole play could hardly be compos- 

ited under a transient fit of irritation, and to us it seems 

more likely, that in this instance, as in others, Shakespeare 

had adopted the story because he thought he could make it 

acceptable as a dramatic representation. We are 

in thinking that there probably existed some earlier 

popular play of which Timon was the hero. The novels in 

Pynter's "Palace of Pleasure" were the common property of 

our readers of the day and to the strange and beastly nature of 

Timon of Athens 6 is inserted in the first volume of that 

collection, which came out before 1657. Pynter professes 

to have derived his brief materials from the life of Marc-Antony, 

in the style of a learned essay. Shakespeare himself introduces Timon into "Love's Labour's Lost," where, 

in its original shape, must certainly have been one of 

our great dramatist's early plays. In Edward Gibbin's 

collected Editions of Satires, published, until the 

year 1598, we meet with the following line, (Epigr. 52.) which seems to refer to some scene in 

which Timon had been represented:—

'Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits!'

In the anonymous play of "Jack Drum's Entertainment," 

printed in 1601, one of the characters uses these expressions:—

"But if all the brevets' jades in the town can drage me from 

the love of myself, they shall do more than 'er the seven wise men 

of Greece... Come, come, now I'll be as sociable as Timon of 

Athens.

We know also that there existed about that date a play 

upon the subject of Timon of Athens. The original manu-

script of it is in the library of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who 

has recently superintended an impression of it for the Shake-

peare Society. He gives it as his opinion, that it was 

"intended for the amusements of an academic audience," and 

although the epilogue may be considered rather of a contrary 

character, the learned editor is probably right: it is, how-

ever, nearly certain that it was acted; and although it will not 

bear a moment's comparison with Shakespeare's "Timon of 

Athens," similar incidents and persons are contained in both. 

The "Timon," as the said manuscript is devoured by flatterers: he becomes poor, and is at once 

deserted by all but his faithful steward— but before he aban-

onds Athens in disgust, he invites his parasites to a last 

banquet, and the whole historic analogy is again 

artificially, which he flings at them as he drives them out of 

his hall. Shakespeare represents Timon as regaling his guests 

with warm water; but it is very remarkable, that at the end 

of his mock-banquet scene, after the hero has quitted the 

stage, leaving certain lords behind him, upon whom he had 

thrown the warm water, the following dialogue occurs:—

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Timon's mad.

3 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

Shakespeare's Timon had cast no "stones" at his guests, and 

the above extract reads exactly as if it had formed part of 

such an original work. The following is in the note (p. 169, 4th ed.) of the Rev. A. Dyce: "Had been employed instead of warm water. 

unless stones had been thrown, there could, as Steevens 

observes, be no propriety in the mention of them by the fourth 

Lord. Shakespeare not having in his mind the chorus play 

which we have alluded to, a fragmentary essay by 

accident has found its way into his "Timon of Athens," 

which belonged to some other drama, where the banquet-

scene was differently conducted. It is just possible that our 

great master, on that particular date, altered his text by 

draft, and by oversight left in the rhyming couplet with 

which the third Act concludes. We need not advert to other 

resemblances between the academic play and "Timon of 

Athens," because by the liberty of the possessor of the manu-

script, it may be now said to have become public property.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

JULIUS CAESAR.

["The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar" was first printed in 

the folio 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from 

p. 109 to p. 109 exclusive. Widespread edition of "Timon of 

the Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished; and it 

appears in the same manner in the three later folios.]

No early quarto edition of "Julius Cæsar" is known, and 

there is reason to believe that it never appeared in that form. 

The manuscript originally used for the folio of 1608 must 

have been extremely perfect, and free from corruptions, for 

there is, perhaps, no drama in the volume more accurately 

printed. 

"Scribes and others have arrived at the conclusion that 

"Julius Cæsar" could not have been written before 1607. 

We think there is good ground for believing that it was acted 

before 1609.

A great deal of the above opinion upon some circumstances 

connected with the publication of Drayton's "Barons' Wars," and 

the resemblance between a stanza there found, and a passage 

in "Julius Cæsar," both of which it will be necessary to quote. 

In Act v. sc. 5, Antony gives the following character of 

Drusus:—

"His life was gentle; and the elements

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, This was a man."

In Drayton's "Barons' Wars," book iii. edit. Svo. 1608, we 

meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of 

Mortimer:—

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say

In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,

In whom in peace the elements all lay

So mix'd, as some severe and sullen impute;

As all did govern, yet all did obey;

His lively temper was so absolute,

That 'tis seem'd, when heaven his model first began,

In him it should perfection in a man."

It is hardly necessary to establish that one poet 

must have swailed himself, not only of the thought, but of 

the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare 

indebted to Drayton, or to the author of "Mortimer," for the 

passage? We shall not enter into general probabilities, founded 

upon the original and exhaustless stores of the mind of our 

great dramatist, but advert to a few dates, which, we think, 

warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard "Julius Cæsar," at 

the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1609, applied to 

his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged 

to another poet.

Drayton's "Barons' Wars" first appeared in 1598, quarto, 

under the title of "Mortimeriad." Malone had a copy 

without date, and he and Steevens imagined that the poem 

had originally been printed in 1598. In the quarto of 1596, 

and in the undated edition, it is not divided into books, and 

the whole history of Mortimer's Forest and the 

English ballad-form to the Italian ottava rima. This course 

he took before 1608, when it came out in octavo, with 

the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity 

to the lines from "Julius Cæsar," We apprehend that he did 

so because he had heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 

1608; and we think that strong presumptive proof that he 

was the borrower, and not Shakespeare, is derived from the 

fact, that in the subsequent impressions of "The Barons' Wars," 

in 1605, 1613, 1618, and 1623, this stanza remained 

precisely as in the edition of 1608; but that in 1619, after 

Shakespeare's death and before "Julius Cæsar" was printed, 

Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his 

original, thus:—

"He was a man; then boldly dare to say,"

"In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;"

"In whom so mix'd the elements did lay."

"That noon, whose dark eyes could severely impute;"

"As all did govern, so did all obey;"

"He of a temper so absolute,"

"As it seem'd, when heaven's model first began,"

"She meant to show all that might be in man."

We have been thus particular, because the point is 

obviously of importance, as regards the date when "Julius Cæsar" 

was brought upon the stage. Malone seems to have thought 

that "The Barons' Wars" were brought out in 1608, and that 

the resemblance to Shakespeare was first to be traced in
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

that impression. He and he consulted the copies of 1608, or 1605 (which were not in his possession), for if he looked at all, he looked in the impression that Drayton had copied "Julius Caesar" an early as 1608, and once, and, Shakespeare imitated Drayton, that tragedy must then have been in existence. That Drayton had not remodelled his "Mortimeriadus" as late as 1602, we gather from the circumstance that any contemporary printer had not without "The Barons' Wars" in any form or under any title.

Another slight circumstance might be added to show that "Julius Caesar" was even an older tragedy than "Hamlet." In that act (Act 111. sec. 2) it is said that Julius Caesar was "beheld in thy picture," and Shakespeare's drama and representation, although contrary to the truth of history. This seems to have been the popular notion, and we find it confirmed in Sir Edward Dyer's "A Prayse of Nothing," 1585, where, in a translation of the Roman history, it is thus spoken of: "This stately Cæsar (proud Rome) had not beheld the bloody fall of pacified Cæsar, if nothing had accompanied him." Robert Greene, a graduate of both Universities, makes the same statement, and Shakespeare may have followed the conversation. In the same translation occurs, in the Capitol: "Chaucer had so spoken of it in his "Monk's Tale." It is not, however, likely, that Dr. Eedes, who wrote a Latin academical play on the story, acted at Oxford in 1582, which is the only claim Greene made. Shakespeare appears to have derived nearly all his materials from Plutarch, as translated by Sir Thomas North, and first published in 1579. At the same time, it is not unlikely that there was a preceding play, and our reason for thinking so is founded on the following fact. It is a new invention, taken from an entry in Hemswell's Diary dated May 22, 1602, that Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, John Webster, Thomas Middleton, and other poets, were engaged upon a tragedy entitled "The Tragedy of Cæsar." The probability is, that these dramatists united their exertions, in order to delay to bring out a tragedy on the same subject as that of Shakespeare, which, perhaps, was then performing at the Globe Theatre with success. Malone states, that there is no proof that any such play had been presented. We may model a story that had already employed the pen of Shakespeare." He forgot that Ben Jonson was engaged upon a "Richard Crookback" in 1602; and he omitted, when examining Hemswell's Diary, to observe, that in the same year four "plots," and "other plots," were employed upon "Cæsar's Fall." From Vertue's manuscripts we learn that a play, called "Cæsar's Tragedy," was acted at Court in 1618, which might be the production of Lord Strange's Shakespeare's drama, that written by Munday, Drayton, Webster, Middleton, and others, or a play printed in 1607, under the title of "The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge." Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Revels' Accounts," (Intro. p. xxx.) has shown that the "nameless, blind tragedy of Cæsar," was exhibited at Court on Jan. 31, 1605-6.

MACBETH.

"The Tragedy of Macbeth" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz. from p. 181 to 210 inclusive, in the division of "Dramatick." The Acts and Scenes are regularly marked there, as well as in the later folios.

The only ascertained fact respecting the performance of "Macbeth," in the lifetime of its author, is that it was represented at the Globe Theatre on the 20th of April, 1610. What company produced it, or played it, is not known, but we are inclined to think that it was not, and that Macbeth was right in his conjecture, that it was first acted about the year 1606. The subsequent account of the plot is derived from Dr. Simon Forman's manuscript Diary, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, from which it appears, that he saw "Macbeth" played at the Globe on the day we have stated:—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, the 10th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, were going to the theatre, attended to themselves by Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hal! Macbeth, King of Cæsar, for thou shalt be a King, but shall beget no Kings, &e., then said Banquo, What's all to Macbeth, and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Halli to thee, Banquo: then shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan, King of Scots, as it was said."

Lord Strange published a tragedy under the title of "Julius Caesar." In 1604 the resemblances are by no means numerous, and probably not more than may be accounted for by the fact, that two writers were treating the same subject. The popularity in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan had then so kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumb-
Those who read the two will, perhaps, wonder how a doubt could have been entertained. "The Witch," in all probability, was not written until about 1618; and what most assuredly might have been a piece at the author's disposal for decades, is the simple, the plain, and yet the most degrading of all Shakespeare's inventions; for, although, as Lamb observes, "the power of Middleton's witches is in some measure over the mind," (Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 174) they are of a degenerate race, as if, Shakespeare having created them, no other mind was sufficiently gifted even to continue their existence.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding the existences of the faculty of the witch, he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation, is a point we have considered in the Biography of the poet. The existing evidence on the question is there collected, and we have shown, that ten years before the date hitherto assigned to that circumstance, the compiler of the Quarto Players' Registers, claimed to have discovered the Queen's Players' Company in Edinburgh. This fact is quite new in the history of the introduction of English theatrical performances into Scotland. That the Queen's comedians were north of the Tweed in 1599, or at best, 1600, is contrary; we know also that they were in Aberdeen in 1601, when the freedom of the city was presented to Laurence Fletcher (the first name in the patent of 1596); but to establish that they were in Edinburgh in 1598 gives much more latitude for speculation on the question, whether Shakespeare, in the interval of about fourteen years before James I. ascended the throne of England, had at any time accompanied his fellow-countrymen.

At whatever date we suppose Shakespeare to have written "Macbeth," we may perhaps infer, from a passage in Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder," 1600, that there existed a ballad upon the story, which may have been older than the tragedy: such is the statement in his notes to the longprint of this tract by the Camden Society, p. 24. The point, however, is doubtful, and it is obvious that Kemp did not mean to be very intelligible; his other allusions to ballad-makers of his time are purposely obscure.

"Macbeth" was inserted by the printer-editors in the folio of 1623; and, as in other similar cases, we may presume that it had not come from the press at an earlier date, because in the same year, 1608, it is regarded by Biont and Jagard, on the 8th of November, 1629, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acta pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes carefully and accurately noted.

This undated edition was probably printed in 1607, as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on Nov. 19, in that year. An impression, by R. Young, in 1616, has also John Smethwick.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmerke," occupies thirty-one pages, in the division of "Tragodys," viz. from p. 152 to p. 280, inclusive, there being a mistake between p. 156 and what ought to have been p. 157.

The story upon which, there is reason to believe, Shakespeare founded his tragedy of "Hamlet," has recently been reprinted, from the only known perfect copy, as part of a work called "Shakespeare's Library;" and there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable than the fact, which our great dramatist wrought these barbarous, uncouth materials into the magnificent structure he left behind him. A comparison of "The Historie of Hamlet," as it was translated at an early date from the French of Bellerofte, with "The Tragedy of Hamlet," shows a vast superiority in Green and Lodge was obvious in "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It," but the novels of "Pandosto" and "Rosalynde," as narratives, were perhaps as far above "The Historie of Hamlet," as "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It" were above the originals from which their main incidents were derived. Nothing, however, much more can be said in favor of his style and form, than the production to which it is supposed Shakespeare was indebted for the foundation of his "Hamlet."

There is, however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shake- speare. How far that lost play may have influenced, the old translated "Historie," we have no means of deciding, nor to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement. A drama, of which Hamlet was the hero, was performed in being prior to the year 1600, (in all probability not too early a date for Shakespeare to have been the writer of it) for we find it thus alluded to by Thomas Nash, in his prophyliminary epistle to the "Memphon" of Robert Greene, published in that year (1594). Yet English drama on the candle-light, yields many good sentences, as blood is a byggar, and so forth; and if you entertain him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamletes, I should say handfuls, of speeches. This the writer of "As You Like It" reckons as their productions at that period, and he seems to have gone out of his way, in order to introduce the very name of the performance against which he was directing ridicule. Another piece of evidence, to the same effect, but of a more questionable kind, is to be found in Heywood's Diary, under the date of June 9th, 1594, when a "Hamlet" was represented at the theatre at Newington Butts: that it was then an old play, is ascertained from the absence of the mark, which the old first edition usually pronounced. But it is very probable that his share of the receipts was only nine shillings. At that date, however, the company to which Shakespeare belonged was in joint occupation of the same theatre, and it is conceivable, though probably impossible, that Hamlet was presented on June 9th, 1594, was Hexed's "Hamlet."

We feel confident, however, that the "Hamlet," which has come down to us in at least six quarto impressions, in the folio of 1623, and in the later impressions in that form, was not written until the winter of 1601, or the spring of 1602.

Malone, Steevens, and the other commentators, were acquainted with no edition of the tragedy anterior to the quarto of 1604, which professes to be "elarg'd to almost as much again as it was," though it seems from a passage in the copy that had been printed before; and within the last twenty years a single copy of an edition in 1608 has been discovered. This, in fact, seems to have been the abbreviated and imperfect edition, consisting of only about half as much as the impression of 1604. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and, by the favour of his Grace, is now before us. From it, perhaps, we have no information; but it is professed to be the old quarto printed for N. L. and W. J. in 1604, and the following year was printed by I. R. for N. L. only; and why Trundell ceased to have any interest in the publication we know not. N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and I. R., the printer.

Bellerofte derived his knowledge of the incidents from the History of Denmark, by Saxo Grammaticus, first printed in 1514.

We give the date of 1557 on the excellent authority of the Rev. Mr. Thomas W. Green's "Shakespeare's World," xxvii. xxi. Perhaps, he never been able to meet with any impression earlier than that of 1553. Sir Egerton Bridges reprinted the tract from the edition of 1558, when its name was changed to "Green's Arcadia," in "Archives," vol. i.
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of the edition of 1604, was, no doubt, James Roberts, who, two years before, had made the following entry in the Register of the Stationers' Company:

James Roberts. A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmark, as yt was latecly actedy by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes.

"The words, as it was lately acted," are important upon the point whether the authorship of the play is proved, that it was not just a plain hack job and that the tragedy had been performed by the company to which Shakespeare belonged. In the spring of 1603, the Lord Chamberlain's servants became the King's players; and on the title-page of the quarto of 1606, it was "acted by his Highness' servants." On the title-page of the quarto of 1604 we are not informed that the tragedy had been acted by any company.

Thus we see, that in July, 1602, there was an intention to print and publish a play called "The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark?" and this intention, we may fairly conclude, arose out of the popularity of the piece, as it was then acted by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," which, in May following, obtained the title of "the King's servants." The object of Roberts in making the entry already quoted, was to secure it to himself, being, no doubt, aware that other printers and booksellers would endeavor to anticipate him. It seems probable, that he was unable to obtain such a copy of the play as would put him in possession of it; but some inferior and nameless printer, who was not so scrupulous, having surreptitiously secured a manuscript of the play, however imperfect, which would answer the purpose, and gratify public curiosity, the edition bearing his name, was published. Such, we have little doubt, was the origin of the impression of which only a single copy has reached our day, and of which, probably, but a few were sold, as its worthlessness was soon discovered, and it was quickly entirely superseded by the earlier edition of 1604.

As an accurate reprint was made in 1625 of "The Tragedial Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," 1608, it will be unnecessary to go into detail in proofs to establish, as we could do without much difficulty, the following points:—it is true, in the earliest edition of 1603, Polonius is called Coramis, and his servant, Montano, and we may not be able to determine why these changes were made in the immediately subsequent impression; but we may perhaps conjecture that the change in the name of Coramis, which is in the copy of the play itself, and the name of Montano, or names which Shakespeare at first introduced, and subsequently thought fit to reject. We know that Ben Jonson changed the whole dramatic personae of his "Every Man in his Humour," and

But although we entirely reject the quarto of 1608, as an authentic "Hamlet," it is of high value in enabling us to settle the text of various important passages. It proves, besides, that certain portions of the play, as it appears in the folio of 1623, which do not form part of the quarto of 1604, were originally acted, and were not, as has been hitherto imagined, subsequent introductions. We have pointed out these and other peculiarities so fully in our notes, that we need not dwell upon them here; but we may mention, that in Act II., Scene ii., the name of Yorick, who, as we shall presently show, was at the time the chief performer of the part when the short-hand writer saw the tragedy, with a view to the speedy publication of a fraudulent impression.

"My father, in his habit as he lived," are the words he recorded from the mouth of the actor of Hamlet.

The impression of 1604 being intended to supersede that of 1603, which gave a most mangled and imperfect notion of the drama in its true state, we may perhaps presume that the quarto of 1604 was, at least, as authentic a copy of Hamlet as any of Shakespeare's plays were printed from the press during his lifetime. It contains various passages, some of them of great importance to the conduct and character of the hero, not to be found in the folio of 1623; while the folio omits other scenes, and in other passages. Although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1608, that they were originally acted. The different quarto impressions were printed from each other and even that of 1607, though it makes some verbal changes, contains no distinct indication that the printer had resorted to the folio.

The three later folios, in this instance as in others, were printed from the immediately preceding edition in the same way as the quarto of 1604 and the first quarto of 1623. We are not, therefore, surprised to find, that the folio of 1623, were not composed from some now unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Heminge and Condell from the theatre. The Acts and Scenes are, however, marked only in the first and second Acts, after which, no divisions of the kind are noticed; and where Act and Scene are mingled, the order is merely matter of modern conjecture. Some large portions of the play appear to have been omitted for the sake of shortening the performance; and any editor who may undertake a new edition of Hamlet, will, without additions from the quarto, would present but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of "Hamlet," it is, in fact, only to be obtained from a comparison of the editions in quarto and folio, but the misprints in the latter are quite as numerous and glaring as in the former. In various instances we have been able to correct the one by the other, and it is in this respect chiefly that the quarto of 1604 is of intrinsic value.

A further advantage, after vouchsafed to us from the occasion that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, (and we heard him boast them some years before the Lectures, Uber Dramatische Kunst und Literatur, were published,) from a few sentences, sums up the character of Hamlet. Shakespeare, he says, "in order to discomfit the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our mind,—an equilibrum between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the medium of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and a color not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, almost an enormus, intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances which are a perfect foil to Hamlet's bravo, and endless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." (Lit. Rem. vol. II. p. 295.)

It has generally been supposed that Joseph Taylor was the original actor of Hamlet—and Wright, in his "Historia Histrionica, 1669, certainly speaks of him as having performed the part. This, however, must have been after the death of Richard Burbage, which happened precisely eighty years before Wright published his tract. We know, from the manuscript Elegy upon Burbage, sold among Heber's books, that he was the earliest representative of Hamlet; and there the circumstance of his being what we call in the language of to-day, a "thorough-bred" of Shakespeare, and the very words of Shakespeare. Taylor did not belong to the company for which Shakespeare wrote at the date when "Hamlet" was produced.

KING LEAR.

W. M. Shakespear: His True Chronicle Historie of th' Infortunate Life, Death and Death of Lear. It is commonly affirmed that the "Infortunate Life of Edgar, and his son and assumed name of Tom o' Bedlam. As it was played before the Kings Majestie a Whitehall vpon S. Stephens night in Christmas Hollidays. An Impression on Paper newly Printed at the Banke-side. London, Printed for Nathaniel Butter and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Church-yard, at the sign of the Pige Bull nere St. Austin's Gate. 1608. 4to 41 leaves.
M. William Shakspeare, His True Chronicle History of the life and death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heir to the Earle of Gloucester, and his sullen and assumed name of Earl of Betham. The last, and one by chance, by an error, is numbered 88, instead of 309. In the first, as well as in the folios of 1632, 164, and 1685, the Acts and Scenes are regularly marked.

The most remarkable circumstance connected with the early publication of "King Lear" is, that the same stationer published the three quarto impressions of it in 1605, that stationer being a person who had not put forth any of the authentic (as far as they can deserve to be so considered) editions of Shakespeare's plays. After it had been three times printed (for they were not merely re-issues with fresh title-pages) in the same year, the tragedy was not again printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623. Why it was never republished in quarto, in the interval, must be matter of speculation, but such an omission cannot be reconciled with the wonderful and great dramatist: his "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," and "Troilus and Cressida" were twice printed, the first in 1600, and the last in 1609, and they were not again seen in type until 1623, when there was also a second quarto edition of "Much ado about Nothing," nor of "Love's Labour's Lost." The extreme popularity of "King Lear" seems proved by the mere fact that the public demand for it, in the first year of its publication, could not be satisfied without three distinct impressions.

It will be seen by the exact copies of the title-pages which we have inserted on the opposite leaf, that although Nathaniel Butter, the publisher of the first quarto edition, he only put his address on the title-page of one of them. It is perhaps impossible now to ascertain on what account the difference was made; but it is to be observed that "Printed by J. Roberts," without any address, is found at the bottom of the title-pages of some of the copies of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" in 1600. A more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the name of William Shakespeare is not to be found at the top of the page, nor on the first or second leaf, but that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which the tragedy commences, "M. William Shakespeare, his History of King Lear." This peculiarity has been contracted sufficiently to show that it was not only to no other of Shakespeare's plays, but to no other production of any kind of that period which we recollect. It was clearly intended to enable purchasers to make sure that they were buying the drama which "M. William Shakespeare" had written upon the story of King Lear.

The cause of it is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that there was another contemporary drama upon the same subject, and with very nearly the same names to the principal characters, which was not by Shakespeare, but which the publisher probably had endeavored to pass off as his work. An edition of this play was printed in 1605, under the following title:—"The True Chronicle History of King Lear," with the Kings Cordelia, Regan, and Cordelia. As it had divers and sundry times lately acted." It was printed.

Simon Stafford, for John Wright; and we agree with one in thinking that this impression was put forth in consequence of Shakespeare's "King Lear," which was then in a course of successful performance at the Globe theatre. That this edition of "The True Chronicle History of King Lear" was a re-impression we have little doubt; for it was entered on Stationers' Hall for publication as early as 16th May, 1694: it was entered again on 8th May, 1695, anterior to the appearance of the impression with that date, the title-page of which we have above quoted.

We may presume that in 1605 no hoje was put in order for Shakespeare's "King Lear," for there is perhaps no point in our early state-history more clear, than that the different companies took every precaution in order to prevent the publication of plays belonging to the same. However, in the autumn of 1607, Nathaniel Butter had in some way possessed him of a manuscript of "King Lear," and on the 26th November he procured the following unusually minute memorandum to be made in the Stationers' Registers:—

29 Nov. 1607.

Na. Butter and Jo. Bvbny entered for Iac. Cope under 1' bands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a booke called Mr. William Shakespeare, his History of Kinge Lear, as it was played before the Kinge's Majestie at White-Hall, upon S. Stephens night, in Christmas Hollidais. By his Malesties Servants, playing usually at the Globe on the Bank-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter.

"This entry establishes that Shakespeare's "King Lear" had been acted at Court on St. Stephen's Eve, 1607, and that it was performed before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, on St. Stephen's night at Christmas last, by his Malesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Bankside."

The memoriam which we have just inserted would lead us to believe that the play was not performed till after the Christmas interval, although his name does not otherwise at all appear in connection with it. The differences between the quarto are seldom more than verbal, but they are sometimes important: after a very patient comparison, we may state, that the quarto without the publisher's address are more accurate than that with his address; and we presume that the latter was first issued. It would seem that the folio of 1623 was composed from a manuscript, which had been much, and not very judiciously, emended for the purposes of the theatre, and although it contains some additions, not in any of the quarto, there are, perhaps, few quarto of any of Shakespeare's plays more valuable for the quantity of matter they contain, of which there is no trace in the folio.

We have said we agree with Malone in opinion, the "King Lear" was brought out at the Globe Theatre in the spring of 1605, according to our present mode of computing the year. We may decide with certainty that it was not performed until after the Christmas interval. Below is a "Discovery of Popish Impostors" in 1608, because from it, as Stevens established, are taken the names of various fiends mentioned by Edgar in the course of his scenes of pretended madness. As we find a "King Lear" entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, we can have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the old play, printed by Simon Stafford for John Wright, in 1605, when Shakespeare's "King Lear" was (as we have supposed) experiencing a run of popular success at the Globe, was considerably superior in point of date. There is little doubt that Shakespeare was acquainted with it, and probably adopted from it at least part of that conduct of his story which relates to the faithful Kent. There are other general, but few particular resemblances; for both the chief materials were evidently derived from D'Ulisse, but Shakespeare varied from all authorities in his catastrophe; he seems to have thought, that to abandon the course of the ordinary and popular narrative, would heighten and improve the interest of his drama, and give a novelty to its termination. The story of Lear and his daughters is briefly told by Spenser in B. ii. c. 10, of his "Faerie Queene," and thenoe it has been thought that Shakespeare obtained the name of Cordelia, that of Corinna, and the general plot which relates to the Earl of Gloucester, he may have procured from Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed in 1590, 4to. B. ii. c. 19, of that romance is thus headed —

*The last page and story of the Falanghinae imaginary King, and his kind son." An early ballad on 'King Lear was also published (see Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 245; edit. 1812), but no copy with a date has come down to us; although it employs the older names of some of the characters, it adopts that of Corinna; and the general scheme is that of a new and more modern style of composition, which leads us to the belief that it was written posterior to the production of Shakespeare's Tragedy."

**OTHELLO.**

"The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice." As it hath beenes diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Blackfriars, by his Majesty's Servants, at the Theatre in Blackfriars. Shakespeare. London, Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittan's Burse. 1622. 4to. 43 leaves, irregularly paginated."

"The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice," occupies thirty pages in the folio of 1623; viz. from p. 310 to p. 389 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It is there, as in the three later folios, divided into Acts and Scenes, and on the last page is a list of the characters, headed, "The Name of the Actors."

"The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice."
By the subsequent extract from "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, (p. 345) it appears that "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, or at her request, at the residence of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal at Harlefield, in the beginning of August, 1602:—

"At Harlefield, 1602. Rewards to the Vaulters, players, and Jinxers. Of this to Barbeidge's players for Othello, Istliii xviii. x."

The part of the memorandum which relates to "Othello" is interlined, as if added afterwards; but we find decisively, that this tragedy was in being in the summer of 1602; and the probability is, that it was selected for performance because it was a new play, having been brought out at the Globe Theatre, in the month of May, 1601. The incidents, with some variation, are to be found in Cinthio's Herósmóthi, where the novel is the third Deceit, and it bears the following explanatory title in the Monte Regale edition of 1563:—"Un Capitano Merigo piglia per le cure di una Venetiana un' Alferiina di astuzia al marito; certa che l'Alferiina nascasi colui ch'egli credea l'adultero: il Capitano ucide la moglie, è accusato dell'Alferi, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chieri indulti è bandito; et lo scelerato Alferi, errando nascosto ad altri, procede a se la morte miseramente." This novel was early translated into French, and in all probability into English, but no such version has descended to us. Our great dramatist may indeed have read the story in the original language; and it is highly probable that he was sufficiently acquainted with Italian for the purpose. Hence he took only the name of Desdemona.

We have seen, by the quotation from "The Egerton Papers," that "Othello" was acted by Barbeidge's players at Harlefield, and there can be no doubt that he was the leading actor of the company, and thereby in the account gave his name to the association, though properly denominated the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Richard Burbage was the original actor of the part of Othello, as we learn from an elegy upon his death, among the late Mr. Heber's manuscripts. To the same that we may quote the concluding stanza of a ballad, on the incident of "Othello," written after the death of Burbage, which also came down to us in manuscript:—

"Dick Burbage, that most famous man, That actor without peer, With this same part his course began, And kept it many a year."

Shakespeare was fortunate, I know, That such an actor had: If we had but his equal now, For one I should be glad."

The writer speaks at random, when he asserted that Burbage began his career with Othello, for we have evidence to show that he was an actor of high celebrity, many years before Shakespeare's "Othello" was written, and we have no proof that there was any play upon the subject. There are two quarto editions of "Othello," one bearing date in 1622, the year before the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" appeared, and the other, which is a revised quarto, was entered for the quarter of 1622, will be found in the usual place, and that published in 1650 differs only in the imprint, which in 1685, by A. M., for Richard Hawkins, &c. We have had frequent occasion in our notes to refer to this impression, which has often been, as it is frequently the case with quarto editions, a subject of dispute. So little like sufficient attention has been paid to it. Malone summarily dismissed it as "an edition of no authority," but it is very clear that he had never sufficiently examined it. It was unquestionably made from a manuscript different from that used for the quarto of 1622, or for the folio of 1632; and it presents a number of various readings, some of which singularly illustrate the original text of "Othello." Of this fact it may be fit here to remind the reader. In Act iii, sc. 8, a passage occurs in the folio of 1623, which is not contained in the quarto of 1622, and which runs thus imperfectly in the folio:—

"I was named as the Porticase, Whose joy is coyness, not coarse: Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on To the Propostick and the Hellpont," &c.

It will not be disputed that "Ne'er keeps retiring ebb"

It appears from Mr. P. Conington's "Excerpts from the Account of the Revels at Court," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. 93, that a play, called "The Moor of Venet," no doubt, "Othello," was acted at Whitehall on Nov. 1st, 1601. The tragedy seems to have must be wrong, the composer of the folio having caught "keeps" from the latter portion of the same line. In Pope's edition, "feels" was substituted for "keeps," and the word has since universally come into use. Mr. Malone's correction was made by Mr. Pope. The truth is, that Pope was right in his conjecture as to the misprinted word, for in the quarto of 1630, which Malone could not have consulted, but which he nevertheless pronounced "of no authority," the passage stands thus:—

"Like to the Porticase, Whose joy is coyness, not coarse: Ne'er keeps retiring ebb," &c.

If Malone had looked at the quarto of 1630, he would have seen that Pope had been anticipated in his proposed emendation about a hundred years; and that in the manuscript from which the quarto of 1630 was printed, the true word was "feels," and not "keeps," as it was misprinted in the folio of 1623. We will take an instance, only six lines earlier in the same scene, to show the value of the quarto of 1630, in supporting the quarto of 1622, and in corroborating the folio of 1623. Othello exclamns, as we find the words in the folio,

"Arius, black vengeance, from the hollow cell!"

and these are exactly the words in the quarto of 1630, although it can be established that it was printed, not from the quarto of 1622, nor from the folio of 1623, but from a manuscript which in many places differed materially from both, and in some few supplied a text inferior to both. It is not necessary to go beyond this point, since we have already shown how abundantly the quarto of 1630, instead of being "of no authority," is of great value, with reference to the true reading of some important passages.

Walkley, the publisher of the quarto of 1623, thus entered that edition on the Stationers' Registers, shortly previous to its appearance:

"Oct. 1623. The Tragedy of Othello, The Moire of Venice." It is perhaps not too much to presume, that this impression, though dated 1623, had come out at the close of 1621; and that it preceded the folio of 1623 is very obvious, from the fact, that "Othello" was not included in their list by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio of 1623, because they were aware that it had already been printed, and that it had been entered as the property of another bookseller. The quarto of 1623 was preceded by the following address:—

"The Stationer to the Reader.

"To set forth a book without an epistle were like to the old English proverb, 'A blue eoeat without a badge;' and the author being of the same sententia, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure. Yours, THOMAS WALKLEY"

The publishers of the folio of 1623, perhaps purchased Walkley's interest in "Othello".
The novel by Boccaccio has many corresponding features. It is the ninth of *Giornata I.*, and bears the following title: "Bernabo da Genova, da Ambrogignolo innanzato, per l'Andromeda, chi ha scopato a metà di otto anni; e di tutta l'infanzia, e scena, e et in habito di buono servo il Soldano; ritrova l'in-gannatore, e Bernabo conclude in Alessandria, dove l'inganno-tore punito, ripreca habito femminile col marito ricchi si ritrova in Genova."

This tale includes one-circumstance only found there and in Shakespeare's play: we allude to the mole which Iachimo saw on the breast of Imogen. The parties are all merchants in Boccaccio, excepting towards the close of his novel, where the Soldano is introduced: the villain, being suspected of being poisoned, is punished by being anointed with honey, and exposed in the sun to flies, wasps, and mosquitoes, which eat the flesh from his bones.

A modification of this production seems to have found its way into some contemporaneous French plays in the sixteenth century. Steevens states that it was printed in 1608, and again in 1620, in a tract called "Westward for Smells." If there be no error as to the date, the edition of 1608 has been found, for no copy of that year now seems to exist in any public or private collection. Mr. Halliwell, in his reprint of *The First Sketch of The Merry Wives of Windsor*, (for the Shakespeare Society) p. 185, has expressed his opinion that Steevens must have been mistaken, and that "Westward for Smells" was not published until 1620; only one copy even of this impression is known; and if, in fact, it were not, as Steevens supposes, a reprint of Shakespeare, nor could have resorted to it; however, he might, perhaps, have been much more easily satisfied that this version may then have been in existence, of which he availed himself, but which has not come down to our day. The incidents in "Westward for Smells" are completely anglicized, and the play is supposed to have been composed by Shakespeare and Edward IV. In the French and Italian versions, Iachino (or the person answering to him) is conveyed to Imogen's chamber in a chest, but in "Westward for Smells," where the scene is in other respects vulgarized, he conceals himself under her bed.

Some German critics, whose opinions are often entitled to the most respectful consideration, have supposed that "Cymbeline" was written in 1610 or 1611, not earlier. This is certainly a probable supposition, because the circumstances that Shakespeare had then reenacted all connection with the stage, and had retired from the metropolis. Malone thought that 1609 was the year which might be most probably fixed upon; and although we do not adopt his reasoning upon the point, we are strongly inclined to believe that this drama was not, at all events, written at an earlier period. Forman, the astrologer, was present when "Cymbeline" was acted—most likely, in 1610 or 1611—but he does not mention any literal present, and we have not found any record of the time when, or place where, he saw it. His brief account of the plot, in his "Books of Plays and Notes thereof" (MS. Ashmol. No. 208), is in the following terms:

"Remember, also, the story of Cymbeline, king of England in that time; how Lucius and Regan, and the daughter of the king and being desired, after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three panes of the which two of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline had punished; and he kept them in his own house to have them with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cletus, that was the queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Imogen the king's daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter."

"And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself to her, and said it was not wise to play, and the others to be presented to the king. And in the deepest of the night, the being scarce, he opened the chest and came forth of it, and viewed the jewels of her bed, and the body of the queen's son, and after accused her of adultery to her love, and. In the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was a great king, and after, and after, and after, and after, and in man's apparel, and did to meet her love at Milford Haven; and chances to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were, and by which the official turned, and then the cave was dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cletus by her in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found dead."

We have certainly no right to conclude that "Cymbeline" was a new piece when Forman witnessed the performance of it; but various critics have concurred in the opinion (which we ourselves entertain) that in style and versification it resembles "The Winter's Tale," and then belong to about the same period of the poet's life. "The Winter's Tale" was a new piece when Forman witnessed the performance of it; but various critics have concurred in the opinion that in style and versification it resembles "The Winter's Tale," and then belong to about the same period of the poet's life.
we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We are assured that Shakespeare found a device for the story in the possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe. We have preserved the original piece, it is true; but the ideas it contained were altered, and it is impossible that such was the case with "Pericles." The circumstance that it was a joint production, may account for the non-appearance of "Pericles" in the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson, when printing the "Tragedy of Borne," in 1616, excluded for the "same Altered," and added, "By Robert Ho," in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted "Pericles" because some licence was necessary, and it is only impossible that such was the case with "Pericles." The Registers of the Stationers Company show that on the 20th May, 1608, Edward Blount (one of the proprietors of the folio of 1623) entered "The book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre," with one of the notes, "Philadelphia" and "Cleopatra." Nevertheless, "Pericles," was not published by Blount, but by Gossen in the following year; and we may infer, either that Blount sold his interest to Gossen, or that Gossen anticipated Blount's edition. A manuscript of the play, by the author, has subsequently been printed with "Pericles" by Thomas Favier and hence the re-impression by the latter in 1619, having thus spoken of the internal evidence of authorship, and of the possibility of the identity of "Pericles" was not included in the folio of 1623, we will now advert briefly to the external evidence, that it was the work of our great dramatist. In the first place it was printed in 1609, with its name at full length, and rendered unusually obvious by Blount's notes, the number, of course, must be this a fraud, and that this had previously been committed in the cases of the first part of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, and of "The Yorkshire Tragedy," 1608. It is undoubtedly true, that Shakespeare's name is usually on those title-pages; but we know, with regard to "Sir John Oldcastle," that the ordinary title-page, stating it to have been "Written by William Shakespeare," was cancelled, no doubt at the instance of the author to whom it was falsely imputed; and as to the Yorkshire Tragedy, there is no evidence that the book existed, in which we join, that Shakespeare had a share in its composition. We are not to forget that, in the year preceding, Nathaniel Butter had made very prominent use of Shakespeare's name, for the sale of three impressions of "Lear;" and when "Pericles" came out, Thorpe had printed a collection of scattered poems, recommending them to notice in very large capitals, by stating emphatically that they were "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

The proof of what precedes, it may be mentioned, that previously to the insertion of "Pericles" in the folio of 1664, it had been imputed to Shakespeare by S. Shepherd, in his "Times displayed in Six Sestads," 1616; and in lines by J. Turham, prefixed to R. Brome's "The Jovial Crew," 1652, he gave it to Shakespeare in 1675, in the Prologue to C. Davenant's "Gree." Thus, as far as stage tradition is of value, it is uniformly in favour of our position; and it is moreover to be observed, that we will comparatively modern texts have never been suspected.

The incidents of "Pericles" are found in Lawrence Twine's translation from the Gesta Romana, first published in 1576, under the title of "The Pattern of Pleasant Adventures," in which the hero is named Pericles Shakespeare, but are called Apolloins, Lucius, and Tharsis.

This novel was several times reprinted, and an

1 By a list of theatrical apparel, formerly belonging to Alleyn, and preserved at Dulwich College, it appears that he had probably some of the materials of Edward Alleyn, printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 21. This might be the play which Shakespeare altered and improved.

2 The novel is contained in a work called "Shakespeare's Library," as well as Gower's poetical paraphrases of the same incidents, extracted from his Confessio Amantis. Hence the propriety of making Gower the speaker of the various interpolations in "Pericles," and as we find him in the dedication of these verses, in a "sacra catalogiae," in 1598; it purports to have been "printed for S. S." This fact would show, that Shakespeare did not then con

3 The alterations in the play are based on the same source, used by the "sacra catalogiae," in 1598; it purports to have been "printed for S. S." 3rd ed.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

edition of it came out in 1607, which perhaps was the year in which "Pericles" was first represented "at the Globe on the Bank-side," as is stated on the title-page of the earliest edition in 1609. The drama seems to have been extremely popular, but the usual difficulty being experienced by booksellers in obtaining a copy of it, Nathaniel Butter probably employed some person to attend the performances at the theatre, and with the aid of notes there taken, and of Twine's version of the story, (which, as we remarked, had just before been reprinted) to compose a novel out of the incidents of the play under the following title, "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lastly presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter. 1607." It has also a wood-cut of Gower, no doubt, in the costume he wore at the Globe. This publication is valuable, not merely because it is the only known specimen of the kind of that date in our language, but because through in prose, (with the exception of a song), it gives some of the speeches more at length, than in the play as it has come down to us, and explains several obscure and disputed passages. For this latter purpose it will be seen that we have availed ourselves of it in our notes; but it will not be out of place here to speak of the strong presumptive evidence it affords, that the drama has not reached us by any means in the shape in which it was originally represented.

The subsequent is given, in the novel of 1608, as the speech of Mariana, when she is visited in the brothel by Lysimachus, the governor of Miletus, whom, by her virtue, beauty, and eloquence, she diverts from the purpose for which he came."

"If you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown up, you have done wisely. That opinion was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity untaimed; thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intermixture, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."

Of this speech in the printed play we only meet with the following emphatic term:

"If you were born to honour, show it now:
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it."—(A. iv. sc. 6.)

It will hardly be required of me to argue, that the powerful address, copied from the novel founded upon "Pericles," could not be the mere enlargement of a short-hand writer, who had taken notes at the theatre, who from the very difficulty of the operation, and from the haste with which he must afterwards have committed the history, would be much more likely to abridge than to expand. In some parts of the novel it is evident that the prose, there used, was made up from the blank-verse composition of the drama, as acted at the Globe. In the latter we meet with no passage similar to what succeeds, but still the case with which it may be restored into blank-verse renders it almost certain that it was so originally. Pericles tells Simonides, in the novel that "His blood was yet untainted, but with the heat got by the wrong the king had offered him, and that he boldly durst and did defy none, his subjects, and the profound danger that such tyranny could inflict upon him." To leave out only two or three expletives renders the sentence perfect dramatic blank-verse:

"His blood was yet untainted, but with heat,
Got by the wrong the king had offered him;
And that he boldly durst and did defy him,
His subjects, and the profound danger that
Or tyranny or treason could inflict.""

Many other passages to the same end might be produced from the novel of which there is no trace in the play. We shall not, however, dwell further upon the point, than to mention a peculiarly Shakespearean expression, which occurs in the novel, and is omitted in the drama. When Lycurgus brings the new-born infant to Pericles, who in the printed play (Act iii. sc. 1) says to it,

"This is the rudest welcome to this world
That ever prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make."

In the novel founded upon the play, the speech is thus given, and we have printed the expression, which, we think, must have come from the pen of Shakespeare, in italic type:

"Poor child of nature! (quoth he) thus art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever prince's babe was, and hast as chiding a nativity as fire, air, earth and water can afford thee."

The existence of such a singular production was not known to any of the commentators; but several copies of it have been preserved, and one of them was sold in the library of the late Mr. Heber. It will have been remarked, that the novel printed in 1688 states that "Pericles" had been "lately presented," and on the title-page of the edition of the play in 1609 it is termed "the late and much-admired Play called Pericles." It is, besides, spoken of as "a new play," in a poetical tract called "Finnicus or Run Red-Cap," printed in 1666. Another piece, called "Shore," is mentioned in "Finnicus," under exactly the same circumstances: the story of Duke Shore, and this, like "Pericles," had, in all probability, about the same date been revived at one of the theatres, with additions.

"Pericles" was five times printed before it was inserted in the folio of 1664, viz. in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635. The folio seems to have been copied from the last of these, with a multiplication of errors, but with some corrections. The first edition of 1609 was obviously brought out in haste, and there are many corruptions in it; but more pains were taken with it than Malone, Steevens, and others imagined: they never compared different copies of the same edition, or they would have seen that the impressions vary importantly, and that several mistakes, discovered as the play went through the press, were carefully set right: these will be found pointed out in our notes. The commentators dwelt upon the blunders of the old copies, in order to warrant their own extraordinary innovations; but wherever we could do so with due regard to the sense of the author we have restored the text to that of the earliest impression.

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THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Spirits.
Nymphs, Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, a Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, as on ship-board, shaking off sect.†

Master. Boatswain! What lower, Cheeryly, not Former Aosotutelf. all they ship. ^Exif. perfect not Take the cheerly, use fall am from you ft« Have yare have f. ' [Exeunt.

Boats. Down with the top-mast: yare; lower, lower Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than th weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreon, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold. Sether two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners, sect.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Ex. Boats. What! must our mouths be cold? ] [them. Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist For our case as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely' cheated of our lives by drunk ards.

This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would, thou might' st li drowning, The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet, Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid' st to glut him. [A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—

We split, we split—Farewell, my wife and children!— Farewell, brother! We split, we split!—
ACT. 1.

SCENE II. — The Island; before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's heat,1
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures2 in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The rafting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected: No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

[ lays down his robe?

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtu of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision3 in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou hadst cry, which thou sawst sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mir. You have often
Began to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee open thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell? [Sits down.4
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hastd, and more, Miranda. But how is it,

That thus lives in thy mind? What seemest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said — thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, thou' his only heir
And princess, no worse issued.

Mir. O, the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence:
But blessedly loft hither.

Mir. O! my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen? that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio.—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so peridious! — he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I love'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rap't in secret studies. Why false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suit,
How to deny them, whom all advance, and whom
To trash 5 for over-lopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts if the state
To what time pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not
Mir. O good sir! I do.

I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retired
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus loaded,5
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having to untruth,6 by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, — he did believe
He was indeed the duke: out of the substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative—hence his ambition
Growing—Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

1 echeek: in f. e. 2 creature: in f. e. 3 mantle: in f. e. 4 provision: in f. e. 5 Not in f. e. 6 and: in f. e. 7 Trouble. 8 A hunt- ing term, signifying to beat back. See Othello, II. 1 9 barded: in f. e. 10 unto truth: in f. e.
THE TEMPEST.

I prize above my dukedom
Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pro. Now I arise. — [Put's on his robe again]
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
[MIRANDA sleeps.

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel: come!

Enter Ariel.
Ari. All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-ontrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand.
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an old angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Safely in harbour
is the king's ship: in the deep, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch me
From the still-Vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatchets stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffer'd labours,
i have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And all upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship weed'd,
And his great person perish.

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Past the mid season.

At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must be spent most preciously.

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promise'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

How now! moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?

My liberty.

Before the time be out? no more.

I prithee
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakes, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

No.

Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bâk'd with frost.

I do not, sir.

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

No, sir.

Thou hast. Where was she born?

Speak; tell me.

Sir, in Argier.

O! was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ay, sir.

This blue-eyed hag was lither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hosts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rite
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years: within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for a son that she did litter here,
A freckled wisp, lag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Yes; Caliban, her son.

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the dam'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

I thank thee, master.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.

Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Go, make thyself a like nymph o' the sea: be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball, else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't; go; hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

Mira. The strangeness of your story put [Waking?]
Heaviness in me.

We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

[Enter Caliban.

There's wood enough within.

Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee;
Come, thou torment! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

My lord, it shall be done. [Exit

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself.

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

As wicked dow, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have crampes
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;—

For that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camst here first,
Scene II.

The Tempest.

Thou strok'st me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Syracus, toads, beetles, bats, light on you;
For I am all the subjects that you have.
Which first was mine own king: and here you stye me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness. I have us'd thee,
Fifth as thou art, with human care: and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell; till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee.
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wars't gallib like
A thing most brutal, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race.
Thought thou didst learn, had that in't which good
Nature could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language: and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence! [Exit Caliban.
Re-enter Ariel, invisible, playing and singing; Ferdinand following.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it feathly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear
Hark, hark!

Burden. Bow, wow.
The watch dogs bark:
Burden. Bow, wow.
Hark, hark!

The strain of strutting chanticlere
Wheep, cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? 'tis th' air, or th' earth?

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' isle. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.—
No, it begins again.

Ariel sings.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange,
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

[Burden: ding-dong]

Hark! now I hear them.—ding-dong, bell.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

[Music above.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond?

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench: it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses
As we have: such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something staint
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on. I see,

[Aside. As you my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess [Seeing her]
On whom these airs attend!—Yon safe, my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island, [Kneels
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;—
But, certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—Rises
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep; myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do it. [Aside] At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[To him] A word, good sir.
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong: a word
Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? This

1. f. e. have "him." 2. The old copies read: "Foot it feathly here and there, and sweet sprites bear the burden." 3. The MS. annotation of the fofo of 1632, indicates the absence of the phrase as it stands in the text. 4. Owls. 5. Not in f. e. 6. Not in f. e.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT II.

Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O! if a virgin.
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—

[Aside.] They are both in either's powers: but this
swift business
I must uncase make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—[To him.] One word more: I
charge thee,
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell within such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.—[To Ferd.
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn eradiated. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

Mira. [He draws, and is charmed from moving.
O, dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What! I say:
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco and Others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(That soe we all) of joy, for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him e'er so.

Seb. Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit:
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.—
Seb. One:—tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the enterainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Doloure comes to him, indeed: you have spoken
Truer than you purposed.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What! An
advocate for an impostor? hush!

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey:—[To Ferd.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up,
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am debat'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works.—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

[To Ferd. and Mir.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ariel

Mira. Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then, exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, or he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laugh.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Or. At or 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

True; save means to live.

Gon. That there's none, or little.

Seb. How lusty and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost yeond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grace before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widowier Anness too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you! you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Adr. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Adr. Why, in good time.

Seb. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doubt just as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Adr. You crâne these words into mine ears against he stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

1 Jutey. 2 Bright shade of color. 3 at: in e. 4 She'd: in f e. 5 it is; nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinds of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politicks supernaturals; no use of service, of riches or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no dividend, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparence but natural, no murmuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or mettle. The very that import lying, filthiness, treason, disquisitions, covetousnes, envy, distraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them—Montaigne, Florio's translation, 1603. 4 Piracy.
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL above; invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not so angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

| All sleep but ALON. SEB. and ANT. |

Alon. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—[Alon. sleeps.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them! It is the quality of the climate.

Alon. Why doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O! what might?—No more:— And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou shouldst be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely, It is a sleepy language, and thou speakest Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say? This is a strange repose, to be asleep With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving, And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian, Thou le'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st Whilest thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:

There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you Must be so too, if need me; which to do, T'shles thee 'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

*Hereditary sloth instructs me.*

---

Ant. If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish, Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it, You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed, Most often do so near the bottom run By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir, Although this lord of weak remembrance, this (Who shall be of as little memory, When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive, 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd, As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope

That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O! out of that no hope, What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is Another way so high a hope, that even Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Who's the next heir of Naples?

Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples Can have no note, unless the sun were post, (The man if the moon's too slow) till new-born chins Be rough and razorable; she, for whom We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again: And by that destiny to perform an act Whereof what's past is prologue, what's to come, In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What staff is this!—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis, And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate As amply, and unnecessarily, As this Gonzalo; I myself could make A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore The mind that I do! what a sleep were this For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember, You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True: And look how well my garments sit upon me; Much feater than before. My brother's servants Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kyte 'Twould put me to my slippers; but I feel not This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences, That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And yet I needs must curse; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with archim shows, pitch me if the mire.
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me.
And after, bite me: then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing: I hear it
sing 't the wind: yond' same black cloud, yond' huts
one, looks like a foul bombard; that would shed liq-
"What have we here? [Seeing Caliban,] 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.
A strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I
was) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday
fool there but who would give a piece of silver: there
would this monster make a man: any strange beast
there makes a man. When they will not give a doit
to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a
dead Indian. Leg'd like a man! and his dus like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an
islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt
[Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again: my best
way is to creep under his garderobe; there is no other
shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange
bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the drench of
the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore.—

This is a very sev'ry tune to sing at a man's funeral.

Well, here's my comfort. [Drinks]

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Moll, Meg, and Mariam, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a long,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where-e'er she did itch,
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a sev'ry tune too; but here's my comfort. [Drinks]

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of
Inde? Ha! I have not 'spear'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper
a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give
ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano
breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs
who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devi
should he learn our language? I will give him some-
relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pray thee: I'll bring my wood home faster. 

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, eat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again. [Caliban drinks!]

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come.—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spone.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo: be not afraid, thy good friend Stephano.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth. I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed! How came'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.

—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberline for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano! two Neapolitans 'scape? 

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about: my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? how came'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly. [Kneels.]

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'st.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano! hast any more of this? 

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I knew of him—a very weak monster.—The man in the moon!—a most poor credulous monster.

Well drawn, monster, in good sooth. 

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down and swear.

[Caliban lies down.]

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most securvy monster: I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss. 

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough. A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee Young scamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me? 

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again. Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell. [Sings drunkenly]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish; 

Nor feath in firing 

At requisiting; 

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish; 

'Ban 'Ban, Cu—Caliban, 

Has a new master—Get a new man. 

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey day, freedom! 

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt]
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead, and makes my labours pleasures: O! she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbit:
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work: and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy, blest 1 when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO behind.

Mira. Alas! now, pray you, work
Not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile.
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress!
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that:
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected:
This visitation shows it.

[Mira aside.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda.—O my father!
I have broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Adm't! Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eye'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women: never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you!
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape.
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
[I would, not so!] and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true: if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of aught 2 else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

[Aside.]

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

[kneels.]

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
At bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now
farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! [Exit Fer. and Mira.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following
with a bottle

Ste. Tell not me: when the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three
of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state
totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues,
off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and
yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-call, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good moon-call.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe
THE TEMPEST.

Act III.

I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignominy monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou daubed fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrons lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mockes me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be plac'd to hearten once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it: I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. [CALIBAN kneels.]

Enter Ariel, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the isle.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:

I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing. [Ceed.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[To CALIBAN.] Pro-

Cal. I say by sorcery he got this isle;

From me he got it: if thy greatness will,

Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st;

But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How, now, shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Ven, ven, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,

Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pedi' ninny's this! Thou scurv'y patch! I do beseech thee greatness, give him blows,

And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,

He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no farther danger: interrupt the monster one word farther, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.


Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [Strikes him.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Ste. Ha, ha, ha!

Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,

I'll beat him too.


Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep; then thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log

Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

Or cut his wazand with thy knife. Remember,

First to possess his books; for without them

He's but a soat, as I am, nor hath not

One spirit to command: they all do hate him,

As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;

He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)

Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:

And that most deeply to consider is

The beauty of his daughter; he himself

Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,

But only Sycorax my dam, and she;

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,

As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and

I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and

Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroy's. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;

Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

Floot 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and

floot 'em:

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays a tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,

Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will burn about mine ears; and sometimes voices,

That, if I thou had wak'd after long sleep,

Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where

I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow—I would, I could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exit.]
SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

Federico Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adriano, Francisco, and Others.

Gon. By'r la'kin! I can go no farther, sir; my old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed. Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience, I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, who am myself attac'd with weariness, to the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd. Whom thus we stray to find; the sea mocks our frustrated search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's out of hope.

[Aside to Sebastian]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose that you resolved to effect.

[Seb.]

Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night.

For, now they are oppress'd with travail, they will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, as when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

[Solemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.]

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark! Marvellous sweet music! Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe that there are unicorns; that in Arabia there is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix at this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both: and what does else want credit, come to me. And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers never did lie; though fools at home condemn them.

[Alon.]

If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? If I should say, I saw such islanders, (for, certes, these are people of the island) who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note, their manners are more gentle, kind, than of our human generation you shall find. Many, may, almost any.

Pro. [Aside.] Honest lord, thou hast said well; for some of you there present, are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse, [ing such shapes, such gestures, such sounds,] although they want the use of tongue! a kind of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since they have left their viands behind, for we have stomachs.

Will you taste of what is here?

Ant. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them. Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men, whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we find, each puller-out of five for one will bring as good warrant of. 

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last: no matter, since I feel the best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke, stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny (that hath to instrument this lower world, and what is in't) the never-surfaced sea hath caused to beliech, and on this island where man doth not inhabit; you, most men, being most unfit to live. I have made you mad. And even with such like valour men hang and drown their proper selves. You fools! and I and my fellows are ministers of fate: the elements, [Alon., Seb., &c., draw their Swords.]

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well wound the loud winds, or with beno'ck'd-at stabs kill the still-closing waters, as diminish one dowel's that's in my planne: my fellow-ministers are like uninvulnerable. If you could hurt your swords are now too massy for your strengths, and will not be uplifted. But, remember, for that's my business to you, that you three from Milan did supplant good Prospero: expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it) Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed the powers, delaying not forgetting, have Incess'd the seas and shores, yet, all the creatures, against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso, they have bereft; and do pronounce by me, lingering perdition (worse than any death) Can be at once) shall step by step attend you, and your ways; whose wrath's to guard you from (which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow, and a clear life ensuing. He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mock's and moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Above.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring. Of my instruction hast thou nothing hated, in what thou hast to say: so, with good life and observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done. My high charms work and these, nine enemies, are all knit up in their directions: they now are in my power: and in these fits I leave them, while I wish Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd) and his and my lord's darling. [Exit Prospero.]

Gon. If the name of something holy, sir, why stand you in this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it; the winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd the name of Prosper: it did bare my trespass.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero’s Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Prospero. If I have too austernly punished you, Your compensation makes amends; for I Have given you here a thread of mine own life, Or that for which I live: whom once again I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love, and thou Hast strangely stood the test: here, afores Heaven, I ratify this my rich gift! O Ferdinand! Do not smile at me that I bestow her off, For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise, And make it halt behind her.

Ferdinand. I do believe it, Against an oracle.

Prospero. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition Worthily purchase’st, take my daughter: but If thou dost break her virgin knot before All sanctimonious ceremonies may, With full and holy rite, be minister’d, No sweet aspersions shall the heavens let fall To make this contract grow; but barren hate, Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew The union of your bed with weeds so loathly, That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed, As Hymen’s lamps shall light you.

Miranda. As I hope For quiet days, fair issue, and long life, With such love as ‘tis now, the greatest den, The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion Our worser genius can, shall never melt Mine honour into lust, to take away The edge of that day’s celebration, When I shall think, or Phoebus’ steeds are founder’d, Or night kept chain’d below.

Prospero. Fairly spoke.

Miranda. Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own. What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.

Prospero. Thou and thy menors fellows your last service Did worthy perform, and I must use you In such another trick. Go, bring the rabble, O’er whom I give thee power, here, to this place: Incite them to quick motion; for I must Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise, And they expect it from me.

Ariel. Presently?

Prospero. Ay, with a twinkle.

Ariel. Before you can say, “Come,” and “go,” And breathe twice; and ery, “so so,” Each one, tripping on his toe, Will be here with mop and mop. Do you love me, master? no? 1

Like poison given to work a great time after, Now ‘gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you, That are of superfluous joints, follow them swiftly, And hinder them from what this ecstasy May now provoke them to.

Prospero. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

Ariel. Well I conceive. [Exit]

Prospero. Look, thou be true. Do not give dalliance Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw To the fire i’ the blood. Be more abstemious, Or else, good night, your vow.

Ferdinand. I warrant you, sir. The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart Abates the ardour of my liver.

Prospero. Well.—

Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary, Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertain— No tongue all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas; Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep, And flat meads thatch’d with stover, ’tis for them to keep: Thy banks with pioned and tilled brims, Which spenzy April at thy hest betrims, To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown groves, Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves, Being less-lorn; thy pole-clip vineyard; And thy sea-marge, sterile, and rocky-hard, Where thou thyself dost air; the queen of the sky, Whose watery arch and messenger am I, Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace, Here on this grass-plot, in this very place, [Juno descends slowly To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain: Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Ceres. Hail, many-coloured messenger, that ne’er Dost disoblige the wife of Jupiter; Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers Diffuseth honey-drops, refreshing showers; And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown My bosky acres, and my unshrubbed down, Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen Summon’d me hither, to this short-graz’d green? Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate, And some donation freely to estate On the bless’d lovers.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow. If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know, Do now attend the queen? since they did plot The means that dusky Dis my daughter got, Her and her blind boy’s scandal’d company I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society Be not afraid: I met her deity Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
SCENE I.

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Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen’s torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars’ hot minion is return’d again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour’d in their issue.

SONG.

Juno Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!

Juno sings her blessings on you.

Earth’s increase, joison plenty,
Barns, and garner’s never empty;
Vines, with clus’ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goosebun bovying;
Rain* come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall skim you:
Ceres’ blessing all is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pso. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call’d to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder’d father, and a wife,*
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There’s something else to do. Hush. and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr’d.

Iris. You nymphs, call’d Natoids, of the winding brooks,
With your sedge* crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.

Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn’d sickle-men, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country foot.”

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof —

Pso. Pro. The song ends, and Pro. speaks;
and Pro. takes off the dance, being over;
Whispers. — You have forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. — [To the Spirits.] Well done.

Avoid; — no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father’s in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch’d with anger so dismister’d.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov’d sort,
As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp’d towers, the glorious palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex’d;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb’d with my infirmity.
If you be pleas’d retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I’ll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt

Pro. Come with a thought! — I thank thee. — Ariel come!

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What’s thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear’d
Lost I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback’d colts, they prick’d their ears.

Advanc’d their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm’d their ears,
That, call-like, they my lowing follow’d, through
Tooth’d briners, sharp furzes, prickling gorse, and thorns
Which enter’d their frail skins: at last I left them;
I the hilly mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O’erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale* to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurtre never can stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,

Re-enter Ariel, laden with glistening apparel, &c.

Even to roaring. — Come, hang them on this line.

Ariel hangs them on the line, and with Prospero remains unseen.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harm less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack
with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should
take a displeasure against you; look you,

Trin. Thou went but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I’ll bring thee to
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V.

Shall hood-wink this mischance: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this
be your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears
for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano!
look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
[Seeing the apparel.]

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool: it is but trash.

Trin. O, lie, monster! we know what belongs to a
trappery.—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll
have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy down this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? Let 't alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From too to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be ye quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not
this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line;
now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove
a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, and't like
your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country. "Steal by line and level," is an excelling
pass of taste; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come; put some line upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time.
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear this
away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you
out of my kingdom. Go to; carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in
shape of hounds, and hunt them about: Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.]

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorn up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [Cries and roaring]

Ari. Hark! they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shall have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes; and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour: at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confideth together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge:
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the pine-grove which weather-tends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them.

Wreath-full of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
them.

That if you now behold them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doth thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Thou' with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick.
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent.
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowner farther. Go; release them, Ariel.
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir [Exit

Pro. Ye clives of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you damny-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green-ward' ringlets make,
Whereof the eoe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curlew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I hear a noise; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.
Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonso, with a frightful
gesture, attended by Gonzalo: Sebastian and Antonio
in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero
had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero
observing, speaks.
A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boild within thy skull! There stand.
For you are spell-stopp'd.-
Noble Gonzalo, honourable man.
Mine eyes, even sociable to the flow of thine,
Fallellowly drops. -The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. -O good Gonzalo!
My true preserver, and a loyal servant!
To him thou follow'st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. -Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act -
Thou'th'rinch'd for know, Sebastian. -Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian.
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong
Would here have kill'd your king: I do forgive thee.
Unnatural though thou art. -Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now he soul and muddy. Not one of them.
That yet looks on me, e'er would know me. -Ariel.
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [Exit Ariel.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan. -Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.
Ariel re-enters singing, and helps to attire Prospero.
Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
Into the coyness of her lie:
There I conk. When oaks do cry,
On the hat's back I do fly.
After summer, merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee:
But yet thou shalt have freedom: -so, so, so, -
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain.
Being awake, entertain them to this place,
And presently, I pr'ythee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.
Gon. All forment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here; some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. [Attire as Duke] Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero.
For more assurance that a living prince
Doth now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted devil to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee.
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must evade
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me thy wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or censur'd. Gonzalo,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]
I here could pluck his highness' brown upon you.
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [Aside.] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alo. If thou beest Prospero,
GIVE us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Wore reck'd upon this shore: where I have lost,
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woefully, sir.
Alo. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Pros. You the like loss?
Pros. As great to me, as late: and, supportable -
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddled in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pros. In this last tempest, I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth. their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were reck'd, was landed.
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Revealing this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;  
At least, brine forth a wonder, to content ye.  
As much as me my dukedom.  
Prospero draws a curtain, and discovers Ferdinand  
and Miranda playing at chess.  
Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.  
Fer. No, my dearest love,  
I would not for the world.  
Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.  
Alon. If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son *  
Shall I twice lose.  
Sch. A most high miracle!  
Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:  
I have cured them without cause.  
[Knells to Alon.  
Alon. Now, all the blessings  
Of a kind godfather compass thee about!  
Arise, and say how thou canst here.  
Mira. O, wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,  
That has such people in't!  
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.  
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?  
Your old acquaintance cannot be three hours;  
is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together?  
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;  
But, by immortal providence; she's mine:  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown.  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Received a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.  
Alon. I am hers,  
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness.  
Pro. There, sir, stop:  
Let us not burden our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.  
Gon. I have inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods.  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown,  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way,  
Which brought us hither!  
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.  
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom.  
In a poor isle: and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.  
Alon. Give me your hands:  
[To Fer. and Mir.  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not wish you joy!  
Gon. Be it so: Amen.  
Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain.  
amazingly following.  
O look, sir! look, sir! here are more of us,  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?  
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?  
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,  
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.  
Ari. Have I done since I went.  
Pro. My tricksey spirit!  
Ari. Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?  
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And (how we know not) all clapp'd under hatchets.  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awak'd: straightway, at liberty:  
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master  
Capering to eye her: on a truce, so please you,  
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
And were brought moping hither.  
Ari. Was't well done?  
Pro. Bravely, my diligence! Thou shalt  
[Aside.  
Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;  
And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduced of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.  
Pro. Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  (Which to you shall seem probable) of every  
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,  
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit  
[Aside.  
Set Caliban and his companions free;  
Until the spell. [Ex. Ariel.] How farse my gracious sir!  
There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.  
Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and  
Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.  
Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man  
take care for himself, for all is but fortune.—Coragio!  
bully-monster, coragio!  
Trim. If these be true spies which I wear in my  
head, here's a goodly eight.  
Cal. O Setebos! these be brave spirits, indeed  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.  
Sch. Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy them?  
Ant. Very like: one of them  
is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.  
Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords  
Then say, if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,  
His mother was a witch; and one so strong  
That could control the moor, make flies and eels,  
And deal in her command with all her power.  
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil  
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life; two of these fellows you  
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness i  
Acknowledge mine.  
Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death
SCENE I.

THE TEMPEST.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Sch. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this great liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How came'st thou in this pickle?
Tri. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.
Sch. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. 'O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.
Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.
[Pointing to Caliban.
Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will: and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?
Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.
Sch. Or stole it, rather. [Ex. Cal., Ste., and Tri
Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train.
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle; and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge: then, to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint; now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my hands,
With the help of your good hands.

Exeunt:

Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair
Unless I be relief'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

[Exeunt Omnes]
THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

---

Dramatis Personae.

| Duke of Milan, Father to Silvia.          | Panthino, Servant to Antonio.          |
| Valentine, | The two Gentlemen.                      | Host, where Julia lodges.               |
| Thurio, a foolish rival to Valentine.    | Julia, beloved of Proteus.             |
| Eglamour, agent of Silvia in her escape. | Silvia, beloved of Valentine.          |
| Speed, a clownish Servant to Valentine.  | Lucetta, Waiting-woman to Julia.       |
| Launce, the like to Proteus.              | Servants, Musicians.                    |

Scene: sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan, and on the frontiers of Mantua.

ACT I.

Scene I.—An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Proteus.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus: 
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. 
Wor the not, affection chains thy tender days 
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, 
I rather would entreat thy company 
To see the wonders of the world abroad, 
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home, 
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein, 
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest 
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: 
Wish me partaker in thy happiness, 
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, 
If ever danger do environ thee, 
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers, 
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.


Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love, 
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love, 
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; but thou art ever boots in love, 
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots. 

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? 

Val. To be in love where scorn is bought with groans; 
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's 
mirth.

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights: 
If haply won, a hapless gain; 
If lost, wlt then a grievous labour won:

However, but a folly bought with wit, 
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me fool. 

Val. So, by your circumstance, I tear you'll prove 

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you; 
And he that is so yoked by a fool, 
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud 
The eating canker dwells, so eating love 
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud 
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow, 
Even so by love the young and tender wit 
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud, 
Losing his verdure even in the prime, 
And all the fair effects of future hopes. 
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee, 
That art a votary to fond desire? 
Once more adieu. My father at the road 
Expecting my coming, there to see me shipp'd. 

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave 
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters, 
Of thy success in love, and what news else 
Betideth here in absence of thy friend, 
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan.

Val. As much to you at home; and so, farewell. [Exeunt

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love: 
He leaves his friends to dignify them more: 
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love. 
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me; 
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time, 
War with good counsel, set the world at nought, 
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?
Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
As if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd,
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The shepherd for fodder follow the shepherd,
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou
for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages
follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baw."

Pro. But dost thou hear? gay'st thou my letter to
Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to
her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave
me a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of
muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged'd, you were best
stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 't were best pound
you for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, the pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. I. [Speed nods.]

Pro. Nod, I? why that's noddy. 3

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod, and you
ask me, if she did nod? and I say I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it
'tgether, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having
nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief; what
said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the
matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said
she?

[Speed nods.

Pro. Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her
better.

No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter;
And being so hard to that brought to her? your mind,
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling you her mind,

Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.

Speed. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy
pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you
have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth
I carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend
you to my master.

[Exit]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck.

Which cannot perish, having the board. 6

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger;
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines.

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exit

SCENE II.—The Same. Julia's Garden.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say. Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldest thou, then, counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfull
Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parole encounter me.

In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my
mind,
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour? 8

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Merentio? 9

Luc. Well, of his wealth: but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus a loving gentleman.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest keep'd burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love:

Jul. I would know his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.


Luc. That the contents will show

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from
Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray
Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see if he return'd, [Gives it back.]

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more feé than hate.

Jul. Will you be gone?

1 Most commentators make this mean, a dressed-up courtesan. Knight suggests that, (he being used in its primitive meaning of a
thing that catches or seizes) it means caught sheep. 2 The old name for the knave or fool of a pack of cards. 3 Not in f. 4 to her
not in f. 5 telling your mind: in f. 6 This speech is printed as prose in f. 7 A testern is a sixpence. 8 Not in f. 9
Exrunt: in f. 10 Mercatio: in f. e. 11 on lovely: in f. c. 12 Not in f. e.
That you may ruminate. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet, I would I had o’erlook’d the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her;
What tool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view,
Since maids, in modesty, say "No,"
To that Which they would have the proflerer construe, "Ay."

Fie, fie! how tardy is this foolish love,
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

How curtly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here:
How angrily I taught my brow to crown,
When inward joy enforce’d my heart to smile.

My penance is to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What ho! Lucetta:—

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?—

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?—

Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

[Looks at the letter, and takes it up again.]

Jul. What is ’t that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why did you stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune,
Give me a note: your ladyship can set
Jul. As little by such tools as may be possible.

Best sing it to the tune of “Light o’ love.”

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high
Jul. Let’s see your song.—[Snatching the letter.]

How now, minion!—

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descent:—

There wanteth but a mean’st to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown’d with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation:—

[Teares the letter, and throws it down.]

Go: get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them to anger me. [Exit.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be pleas’d
to be so anger’d with another letter.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger’d with the same!
O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injuruous wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I’ll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—“Kind Julia;—unkind Julia!”

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ—“Love-wound Proteus,”—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal’d.

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down;

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a rugged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo! here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus.

To the sweet Julia:— ’tis that I’ll bear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining name.

Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam,

Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What shall these papers lie like tell-tales here
Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a mouth’s mind* unto them.

* Luc. Ay, madam, you may see what sights you think;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will’t please you go? [Exit.

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Antonio’s House.

Enter Antonio and Pamphilo.

Ant. Tell me, Pamphilo, what sad? talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pamp. ’T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?

Pamp. He wonder’d, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need’st thou much importune me to this.

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider’d, and his less of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:

Experience is by industry achiev’d,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pamp. I think, your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it’s mine.—

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you’ll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that hath the petition to sigh, like a schoolboy that hath lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that hath buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one

Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship’s will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish.

Musie not that I thus suddenly proceed,

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv’d, that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentine in the emperor’s court:

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want’st shall be sent after thee.

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ’d

To hasten on his expedition.

[Exit Antonio and Panthino.

Pro. Thus have I shunn’d the fire for fear of burning,

And drench’d me in the sea, where I am drown’d.

I fear’d to show my father Julia’s letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love:

And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O! how this spring of love resembled

The uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter Panthino.

Ant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exit
Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?  
Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very quaintly writ,  
But since unwillingly, take them again.  
Nay, take them. [Giving it back  
Val. Madam, they are for you.  
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,  
But I will none of them; they are for you.  
I would have had them writ more movingly.  
Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.  
Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over  
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.  
Val. If it please me, madam; what then?  
Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:  
And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit  
Speed. O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,  
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.  
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better.  
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write  
the letter?  
Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?  
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.  
Val. To do what?  
Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.  
Val. To whom?  
Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooed you by a figure.  
Val. What figure?  
Speed. By a letter, I should say.  
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?  
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you  
write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?  
Val. No, believe me.  
Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?  
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.  
Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.  
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.  
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there  
and end.  
Val. I would it were no worse!  
Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:  
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,  
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;  
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind  
discover,  
Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—  
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—  
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.  
Val. I have dined.  
Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon  
love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd  
by my viuitals, and would fain have meat. O! be not  
like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA's House.  

Enter Proteus and Julia.  

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.  
J ul. I must, where is no remedy.  
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.  
J ul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner  
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.  
Pro. Why then, we'll make exchange; here, take  
you this. [Exchange rings  
J ul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.


_Sir Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed._

_Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; and when that hour o’er-slips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, the next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love’s forgetfulness._

_Thurio._ Nay, now, thou art with tears; and that tide will stay me longer than I should. [Exit Julia.]

_Pro._ Farewell,—What! gone without a word? Ay, true love should do; it cannot speak; for truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it._

Enter Pantaloon.

_Pant._ Sir Proteus, you are stay’d for.

_Pro._ Go; I come, I come.—

_Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb._ 

Enter Launce, leading his Dog.

_Launce._ Nay, t’will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proporcion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the imperial’s court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives; my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandmother having no eyes, look her, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I’ll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my mother;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother.—nay, that cannot be so, neither.——yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on’t! there ’tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand; this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog.—O! the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come to my father: “Father, your blessing!” now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; woe, he weeps on. Now come to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wild woman;—well, I kiss her; why there ’tis: here ’s my mother’s breath, up and down. Now come to my sister; mark the moon she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word, but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Pantaloon.

_Pant._ Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What’s the matter? why weep’st thou, man? Away, ass; you’ll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

_Launce._ It is no matter if the tide were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

_Pant._ What’s the unkindest tide?

_Launce._ Why, he that’s tied here: Crab, my dog.

_Pant._ Tut, man, I mean thou ’llost the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service. Why dost thou stop my mouth?

_Launce._ For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

_Pant._ Where should I lose my tongue?

_Launce._ In thy tale.

_Pant._ In thy tail?

_Launce._ Lose the tied, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. _Come; come, away, man: I was sent to call thee._

_Launce._ Sir, call me what thou dar’st.

_Pant._ Will thou go?

_Launce._ Well, I will go. [Exit.

Enter Silvia, Proteus, Thurio, and Speed.

_Sil._ Sir Valentine, what’s the news?

_Prot._ Ay, boy, it’s for love.

_Sil._ Not of you.

_Prot._ Of my mistress, then.

_Speed._ ’T were good you knock’d him.

_Sil._ Servant, you are sad.

_Prot._ Indeed, madam, I seem so.

_Thur._ Seem you that you are not?

_Sil._ Haply, I do.

_Thur._ So do counterfeits.

_Sil._ So do you.

_Thur._ What seem I that I am not?

_Val._ Wise.

_Thur._ What instance of the contrary?

_Val._ Your folly.

_Thur._ And how quote you my folly?

_Val._ I quote it in your jerkin.

_Thur._ My jerkin is a doublet.

_Val._ Well, then, ’twill double your folly.

_Thur._ How?

_Sil._ What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

_Val._ Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of causeleon.

_Thur._ That hath more mind to feed on your blood than live in your air.

_Val._ You have said, sir.

_Thur._ Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

_Val._ I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

_Sil._ A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

_Val._ ’T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

_Sil._ Who is that, servant?

_Val._ Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship’s looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

_Val._ I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

_Sil._ No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the Duke.

_Duke._ Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset. Sir Valentine, your father’s in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news? You are so welcome.

_Val._ My lord, I will be thankful.

_Duke._ To any happy messenger from hence.

_Val._ Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

_Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman._

_Duke._ To be of wealth, and worthy estimation, and not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Protes, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love.
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor,
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates:
And here he means to spend his time a-while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.
Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.
Duke. Welcome him, then, according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you; and you, sir Thurio:
For Valentine. I need not 'cite him to it.
I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.
Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
Had along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.
Sil. Belike, that now she hath entranch'd them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.
Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind.
How could he see his way to seek you out?
Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.
Thur. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.
Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Proteus.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes the gentle-
man
Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.
Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.
Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.
Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress
Val. Leave off discourse of disability.—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.
Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.
Sil. And duty yet did never wait his need.
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.
Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthless.

Re-enter Thurio.

Thur. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.
Sil. I wait upon his pleasure: come, sir Thurio,
Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs:
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Proteus.
Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?
Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much
commended.
Val. And how do yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?
Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.
Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high impetuous thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, and penitent groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love.
Love hath chas'd sleep from my enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow
O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no voice to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.
Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?
Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?
Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.
Val. Call her divine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.
Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.
Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou will except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her, too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud.
Disdain to root the summer-smelling flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then, let her alone.
Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own:
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st is full of jealousy.
Pro. But she loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our
marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determined of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend on you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will. [Exit Valentine.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine own, or Valentine's praise.
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love. —
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold.
And that I love him not, as I was wont.  
O! but I love his lady too much:
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
T is but her picture I have yet beheld.
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milian.
Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I 'll to the alehouse with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?
Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not.

My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee; I 'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will 't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay; it will: if he say, no; it will: if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how
So 'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee: I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love, if thou wilt go with me to the ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[Exit

SCENE VI.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn?
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Proves me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting love! if I have sin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it,
At first I did adore a twining star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken,
And he who thinks, will that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unrevendere tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast prefer'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them. I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thou find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious to itself;
And Silvia, (witnesse heaven that made her fair)
Shows Julia but a swarthly Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive.
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I 'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night, he meaneth with a cased ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I 'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
Who, all euraged, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter.
But, Valentine being gone, I 'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [Exit.
SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia’s House.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me:
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee.
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character’d and engrav’d,
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps.
Much less shall she, that hath love’s wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know’st thou not, his looks are my soul’s food?
Pity the death that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Then wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love’s hot fire,
But qualify the fire’s extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam’st it up, the more it burns
The current, that with gentle murmurs glides,
Thou know’st, being stopp’d, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered.
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wide’st ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I’ll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I’ll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I’ll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—’tis tell me, good my lord.
What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now’s not worth a pin
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov’st me, let me have
What thou think’st meet, and is most mannerly.
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unsta’d a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz’d.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not
Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go,
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who’s displeas’d, when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas’d withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect;
But truer stars did govern Proteus’ birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov’st me, do him not that wrong.
To hear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my loving journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, my goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come; answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarryance.

[Exit.

ACT III.


Enter Duke, Thurio, and Proteus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave. I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—Exit Thurio.

Now, tell me, Proteus, what’s your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter:


Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin’d to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stol’n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty’s sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,


Beneath its necessary, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care.
Which to requite, command me while I live.

Thy love of theirs myself have often seen,
Happy, when they have judged me fast asleep,
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court;
But, tearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shamed)
I gave him gentle looks: thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower.
The key whereof myself have ever kept:
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend.
And with a corded ladder fetch her down.
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend.

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming. Enter VALENTINE, in his cloak.

Duke. Sir Valentine methinks is away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends.
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter: stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs.
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Bespeaking such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your grace win her fancy to him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remains of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resol'd to take a wife.
And turn her out to who will take her in.
Then, let her beauty be her wedd'n dowry:
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milan here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy.
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(Err long ago have I forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To her, regarded in her sun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorner what best contents her.
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.  ACT III.

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee: But if thou linger in my territories Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse; But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment? To die, is not to be banish'd from myself. And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her, Is self from self; a deadly banishment. What light is light, if Silvia be not seen? What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by? Unless I be, to think that she is by, And feed upon the shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale; Unless I look on Silvia in the day, There is no day for me to look upon. She is my essence; and I leave to be, If I be not by her fair influence. Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death; But fly I hence, I fly away from life. [Exit Proteus and Launce.]

Pro. Run, boy: run, run, and seek him out. Launce. So-ho! so-ho! Pro. What seem thou? Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on his head, but 'tis a Valentine. Pro. Valentine? Val. No. Pro. Who then? his spirit? Val. Neither. Pro. What then? Val. Nothing. Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike? Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike? Launce. Nothing. Pro. Villain, forbear. Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,— Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word. Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath possess'd them. Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine. For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad. Val. Is Silvia dead? Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!— Hath she forsworn me? Pro. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!— What is your news? Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd. Pro. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news, From hence from Silvia, and from me, thy friend. Val. O! I have fed upon this woe already, And now excess of it will make me forslit. Hath Silvia know'd that I am banished? Pro. Ay, ay: and she hath offer'd to the doom, (Which, unresolv'd, stands in effectual force) A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd, With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them, As if but now they waxed pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire, But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chas'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many bitter threats of 'biding there. Val. No more; unless the next word that thou spakest, Have some malignant power upon my life: If so, I pray thee, breathe it in my ear, As ending anthem of my endless doleour. Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, And study help for that which thou lamentest. Time is the nurse and breeder of all good. Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love; Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life. Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that, And manage it against despairing thoughts. Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate, And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love affairs. As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me. Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy, Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate. Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [Exit Valentine and Proteus.]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milkmaid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-sparrow, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cat-log [pulling out a paper] of her conditions. Improvisi, “She can fetch and carry.” Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, “She can milk!” look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

SCENE II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.
Launce. There, and saint Nicholas be thy speed!
Speed. Imprimis, "She can milk."
Launce. Ay, that she can.
Speed. Item. "She brews good ale."
Launce. And thereof comes the proverb.—Blessing
of your heart, you brew good ale.
Speed. Item. "She can wash and sew."
Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?
Speed. Item. "She can knit."
Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a
wrench, when she can knit him a stock?
Speed. Item. "She can wash and scour."
Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be
washed, and scoured.
Speed. Item. "She can spin."
Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when
she can spin for her living.
Speed. Item. "She hath many nameless virtues."
Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues;
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.
Speed. Here follow her vices.
Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.
Speed. Item. "She is not to be kissed fasting, in
respect of her breath."
Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a
breakfast. Read on.
Speed. Item. "She hath a sweet mouth."
Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.
Speed. Item. "She doth talk in her sleep."
Launce. It's no matter for that, so she slip not in
her talk.
Speed. Item. "She is slow in words."
Launce. O villain! that set this down among her
vices? To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue:
I pray thee, out with it, and place it for her chief virtue.
Speed. Item. "She is proud."
Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy,
and cannot be ta'en from her.
Speed. Item. "She hath no teeth."
Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love
crusts.
Speed. Item. "She is curt."
Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.
Speed. Item. "She will often praise her liquor."
Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will
not, I will; for good things should be praised.
Speed. Item. "She is too liberal."
Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ
down she is slow of: of her purse she shall not, for
that I'll keep shut: now, of another thing she may, and
that cannot I help. Well, proceed.
Speed. Item. "She hath more hair than wit, and
more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."
Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine,
and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article.
Rehearse that once more.
Speed. Item. "She hath more hair than wit."
Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove
it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore
it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit,
is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less.
What's next?
Speed. "And more faults than hairs."
Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!
Speed. "And more wealth than faults."
Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the
Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most:
Forsworn my company, and raill'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter Proteus.

How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown sure sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace.
Let me not live to look upon your grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes him against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persists so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then, you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endanger him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entrusted to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it.
By aught that I can speak in his displeasure,
She shall not long continue love to him. But say, this went her love from Valentine. It follows not that she will love sir Thurio. 

This. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him, Lost it should ravel and be good to none. You must provide to bottom it on me; Which must be done, by praising me as much As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine. Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind, Because we know, on Valentine’s report, You are already love’s firm votary, And cannot soon revolt, and change your mind. Upon this warrant shall you have access Where you with Silvia may confer at large: For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy. And for your friend’s sake will be glad of you, When you may temper her, by your persuasion, To hate young Valentine, and love my friend. 

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect. But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough; You must lay time to tangle her desires By waryl sonnets, whose composed rhymes Should be full fraught with serviceable vows. Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy. 

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears Moist it again; and frame some feeling line, That may discover strict integrity: For Orpheus’ lute was strung with poets’ sinews, Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. After your dire-lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady’s chamber window With some sweet consort to their instruments Tune a depleting dump; the night in dead silence Will well become such sweet complaining grievance. This, or else nothing, will inherit her. 

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love. Thu. And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction giver, Let us into the city presently, To sort some gentlemen well-skill’d in music. I have a sonnet that will serve the turn To give the onset to thy good advice. Duke. About it, gentlemen. 

Pro. We’ll wait upon your grace till after supper, And afterward determine our proceedings. Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you. [Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — A Forest, between Milan and Verona. 

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger. 

2 Out. If there be ten, shrink not, but down with them. 

Enter Valentine and Speed. 

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you: 

If not, we’ll make you sit, and rifle you. 

Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much. 

Vol. My friends,— 

1 Out. That’s not so, sir: we are your enemies. 

2 Out. Peace! we’ll hear him. 

3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man. 

Vol. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose. 

A man I am cross’d with adversity: My riches are these poor habiliments. Of which if you should here disturb me, You take the sum and substance that I have. 

2 Out. Whither travel you? 

Vol. To Verona. 

1 Out. Whence came you? 

Vol. From Milan. 

3 Out. Have you long sojourn’d there? 

Vol. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stayed. 

It crooked fortune had not thwarted me. 

2 Out. What! were you banish’d thence? 

Vol. I was. 

2 Out. For what offence? 

Vol. For that which now torments me to rehearse. I kill’d a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully, in fight. 

Without false vantage, or base treachery. 

1 Out. Why, ne’er repent it, if it were done so. 

But were you banish’d for so small a fault? 

Vol. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues? 

Vol. My youthful travel therein made me happy. 

Or else I had been often miserable. 

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood’s fat friar, This fellow were a king for our wild faction. 

1 Out. We’ll have him. 

Sirs, a word. 

Speed. Master, be one of them: It is an honourable kind of thievery. 

Vol. Peace, villain! 

2 Out. Tell us this: have you any thing to take to? 

Vol. Nothing, but my fortune. 

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen, Such as the fury of ungovern’d youth 

Thrust from the company of awful men: Myself was from Verona banish’d, For practising to steal away a lady, 

An heir, and near allied unto the duke. 

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, Who, in my mood, I stabb’d unto the heart. 

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these. But to the purpose; for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus’d our lawless lives: 

And, partly, seeing you are beautify’d With goodly shape; and by your own report A linguist, and a man of such perfection, As we do in our quality much want:— 

3 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish’d man, Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 

Are you content to be our general? 

To make a virtue of necessity, And live, as we do, in this wilderness? 

[consort. 

3 Out. What say’st thou? wilt thou be of our Say, ay, and be the captain of us all. 

We’ll do thee homage, and be rul’d by thee, 

Love thee as our commander, and our king. 

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest: 

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer’d.
SCENE II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Vol. I take your offer, and will live with you; Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.
3 Out. No; we desist such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave; And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been foresworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spianel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio, and Musicians.

Thur. How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thur. Ay: but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thur. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thur. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and Julia (in boy's clothes), behind.

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're ally-
choly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you
where you shall hear music, and see the gentlemen
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

[Music plays.

Host. Hark! Hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise as free;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair,
For beauty lives with kindness
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were-
before? How do you, man? the music likes you not

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a
slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would not have them always play but
one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, Host, doth this sir Proteus, that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he
lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by
his master's command, he must carry for a present
to his lady.


Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not: I will so please,
That you shall say my ensuing drift excels.

Thur. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thur. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flatter,
That hast deceit'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. [Aside.] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives, to whom thyself art witness
I am betroth'd; and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunity?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me take it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.
Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that I'll speak, and to that I'll sigh and weep; For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow: And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [Aside] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it, And make it but a shadow, as I am. 

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir, But, since your falsehood, 't shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it. And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night, That wait for execution in the morn. [Exeunt Proteus and Silvia.

Jul. Host, will you go? Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.


Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That ever I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind. There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam!

Egl. Who calls?

Sil. Your servant, and your friend: One that attends your ladyship's command.

Egl. You are Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow. Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose, I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not. Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine; Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors. Thyself last lov'd; and I have heard thee say, No grief did ever come so near thy heart, As when thy lady and thy true love died, Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity. Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mauna, where, I hear, he makes abode; And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief; And on the justice of my flying hence, To keep me from a most unholy match. Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues. I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of sorrows as the sea of sands, To bear me company, and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam. I pity much your grievances, And the most true affections that you bear;* Which since I know they virtually are plac'd, I give consent to go along with you; Recking as little what betideth me, As much I wish all good felicitation. When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell.

Where I intend holy confession. Egl. I will not fail your ladyship. Good morrow Gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter Laurence with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps to me her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O! 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for 't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't. You shall judge. He thrust me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table; he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third; "hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I; "do you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick? [Enter Proteus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently. Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt. —Now, now, you whore'son peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering? Laurence. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel? Laurence. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog? Laurence. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

* From the Saxon haligdome, holy place or kingdom. * Injunction. * Compassionate. * This line is not in f. o.
Pro. What! didst thou offer her this eur1 from me?
Lau. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me
by a hangman boy2 in the market-place; and then I
off'rd her my own, who is a dog as big as ten of
yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Go; get thee hence, and find my dog again.
Or never return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end3 turns me to shame.
[Exit Launce.
Sebastian. I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For't is no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee.
Deliver it to madam Silvia.
She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token.
She's dead, belike?
Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why dost thou cry alas?
Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?
Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love should be so contrary,
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!
Pro. Well, give to her that ring; and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady
claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.
[Exit.
Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,
That with his very heart despiesth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me,
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will,
And now an I (unhappy messenger!)4
To plead for that which I would not obtain:
To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.
[Enter Silvia, attended.
Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?
Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.
Sil. O! he sends you for a picture.
Jul. Ay, madam.
Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. [A Picture brought.
Go, give your master this: tell him from me,

---

1 Not in f. o. 2 the hangman’s boys: in f. o. 3 Continually 4 Not in f. o. 5 In good earnest.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are green as grass,^1 and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That ne'er'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unsheen eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee.

[Exit]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour,
That Silvia at friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter Silvia.

See, where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening.
Sil. Amen, amen. Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thuria, Proteus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?
Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
Jul. But love will not he spur'd so to what it loaths.

[Aside.

Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink than look on them.

[Aside.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

[Aside.

Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

[Aside.

Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd,
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

[Aside.

Thu. Considers she my large possessions?
Pro. O! ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them.

[Aside.

Pro. That they are out by lease
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus! how now, Thuria!

Which of you saw sir? Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then
She's fled unto that peasant Valentine.
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true: for friar Lawrence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest.
He knew well; and guess'd that it was she,
But, being mask'd, she was not of her:
Besides, she did intend confusion.
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence:
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently: and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[Exit in haste.

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.

[Exit.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love.
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.
[Exit.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Silvia, and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come; be patient, we must bring you
to our captain.

[Drumming her in.

Sil. A thousand more mishances than this one
Have I learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us;
But Moysey, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood:
There is our captain. We'll follow him that's fled
The thicket is best; he cannot escape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave
Fear not: he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
These shadowy, desert,^4 unfrequented woods,
I better brook than nourishing peopled towns.  
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion too long tenantless.  
Least, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!  
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!  
Thou gentle nymph, cherish th'forlorn swain! —  
What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day? [Shouts?  
These my rude mates, that make their wills their law,  
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.  
They love me well; yet I have much to do,  
To keep them from uncivil outrages.  
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?  
[Withdraws.

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service having done for you,  
(Though you respect not as you serve to your pavilion)  
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,  
That would have forc'd your honour and your love;  
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look.  
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,  
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.  
Val. How like a dream is this, I see and hear!  
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.  
[Aside.  
Sil. O, miserable! unhappy that I am!  
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;  
But by my coming I have made you happy.  
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.  
Jul. And me, when he approacheth at my presence.  
[Aside.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,  
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;  
And full as much (for more there cannot be)  
I do detest false, perjur'd Proteus:  
Therefore be gone: solace me no more.  
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look.  
O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,  
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.  
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.  
Read o'er Julia's heart, thy first best love,  
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith  
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths  
Descended into perjury to love me,  
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou dost two,  
And that's far worse than one: better have none  
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.  
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!  
Pro. In love  
ho respects friend?  
Sil. All men but Proteus.  
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words  
Can no way change you to a milder form,  
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end,  
And love you 'gainst the nature of love: force you.  
Sil. O heaven!  
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.  
Val. [Coming forward.] Ruflian, let go that rude  
ness mine evil touch;  
Thou friend of an ill fashion!  
Pro. Valentine!  
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or

(For such is a friend now) traitorous man!  
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye  
Could have persuaded me. Now dared I to say,  
I have one friend alive, thou would'st disprove me  
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand  
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deep.'tis mine accurs!  
'Mongst all my foes, a friend should be the worst!  
Pro. My shame and desperate guilt at once found me.  
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow  
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,  
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then, I am paid:  
And once again I do receive thee honest.  
Who by repentance is not satisfied,  
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleased:  
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd,  
And, that my love may appear plain and free,  
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.  
Jul. O me unhappy!  
Pro. Look to the boy.  
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what's the matter! look up; speak.  
Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me to deliver a  
ring to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was  
never done.  
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?  
Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [Gives a ring  
Pro. How! let me see.  
This is the ring I gave to Julia.  
Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shakes another ring  
Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?  
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.  
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.  
Pro. How? Julia!  
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,  
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:  
How oft hast thou with perjury eft or the root!  
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:  
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me  
Such an indissoluble; if shame live  
In a disguise of love.  
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.  
Pro. Than men their minds: 'tis true. O heaven!  
were man  
But constant, he were perfect: that one error  
sins  
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the  
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.  
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?  
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.  
Let me be blest to make this happy close:  
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.  
Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for eve  
Jul. And I mine.  
[Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Tazio.  
Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!  
Val. Forbear: I forbear, I say: it is my lord the  
duke. —  
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,  
Banished Valentine.  

1 ring. 2 Not in f.e. 3 are my mates: in f.e. 4 Steps aside: in f.e. 5 I have: in f.e. 6 f.e. have a period. 7 f.e. have a semi-colon. 8 proved. 9 Not in f.e. 10 that in f.e. 11 My shame and guilt confounded: in f.e
Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia’s mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch.
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.

I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress’ love.
Know then, I here forget all former grieves,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival’d merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv’d:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv’d her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter’s sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, what’er it be.

Val. These banish’d men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall’d from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail’d; I pardon them, and these
Dispose of them, as thou know’st their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will conclude all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this stripling page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying, Valentine?

Val. Please you, I’ll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.—
Come, Proteus; ’tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your love’s discoverer:
Our day of marriage shall be yours no less:
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

Exeunt

Verona in f. e. include in f. e. * Not in f. e. * That done, our day of marriage shall be yours: i r f. e.

*
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| Sir John Falstaff.          | Bardolph, | Followers of Falstaff. |
| Fenton.                     | Pistol.    |                           |
| Slenor, cousin to Shallow.  | Simple,    | Servant to Slender.        |
| Ford: Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor. | John Rugby, Servant to Dr. Caius. |
| Page.                       | Mrs. Ford. |                           |
| William Page, a Boy, Son to Mr. Page. | Mrs. Page. |                           |
| Sir Hugh Evans, a Welsh Parson. | Anne Page, her Daughter, in love with Fenton. |
| Dr. Caius, a French Physician. | Mrs. Quickly, Servant to Dr. Caius. |

Host of the Gartr Inn.  Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I


Enter Justice Shallow, Slenor, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twice Sir John Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Glosfer, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slenor, and cust-olorum.

Slen. Ay, and rotolorum too; and a gentleman born master parson; who writes himself armigero; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, come before him, have done it, and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white laces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white laces do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures. But that is all one: if Sir John Falstaff have committed disprageries unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizzaments in that.

1 A title by which the erry were ordinarily addressed. 3 The old name for a pike—an allusion to the coat of arms of the Page's three lases.
Enter Page,

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for your venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better, it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, ha; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Cosolds. 2

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not.—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault.—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd: is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me.—Robert Shallow, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my acre, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight.—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The counsell shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John: good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbages.—Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-eating rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese.*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour.

Shen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is—master Page, fidelicet, master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Carter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery good: I will make a priet of it in my note-book: and we will afterwards 'bor with your cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. 'Tis the devil and his tam! what phrase is this? He hears with ear?  2 Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovels, 6 that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latter bilbo.  6

Word of denial in thy labras 2 here:

Word of denial; froth and scum. thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 't was he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say,  1 marry trap,  2 with you, if you run the nuthook's  2 humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you,Scarlet and John?  9

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is! Bard. And being top,  8 sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the carriers.  11

Slen. Ay, you speak in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk. I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So God judge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen: you hear it.

Enter Anne Page with wine; and Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exit Anne Page.

Eva. Oh heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

[Following and looking after her.

Page. How now, mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentle-

men, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shorteake upon Althallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

1 Not in f.  2 Cotswold-downs, in Gloucestershire, a familiar place for rural sports.  3 The old name for cabbage

* This cheese was extremely thin.

1 Shilling pieces, used in playing shuffle-board, and probably better fitted for the game by being heavier than the common coin, and so commanding a premium.

2 A term in horsemanship, for galloping a horse backwards and forwards.

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2 Instrument used by a thief to hook things from a window; he means, "if you say I'm a thief."

8 Two of Robin Hood’s merry men.

8 Two of Robin Hood’s merry men.

10 Puddled.  11 A term in horsemanship, for galloping a horse backwards and forwards.
Scene III.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Skal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here: do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable: if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Skal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Ev. Give ear to his motions, master Slender. I will eschew the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Ev. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Skal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Ev. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Ev. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us demand to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is purcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Skal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Ev. Nay, Caius's lords and his ladies, you must speak possible, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Skal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Skal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do, is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, "marry her," I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and disolution.

Ev. It is a fery discrition answer: save, the fault is in the 'ort dissolute: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely.—His meaning is good.

Skal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Skal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Skal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Ev. Od's pleased will I will not be absent at the grace.

[Exeunt Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will you please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [Exeunt Simple.] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, (three venyes for a dish of stewed prunes) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, sir: I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well: but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson's loose, twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I' ll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and phe, you shall not choose, sir. Come, come.

Slen. Nay; pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first: truly, la, I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I' ll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome.

You do yourself wrong, indeed, la. [Exeunt.]

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Ev. Go your ways, and ask of doctor Caius' house, which is the way; and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Ev. Nay, it is better yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and request her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner: there's pippins and cheese to come. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook⁴? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Herencles; cashier: let them wag: trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Caesar, Keiser, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke: let him follow.—Let me see thee froth, and mine! I am at a word: follow. [Exit Host.
Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered servingman, a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive.

Pist. O base Gongarian! what will thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour deceit? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so aocrat of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open: his jilching was like an unskillful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at aminimum's rest.

Pist. Convey the wise it call. Steal! fools! a lie for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must coney-eatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses. She craves,* she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's."

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her well*; out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious oillucks: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to search me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and beauty. I will be cheater* to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Ge, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads; we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I say Pandarus or Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour-lurer. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Robin] bear you these letters tightly:

Sail like my pinnace* to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! av'nt! vanish like hallucines, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hook; seek shelter, paek! Falstaff will learn the humour* of the age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirted page.

[Exit Falstaff and Robin.

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low* beguile the rich and poor.
Tested? I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack.

Base Phrygian Turk,
[venge
Nym. I have operations, which be humours of re-

Pist. Will thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her stars.13

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I.

I will discern the humour of this love to Page.14

Pist. And I to Ford!* shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile.

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison: I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius's House.

Enter Mrs. QUICKL, SIMPLE, and JOHN RUGBY.

Quick. What, John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master doctar Caius, coming: if he do, t' faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [Exit Rugby.

Quick. Go: and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer: he is something peevish that way, but no body but has his fault: but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a grover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard: a Cain-coloured beard.17

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall* a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a varrecr.

Quick. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby, running.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

---

1 Froth beer by putting in soap, adding lime to make it foam.  
2 Some read: Hungarian, t. e., Bohemian or gipsy.  
3 minute: in f. e.  
4 craves: in f. e.  
5 will: in f. e.  
6 An old colin.  
7 bounty: in f. e.  
8 Erkehabor, an office of the Exchequer.  
9 small vessel; the word is often used for a go-between.  
10 The follow and some of the f. e. honour.  
11 Cant terms for dice.  
12 Sixes.  
13 star: in f. e.  
14 Knight, following the folio of 1693 transposes these names.  
14 Debate  
15 Silly.  
16 The quarters have cane-colored—Gin was painted in old tapestries with a yellow beard.

Fiue.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE IV.

Quick. We shall all be silent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [Shuts Simple in the closet.] He will not stay long. What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; [Exit Rugby.] I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—"and down, down, adown-a," &c. [Sings.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. I pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier verd; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; I'll fetch it you. [Aside.] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horrid.

Caius. Fe fe fe! ma foi, il faut fond chand. Je m'en vais a la court,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Out; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly.

—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir. [Enter Rugby.]

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my troat, I harry too long.—Od's me! Qu'ait j'oublié? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind. [Going to it.]

Quick. [Aside.] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! harrow! [Dragging Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Vercore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall the honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue! —Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baillez me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while. [Writes.]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.—

Sim. 'T is a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late:—but notwithstanding, to tell you in your ear, (I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a a dis letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his trout in de park; and I will teach a seury jack-nape priest to meddle or make. —You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarretière to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that:—never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her. I thank heaven.

Fent. [Within.] Who's within there, ho?

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend. I can tell you that by the way: I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart. —I shall never laugh but in that maid's company:—but, indeed, she is given too much to alcholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I! i' faith, that I will: and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woots.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [Exit Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not, for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot?

1 Scofield 2 Knight's ed.; thy 3 * Not in f. o. 4 Pulling: in f. o. 5 we: in f. o.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.] "Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his physician," he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.  
John Falstaff."

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been threes in my company.—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth.—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you.

You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to how to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well. I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O, mistress Page! give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifles, woman; take the honour.

What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thouliest—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack*; and so, thou likest not alter the article of thy country.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light.—here, read, read; [giving a letter]—perceive how I might be knighted. [Mrs. Page reads]—I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green Sleeves." What temper! I trow this will cause, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope. till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Ford. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs.—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two: I ha, rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him. let's appoint him a meeting: give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not suffily the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greedy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs;

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another. Ford, He loves the gally-mawry: Ford, perpet. Ford. Love my wife?

Pistol. With liver burning hot; prevent, or go there.

Like sir Acteon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels. O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say. Farewell:

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night.

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing._ Away, sir cornal Nym.

Nym. Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.* [Exit Pistol Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this. Nym. And this is true; [to Page.] I like not the

* A very popular air to which many ballads were written. 
* f. e. give this speech to Pierre.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE II. — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world’s mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir; you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have granted upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your accomplice, Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends; you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took’t upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think’st thou, I’ll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife and a thong:—to your manor of Pickthatch, go — You’ll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to

Enter Host.

Host. Tell him, cavaliro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o’ the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say’st thou, my bully-rook?

[They go aside.

Fal. Will you [to Page] go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the managing of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I’ll give you a bottle of burnt sack to give me resource to him, and tell him, my name is Brook: only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go on here?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these times you stand on distance, your pessers, stoodeades, and I know not what: ’tis the heart, master Page: ’tis here, ’tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here shall we wag?

Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them scold than see them fight.

[Exit Host, Shal., and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife’s fidelity, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page’s house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into’t; and I have a dispose to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, ’tis labour well bestowed.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she’ll fit it.

Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Ford. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour’s talk with you.

[Exit Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang ’em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him, in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that,—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my running Host of the Garter comes. There is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How, now, mine host!

Enter Host.

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou’rt a gentleman, Cavaliro-justice, I say.

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

1 Cataia Cathay, or China. 2 i.e. have Enter Host and Shallow. 3 As-heires: in f.o. 4 coach A London locality or
lunch; and yet you, you rogue, will enconce your rags, your eat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-battering oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldest thou more of me?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good woman.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways,—I myself dwell with master doctor Caus.

Fal. Well, on:—Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears:—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well:—Mistress Ford:—what of her?

Quick. Why sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's in wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford:—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canary, as 'tis wonderful: the best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift: smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing. I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her—I had myself twenty angels given me of a morning; but I defy all angels, (in such any sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, what you wot of: master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealous man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven,—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.
Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Ford. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John. I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, it money go before, all ways do lie open.

Ford. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

Ford. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Ford. Speak, good master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar.—I will be brief with you.—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Ford. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Ford. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doxology observance: encrossed opportunities to meet her; fed every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given. Briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, need, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:—

Love like a shadow flies, when substance beseaches pursues; Pursuing that flies, and flying what pursues.

Ford. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Ford. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Ford. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground: so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Ford. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally blamed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Ford. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money, spend it; spend it: spend all; I have only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Ford. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously. Ford. O! understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my suit darest not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desire and instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her, then, from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to, sir John?

Ford. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Ford. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook: you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment: even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Ford. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittol knave hath masses of money, for which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Ford. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.

Ford. Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is im provident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffer ransacked, my reputation gnawed at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amainson sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitae bottle, or a thief to walk
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Froghmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, with a book, and Simple.

Ev. I pray you now, good master Slender's servant, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pit-way, the park-way, the Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us: we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page.—Master doctor Caius. I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurry jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amend.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me: for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavaliero Slender, go you through the town to Froghmore.

[Aside to them. Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. Shal, and Slender. Aideu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shal, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me will kill de priest, for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sneath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Froghmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Curds and cream, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page: said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect; they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour: I will prevent this match my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible vein, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead. so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.


Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Skal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Slen. Give you good-moorow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight; to see thee join, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy pinto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æscaulapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian-king-Urinal: Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Skal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

1 This direction is not in f. e. 2 The elder has a soft pith. 3 Knight reads, Castilian, King-Urinal. The Spaniards were, of course in great disfavour with the English when this play was written. 4 cried game: in f. e. 5 the petty-ward, the park-way, every way in f. e.
THE MERR\Y WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE II.

To shallow rivers, to whose falls,\footnote{A quotation from Marlowe's "Passionate Pilgrim."} Melodious birds sing madrigals; There will we make our beds of roses, And a thousand fragrant posies.

To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great disposition to cry. [Sings.\footnote{A line from the old version of Ps. 137.}] Melodious birds sing madrigals;— When as I sat in Babylon,\footnote{The follows have: hands celestial, so. Malone altered it to "Give me thy hand terrestrial, so; give me thy hand celestial, so."} And a thousand vagram posies.

To shallow—

Sim. [Coming forward.] Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome. [Sings.\footnote{Not in f. e.}] To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Foggmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good sir Hugh.

Eva. Pray you from his mercy sake, all of you!\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Shal. What! the sword and the word? do you study them both, master parson?\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, he like having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years, and upward. I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning; so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him: master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hiboeroates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius. [Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.]

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let a me speak a word yet your ear: verefore will you not meet-me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jaak dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knock your urinals about your knave's cogswomb for missing you meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Ruby,—mine Host de Jarrett, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.


Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! I have mine Host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I Machiavel? Shal I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hands, celestial and terrestrial; so—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty. your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.

—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen. follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat! have you make-a de set of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vounting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall,\footnote{The follows have: madrigals way,} scurry, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddes.—Pray you, follow. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A Street in Windsor.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant: you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O! you are a flattering boy: now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of your company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call you knight's name, sirrah?\footnote{Not in f. e.}

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he: I can never hit on's name—There is such a league between my good man and him! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick, till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. PAGE and ROBIN]
Ford. Hath Page any brains! hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pierces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:— and Falstaff's boy with her.—Good plots!—they are laid: and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil to modesty from the so-seeming mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Aetom: and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes ten.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there! I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shalow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Shal. &c. Well met, master Ford.
Ford. Trust me, a good knout. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.
Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.
Slender. And so must I, sir: we are appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.
Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.
Page. Shal. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.
Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.
Caius. Ay, by gar; and de madam is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.
Host. What say you to your young master Fenton? he raps, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday; he smells April and May; ne will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.
Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Pains; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the fingers of new substance: if he take her, let him take her simply: the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.
Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page; and you, sir Hugh.
Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer voicing at master Page's.

[Exeunt Shalow and Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come among you. [Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Erst Host. Ford. [Aside.] I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; you'll make him dance. Will you go, gentle?
All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert?

Mrs. Ford. Quickly, quickly. Is the buck-basket— Mrs. Ford. I warrant.—What, Robin, I say!

[Exit Servants with a large Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.
Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge: we must be brief.
Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house: and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whiskers in Datchet mead, and there embers it in the muddly ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?
Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-muskeet? what news with you?
Rob. My master, sir John, is come in at your back door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.
Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?
Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it, for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Ford. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master, I am alone.
Mistress Page, remember you my cue. [Exit Robin.
Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwelcome humidity, this gross watery pumison;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet sir John!
Mrs. Ford. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I thy lady, sir John? alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the fire-valetan, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else: nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a tyrant to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not, nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a

* Applaud—a term in archery. 1 Not in f. e. 3 where: in f. e. 4 Property. 2 Washerswomen. 6 An eye, is a young hawk. 9 A Jack, or puppet thrown at as a mark, in Lent. 8 A line from Shakespear's Astrolol

and Stilson. 1 if fortune were not thy foe.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE III.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never

[He gets into the basket, and falls over; they cover him with foul linens.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchett mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this? Serr. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night: I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unknuckle the box.—Let me step thus way first:—so, now uncease.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page. — Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit. Ev. This is very fantastical humour, and jealousies. Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentleman: see the issue of his search. [Exeunt Page, Evans, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his disolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!


[Ford.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master.
Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a sad conscience: your wife is as honest as you are, and I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well; I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, mistress Page: I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together: I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there be one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a de turd.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knife, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knife! to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth, And that my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth. Beside these, other bars he lays before me,— My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I wo'd thee, Anne: Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblist suit Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark ye hither. [They talk apart.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Bo not dismayd.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.  

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice. O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year! Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hadst a father.

Slender. I had a father, mistress Anne: my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'spire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds joinure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it: I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you. [Stands back.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slender. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will? 'o d's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Shal. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his done. They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.— Why, how new! what does master Fenton here? You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.—Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in.—Knewing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton. [Exit Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

1 Not in f. e.
My daughter will I question how she loves you, 
And as I find her, so am I affected. 
Till then, farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [Exit Mrs. Page and Anne. 
Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan. 
Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician?
look on, master Fenton.—This is my doing. 
Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains. 
[Exit. 
Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A 
kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire
and water for such a kind heart. But yet would my 
master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender 
had her, or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her. I 
will do what I can for them all three, for so I have 
promised, and I'll be as good as my word; but spes-
ciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another 
erand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses:
what a beast am I to slack it. 
[Exit. 
SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn. 
Enter Falstaff and Bardolph. 
Fal. Bardolph, I say! 
Bard. Here, sir. 
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. 
[Exit Bard. 
Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should own. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvry and shallow; a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swallowed! I should have been a mountain of mummy. 
Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine. 
Bard. Here's mistress Quickly; sir, to speak with you. 
Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in. 
Bard. Come in, woman. 
Enter Mrs. Quickly. 
Quick. By your leave.—I cry you mercy: give your 
worship good-norrow. 
Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a 
pottle of sack finely. 
Bard. With eggs, sir? 
Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my 
brewage.—Exit Bardolph.—How now? 
Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from 
mistress Ford. 
Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was 
thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford. 
Quick. Als the day! good heart, that was not her 
fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook 
their exortion. 
Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's 
promise. 
Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would 
yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this 
morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to 
her between eight and nine. I must carry her word 
quickly: she'll make you amend, I warrant you. 
Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her 
think, what a man is! let her consider his frailty, and 
then judge of my merit. 
Quick. I will tell her. 
Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou? 
Quick. Eight and nine. sir. 
Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her. 
Quick. Peace be with you, sir. 
[Exit. 
Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook. he sent 
me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! 
here he comes. 
Enter Ford. 
Ford. Bless you, sir. 
[Exit. 
Fal. Now, master Brook: you come to know what 
hath passed between me and Ford's wife? 
Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business. 
Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at 
his house the hour she appointed me. 
Ford. And sped you, sir? 
Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook. 
Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination? 
Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking conron to 
his husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum 
of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, 
after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it 
were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his 
heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked 
and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search 
his house for his wife's lovers. 
Ford. What! while you were there? 
Fal. While I was there. 
Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? 
Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, 
comes in one mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's 
approach; and by her invention, and Ford's wife's 
distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket. 
Ford. A buck-basket! 
Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with 
foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy 
napkins; that, master Brook, there was the rankest 
compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril. 
Ford. And how long lay you there? 
Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have 
suffered: to bring this woman to evil for your good. 
Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's 
knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistresse, 
to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchel-
lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous 
knife, their master, in the door, who asked them once 
or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for 
fear, lest the lunatic knife would have searched it. 
but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his 
hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went 
I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: 
I suffered the pangs of several deaths: first, an 
intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten 
bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, 
in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, head to 
head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distil-
lution, with sinking clothes that froth in their own 
grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of 
that; that am as subject to heat, as butter: a man of 
continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle, to 
escape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, 
when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a 
Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, 
glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think 
of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook. 
Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my 
sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is de-
perate; you'll undertake her no more?
Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Aetna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed, and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.]

Ford. Hum: ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married: this 'tis to be linen, and buck-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the leech: he is at my house: he cannot scrape me; it is impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is, by this, or will be present; but truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slenor is get' the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book: I pray you, ask him some questions in his audience.

Eva. Come hither, William: hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head: answer your master; be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, od 's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings!—What is fair, William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Pole-cats! there are fairer things than pole-

cats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is lapis, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is lapis: I pray you remember in your

rain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good William. What is he, William, he does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be
tinus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, hiq, hag, hog;—pray you, mark: genitivo, haquis. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon. I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the

locative case, William?

Will. O vocativo, O.

Eva. Remember, William: vocativo is, covet.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace! Peace!

Eva. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive,—horum, horum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! lie on her!—

Never name her child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman!

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words,—

He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—tie

upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no under-

standings for thy cases, and the numbers and the gend

ers? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of

your pronouns.

Will. Forsook, I have forgot.

Eva. It is qui, quae, quod; if you forget your quis, your quae, and your quads, you must be prebees. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.]

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my

sufferance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the

accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What ho! gossip Ford! what

ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John. [Exit Falstaff.

Footnote:

1 L: i.e., bredched, whipped. 2 Spry, quick.
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Scene II.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who’s at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[Aside.] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve’s daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, “Peer-out, Peer-out!” that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own folly.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he’s but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him: better shame, than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Mrs. Page. Re-enter Falstaff in fright.

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Mrs. Ford. I’ll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you mislead John. Unless you go out disguised.—Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman’s gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Mrs. Ford. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a maschew.

Mrs. Ford. My maid’s aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word it will serve him; she’s as big as he is: and there’s her thurn’d hat, and her muffler too.—Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we’ll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford: he swears, she’s a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband’s end, and the devil guide his endgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too; howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We’ll try that: for I’ll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he’ll be here presently: let’s go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I’ll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I’ll bring linen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We’ll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh; ’T is old but true, "Still swine cat all the draft!"

Mrs. Ford. Re-enter Mrs. Ford, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly; despatch. [Exit. 1 Serv. Come, come, take it up.

2 Serv. Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 Serv. I hope not: I had as lief hear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Falstaff, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains.—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderer rascals! there’s a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say? Come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to be bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to lose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics: this is mad as a mad dog.

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed. Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband.—I suspect without cause. mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face: held it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [Pulls the Clothes out, and throws them all over the stage.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. ’T is unreasonable. Will you take up your wife’s clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket:—why may not he be there again? In my house I am
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ACT IV.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death. [All Clothes thrown out.]

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; his wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousy.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, show me no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport: let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman." Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hon! mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quack, an old cozening quack? Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this; beyond our element: we know nothing. — Come down, you witch, you hang you; come down I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband. — Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in Women's Clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat; come, give me your hand. I'll prat her. — Out of my door, you witch! [beats him] you rag, you baggage, you polleet, you ronyou! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed! I think, you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. — 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and nay, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow: see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no trall, never trust me when I open again.


Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the edgel hallowed, and hang over the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness, is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in too simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; it if he be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight, shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the nuns.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed, and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest. Should he not be publicly shamed?

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll saucem them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll saucem them. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand. In him that was of late a heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission, As in offences; But let our plot go forward: let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it. Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he'll never come. Eva. You see, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old woman; methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter, Sometimes a keeper here in Windsor forest, Doth all the winter time, at still midnight, Walk round about an oak, with great rag'd horns; And there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle; And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know The superstitious idle-headed eld Received, and did deliver to our age, This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

1 Not in text. 2 Not in text. 3 Not in text. 4 Not in text. 6 Not in text.
Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear in deep of night to walk by this Henrie's oak.

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our devise; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguis'd like Henrie, with huge horns on his head. Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come, And in this shape: when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus.

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son, And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress Like urchins, uphils, and fairies, green and white, With roundels of waxen tapers on their heads, And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden, As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once With some diffused song: upon their sight, We two in great amazement will fly:

Then, let them all encircle him about, And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight; And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel, In that so sacred paths he dares to tread, In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him soundly, And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must Be practised well to this, or they'll never do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them wizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy; —[Aside.] and in that time Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, And marry her at Eton. [To them.] Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook; He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go, get us properties, And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and very honest knavery.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford, Send quickly to sir John, to know his mind.

[Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor: he hath my good will, And none but he, to marry with Nan Page. That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot; And him my husband best of all affects: The doctor is well money'd, and his friends Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her, Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snapp.

1 Elves. 2 Irregular. 3 To-pinch. 4 I: in f. o. 5 or: in f. o. 6 Not in f. o.
Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host? Host. What is the matter, sir? Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three counters of Germans, that has cozened all the kosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and all of gibe and vlouting-stogs, and it is not convenient on should be cozened. Fare you well.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarretiere? Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma. Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is, tell a me; dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jar- many: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is known to. I tell you for good will: adien.

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [Exit.]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and engelged, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as erst-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I swore myself at primero! Well, if my wind were but long enough, I would pray and repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous insouciance of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes. I warrant; particularly one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow: and I love to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy; I will give you over all. Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assast me in my purpose, and, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than thy loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page: Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her choosuer) Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both: wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest [Showing the Letter].

Now, sir, I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine Host: To-night at Hone's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen. The purpose why, is here; in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now, sir, Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for Dr. Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seeingly obedient, likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white; And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand, and bid her go, She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor, (For they must all be mask'd and vizarded) That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, farring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and on that token The maid hath given consent to go with him. Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me: And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony. Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar. Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee Besides, I'll make a present recom pense. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr’ythee, no more prattling;—go.—I’ll hold. Away.
Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and minced. [Exit Mrs. Quickly.]

Enter Ford. How now, master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook as y' see, like a poor old man; but I came from her. master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knavish Ford her husband, hath the quëst mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I placèd geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver her with your hand. —Follow. Strange things in hand, master Brook: follow. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come: we'll conch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Shallow, my daughter, her.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum," she cries, "budget," and by that we know one another.

Skal. That's good too; but what needs either your "mum," or her "budget?" the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see her time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter: better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans? 23

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak; with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such loutswards, and their leechery, 

Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: to the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib. fairies: come; and remember your parts. Be bold, I pray you; follow me into the pit, and when I give the watch-ords, do as I bid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff, disguised, with a Buck's Head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europe; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, 'tis the forest send me a cool rat-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black sent?—let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [Embracing her.]

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome. [Noise within.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away! [They run off.] 

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a Satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Queen. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, you moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office, and your quality.

Crier Hobgoblin. Make the fairy o-yes.

Past. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thouest leapt, 4 Where fires thou find' st unrak'd, and hearths unswept, There pitch the maidens as blue as bilberry: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttiness.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die: [To himself.]
I'11 wink and cough. No man their works must eye.

[Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford. They lay hold of him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have match'd you now.

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now!—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies! I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when it is upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve God, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh gout too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Scece is not good to give puffer: your jelly is all puffer.

Fal. Scece and puffer! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust, and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without set-up to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hog-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails.

Ford. And one that is as staidier as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and methelings, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me. use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pansyer: over and above
that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.¹

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [Aside, Enter Slender, crying.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page! Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you despatched?

Slen. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged. Ha! Ha! Page. Of what, what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not been i' the church, I would have swunged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried "mum," and she cried "budget," as Anne and I had appointed; yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un poisson, by gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

¹ The quarto here have—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends: Forgive that sum and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand: all's forgiven at last.

Paul. It hath cost me well: I have been well pumched and what a title: in f. e
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angele, the Deputy.
Esclus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, Two Friars.
Peter, A Justice.
Elbow, a simple Constable.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Esclus, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Esclus!

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech and discourse;
Since I am apt to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then, no more remains,
But add to your sufficiency your worth,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city’s institutions, and the terms
For common justice, y’ are as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,

[Giving it.*

From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will hear?
For, you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power. What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace’s will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to th’ observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for ourselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, ’t were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch’d,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thirsty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold, therefore, Angelo: [Tendering his commission
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Esclus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission. [Giving it.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp’d upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a heaven’d and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore, take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself; and leaves unquestion’d
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you
As time and our concernments shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know,
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful excretion do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand

11 * Not in f. e.  # that: in f. e.  & as your worth is able: in f. e.

* Not in f. e.  # interest.  ~ Not in f. e.
SCENE II.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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'll privity away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and cries vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That gives affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!
Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am yet not instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not
to composition with the king of Hungary, why then
the dukes fall upon the king.

Clo. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king
of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclu-dest like the sanguinary pirate,
that went to sea with the ten commandments, but
scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why? 'T was a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions:
they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that
in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the peti-
tion well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never wast
where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. Does he think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all
controversy; as for example; thou thyself art a wicked
villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers be-
tween us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and
the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet? thou art good velvet:
thou art a three-pie'd piece, I warrant thee. I had an
affection to be a list of an English kersey, as he pil'd, as thou
art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly
crue?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own
confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I
live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong, have I
not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art
tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under
her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

2 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me;
but thou art full of error: I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so
sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow;
impunity has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the mee
profound scintilliation?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and
carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested;
saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these
three days his head is1 to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have
it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting
madam Juliet with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promised to
meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in
promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near
to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all, agreeing with the procla-

mation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the
sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty.
I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news
with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trade of a peculiar river.

Bawd. What is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him.

Bawd. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Clo. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All bawdy houses in the suburbs of Vienna
must be pull'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the
city?

Clo. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down
too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the
suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the com-
mew; what shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no
clients: though you change your place, you need not
change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage!
there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn
your eyes almost out in the service; you will be
considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's
withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost
to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

[Exeunt

1 Mr. Dow removes the interrogation (?) giving why an emphatic sense only. 2 A quibble upon dollars. 3 Not in f. o.
SEOUL III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.1

Claud. Fellow Provost, Claudio, and Officers.2

Claud. Fellow, why doest thou show me this thy world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,

But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,

Make up our due for our offences by weight—

The words of heaven;3—on whom it will, it will;

On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.4

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As sufficeth is the father of much fast,

So every scope by the imperative use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,

Like rats that ravin^ down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the freedom of freedom,

as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Lucio. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good—Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed:

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the pronunciation lack

Of outward order: this came we not to,

Only for procurations of a dowry

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chance,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimps of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse wherein the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—but this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unsecur'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me:—tis surely, for a na ne.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so

1 Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers: Lucio and two Gentlemen: in f. e.

2 Not in f. e. 3 Greedily devour. 4 Denunciation: in f. e.

5 propagation: in f. e. 6 Trice-trace. 7 weeds: in f. e. 8 Old Ed.

9 Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees. Becomes was added by Pope

P. 64, MEASURE FOR MEASURE. ACT I.
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not due punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office,
Who may, in th' ambush of my name, strike home,
And yet my nature never in the sight,¹
To draw on slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you:
Only this one — Lord Angelo is precie!;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarse confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to blend than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Franc. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict restraint.
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. [Within.] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Franc. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him:
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vowed, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioresse:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

[Lucio calls.

He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

[Exit Francisca.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who's that which calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hall, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less, can you so steady me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my self might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks.
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your scorn,⁴

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so;
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted
By your renunciation, an immortal spirit,
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedling the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plentiful womb
Expresseth his full tith and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin

Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their name

By vain though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O! let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke, who's very strangely gone from hence,
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one.
In hand and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true-meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
But doth debate and blurt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberity,
Which have for long run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath picked out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,
And follows close the rigor of the statute,
To make him an example. All hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo; and that's my path
Of business twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Hath censur'd him.

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Essay the power you have.

Isab. My power, alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are tradors.

And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight,
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu! [Exeunt.]
SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Heir peren, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall; and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Ang. But your honour know,
(Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue.)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose.
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I do not deny,
The jury, passing on a prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice.
That justice seizes: what know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it.
Because we see it: but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence.
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death.
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd.
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none,
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common-wealth, that do nothing but use their buses in common houses, I know no law: bring them way.

Ang. How now, sir? What's your name, and what's he matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do not lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? re they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profession in the world that good Christians ought to have

Escol. This comes off well: here's a wise offici.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name: why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman.—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Many, sir, by my wife: who, if she had been a woman candidly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spits in his face, so she defiled him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before there varieties here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [To Angelo.] Do you hear how he misplaces

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saying your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escol. Go to. Go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, being as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd cracking the stones of the forsayd prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool; to the purpose.

—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And I beseech you, look unto master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas—Was not at Hallowmas, master Froth?
Froth. All-hallowed eve.
Clo. Why, very well: I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir—t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for windows.

Clo. Why, very well, then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.
Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.

—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet. The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caviff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before she was married to her—if ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor dube's officer.——Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall* do with this wicked caviff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and yo' will hang them: get you gone, and let me hear more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I a drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth; farewell.

[Exit Froth.]—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Rum, sir.

Escal. 'Troth, and your rum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd. Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster. Are you not come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't then. If your lordship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a day. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, bawk you:—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, in you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your* readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

1 winter: in f. e 2 Altered by Malone to "should." 3 bay: in f. e 4 the: in f. e
Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! he hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir; few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; but there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful: Mcery is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe. But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another room in the Same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight. I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know his pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas! He hath but as offended in a dream; All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for it! [Exit Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee yea? hast thou not order? Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Last I might be too rash. Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spair'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant. See you the forniciress be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. Save your honour! [Offering to go.

Ang. Stay a little while. [To Isab.] You are welcome: what's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of just ce, For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault, And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it? Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done. Mine were the very cipher of a function, To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law! I had a brother then,—Heaven keep your honour! [Going

Lucio. [To Isab.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown; You are too cold: if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it. To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maidon, no remedy.

Isab. Yes: I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do, Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong?

If so your heart were touched with that remorse As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentence'd: 't is too late.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Thou art! too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again: Well believe this, No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, Not the king's crown, nor the deputied sword, The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipt like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside.] Ay, touch him; there's the vein

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas! Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And he that might the vantage best have took, Found out the remedy. How would you be, If he, which is the God of judgment, should But judge you as you are? O, think on that And mercy then will breathe within your lips Like man new made!

Ang. Be you content, sir, and I
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you?
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. [Aside.] Ay, well said.

Aug. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first one' that did th' edict infringe,
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
Either new, or by remissness now-conv'rd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere' they live to end.

Isab. Yet show some pity.

Aug. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gait,
And do him right, that answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another, be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. 'O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside.] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder,
To jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
For every petting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splits the unvendgeable and grannared oak,
Than the soft invincible; but man, proud man!
Best in a brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
This glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. [To Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent:
He's coming; I perceive it.

Prov. [Aside.] Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. You cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis with them,
But in the less soul profanation.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside.] Art advised o' that? more on it.

Aug. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath, yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness, as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Aug. [Aside.] She speaks, and 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [To her.] Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Aug. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll briebe you. Good my lord, turn back.


Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share

Lucio. [Aside.] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond circles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven; and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maidens, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Aug. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. [To Isab.] Go to; 'tis well: away!


For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow?

Aug. Shall I attend your lordship?

Isab. Save your honour!

[Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.

Aug. From thee; even from thy virtue!—What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha! Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough
Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
And pitch our offals there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her folly for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What! do I love her
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is 't! I dream
Of cunning enemy, that to catch a sain:
With saints dest bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth good us on
To sin in loving virtue. Never could the trumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Oner stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdus me quite.—Even from youth till now
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.
Proe. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in the flames of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report. She is with child, And he that got it, sentence—a young man More fit to do another such offence, Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Proe. As I do think, to-morrow.—

'To Juliet.] I have provided for you: stay a while, And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arrange your conscience, And try your penitence, if it be sound, Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but least you do repent, As that the sin hath brought you to this shame; Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven, Show'ring, we would not serve heaven, as we love it, But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil, And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest. Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow, And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! Beneficent!

[Exit.

Juliet. Must die to morrow! O, injurious love, That respires me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

Proe. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words, Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue, Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth, As if I did but only chew his name, And in my heart the strong and swelling evil Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read, Grown scar and tedious; yea, my gravity, Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride, Cont'd, with boot, change for an idle plum, Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form! How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit, Wrench away from fools, and tie the wiser souls To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood: Let's take good angel on the devil's horn, 'T is not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Serv.

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart, Making it both unable for itself, And dispossessing all my other part Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons; Come all to help him, and so stop the air By which he should revive: and even so The general, subject to a well-wish'd king, Quit their own path, and in obscure dress Crow'd to his presence, where their untold love Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When I beseech you? that in his reprieve, Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted, That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen A man already made, as to remit Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put metal in restrained means,

To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then, I shall Jose you quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law Now take your brother's life, or to redeem him Give up your body to such sweet uncleaness As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul. Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for attempt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this:— I, now the voice of the recorded law, Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life: Might there not be a charity in sin, To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do t,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul:

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do t, at peril of your soul, Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit, If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer To have it added to the faults of mine, And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me. Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant Or seem to crafty; and that is no good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good, But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then, you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have

No other medicine, but only hope.

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

Claro! The miserable have

No other medicine, but only hope.

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,

Though all the world’s vastidity you had,

To a determin’d scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to it,

Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life wouldst entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect,

Than a perpetual honour. Darst thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon.

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great

As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me thus shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There speaks my brother: there my father’s grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word

Nips youth i’ the head, and fellsies doth ennew

As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;

His监视 within being cast, he would appear

A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

Isab. O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,

The damned’st body to invest and cover

In priestly garb. Dost thou think, Claudio,

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou might’st be freed?

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give’t thee from this rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night’s the time

That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do’t.

Isab. O! were it but my life,

I’d throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,

That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin,

Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,

Why would be for the momentary trick

Be perdurable find’?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;

This sensible warm motion to become

A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice:

To be imprison’d in the viewless winds,

And blown with restless violence round about

—III.

Shalt thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That do this habitation, where thou keepest,

Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool;

For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun,

And yet run’st toward him still: thou art not noble;

For all th’ accommodations that thou bear’st,

Are nurs’d by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok’st, yet grossly fear’st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist’st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,

And what thou hast forgotten. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the moon: if thou art rich, thou art poor;

For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,

Thou hast’st thy heavy riches but a journey;

And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere reflection of thy tender loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,

For ending thee no sooner: thou hast not youth, nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner’s sleep,

Dreaming on both; for all thy boasted youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of pained eld: and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, afflication, limb, nor beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What’s yet in this,

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths, yet death we fear,

That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.

To sue to live. I find, I seek to die,

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [Without.] What, ho! Peace here; grace and

good company! [welcome.

Prov. Who’s there? come in: the wish deserves a

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I’ll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior; here’s

your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak. Where I may

be concealed. [Exit DUKE and PROVOST.

Claud. Now, sister, what’s the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all

Comforts are: most good, most good, indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting liege;

Therefore, your best appointment make with speed:

To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy as to save a head

To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you’ll implore it, that will free your life,

But better till death.

1 A kind of letter. 2 blessed: in f. e. 3 Resident ambassador

suggests de-lighted, that is, removed from light

4 f. e. prince; Knight: precise 5 f. e.: guards 6 Knight
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling! —t is too horrible.
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, achen, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live.

What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O, you beast!
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair,
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Never issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'T is best that thou diest quickly.

[Going.

Claud. O hear me, Isabella!]

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [To Claudio] Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of nature. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true: therefore, prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die. Go; to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. [Exit Claudio.

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone.

Leave me awhile with the maid: my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is chief in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexon, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation: he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the anger law, do no stain to your own gracious person, an much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the mutual appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that peril'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befall the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combative husband, this well-seeing Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour; in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, as marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer vourself to the advantage;—first, that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it, and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, and now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted the poor Mariana advantaged, and the contract duly sealed. The maid will I frame an i make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this, as

1 Wildness uncorrected. chesp in f. e 2 Contracted
you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the meated grange, resides this deceased Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, o' father. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Street before the Prison.

Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. I was never merry world, since of two usances, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd; by order of law a fur'd gown to keep him warm; and fur'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, sirrah: a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, that is thy means to live. Do thou but think what 'tis to cram a mad, or clothe a back, from such a filthy vice: say to thyself from their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, so stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work, ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoreson— he be a whoreson, and comes before him, he were as good a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, from our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I say comfort: I cry, bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What, at the wheels of Caesar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pyramus's images, newly made woman, to be had now; for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this tune, mattock, and method? Is 't not drown'd? the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, troth? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus: still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her best, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, it is good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd, an unmatch'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell. Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed. Will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go; to kennel, Pompey, go.

Exeunt Elbow; Clown and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where's he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresover I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never-born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of great kindred: it is well allied; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes; but it is certain, that when he makes water, his duke is coagul'd ice; that I know to be true; and he is a motion ingenerative, that's inoffiable.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

ital. bastard, a sweet wine made of ramsins. 2 usuries: in f. e. 3 troth: in f. e
Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir! you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty: and his use was, to put a ducat in her crack-dish. The duke had crochets in him: he would be drunk too; that let me inform you.


Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What? I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon:—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater life of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweaging fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are here,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name.

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you 'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I 'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungeniuit'd agent will unpeople the province with consti- nuency; sparrows must not build in his house-caves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Merry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can eunoure'scope: back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go away with her to prison!

Bawd. Good, my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers; Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudi must die to-morrow. Let him be furnished with divines and have all charitable preparation: if my brother brought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this sinner hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad? is the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking, there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure, but security enough to make fellowships assured. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens the due of your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the strictness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. Well. Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you

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1 Suspect
2 Number of the subjects
3 The words "the due of" not in f. n.
SCENE I.—A Room in the moated Grange.

MARIANA discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

SONG.

Take, O! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morrow:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal’d in vain.

MARI. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still’d my brawling discontent.—

[Exeunt Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas’d, but pleas’d my woe.

DUKE. ‘Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

MARI. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

MARI. I am always bound to you.—

[Exit.

DUKE. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

ISAB. He hath a garden circummur’d with brick, whose western side is with a vineyard back’d; and to that vineyard is a planched gate, that makes his opening with this bigger key: this other doth command a little door, which from the vineyard to the garden leads; there have I made my promise upon the heavy middle of the night to call upon him.

DUKE. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISAB. O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Masking practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders’ strings
Most pond’rous and substantial things;
Craft against vice I must apply
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

ISAB. I have ta’en a due and wary note upon’t;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o’er.

DUKE. Are there no other tokens
Between you ’greed, concerning her observance?

ISAB. No, none, but only a repair to the dark;
And that I have possess’d him my most stay.
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along;
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

DUKE. ’Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth

Re-Enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid:
She comes to do you good.

ISAB. I do desire the like.

DUKE. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARI. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

DUKE. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARI. Will ’t please you walk aside?

[Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA.

DUKE. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report
Run with base, false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-Enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed!

ISAB. She ’ll take the enterprise upon her, father.
If you advise it.

DUKE. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISAB. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
“Remember now my brother.”

MARI. Fear me not.

DUKE. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all
He is your husband on a pre-contract
To bring you thus together, ’tis no sin

1 and virtue go; in L. e. 2 Making: in L. e. 3 This song is found in Beaumont and Fletcher’s Bloody Brother, Act V., Sc. II. with a second stanza, as follows. It is attributed to Shakespeare in the spurious Ed. of his Poems, printed in 1649.

Hide, oh, hide these hills of snow,
Which thy free-born bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set up my heart free,
Bound in thy chains by thee.

4 Boarded * Knight, following the old ed., transfer this word to the beginning of the next line. * these: in L.
SCENE II.  MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, yet our field's, to sow \[Exeunt.\]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your grives; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unplied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhor! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to; sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. \[Exit.\]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery. Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth offer ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah. provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade: follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: [Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.]

Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? Claudio. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly\[in the traveller's bones: He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark! what noise \[Knocking within.\]

Heaven give your spirits comfort! —By and by:— \[Exit Claudio.\]

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve.

For the most gentle Claudio—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late? Prov. None, since the curfew rung.


Duke. There will then, ere 't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinencc subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mead'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous:

[Knocking within. But this being so, he's just. —Now are they come.— \[Exit Provost.\]

This is a gentle provost: seldom, when
The steelcd gaoler is the friend of men. \[Knocking How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds the resisting postern with these strokes. \[Re-enter Provost.\]

Prov. [Speaking to one at the door.] There he must stay, until the officer
Arose to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily, You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.\[Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon\]

Mes. My lord hath sent you this note; [giving paper] and by me this further charge, that you swerv not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morning, for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. \[Exit Messenger.\]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchase'd by such an,
A' rude
For which the pardoners himself is in :
Hence hath offended his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority.

Knight gives this speech to the Provost, and the next to the Duke.
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended, That for the fault's love is th' offender friend'd,—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you; Lord Angelo, like thinking me,
Remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwont'd
Putting on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used
It before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. [Reads.] "Whatsoever you may hear to the
Contra, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock:
And, in the afternoon, Barnardine. For my better satis-
Faction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five.
Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more
depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not
to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."—
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be exec-
uted in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and
bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I
have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him:
and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of
Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and
fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible
of mortality, and de-perately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none. He hath evermore had
the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape
hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not
many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked
him, as it to carry him to execution, and show'd him
a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your
brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not
truly, my ancient skill beggars me; but in the bold-
ness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard.
Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is
no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath
sentenced him. To make you understand this in a
manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the
which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous
courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour
limited, and an express command, under penalty, to
deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make
my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if
my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine
be this morning executed, and his head borne to
Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover
the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguise, and you may
add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say,
it was the desire of the penitent to be so bare'd before
his death; you know, the course is common. If any
thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good
fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead
against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father: it is against my
oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the
deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if
the Duke avouch the justice of your doing.

Prov. But what likelihood is in that? Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet
since I see you fearful, that neither my countenance,
or my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will
go farther than I meant to pluck all fears out of you.
Look you, sir; here is the hand and seal of the Duke:
you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is
not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the
Duke: you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure,
where you shall find, within these two days he will be
here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he
this very day receives letters of strange tenor; per-
chance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into
some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is
writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd.
Put not yourself into amazement how these things
should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are
known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnar-
dine's head: I will give him a present shroud, and
advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed,
but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it
is almost clear dawn.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our
house of profession: one would think, it were mistress
Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old
customers. First, here's young Mr. Rash; he's in for
a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,¹ ninescore
and seventeen pence, of which he made five marks,
ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in
request, for the old women were all dead. Then is
there here one Mr. Caper, at the suit of master Three-
pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd
satin, which now penches him a beggar. Then have we
here young Dey, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr.
Copper-spur, and Mr. Starve-lackey, the rapier and
dagger-man, and young Drop-her that kill'd Lusty
Pudding, and Mr. Forthright the tilter, and brave Mr.
Shoetie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that
stabb'd Potts, and I, think forty more, all great doors
in our trade, and are now in² for the Lord's sake.³

Enter Adhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd,¹
Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pox o' your throats! Who
makes that noise there? What are you? 

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You
must be a good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [Within.] Away, you rogue, away! I am
sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you
are executed, and sleep afterwards.

¹ It was a custom of usurers to compel borrowers to take part of the sum advanced to them in goods, often of little real value. ² Not in f. ³ Imprisoned debtors used to beg from the jail windows, "for the Lord's sake."
Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
Clo. Very ready, sir. [you?]
Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with Abhor?
Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into our prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night: I am not fitted for it.
Clo. O! the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?
Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you. comfort you, and pray with you.
Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day; that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you.--
Barnar. Not a word: if you have anything to say to me, come to my ward; for then I will not to-day.

[Exit.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die. O, grovelling beast!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[Exit Abhorson and Clown.]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to transport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragonize, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years: his beard and head,
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reproach, till he were well includ'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragonize, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefixed by Angelo. See, this he done,
And sent according to command, whilsts I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret holds
Both Barnardine and Claudio;
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifest.

[Exit Provost.]

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.

[Exit Provost.]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(The provost, he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated font,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well balance'd form,*
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head: I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—She come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither,
But I will keep her ignorant of her good.
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

[Enter Isabel].

Isab. Ho! by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other. [Catch me not.]

Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O! I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!

Perjurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This not hurts him, nor profits you a jot:

Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

Mark what I say to you,* which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes
One of our conven't, and his confessors,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do to prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace you
Wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go
And you shall have your bosom on this this wretch
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give:
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and you,
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home. And home. For my poor self,
I am confined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wed you with this letter.

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even.

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.
Lucio. O, pretty Isabella! I am pale at mine heart, to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient. I am faint to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would set me to't. But, they say, the duke will be here to morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother; if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him or.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well. [Going.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes; marry, did I; but I was faint to forswear it: they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well. [Going.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If bawdy talk offend you, we shall have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven His wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver Our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we Proclaim it an hour before his entering, That if any crave redress of injustice, They should exhibit their petitions In the street?  

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, Which shall then have no power to stand against us. 

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes 'tis the morn, I'll call you at your house. Give notice of such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night. —

his deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid, And by an eminent body, that enforc'd The law against it — But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears such a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have tal'en revenge,
For so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd
Alack! when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke, in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [Giving them.  
The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift.

Though sometimes you do bleach1 from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice Unto Valens, Rowland, and to Grassus, And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Peter

Enter Varris.

Duke. I thank thee, Varris; thou hast made good haste.

Come, we will walk: there's ether of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varris. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part; yet I'm advis'd to do it, He says, to 'vaiful2 purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for it's a physic, That 's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come

Enter Friar Peter.

F. Peter. Come; I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded: The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon The duke is ent'ren: therefore hence, away. [Exit

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the City Gate.

Mariana, (well'd.) Isabella and Peter, at a distance. Enter at several doors, Duke, Varris, Lords; Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, Provost, Officers and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy counsin, fairly met. —

Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you. 

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

1 Knight and other eds. print this and Angelo's former speech in prose.
2 off: in f. e. letters: in f. e. Star: off. to voil full purpose: in f. e
CANNOT but yield you forth to public thanks,
For running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.
Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom.
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rancor of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come. Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand,
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.
F Peter. Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd. I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye,
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke! [Rising.]
You bid me seek redemption of the devil.
Hear me yourself: for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear, me, here!

Ang. My lord, her wigs, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice! [Rising.]
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strangely.
Isab. Most strangely, yet most truly, will I speak.
That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer, is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adulterer thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator,
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.
Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul!
She speaks this th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that observation
That I am touch'd with madness; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st curst on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo: even so may Angelo,
In all his dressing, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince.
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense.
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O, gracious duke!
Harp not on that: nor do not banish reason
For incredulity: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio.
As then the messenger.—

Lucio. That's I, and like your grace
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Duke. That's he, indeed.

Isab. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord.
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then,
Pray you, take note of it; and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right: but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious, cutif'd deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The phrase is to the matter.


Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he resolv'd me, and how I reply'd,
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his unconscionable intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not
what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason.
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself.
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O! you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe.
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that
Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar:
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace,
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.
Duke. Words against me? This a good friar, belike.
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be freed.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
Saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute,
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, that she speaks of?
F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truth, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misrepresent your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.
F. Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself,
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended against lord Angelo, came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear.
Whosoever he's convert'd. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[Isabella is carried off guarded; and Mariana comes forward.

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo,
In this I'll be impartial: be ye judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?
First, let her show her face, and after speak.

M. Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

M. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

M. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

M. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then: neither, maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some
cause To prattle for himself.

* trust: in e 2 Im, that is, very partial; a common use of the prefix 3 Summer-house. 4 Not in f o 5 Senseless.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Wert testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's sealed in a probation? — You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin: lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he,
Indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint.
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon those slanderers. — [Exit Duke.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. — Signior
Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick
To be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Tis called, facit monachum: honest in
nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath spoke
most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against you. We shall find
this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.
Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again: [To
Attendant.] I would speak with her. Pray you,
my lord, give me leave to question: you shall see how
I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her pri-
vately, she would sooner confess: perchance, publicly
she'll be ashamed.

Re-enter Officers, with Isabella: the Duke, in a
Friar's habit, and Provost.

Lucio. I will go darkly to work with her.

Escal. That's the way; for women are light at mid-
night.

Lucio. Come on, mistress. [To Isabella.] Here's a
g gentlemadam denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of;
here, with the provost.

Lucio. In very good time: speak not you to him,
till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir. Did you set these women on to
slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! then let the devil
be sometime honour'd for his burning throne. —

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us, and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to reject your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrevenged and unhallowed friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
to accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? —
Take him hence; to the rack with him. — Will you take
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose —

What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot: the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna.
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. — Come hither, goodman bald-
apate: do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the
duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember what
you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notably, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere
you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of
him: and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O, then damnable fellow! Did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the villain would groze now, after
his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd with: —
Away with him to prison. — Where is the provost? —
Away with him to prison. Lay bolts enough upon
him, let him speak no more. — Away with those giglats
too, and with the other confederate companion.


Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.


Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh! sir
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be
hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a
pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hand'd
an hour. Will't not off?

[Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made
a duke. — [All start and stand.

First, provost, let me hail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. — Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon: sit you
down.

[To Escalus.

We'll borrow place of him: — Sir, by your leave.

[To Angelo.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

1 retort: in f. e. 2 his: in f. e. 3 Knight transfers this word to the beginning of the next line 4 Wantons 5 Pulls off the Friar's cap, and discerns the Duke. in f. e. 6 Not in f. e.}
Ang. O, my dread lord! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be undiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine. Hath look’d upon my passes. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana. Say, was’t thou e’er contracted to this woman? Ang. I was, my lord. Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. Do you the office, friar; which consume, Return him here again. — Go with him, provost. [Exit Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost. Escal. My lord, I am more amaz’d at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel. Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney’d at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ’d and pain’d Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon’d, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother’s death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I overlook’d myself. Labouring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash demonstration of my hidden power, Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid! It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain’d my purpose: but all peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost. Isab. I do, my lord. Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose slate imagination yet hath wrought, Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana’s sake. But, as he adjudg’d your brother, (Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-break, Thereon dependent, for your brother’s life,) The very mercy of the law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue. “An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!” Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure, Like doth quail like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault’s thus manifested, Which, though thou would’st deny, denies thee vantage. We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop’d to death, and with like haste — Away with him.

Mari. O, my most gracious lord! I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock’d you with a husband, Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation. For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And chuse your good to come. For his possessions Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O, my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him: we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— [Kneeling

Duke. You do but lose your labour. Away with him to death. — Now, sir, [To Lucio.] to you. Mari. O, my good lord! — Sweet Isabel, take my part; Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, I’ll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother’s ghost his paved bed would break. And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me: Hold up your hands, say nothing, I’ll speak all. They say, best men are mou’d out of faults. And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband. O, Isabel! will you not lend a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudio’s death. Isab. Most bounteous sir, [Kneeling

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn’d, As if my brother liv’d. I partly think, A due sincerity govern’d his deeds, Till he did look on me: since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died: For Angelo, His act did not o’ertake his bad intent; And must be buri’d but as an intent That perish’d by the way. Thoughts are no subjects, Intents but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit’s unprofitable: stand up, I say.— [They rise.

I have bethought me of another fault.— Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed? Prov. No, my good lord: it was by private message. Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord: I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me, after more advice: For testimony whereof, one in the prison, That should by private order else have died, I have reserv’d alive.

Duke. What’s he? Prov. His name is Barnardine. Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.— Go, fetch him hither: let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost. Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise As you, lord Angelo, have still appear’d, Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood, And lack of temper’d judgment afterward. Ang. I am sorry that such sorrow I procure; And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart, That I crave death more willingly than mercy: 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio (muffled), and Juliet.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man.— Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprel ends no farther than this world,
And squarst thy life according. Thou rt condemned;
But, for these earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him:
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?
Prov. This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [Unmuffles him.
Duke. If he be like your brother, [To Isabella,
for his sake,
Claudio and Isabella embrace.]'
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.—
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—
You, sirrah, [To Lucio.] that knew me for a fool, a
coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so well deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but
I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.
Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman is wrong'd by this lewd fellow,

(As I have heard him swear himself there's one
Whom he begot with child.) let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.
Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to
a whore! Your highness said even now I made you a
duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making
me a cuckold.
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison,
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.
Duke. Standing a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore —
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
Th' offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereeto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[Curain drawn]
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.
Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, 1 Twin Brothers, Sons to
Antipholus of Syracuse, 1 Ægeon and Æmilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, 1 Twin Brothers, Attendants
Dromio of Syracuse, 1 on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Pinch, a Schoolmaster.
Æmilia, Wife to Ægeon.
Adriana, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Lucre, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezian.
Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Ephesus.

ACT I.


Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

Duke. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.
I am not partial, to infringe our laws.
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
Twixt thy sedition countrypeoples and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
The substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan; say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departest thy native home,
And for what cause thou canst not to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by fortune, not by vile offence,
I'lt utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

1 nature: in f. e. 2 Malone makes a separate line of the last three words. 3 gladly.
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten’d him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix’d,
Fasten’d ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.

At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers’d those vapoours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wish’d light
The seas wax’d calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

_Duke._ Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so.
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthy term’d them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter’d by a mighty rock,
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck’d guests;
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever’d from my bliss,
And by misfortune was my life prolong’d,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

_Duke._ And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall’n of them, and thee, till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care.
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun’d me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain’d his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him; Whom whilst he laboured of all love to see, I hazarded the loss of whom I lov’d.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia; And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death, Could all my travels warrant me they live.

_Duke._ Helpless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark’d.
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes would they, may not transgress,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.

But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall’d,
But to our honour’s great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I’ll limit thee this day,
To seek thy hope5 by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom’d to die.—
Jailor, now take him to thy custody.
_Jail._ I will, my lord.
Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.  

_SCENE II._—A public Place.

_Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant._

_Mer._ Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

_Ant. S._ Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there; Dromio, will I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till then, I’ll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am still and weary.
Get thee away.

_Dro. S._ Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

_[Exit, shaking money-bag._

_Ant. S._ A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

_Mer._ I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon® at five o’clock.
Please you, I’ll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

_Ant. S._ Farewell till then. I will go lose myself.
And wander up and down to view the city.

_Mer._ Sir, I commend you to your own content.

_[Exit._

_Ant. S._ He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water.
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

_Enter Dromio of Ephesus._

_Here comes the almanack of my true date._
What now? How chance thou art return’d so soon?
_Dro. E._ Return’d so soon! rather approach’d too late.
The caupon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.
She is so hot, because the meat is cold:
The meat is cold, because you come not home;

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, and Luciana, her sister.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is his master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lavish'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye.
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

You come not home, because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent1 for your default to-day.

Antipholus Doubtfully.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmoved, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urgent helpess patience wouldst relieve me:
But if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience2 in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.—
Here comes your man: now is your husband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that
my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st
thou his mind?

Dro. E. Ay, ay; he told his mind upon mine ear.
Beshear'd his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubly? thou couldst not feel his
meaning?
SCENE II. —The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse

Ant. S. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out. By computation, and mine host's report, I could not speak with Dromio, since at first I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes. [Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, sir! is your merry humour alter'd? As you love strokes, so jest with me again. Why, Sconce, make my heart and tongue As barren of speech, as any storehouse, When you have wore out your play; My house was at the Phoenix. Wast thou mad, That thus so madly thou didst answer me? Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word? Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since. Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence, Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me. Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt, And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner; For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd. Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein. What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me. Ant. S. You, dost thou jest, and flout me in the teeth? Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [Beating him.

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake! now your jest is earnest; Upon what bargain do you give it me? Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometimes Do use you for my fool, and jest with you, Your sauciness will jest upon my love, And make a common of my serious hours. When the sun shines let foolish grats make sport, But creep in craiments when he hides his beams. If you will jest with me, know my aspect, And fashion your demeanour to my looks, Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce4 it too; or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. S. Do you know, I know not? Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why? Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore, and then, wherefore, for urging it the second time to me. Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season, When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reason? —

Well, sir, I thank you. Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, and give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner time?

Dro. S. No, sir: I think, the meat wants that I have. Ant. S. In good time, sir; what's that?

1. Uncomeliness. 2. Fairness. 3. His pretended wife — the strolling-horse, behind which sportmen formerly shot, was so called. 4. This and the two following lines are struck out by the M.S. emendator of the folio of 1632 — where the two succeeding lines of the text, in the first folio of 1623, are also omitted.
Dro. S. Basting
Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.
Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.
Ant. S. Your reason?
Dro. S. Lost it make it choleric, and purchase me another do basting.
Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.
Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were so choleric.
Ant. S. By what rule, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain-bald pate of father Time himself.
Ant. S. Let's hear it.
Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.
Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover the lost hair of another man.
Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts; and what he hath scented men in hair, he hath given them in wit.
Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.
Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers, without wit.
Dro. S. The planter dealer, the sooner lost; yet he doth it in a kind of jollity.
Ant. S. For what reason?
Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing failing.
Dro. S. Certain ones then.
Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in trimming; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.
Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, e'en no time to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.
Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.
Ant. S. I know, 't would be a bald conclusion.
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay. Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistres hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou ungr'd wouldst vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, o' how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
We talk with goblins, owls, and elves and sprites.¹ if we obey them not, this will energe.

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prast'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio thou Dromio, thou smail, thou slug, thou sat!

Dro. S I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so I am an ass; else it could never be, But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in my eye and weep,

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—

Come, Sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well advis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?

I'll say as they say, and persever so.

And in this mist, at all adventures, go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[Exeunt.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS, DROMIO OF EPHESUS, ANT. AND BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signor Angelo, you must excuse us; My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours,
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop To see the making of herarkanet²;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home;
But here's a villain, that would face me down He met me on the mart, and that I beat him, And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold; And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
If my² skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink.

Your own hand-writing would tell you for certain³ what I think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so doth appear, By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear. I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass, You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signor Balthazar; pray God, our dear
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O signor Balthazar! either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part; Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

ACT III.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Gin! [Calling

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome,⁴ malt-horse, capon, cor-
comb, idiot, patch!⁵

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on his feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? he! open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not, come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir; and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name: The one ne'er got me credit, the other merciless blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place, Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for a face.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there, Dromio: who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late; And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—when? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in. I trow?²

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said no

¹ Elvish sprites: in f. e. ² Necklace. ³ the: in f. e. ⁴ These two words not in f. e. ⁵ mopus, mummer, a silent performer, blacklead who has nothing to say. ⁶ One patched up, a pretender. ⁷ a man: in f. e. ⁸ hope: in f. e.
And about evening come yourself alone
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common route,
Against your yet unalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet.
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife (but I protest, without desert),
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain: by this, I know, 'tis made.
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;4
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow
(Bo it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll dissemble.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot,
A husband's office? Shallankind debate?
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-
ness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator,
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach 'r nigh the carriage of a lady saint:
Be secret-false; what need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attain?
'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board;
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us,
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,)
Less in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:

1 Depart. 2 In the same sense as our slang phrase, sold. 3 Once for all let me tell you this. 4 All the old eds. have Porcupine, which Dyce would retain, as a distinct form of the word used by many old writers. 5 I o. have Antipholus, in place of the last two words. 6 Full of credibility.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

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Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all
grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to
make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light.
I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn
a Polar winter: if she lives till doomsday, she'll burn
a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing
like so clean kept: for why? she sweats; a man may
go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 'tis in grain: Noah's flood could
not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir: but her name is three quarters,
that is, an ell; and three quarters will not measure
her from hip to lip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breath?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip
to lip: she is spherical, like a globe, I could find out
countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I found it out
by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard, in the
palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, mak-
ing war against her hair. 7

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could
find no whiteness in them: but I guess, it stood in her
chin, by the salt rhum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it hot in her
breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished
with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, decreeing their rich
aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole
armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O! sir, I did not look so low. To conclude,
this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me: call'd me
Dromio; swore, I was assured to her: told me what
privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my
shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my
left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch: and,
I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and
my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curial-
dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, his thee presently post to the reader.

And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one knows us, and we know none,
'T is time, I think, to frudge, pack, and begone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life.

So fly I from her that would be my wife. 8 [Exit]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here.
And therefore 't is high time that I were hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse, 
Hath almost made me traitor to myself: 
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong, 
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo! here is the chain. 
I thought to have taken you at the Porcupine; 
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespeak it not.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due, 
And since I have not much importun'd you: 
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
ToPersia, and want gilders for my voyage: 
Therefore, make present satisfaction, 
Or I'll attack you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you. 
Is growing! to me by Antipholus; 
And, in the instant that I met with you, 
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock, 
I shall receive the money for the same. 
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, 
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, 
from the Courtesan's.

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou 
And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow 
Among my wife and these confederates. 
For looking me out of my doors by day,— 
But soft. I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone; 
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a-year? I buy a rope?

Ang. A man is well holp up that trusts to you: 
I promised me your presence, and the chain, 
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me. 
Belike, you thought our love would last too long. 
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note, 
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carats, 
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion, 
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more 
Than I stand debted to this gentleman: 
I pray you, see him presently discharged. 
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money: 
Besides, I have some business in the town. 
Good signior, take the stranger to my house, 
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife 
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof: 
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have 
Go home with it, and please your wife withal; 
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you, 
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now, 
For fear you not see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well.

Ant. S. What should I think of this, I cannot tell: 
But this I think, there's no man is so vain, 
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain. 
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts, 
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts. 
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay: 
If any ship put out, then straight away.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have, 
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain: 
Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman, 
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord! you use this dalliance, to excuse 
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine, 
I should have chid you for not bringing it.

But, like a shrew, you first begin to bawl:

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, dispatch

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me: the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch you money.

Ang. Come, come; you know, I gave it you even now

Either send the chain, or send by me some token.

Ant. E. Fie! now you run this humour out of breath. 
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot break this dalliance. 
Good sir, say, who 'e'll answer me, or no?

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Ant. E. I answer you! what should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it: 
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do, and charge you in the duke's name to 

obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.

Either consent to pay this sum for me, 
Or I attack you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay for that I never had?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee: arrest him, officer. 
I would not spare my brother in this ease, 
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee ball. 
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear, 
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus, 
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

SCENE III.

That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our draughtsman, sir,
I have convey’d abroad, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.
The ship is in her trim: the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.


What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope:
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope’s end as soon.
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, lie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That’s cover’d o’er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of duetats: let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bate me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.
On, officer, to prison till it come.

[Execut Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.]

Dro. S. To Adriana? that is where we dined.
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters’ minds fulfil. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah! Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest? yea or no?
Look’d he or red, or pale? or sad, or merry?
What observation madst thou in this case,
Of his heart’s meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none: the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg’d for you, he begg’d of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.
First, he did prize my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot: nor I will not hold me still:
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fae’d, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind.

Stigmatized in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?
No evil lost is wail’d when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others’ eyes were worse.
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse, running.

Dro. S. Here, go: the desk! the purse! swift, now make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he’s in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.

Dromio, his hard heart is button’d up with steel;
Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel,

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one at counter

mends

The passages and alleyes, creeks and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell?

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well,
But he’s in a suit of buff which ’rested him, that can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money
In his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at:

[Exit Luciana.]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring!

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. ’Tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant, ’a turns

back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more

than he’s worth, to season.

Nay, he’s a thief too: have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back any hour in a day?

Re-enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there’s the money, bear it straight,
And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press’d down with conceit,
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [Exit]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, wearing the chain.

Ant. S. There’s not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if they were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me:
Some other give me thanks for kindness:
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call’d me in his shop,
And should me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

1 Silly. 2 Disfigured. 3 sweet in f. e. 4 Serjeants wore buff.
ferry; Theobald suggested the change made by the MS. emendator.
5 A hunting phrase, meaning to hunt by the scent of the animal’s foot
seizer chamber, for the debters of the crown. 6 Bond.
7 Not in f. e. 8 This line is not in f. e. 9 The old copies have
an allusion to his taking persons arrested to the Counter prison.
10 This was the name of a pace of confinement under the E?
Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for. What have you got? the picture of old Adam new apparel'd? 2

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dest thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand the not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather: the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a job, and rests them: he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance: he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike. 3

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band: he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest.'

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your folly. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant to tarry for the holy Delay. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I, And here we wander in illusions. Some blessed power deliver us hence! 4

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me, that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench.' It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress; I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or for my diamond the chain you promised, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone; But she, more covetous, would have a chain. Master, be wise: an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain. I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avant! thou witch! Come. Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

[Exeunt Ant. and Dro.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain: Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad.

Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shut the doors against his way My way is now, to his home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce My ring away. This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and a Jailor.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man; I will not break away.' I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money, To warrant thee, as I am restor'd for.

My wife is in, a wayward mood to-day, And will not lightly trust the messenger: That I should be attach'd in Ephesus, I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man: I think he brings the money.— How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. But where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope. Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope? Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee tie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.

[Beating him.

Jail. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Jail. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands. Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; releas'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar went her brat; and, I think, when he nath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

What have you done with 2 A reference to the serjeant's suit of buff. 3 A Moorish pike 4 then - in f. 6.
Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtezen, and a Schoolmaster called Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistresse, respect fienem, respect your end: or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "beware the rope's end?"

Ant. E. Will thou still talk? [Bears him. Cour. How sayyou now? is not your husband mad? Adr. His lunatry confirms no less.—Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;—Establish him in his true sense again.

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks! Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, loose'ld within this man.

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness lib thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, dotting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Ant. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minyon, you; are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day;

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I denied to enter in my house?

Pinch. O husband, God, the fellow finds you dind at home; Where 'twould you had remain'd until this time.

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home? Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sain's fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the rigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. O husband, God, the fellow finds his vein,

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast from some[i.e.,].

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you;

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me! heart and good-will you might;

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker now[sic] bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold:

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a dammed pack

To make a lazzarone, abject scorn of me;

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and bind Antipholus and

Dromio.

Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. E. What will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Jail. Masters, let him go.

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Jail. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O, most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherewith dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad good master;

Cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.

Adr. Go bear him hence,—Sister, go you with me.—[Exeunt Pinch and assistants with Ant. and Dro.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Jail. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Jail. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Jail. Due for a chain your husband bad of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is.

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help.

To have them bound again.

Jail. Away! they'll kills us.

[Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, and Jailor.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely
do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us
gold. Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that
but for the mountain of mad flesh that lains marriage
of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and
turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get out stuff aboard. [Exeunt]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and Angello.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forewore most monstrously to have.

Good sir, draw near with me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain, you had of me; can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear
thee.

'Ce on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus,
'il prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dost'art.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courteza, and Others.

Adr. Hold! hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Some set within him: take his sword away.
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run; for God's sake take a house!

This is some priory—'in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio to the Abbey.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad;
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

[Baggage 2 Cite with him. 3 Not in s. o

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him out from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Happily, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glance'd at it:

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleepes were behind by thy railing.

And thereof comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred:
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have seal'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No: not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wife again,
Or lose my labour in essaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness; for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.
Scene I.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Astr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseeem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [Exit Abbess.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Astr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take performe my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and solemn execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracuse merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offense.

Ang. Sec. where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

Enter Duke attended; aisle was bare-headed; with the
Headsmen and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Astr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Astr. May it please your grace. Antipholus, my husband,
Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondman. all as mad as he)
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strange escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself;
Each one with irrefragible, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away: till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
et him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
And to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row,* and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire
And ever as it blazed they throw on him
Great palls of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:*
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Astr. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To search your face, and to disfigure you. [Cry within

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me; fear nothing. Guard
With halberds!

Astr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me
justice,
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Eg. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio!

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman
there!
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury,
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors
upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou see?

Astr. No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befat my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night.
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forewarned
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lout'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Peregrine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him,
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down:
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not; for which the
He did arrest me with an officer
I did obey, and sent my peasant home

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1 depth and sorry: in f. e. 2 Improper. 3 strong: in f. e. 4 One after the other. 5 It was the custom to cut the hair of fools in a peculiar fashion. 6 This word originally meant circling, and was applied to either sex.
For certain dues: he with none return’d.
Then fairly I bespake the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates: along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-fae’d villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
A needy, hollow-ey’d, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse.
And with no fear, as ’twere, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess’d. Then, altogether
They tell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
They’l left me and my man, both bound together;
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain’d my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction.

For these deep shame[s, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him.
That he dined not at home, but was lock’d out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord; and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confes[s you had the chain of him,
After you first foresaw it on the morn,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here.
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impanel is this!
I think, you all have drunk of Circe’s cup.
If here you found him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:
You say, he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?

Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her, there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch’d that ring.

Ant. E. ’Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw’st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither.

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[Exit an Attendant.

Æge. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.
Halpily, I see a friend will save my life.
And pay the sum that may deliver me.


Æge. Is not your name, sir, call’d Antipholus,
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir;
But he, I thank him, gnaw’d in two my cords:

Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Æge. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch’s patient, are you, sir?

Æge. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till now.

Æge. O! grief hath chang’d me, since you saw me last.
And careful hours, with time’s deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

Ant. E. Neither.

Æge. Dromio, nor thou?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Æge. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Æge. Not know my voice? O, time’s extremity!
Hast thou so crack’d my voice, split my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun’d cares?
Though now this grintin face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter’s drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Æge. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know’st we parted. But, perhaps, my son,
Thou shan’t to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me, that it is not so,
I ne’er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne’er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and
Dromio of Syracuse.

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong’d.

[All gather to see them.

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio: command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio: pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou best the man
That had a wife once call’d Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou best the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, and by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholus’s, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblence,—
Besides his urging of his wreck at sea;—

These are the parents to these children,
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

Dro. E. And with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. I'll gossip at this feast.

[Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Egeon, Courtesan Merchant, Angelo, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from ship-board?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me—I am your master, Dromio:

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. S. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;

And now, let's go hand in hand: not one before another.

[Exeunt]
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.
JOHN, his bastard Brother.
CLAUDIO, a young Lord of Florence.
BENEDICK, a young Lord of Padua.
LEONATO, Governor of Messina.
ANTONIO, his Brother.
BALTHAZAR, Servant to Don Pedro.
Borachio, followers of John.
Dogberry, two Officers.

Friar Francis.
A Gentleman.
A Sexton.
A Boy.

HERO, Daughter to Leonato.
Beatrice, Niece to Leonato.
Margaret, Gentlewomen attending on Hero.
Ursula, Watchmen, and attendants, &c.

SCENE. Messina.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Hero, Beatrice, and others, with a Gentleman.¹

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Gent. He is very near by this: he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Gent. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Gent. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro; he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle, here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Gent. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him: even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Gent. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanato returned from the wars, or no?

Gent. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Gent. O! he is returned, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle’s foot, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt⁴—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he’ll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Gent. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man; he hath an excellent stomach.

Gent. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady; but what is he to a lord?

Gent. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed⁵ with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed: he is no less than a stuffed man; but for the stuffing.—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there’s a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict four of his five wits went hatting off, and now is the whole man governed with one; so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference⁶ between himself and his horse; for it’s all the wealth that he hath left to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

¹ Messenger: in f. e. ² Throughout the Scene: Mess.: in f. e. ³ A term of the fencing-school. ⁴ A short and thick arrow, for near aim. ⁵ Stuffed: Chaucer uses the five wits for the five senses & similar enumeration, referred to in the text, was made of the intellectual powers. ⁶ In heraldry, a distinction.

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Don. Good signior Leonato, are you 2 come to meet your trouble? the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain, but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Don. You embrace your charge too willingly. I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Don. You have it full, Signior Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers here. Be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat. But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind: so some gentleman or other shall escape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an't were such a face as yours.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuator. But keep your way 3 of God's name; I have done.

1 This phrase is derived, says Knight, from books of credit 2 Quarellor 3 The old copies read: you are 4 Old cop.: This.
'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Ben. And by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Ben. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Ben. That a woman conceived me, I thank her: that she brought me up, I likewise give her more humble thanks; but that I will have a reckoning3 wound in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric,4 all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fail from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Ben. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that first4 hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.5

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."6

Ben. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead; and let me be vilely painted, and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign.—"Here you may see Benedick the married man."7

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Ben. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signor Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Ben. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassage; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: from my house, if I had it.—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body or your discourse is sometimes guarded6 with fragments, and the guards are but slightly based on neither: ere you flout old ends7 any farther, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit Benedick]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,

I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye;

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand,

Than to drive liking to the name of love;

But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms

Come thronging soft and delicate desires,

All prompting me how fair young Hero is,

Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—8

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,

And tire the hearer with a book of words.

If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it,

And I will break with her, and with her father,

And thou shalt have her.14 Was't not to this end,

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,

That know love's grief by his complexion!

But lest my liking might too sudden seem,

I would have sav'd it with a longer taster.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest ground9 is the necessity,

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest,

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night,

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force,

And strong encounter of my amorous tale;

Then, after her father will I break;

And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently.

[Exeunt]

**Scene II.** A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

**Leon.** How now, brother? Where is my cousin your son? Hath he provided this music?

**Ant.** He is very busy about it. But, brother, I can tell you strange15 news that you yet dream not of.

**Leon.** Are they good?

**Ant.** As the event doth them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley in my orchard, were thus16 much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece, your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take this present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

**Leon.** Hath the fellow any wit, that told you this?

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1 An old tale, resembling in its horrors and incidents that of Blue Beard, and containing a frequent repetition of the passage in the text, is given in Bowdew's ed. of Malone, and in Knight. 2 A recall. 3 A bottle was an old popular sport; Adam, probably, alludes to Adam from Act II. of Kyd's Spanish Tragedy; the play is in Dodsley's Col.

4 *Trimmed.* 5 The formal conclusions of old letters often ending in the words used by Don Pedro. 6 The dark, implying the interruption of a narrative, is an addition by Collier. 7 This passage, from with her, is from the quarto ed. 1600. 8 Grant: in f. e. 9 Only in the quarto, 1600.
Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him, and
question him yourself.
Leon. No, no: we will hold it as a dream, till it
appear itself; but I will acquaint my daughter with
that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if
peradventure this be true. Go you, and tell her of it.
[Several persons cross the stage.] Cousins, you know
what you have to do.—O! I cry you mercy, friend;
go you with me, and I will use your skill.—Good
cousin, have a care this busy time. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter John and Conrad.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you
thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that
breeds it. Therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing
brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient
sufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say’st thou
art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral
medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what
I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at
no man’s jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for
no man’s leisure: sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on
no man’s business; laugh when I am merry, and
claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yes; but you must not make the full show
of this, till you may do it without controlment. You
have, till of late, stood out against your brother, and he
hath ta’en you newly into his grace; where it is impos-
sible you should take true root, but by the fair weather
that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame
the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a
rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be
disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love
from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a
flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am
a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle,
and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed
not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would
bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking; in the
mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who
comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the
prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leo-
nato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended
marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief
on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to
unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother’s right hand.

John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! And who, and who? which
way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of
Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came
you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a performer, as I was
smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and
Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt
me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon,
that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and
having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove
food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all
the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any
way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure,
and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the
greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of
my mind!—Shall we go prove what’s to be done?

Bora. We’ll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato’s House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and
others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardily that gentleman looks: I never
can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He was an excellent man, that were made
just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the
one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the
other too like my lady’s eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half signior Benedick’s tongue in count
John’s mouth, and half count John’s melancholy in
signior Benedick’s face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and
money enough in his purse, such a man would win any
woman in the world,—if a’ could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee
a husband, if thou be so shrived of thy tongue.

1 Not in f. e. 2 This word not in f. e. 3 Only in quarto.
Leon. Well then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old curkoid, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maid!'" 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.

Ant. Well, niece, I trust, you will be ruled by your father.

[To Hero]

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you?" but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clad of wayward mar? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not woe'd in good time: if the prince be too important,¹ tell him, there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer: for, hear me, Hero; wooling, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-place: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientity; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-place faster and faster, till he sink a-place² into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle: I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother. Make good room!

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthasar; John, Borachio, Margaret, Ursula, and maskers.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.³

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[Takes her aside]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Bene. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Bene. No more words: the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough: you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come: do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, man, you are he: grace will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the "Hundred merry Tunes."—Well, this was signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jestor: a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me!

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supher that night. [Music within.] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[Dance. Then, extant all but John, Borachio, and Claudio.]

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well: I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick. But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. There is certain so.—the prince was for himself.

¹ Importunate. ² This word not in f.e. ³ An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon, in Ovid. ⁴ A popular text-book, of which one fragment is extant. It was reprinted in 1833, after its discovery.
SCENE I. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Friendship is constant in all other things, save in the office and affairs of love; therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent, for beauty is a witch. Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, which I mistrusted not. Farewell, then! Hero!

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own businesses, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me. [Angrily?]

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be. I'll leave you. [Exit.]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt foul! Now will he creep into edges. — But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool! — Ha! it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry. — Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Truth, my lord, I have played the part of lady fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a walk, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss. The rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland, he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O! she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her: my very visor began to assume life, and seeld with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such importable conveyance, upon me, taast I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poignards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had lent him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned, spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Áfe in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither. So, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Look; here she comes.

Beatrice. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpick now from the farthest inch of Asia: bring you the length of Preser John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Chaim's beard; do you any embassage to the Pignaries, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy? Have you no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue. [Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beatrice. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady; you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooded in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy! Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give awa myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatrice. Yea, my lord, I think it; for poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—Another Room in LEONATO’S HOUSE.

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes afield his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated state, such a one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone; tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother’s honour, who hath made this match, and his friend’s reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances, which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended welding: for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming proofs of Hero’s disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—LEONATO’S GARDEN.

Enter Benedick, a Boy following.

Bene. Boy !

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it thither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that: [Exit Boy] but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the

1 i.e., false married. 2 In my; some eds. read “answer mind.” 3 Liege. 4 Claudio: in f. e. 5 truth: in f. e. 6 with a Boy: in f.
argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthographe; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain: wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and musicking Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Retires behind the trees:]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord. How still the evening is,
As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended,
We'll fit the hide-fox with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with Musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing;
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:

Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music.]

Bene. [Behind.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravish'd!—is it not strange, that shepherds' guts should Kale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

THE SONG.

Balth. Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were devisers ever;

One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blest and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or__ dumps do sill and heavy;

The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was heavy.

Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no, no; faith, thou singest well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Behind:] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [Aside to Pedro.] O! say;—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits. [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither: but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [Behind.] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit? There was never counterfeit passion come so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside.] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—
you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Behind.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says:

"Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have write a sheet of paper full. [Sheets of paper.]—My daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper; I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O!—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheets?

Claud. That.
Leon. O! she tore the letter into a thousand half-pence; railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her:—"I'll measure him," says she, "by my own spirit: for I should flout him, if he write to me; yea, though I love him. I should."—

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sohs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, cries:—

"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed: my daughter says so; and the ecstasy hath so much overcome her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do a desperate ustrage to herself. It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it: some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms-deed to hang him. She's an excellent sweet lady, and out of all suspicion she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O! my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would, she had bestowed this dotage on me; I would have daff'd all other respects, and made her half myself. I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what a' will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. Hero thinks surely, she will die: for she says, she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known, and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll seem it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. Before God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise: for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large jests e will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dote upon her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be the same net spread for her: and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter: that's the scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.]

Bene. [Advancing from the Arbour.] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly borne.—They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection—I did never think to marry.—I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractors, and can put them to meaning. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his age, that he cannot endure in his youth. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message!

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and not a' choke a daw withal.—you have no stomach, signor: fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner"—there's a double meaning in that.

"I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me"—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

[There shall thou find my cousin Beatrice]

Proposing with the prince and Claudio:

[Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula]

Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse

1 curses; in f. a 2 alms; in f. e. 3 Daff'd. 4 Quarto reads "see." 5 From the quint. 6 Greasy. 7 Not in f. a 8 Con掩盖
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Scene II.

Enter Beatrice, behind: in f. e. *Not in f. o. 3 Wild hawks. 4 every day: in f. e 5 behind the back. in f. e

MUCH warrant; day; and know, behin such a part, to praise him more than ever man did merit. My talk to thee must be how Benedick is sick in love with Beatrice; of this matter is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin:

Enter Beatrice, stealing in behind. 1

For look where Beatrice, like a lapsing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden ears the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—
No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord. Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? Hero. They did; I must treat me to acquaint her of it; But I persuaded them if they lov'd Benedick, To wish him wrestle with affection, And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Dost not the gentleman deserve as full, as fortunate a bed, As ever Beatrice shall couched upon? Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man: But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak. She cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endured.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And, therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely feature'd, But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced, She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister: If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick, Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed; If low, an agate very vilely cut: If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds: If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out, And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simplicity and merit purchase.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.
Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore, let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs. waste inwardly:
It were a better death than she with mocks, Which is as bad as die with tackling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick, And counsel him to fight against his passion: And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders To stain my cousin with: One doth not know, How much an ill word may enmoyon liking.

Urs. O! do not your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment, (Having so swift and excellent a wit, As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as signor Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam, Speaking my fancy: signor Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, Goes foremost in report, through Italy,

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, in a day:—to-morrow. Come, go in: I'll show thee some attires, and have thy counsel, Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [Aside.] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam.

Hero. [Aside.] If it prove so, then loving goes by baps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[Exit Hero and Ursula.

Beat. [Advancing.] What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn, so much? Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives but in the lack of such.
And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.
If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band,
For others say thou dost deserve, and I
Believe it better than reportingly.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache!

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises: as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slopes, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed'tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, a' rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy. Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lustrestring, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him.

Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in despite of all dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.—Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so, Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

John. [To Claudio.] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

John. You may think, I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think, he holds you well, and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shortened, (for she has been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even she: Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness: I could say, she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till farther warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know. If you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night, why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I woed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will dispassion her no farther, till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented! So will you say, when you have seen the sequel. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Osteak, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer

1 The remainder of the sentence to the period, is from the quarto.

2 nose breeches

3 from the quarto

4 from the quarto: the folio
Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no bost of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear you the lantern. This is your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince’s name.

2 Watch. How, if a’ will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go: and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince’s subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince’s subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be a true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may: but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will: much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How, if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ever that will not hear her lamb when it baaes, will never answer a call when he bleats.

Verg. ’Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince’s own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by’r lady, that, I think, a’ cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on’t, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By’r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me. Keep your fellows’ counsels and your own, and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signior Leonato’s door: for the wed ding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade!

Watch. [Aside.] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man: I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirmed. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Therefore I will in this business.

Watch. [Aside.] I know that Deformed; a’ has been a vile thief this seven year; a’ goes up and down like a gentleman. I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No: ’t was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh’s soldiers in the reed2 painting; sometime, like god Bel’s priests in the old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his eddie-piece seems as massy as his club.

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art thou not thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero’s gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress’ chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night.

—I tell thee this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the prince, Claudio, and my master, placed, and possessed by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they3 Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly
by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio. enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. [Coming forward.] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.
2 Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.
1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him, a' 1 wear a lock.
Con. Masters, masters!
2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.
Con. Masters,—
1 Watch. Never speak: we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.
Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.
Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [Exit Ursula.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.
Urs. I will, lady.
Hero. And bid her come hither.
Urs. Well. [Exit Ursula.

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.
Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.
Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.
Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another.
I'll wear none but this.
Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, I faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.
Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.
Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down the sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne with a blushing tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.
Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!
Marg. 'T will be more joyous soon by the weight of a man.
Hero. Fie upon thee! art not ashamed?
Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. Is there any harm in it,—dearer for a husband? None, I think, an it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morning, coz.
Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.
Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tone?
Beat. I am out of all other tone, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—'Light o' love,' 1 that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.
Beat. Yea, 'Light o' love,' with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.
Marg. O, illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.
Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin: 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill—Heigh ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H. 2
Marg. Well, an ye be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.
Beat. What means the fool, troth?
Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!
Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.
Beat. I am sufficed, cousin: I cannot smell.
Marg. A maid, and sufficed! there's goodly catching of cold.
Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?
Marg. Ever since you left it. Dost not my wit become me rarely?
Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.
Marg. Get you some of this distilled carduns bene-

2 Not in f. e. 3 Long, full sleeves. 4 A popular old tune, mentioned also in Two Gentlemen of Verona. 5 A play upon the similarity of sound between H and ache. 6 Blasted thistle: "so worthyly named," says Cogan's Haven of Health, 1589. 7 For the singular virtual that it hath.
as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God. I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous; palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man. I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, when the age is in, the wit is out. God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind. An honest soul, i' faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be sufficiency.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non con: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her?

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer; none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections! Why thou, some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! ha!

Claud. Stand thee by, Friar.—Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth May counterfeit this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-ness.

The rest of the speech is from the quarto. * A quotation from the Accidence. * thee: in f. e. * wide: in f. e. The change was suggested also by Pope. * rage: in f. e. * wide: in f. e.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV.

D Pedro. What should I speak? I stand dishonour'd, that have gone out
To link my dear friend to a common stake.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a night.

Hero. True? O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter.

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero:
HerO itself can blot out Hero's virtue,
What man was he that did with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this griev'd count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd, my lord,
Not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence to utter them. Thou pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hast thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! Farewell,
Thou pure, incomparable, impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

[Hero swoons.

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go. These things, come thus to light,
Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, John, and Claudius.

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think.—help, uncle! Hero! why, Hero!—Undo!—Signior Benedick!—

Friar. O foul fate! take not away thy heavy hand:
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?
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Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented: present by a way,
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd: have patience, and
endure. [Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.
Bene. I will not desire that.
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me
that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.
Bene. May a man do it?
Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you.

Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were
as possible for me to say; I loved nothing so well as
you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not: I confess
nothing: nor deny nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou livest me.
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.
Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I
will make him eat it, that says I love not you.
Beat. Will you not eat your word?
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I
protest, I love thee.
Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was
about to protest, I loved you.
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beat. Kill Claudio.
Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.
Beat. I am gone, though I am here: there is no
love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.
Bene. Beatrice,—
Beat. In faith, I will go.
Bene. We'll be friends first.
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight
with mine enemy.
Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy.
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that
had slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?

O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until
they come to take hands, and then with public accusa-
tion, uncorrected slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God,
that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the
market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper
saying.
Bene. Nay, but Beatrice—
Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan-
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat. 

Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testi-
mony, a goodly count, count confect, a sweet gallant,
surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I

frame of: in f. 0 kind: in f. 0 princes: in quarto ack'd and lost: in f. e.
had any friend would be a man for my sake! But mankind is melted into courtesy, valour into compliment, and men are only turned to courtesy, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it. — I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

Bene. Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrad and Borachio.

Dogb. Is our whole dissemblance appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marrv, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrad.

Dogb. Write down master gentleman Conrad.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bora. Yes, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God;—and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are lii less than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marrv, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir: I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down, that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.


Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show them their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be bound.

Bora. Hands off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet.

Con. Away! you are an ass: you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, to go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had leases; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass! [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; and 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, which falls into mine ears as profitless as water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;
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But there is no such man; for, brother, men can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief which they themselves do not feel, but, tasting it, their counsel turns to passion, which before would give precepts to medicine to rage; fester strong madness in a silken thread; charm aching with air, and agony with words. No, no, 'tis all men's office to speak patience to those that wring under the load of sorrow; but no man's virtue, nor sufficiency, to be so moral when he shall endure the like himself. Therefore give me no counsel: My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ. Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood: For there was never yet philosopher, that could endure the tooth-ache patiently; however they have writ the state of gods, and made a pause at chance and suffering.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself; make those do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speakest reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied. And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince, and all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Cl audio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords.—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well, my lord.

Ant. Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay; do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling, some of us would lie low.

Cl audio. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou.

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword, I fear thee not.

Cl audio. Marry, beshrew my hand, if it should give your age such cause of fear. In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Think, think, man! never fear and jest at me: I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool; as, under privilege of age, to brag what I have done being young, or what would do, were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head, thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me that I am forc'd to lay my reverence by, and with my hair, and bruises of many days, do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child: Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart.

And she lies buried with her ancestors. O! in a tomb where never scandal slept, save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Cl audio. My villainy?

Leon. Thou, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord.

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare; despite his nice fence, and his active practice. His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—

Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me. Sir boy, I'll whip you from your joining fence, Nay; as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece: And she is dead: slander'd to death by villains, That dare as well answer a man, indeed, as I dare take a serpent by the tongue. Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them; yea, And what they weigh, even to the uttermost scruple: Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys, That lie, and cog, and hint, deprave and slander, Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness, And speak half a dozen dangerous words, How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst, And this is all!

Leon. But, brother Antony—

Ant. Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death: But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing But what was true, and very fully of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord!—

I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.—

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.

Enter Benedick.

D. Pedro. See, see! here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should have beer too young for them. Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valor, came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee, for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

1 And sorrow, wag: in f. e. 2 Ben Jonson calls a book-worm, a candle-waster. This would make the text mean, pedantic speech. 3 pitch: often spelt as in the text. 4 Put me aside. 5 Draw their instruments from their cases.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—
Art thou sick, or angry?
Claud. What! courage, man! What though care
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill
care.
Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if
you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another
subject.
Claud. Nay then, give him another staff: this last
was broke cross.
D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more.
I think he be angry indeed.
Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.¹
Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?
Claud. God bless me from a challenge!
Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not.—I will make
it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when
you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your coward-
ice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall
fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.
D. Pedro. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good
cheer.
Claud. What a feast? a feast?
D. Pedro. I'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to
a calf's-head and capers,² the which if I do not carve
most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find
a woodcock too?
Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.
D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit
the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said
she, "a fine little one:" "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one:" "Nay,"
said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts
nobody:" "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman:" "Nay," said
I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she,
"for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which
he forewore on Tuesday morning: there's a double
tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour
together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet at last
she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man
in Italy.
Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said
she cared not.
D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that,
an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him
dearly. The old man's daughter told us all.
Claud. All, all; and moreover, who saw him when
he was hid in the garden.
D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's
horns on the sensible Benedick's head?
Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells
Benedick the married man!"³
Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I
will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you
break jests as braggets do their blades, which, God be
thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies
I thank you; I must discontinue your company. Your
brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have,
among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my
lord Lack-beard, there, he and I shall meet; and till
then, peace be with him. [Exit Benedick.
D. Pedro. He is in earnest.
Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant
you, for the love of Beatrice.
D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?
Claud. Most sincerely.

¹ Large belts were worn with the girdle before, but for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a faire graç
at the girdle. The action was therefore a challenge.—Holt White.
² a capon : in f. e. ³ An allusion to a popular belief that a wood-
cock had no brains ⁴ God—with a period at the end of the speech: in f. e.
Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast
kill’d

Mine innocent child?

Bona. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; then holiest thyself:
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter’s death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds.
’T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn’d I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he’ll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you cease my daughter live;
That was impossible. But, I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina, here,
How innocently she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.—
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that’s dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me.
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For heneckthor of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your coming:
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pact in all this wrong,
Hid’t to it by your brother.

Bona. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to me;
But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dobg. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under
white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did
call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his
punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of
one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear,
and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in
God’s name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid,
that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing
for God’s sake. Pray you, examine him upon that
point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dobg. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There’s for thy pains.

Dobg. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go: I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee.

Dobg. I leave an arrant knave with your worship:
which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for
the example of others. God keep your worship: I wish
your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly
give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may
be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Aut. Farewell, my lords: we look for you to-mor-
row.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I’ll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We’ll talk with
Margaret.

How her acquaintance grew with this low’d fellow.

SCENE II.—Leonato’s Garden

Enter Benedick and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deserve
well at my hands by helping me to the speech of
Beatrice.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise
of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth,
thea deserve it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why shall I
always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound’s mouth;
it calethes.

Marg. And your’s as blunt as the fencer’s foils;
which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt
a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give
thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our
own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in
the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons
for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think
hath legs.

Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good
swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and
a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers
whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a
blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over
and over, as my poor self, in love. Marry, I cannot
show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no
rhyme to “lady” but “baby,” an innocent rhyme; for
“scorn,” “horn,” a hard rhyme; for “school,” “fool,”
a babbling rhyme—very ominous endings. No, I was
not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in
festival terms.—

Exit Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Ye, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O! stay but till then.

Beat. Then[4] is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet,
ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is,
with knowing what hath passed between you and
Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is
but foul breath, and foul breath is noise; therefore
I will depart unkissed.


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1. bid: in f e. 2. Knight ad hes to the old reading pack’d, an old form of the word in the text. 3. Wicked. 4. The beginning of a song by William Ryall.
Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my oed parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spit it for my sake, I will spit it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one who man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why an hour in clamber, and a quarter in rhenum: therefore is it most expedient for the wise, (if Don Wurm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy. And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is tied and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants, with music and lapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Att. It is, my lord.

Claud. [Reads.]

EPIPHAPHI.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in gordan of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life, that died with shame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin bright:
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb we go.

MIDNIGHT, ASSIST OUR MOON;
HELP US TO SIGH AND GROAN,
HEAVILY, HEAVILY:
GRAVES, YAWN, AND YIELD YOUR DEAD.
TILL DEATH BE UTTERED, 2
HEAVILY, HEAVILY.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!

Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his way can tell.*

[Exeunt Torch-bearers.]

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weed; And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue speed, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in LEONATO'S House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice.

Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accuse'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated: But Margaret was in some fault for this, Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things son so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves, And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour To visit me.—You know your office, brother; You must be father to your brother's daughter, And give her to young Claudio.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Friar. Frier, I must entreat your pains, I think. Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me, From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?—

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd In the state of honourable marriage:—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help

Here come the prince, and Claudio. 4

[Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio.

Come here attend you. Are you yet determin'd To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

[Exit Antonio.

1 Used in the colloquial emphatic sense, for "great." 2 Knight: in f. e. 3 Done away with. 4 Each his several way: n. f. e. 5 Not in f. e. 4 This line is from the quarto.
SCENE IV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

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That you have such a February face.

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.—

Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold.

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee.

As once Europa did at lusty Jove.

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low:

And some such strange bull leap'd thy father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat.

Much like to you, for you have just his beat.

Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife.

[Unmasking.

Claud. And when you lov'd, were you my other husband?

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certain.

One Hero died belied; but I do live,

And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

D Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord, but whilst her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:

Mean time, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name. [Unmasking.] What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceived, for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceived: for they swore, you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. It is not matter.—Then, you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon it, that he loves her.

For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain.

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,

Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee: but, by this right, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

D Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, a' shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it: and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it, for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but, in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have engulph'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward.

Bene. First, of my word; therefore, play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is taken in flight

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise three brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Dance: f.e
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ferdinand, King of Navarre.
Biron,
Longaville, Lords, attending on the King.
Dumaine,
Boyet, Lords, attending on the Princess.
Mercade, of France.
Don Adriano de Armado, a Spaniard.
Sir Nathaniel, a Curate.
Holofernes, a Schoolmaster.
Dull, a Constable.

Costard, a Clown.
Moth, Page to Armado.
A Forester.

Princess of France.
Rosaline.
Maria,
Katharine,
Jaquenetta, a country wench.

Officers and others, attendants on the King and Princess.

SCENE, Navarre.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon our brazen tombs, And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of cormorant devouring time, 'Th' endeav'our of this present breath may buy That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen edge, And make us heirs of all eternity. Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are, That war against your own affections. And the huge army of the world's desires,— Our late edict shall strongly stand in force. Navarre shall be the wonder of the world: Our court shall be a little Academe, Still and contemplative in living art.

You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville, Have sworn for three years' term to live with me, My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes, That are recorded in this schedule here: [Showing it.] Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names, That his own hand may strike his honour down, That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too.

Long. I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast. The mind shall banquet, though the body pine: Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits Take rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the waist. Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mortified. The grosser manner of this world's delights He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves: To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine at, With all these living in philosophy. Biron. I can but say their protestation over; So much, dear liege, I have already sworn, That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances; As, not to see a woman in that term. Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there: And, one day in a week to touch no food, And but one meal on every day beside. The which, I hope, is not enrolled there: And then, to sleep but three hours in the night, And not be seen to wink of all the day, When I was wont to think no harm all night, And make a dark night, too, of half the day, Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there. O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please. I only swore to study with your grace, And stay here in your court for three years' space. Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest. Biron. By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in jest. What is the end of study, let me know? King. Why, that to know which else we should no know. Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense? King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense. Biron. Come on, then: I will swear to study so, To know the thing I am forbid to know; As thus,—to study where I well may dine, When I to feast expressly am forbid; Or study where to meet some mistress fine, When mistresses from common sense are hid; Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, Study to break it, and not break my troth. If study's gain be this, and this be so, Study knows that which yet it doth not know. Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no. King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, And train our intellects to vain delight.

1 Not in T. D. 2 From the quarto, 1598.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain, Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beruile.
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies.
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed.
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study it like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks:
Small have continental plodders ever won.
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star.
Have no more profits of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still let's grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. In fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something, then, in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious snapping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast.

Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled showers;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So by, study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.2

King. Well, set you out: go home, Biron: adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep to what I swore,
And hide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper: let me read the same:
And to the strictest decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding resists thee from shame!

Biron. [Reads.] Item, "That no woman shall come within a mile of my court."—Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads.] "On pain of losing her tongue."—Who devised this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against garrulity.9

[Reads.] Item, "If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For, well you know, here comes in embassies.
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak.—
A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender up of Aquitain
To her despeopled, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess rather.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was qui forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispence with this decree.
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsorn
Three thousand times within this three years' space:
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.

If I break faith, this word shall plead* for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name: [Subscribes.
And he, that breaks them in the least degree.
Stands in attainer of eternal shame.
Suggestions are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashions flaunted,'
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as crupule of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interm to our studies, shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight.
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie.
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport,
And so to study three years is but short.

Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you. There villainy abroad: this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempt that thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificient Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low hearing! God grant us patience!

1 From the quarto; the folio reads: and.
2 Snipping, or nipping.
3 Climbing o'er the house-top to unlock the gate: in folio. 4 I'll keep what I have swore: in f. e. 5 Gentility: in f. e. 6 speak: in f. e. 7 Temptations. 8 World's new fashions pasted: in f. e. 9 As a man steele to tell me stories. 10 Third borough, a peace officer. 11 having: in f. e.
Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to chime in in the merriest.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads.] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—"

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. "So it is,—"

Cost. It may be so; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.—

King. Peace!

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight.

King. No words.

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, beseeched with sable-coloured melancholy, I did command the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where:—it standeth north-north-east and by cast from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,—"

Cost. Me.

King. "—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,"

Cost. Me.

King. "—that shallow vessel,"

Cost. Still me.

King. "—which, as I remember, hight Costard,"

Cost. O! me.

King. "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—now,—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith?"

Cost. With a wench.

King. "—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the seed of punish-

ment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony Dull. King. "For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called) which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty;

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for; but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a dame.

King. Well, it was proclaimed dame.

Cost. This was no damest neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied, too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And so we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumaine.

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat. These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Dull. Sirrah, come on. 4

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down, sorrow! 5

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—ARMADO'S House in the Park.

Enter Armado and Moth, his page.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad

Arm. Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.

Arm. How cast thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenile?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenile? why tender juvenile?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenile, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

1 climb in: in f. e. 2 The law French phrase, mainour, with the thing stolen in hand. 3 The fantastic figures in the beds of the formal gardens of the period. 4 vassal: in f. e. 5 f. e. give this speech to Biron.
SCENE II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my say-
ing apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condivg praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [Aside.] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him?

-Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one threeth told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?

Arm. Here, in this three studied ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Moth. A most fine figure!

Moth. [Aside.] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will heretofrom confess I am in love; and, as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wenche. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reproach thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Heracles, master.

Arm. Most sweet Heracles! — More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do exel thee in my rapier, as much as thou dost me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, and sir, as the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most immaculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and poetical!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er. I may examine my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, do love that country girl, that I look in the park with the rational kind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [Aside.] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

[Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, no penance; but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day's-woman. Fare well you.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you.

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away!

1 Coins: so called from the crosses on them. 2 Bankes' horse, Marocco, exhibited in London about the close of the sixteenth century and repeatedly alluded to in the writings of the time. He is said to have ascended St. Paul's steeple. Bankes took his horse to the continent, and both are said to have been burnt, at Rome, for witchcraft. 3 pathetical: in e. 4 Fowkes. 5 It is printed in Vol. I. of Percy's Reliques. 6 Doy, or dairy.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tent at a distance.

Enter the Princess of France, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your clearest spirits.

Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe.
Matchless Navarre: the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapanen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth.
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling name,
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seem'th it needful course.
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best moving fair solitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much; while we attend,
Like humble-vis'g'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [Exit.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I know him, madam: at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigot and the beautiful heir

is a great argument of falsehood) if I love; and how
and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love
is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love.
Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an
excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and
he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard
for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a
Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not
serve my turn; the passage he respects not: the duello
he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but
his glory is, to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier!
be still, drum! for your armiger 1 is in love; yea,
be lotheth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, ter,
I am sure, I shall turn sonnet-maker 2 . Devise wit, write
pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[Exeunt.

Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts: glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will wills
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?

Mar. They say so much that most of his honours know

Prin. Such short-lived's wits do wither as they grow

Who are the rest?

Kath. The young Dumesne, a well-accomplished youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good.
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw
Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conseil's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearers are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such beauteous ornaments of praise?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord.

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpeopled house.  
Here comes Navarre.  

[The ladies mask.]

Enter King, Longaville, Dumaine, Biron, and  
Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Na-  
varre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I  
have not yet; the roof of this court is too high to be  
yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be  
mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.  
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither.  
King. Hear me, dear lady: I have sworn an oath.  
Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.  
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.  
Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.  
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,  
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance,  
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:  
T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,  
And sin to break it.

But pardon me. I am too sudden-bold:  
To teach a teacher till beseech me.

Vouchsafe me to read the purpose of my coming.  
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.  
[Givea paper.]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.  
[Reads.]  
Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,  
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me stay.  
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?  
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?  
Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it, then?

To ask the question?

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis long of you, that spurn me with such  
questions.

Biron. Your wit is too hot, it speeds too fast, it will  
tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall you, mask!  
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!  
Biron. And send you many lovers!  
Ros. Amen, so you be none.  
Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate  
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;  
Being but the one half of an entire sum,  
Disbursed by my father in his wars.  
But say, that be, or we, (as neither have)  
Receive'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid  
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,  
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,  
Although not valued to the money's worth.  
If, then, the king your father will restore  
But that one half which is unsatisfied.  
We will give up our right in Aquitain.  
And hold fair friendship with his majesty.  
But that, it seems, he little purpeth,  
For he here doth demand to have repaid  
An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,  
On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,  
To have his title live in Aquitain:  
Which we much rather had depart withal;  
And have the money by our father lent,
SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Song. See, my love.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Conceit—(Amato bene).  
[ Singing.  
Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festively hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?  
Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?  
Moth. No, my complete master; but to jog off a tune at the tongue’s end, canary1 to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like, o’er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly’s doublet, like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snap and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenchers, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?  
Moth. By my pain of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,
Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?  
Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and with out, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

1 Not in F. e.  2 A play upon the legal meaning of the words common, unclosed land; and several, that is private property.  
3 Not in F. e.  4 Fr. Branca, a dance in which the parties joined hands and danced around a couple, who kissed in turn all of the opposite sex to themselves, then took their places in the circle, and were succeeded by a second couple, and so on, till all had had their share.  
5 The name of a lively, grotesque dance.  
6 f.e.: penny. The original word of the folio is pence.
Scene I.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A messenger well sympathised: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?

Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:

Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

He represents me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [Exit. 

Arm. A most acute juvenal; valuable and fair* of grace!

By thy favour, sweet welinke, I must sigh in thy face:

Most-eyed melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard* broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy l'envoy

begin.

Cost. No egnia, no riddle, no l'envoy! no salve in them at all,* sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy: no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforeest laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling. O, pardon me, my stars! Dost the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?*

Arm. No, page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain.

Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been seen.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by making three.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until. the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.

A good l'envoy. 2

Moth. Ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,* a goose,
That's flat.

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.* Let me see, a fat l'envoy; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Cost. True. And I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought

And he ended the market. 11

Arm. But tell me; how was there a Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth: I will speak that l'envoy.

1. Costard, running out, that was safely within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Moth. Sirrah Costard, marry, 12 I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreeing thy person: thou wilt immersed, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation,
And let me be loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free from durance; and, in lien thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [Giving a letter.]* to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents Moth, follow.

[Exit. 

Moth. Like the sequel, 1.—Signior Costard, adieu.

[Exit. 

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my income! 14

Jew!—

Now will I look to his remuneration.

Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration. "What's the price of this inkle"? A penny,—No. I'll give you a remuneration why, it carries it.—Remuneration why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing. [Showing it. 18

Biron. O! why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be with you.

Biron. O, stay, slave! I must employ thee:

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning

* message: i f.e.  2 See in f.e.  3 most rude: in f.e.  4 Head.  5 the male: in f.e.  6 Tyrwhitt, also suggested the word in the text.  7 A play on the Latin salutation, salve.  8 adding: in f.e.  9 f.e. give this line as well as the next to Moth.  10 Selling a bargain, says Capell, consisted in drawing a person in, by some stratagem, to proclaim himself a fool by his own lips.—Kean.  11 A cheating game, played with a stick and a belt or string, so arranged that a spectator would think he could make the latter fast by placing a stick through its intricate folds, whereas the operator could detach it at once.—Halliwell's Glossary.  12 An allusion to a proverb—"Three women and a goose make a market."  13 Not in f.e.  14 Soft, pretty.  15 Used as a term of endearment; also in Mr. J. Sum. Nce's Dream, where Theseus calls Pyramus, "most lovely Jew."  16 A species of tape.  17 Not in f.e.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurst his horse so hard against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.

Then forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O, short-div'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

[Giving him money.

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O heresy in faith, 1 fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.

But come, the bow—now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

Lieu of all lotters and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of cod-pieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors, 2 (O my little heart!)

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright; being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A witty 4 wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her ennemis and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. 3

[Exit.

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deers' blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives 4 hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise's sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonplace

Cost. God dig-you-den all. Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,

One o' these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one lady Rosaline.

[Giving it.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up 8 this epyon. 3

[Handling it to him.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook; it importeth none here:

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. [Reads] 3 By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,

1 A tract published in 1598. 2 A Health to the gentlemanly profession of Serving-Men, has a story of a servant who got a remuneration of three farthings from one of his master's guests, and a guerdon of a shilling from another. 3 Exacto. 4 Theatrical. 5 Appointments. 6 Officers of the ecclesiastical court, who carried out citations, often, of course, for officers instigated by "Dan Cupid." 7 Whitefriars. 8 Shooting deer, with the cross-bow, was a favourite amusement of ladies of rank, in Shakespeare's time. 9 Keep it fair in f. e. 10 Give you good even. 11 Not in f. e. 12 Carrs. 13 Not in f. e.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commemoration on thy heriocall vessel! The magnanimous and most illustre king Copieclata set upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Penelope; and he it was that might rightly say, reni, vidit, vici; which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!) videlicet. he came, saw, and overcame; he came, one; saw, two; overcome, three. Who came the king? Wely did he come to see? Why did he see? to overcome; To whom came he? to the beggar? What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's: the captive is enriched on: whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's—to, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar, for so witnessed thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shall thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles; titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry."—

"DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."—

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey:
Submitive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."—

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indicted this letter?

What vane? what weather-cook? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it weekly.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantasm, a Monarchica, and one that makes sport
To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine another day.

[Exit Princess and Train.]

Boyet. Who is the tutor? who is the tutor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Cost. Why, she that bears the bow.

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Boyet. Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come not near.

FINELY PUT ON, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying,
that was a man when king Pepin of France
was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that
was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was
a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.

[Exeunt Ros. and Kath.]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark,
says my lady.

Let the mark have a prick in't, to note at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand: 'tis faith, thy hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll never hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.4

Mar. Come, come, you talk grassely; your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my good owle.

[Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, most sweet jests! most ineocy vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side.—O, a most dainty man!
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!
To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to declare,4
And his page o' the other side, that handful of small' wit!
Alas, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

Solo, sola! [Shouting within.]

[Exit Costard.]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis,—in blood; ripe as the pomewercr, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of cafol—the sky, the wealkin, the heaven; and anon fallacly as a crab, on the face of terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.3

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, hand eredo.

Dull. 'T was not a hand credo, 't was a pricket.4

1 These verses are usually given to Boyet, as his own, instead of being an appendage to Armado's epistle.  
2 An Englishman, who according to Nash, (Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596) quite renounced his natural English accents and gestures, and wrote himself wholly to the Italian postures. He asserted himself to be sovereign of the world, and from this "phantastic humor" obtained the title of Monarchico.  
3 A play upon sheater and sutor, showing that the pronunciation of the two was similar.  
4 Clout and pin, terms in archery: the clout or pin, held up the mark aimed at.  
5 This line is not in f. e.  
6 Not in f. e.  
7 A kind of apple.  
8 A stag five years old.  
9 A stag two years old.
Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of
admiration, as it were, in vain, in way of explication;
facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to
show, as it were, his inclination.—after his undressed,
unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather
unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to in-
sert again my hand credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a hand credo; 't was
pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, his coxum!—
O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou
look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are
bred in a book;
He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink;
His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal
not to think.Only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren
plants
Are set before us, that we thankful should be
Which we, having taste and feeling, are for those
parts that do frustrate in us more than he:
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet,
or, a fool,
So, were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a
school:
But, omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit.
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five
weeks old as yet?

Hol. Doctissimâ, good man Dull; Dictymna, good
man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictymna?

Nath. A title to Phæbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was
no more;
And naught* not to five weeks, when he came to five-
score.
The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the
exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion
holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange,
for the moon is never but a month old; and I say be-
side, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal
epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour
the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd,
pricket.

Nath. Perge, good master Holofernes, perge; so it
shall please you to abrogate scrupulosity.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues
facility. [Reads.
The pious girl princesèd and prick'd a pretty pleasing
pricket;
Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore
with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from
thick thistles.

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fell a howling.
If sore he be sore, then to I sorel makes fifty sore; O sorel! If
Of one sore I am hundred make, by adding but one more I.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent he a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent [Aside.]
Scene III.

Love's Labour's Lost.

Enter Biron, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am courting myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pit—pitch'd that defiles. Desile f a foul word. Well set thee down, sovereign! for so they say the fool had, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again of my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: if faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy: and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one of my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to scan! [Gets up into a tree.

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. [Reads.] So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh mornings drops upon the grass,
As th' eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The dew of night that on thy cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep.
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep.
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love myself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far thou dost excelt.
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall I know my griefs? I'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?

Enter Longaville, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading? listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside in the tree] Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside]. Why, he comes in like a perjure, bearing papers.

King. [Aside] In love, I hope. Sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. [Aside] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. [Aside]. I could put thee in comfort: not by two that I know.

Thou makes the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.
Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move
O sweet Maria, empress of my love.

These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside] O! rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go. [He reads the sonnet

Bold not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,

Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Voices for thee break, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee.

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Voices are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine.

Exhalst this vapour-vow; in thee it is:

If broken, then, it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what foul is not so wise,

To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside] This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:

A green goose, a goddess, pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us! God amend us: we are much out o' the way.

Enter Dumaine, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.


Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,

And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.

* tired: in f. e. 2 An enclosure, into which game were driven. 3 night of dew: in f. e. 4 dost thou: in f. e. 5 Aside: in f. e. 6 Papers stating their offence, were affixed to perjurers at the time of their punishment.—Holifnhed. 7 Trimminings. 8 shape: in f. e. 9 The liver was supposed to be the seat of the affections. 10 An old name for hide and go seek.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

More sucks to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:
Dumaine transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [Aside.] O most profane cowcomb!
Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!
Biron. [Aside.] By earth, she is most corporal; there you lie.
Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber quoted.
Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [Aside.] Stoops, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [Aside.] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [Aside.] And I had mine!
King. [Aside.] And I mine too, good lord!
Biron. [Aside.] Amen, so had I mine. Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.
Biron. [Aside.] A fever in your blood? why, then incision would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dum. Où once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. [Aside.] Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.
Dum. On a day, allack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
S pies a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Air, wouldst I might triumph so!
But allack! my hand is sworn,
Never to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Yow, allack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom great? Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiopian were;
And deny himself for June,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. [Advancing.] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be overheard, and taken napping so.

King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, blush you; as his your case is such;
You chide him at offending twice as much;
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never soot for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs recur from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O love! the other cries:
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and truth:
[To Long]
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
[To Dumaine]
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, with such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy. —

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving. that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd; 'tis a hateful thing:
'Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote: the king your mote did see,
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of folly have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys:
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:
A coudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will raise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb? —

[Going.

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Costard.

Jug. God bless the king!
King. What, peasant, hast thou there
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it make nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jug. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. [Biron reads the letter]

Where hadst thou it?
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE III.

Jag. Of Costard.
King. Where hast thou it?
Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.
King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?
Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it. [Tearing it! Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.
Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.
[Pick up the pieces.
Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! [To Costard.] you were born to do me shame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.
King. What?
Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess.
He, he, and you, and you my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is even.
Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?
King. Hence, sirs; away!
Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.
[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.
Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers! O! let us embrace.
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow; heaven show his face;
Young blood doth yet obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.
King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?
Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head; and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-eyed sight
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.
O! but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complications the end'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth vanish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O! 'tis the sun, that maketh all things shine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.
O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.
King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night;
And beauty's best becomes the heavens well.
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 these days;
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid displeasure,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.
Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.
Dum. 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.
King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.
King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.
Biron. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.
Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?
Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.
Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.
Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.
King. O! some authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, some quibbles, how to cheat the devil.
Dum. Some salve for purgery.
Biron. O! 'tis more than need.
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.—
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,
And abstinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of study's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the Academies,
From whence doth spring the true Prometheus fire.
Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study, too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such learning* as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is.
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes*.
Do we not likewise see our learning there?

*Not in f. e. * now in f. e. * From quodlibets. * beauty: in f. e. * Between this and the next line, f. e. insert: With our best
SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis yudis sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir; your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without security, witty without affectation, audacious without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intitled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanguam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasial. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantoms, such incoherents and point-desert companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak doubt, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he elepheth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur.

Enter Armado, MOTH, and Costard.

Nath. Videus quies venit?

Hol. Video, et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirrah!

Moth. Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatis; then art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head.

Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

ACT V.

Else none at all in aught proves excellent. Then, fools you were those women to forswear, Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love, Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men, Or for men's sake, the authors of these women, Or women's sake, by whom we men are men, Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves, Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths. It is religion to be thus forsworn; For charity itself fulfils the law, And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field! Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords! Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd, In conflict that you get the sun of them. Long. Now to plain-dealing. Lay these glories by. Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France? King. And win them too: therefore, let us devise Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither; Then, homeward, every man attach the hand Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon We will with some strange pastime solace them, Such as the shortness of the time can shape; For revols, dances, masks, and merry hours. Fore-run fair Love, strewing her way with flowers. King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted, That will be time, and may by us be fitted. Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd ne corn; And justice always whirs in equal measure; Light wench's may prove plagues to men forsworn If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.

1 humility; in f. e. 2 affectation. 3 on the style of terence's Thraup. 4 nicety to excess. 5 it insinuath one of insanin: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantick, lunatic. 6 NATH. LAUS DEO, BONE INTELLIGE. 7 Hol. Bone? —bone, for bene: Prician a little scratch'd; 't will serve. 8 Hol. Vides quies venit? [To MOTH. 9 Hol. Vide, et gaudeo. 10 Arm. Chirrah! 11 Hol. Quare Chirrah, not sirrah? 12 Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd. 13 Hol. Most military sir, salutation. 14 Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps. 15 Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatis; then art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 16 MOTH. Peace! the peal begins. 17 Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd? 18 MOTH. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head.

19 Hol. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

SCENE II.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a. e. i.—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o. u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue1 of wit! snip, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit!

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infancy circumscribed. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purser of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it od doughty; at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for waggon.

Arm. Art's man, praemulsa; we will be singled from the baronons. Do you not educate youth at the large house2 on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mouns, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulater the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cul'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed. too. but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrescence, with my mustache: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is.—but, sweet heart. I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such enchantments, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrous, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass for Pompey the great; the page, Heracles.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error; he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minotory: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hies, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman.

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fudge3 not, an antick, I beseech you, to follow.

Hol. Fit!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away!

[Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Another part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria, with presents.4

Priv. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart. If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Priv. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,

As would be cram'd up in a sheet of paper,

Writ on both sides the leaf; margin and all,

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;'

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him: a kill'd you, sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;

And so she died: had she been light, like you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,

She might a' been a grandam ere she died;

And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mon'st, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff,

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not?—O! that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Priv. Well banded both; a set of wit well play'd

1 A hit in fencing. 2 charge-house: in f. o. 3 Fit, agree. 4 These two words not in f. e. 5 Grow. 6 A term of endearment
But Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew:
An it my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great: be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true; and, were the numbr'ing too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.
O! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Any thing like?
Ros. Much, in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Prin. Beauteous as ink: a good conclusion.
Kath. Fair as a text 1 in a copy-book.
Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O. that your face were not so full of O!'s!

Prin. A pax of that jest! and I besheew all shrows!
But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Du-maine?

Kath. Madam, this glove.
Prin. The. Did he not send you twain?
Kath. Yes, madam: and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover:
A huge translation of hypocrisy.

Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.
Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart,
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.
Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.
That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O! that I knew he were but in by the week 1!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek,
And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in boodless rhymes,
And shape his service wholly to my behests,
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So potently 2 would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.
Ros. The blood of youth bursus not with such excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not: so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove by wit worth in simplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O! I am stabb'd with laughter. Where's her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!
Arm. wenches, arm! encounterers 4 mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments: you'll be surpris'd.
Muster your wits: stand in your own defence,
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge the breach against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour,

When, lo! to interrupt my purpose rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by.
And overheard what you shall overhear:
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page.
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there:
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestic would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shall thou see
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
"The boy replied. "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With that all laugh'd, and chapp'd him on the shoulder
Making the bold wags by their praises bolder.
One ruff'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd: "Vae! we will not, come what will come!"
The third he esper'd, and cried. "All goes well!"
The fourth turn'd on the floor, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears.

To cheek their folly, passion's sudden 5 tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do: and are apparel'd thus:-
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-suit will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallant's shall be task'd
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face —
Hold Rosaline; this favour thou shall wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.
And change your favours, too: so shall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on them; wear the favours most in sight
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mockery, merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook: and so he mock'd while,
Upon the next occasion that we meet.
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the leath, we will not move a foot
Nor to their peep'd speech render we no grace;
But, while it is spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will never come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.
Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's charged.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be particular: we will not dance.

Boy. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends.

Court. Sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half twice to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that. [They converse apart]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
Biron. Nay, then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and mulsey.—Well run, dice!
Theirs half a dozen sweets.
Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can egg, I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prin. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou grieve'st my gall.
Biron. Therefore meet. [They converse apart]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, as much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[They converse apart.

Kath. What was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let's part the word.
Kath. No; I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you but yourself in these sharp mocks.

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.
Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then: the butcher hears you cry

[They converse apart.

Boy. The tongues of mocking wenchers are as keen
As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scold!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[Exit King, Lords, Mort, Music, and Attendants.]

Prin. Twenty adues, my frozen Musevites.—And will the breasted of 'tis so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kill'd by pure scold! Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night, Or ever, but in visors, show their faces? This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumaime was at my service, and his sword:

No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps;
But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaime is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here In their own shapes; for it can never be, They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows; And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows: Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair, Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.


Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud; Dismask'd, their damask sweet conmixture shown, Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avant, perplexity! What shall we do, If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised, Let's mock them still, as well, known, as disguisd.
Let us complain to them what fools were here, Disguis'd like Musevites, in shapeless gear; And wonder, what they were, and to what end Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd, And their rough carriage so ridiculous.

Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[Exit Princess, Ros., Kath. and Maria.]

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaime, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God have you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent; pray give to your majesty, Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[Exit.]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas.

And utters it again when God doth please. He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs; And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know, Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve: Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve. A can carve too, and liep: why, this is he, That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy. This is the ape of form, monstrous the nice, That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice In honourable terms: nay, he can sing A mean most meanly: and, in ushering, Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet; The stairs, as he trends on them, kiss his feet. This is the flower that smiles on every one, To show his teeth as white as whales bone; And consciences, that will not die in debt, Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princess, ushered by Boyet: ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and ATTENDANTS.

Biron. See where he comes!—Behaviour, what wilt thou, Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

King. We come to visit you, and purpose now To lead you to our court: vouesafie it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow.

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke; The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke, For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure As the unsullied lily, I protest, A world of termrets though I should endure, I would not yield to be your house's guest; So much I hate a breaking cause to be Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here, Unseen, unvisited: much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear: We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game. A mess of Russians left us but of late.


Ay, in truth, my lord Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord: My lady (to the manner of these days) In courtesy gives undeserving praise. We four, indeed, confronted were with four In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour. And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord, They did not bless us with one harpy word. I dare not call their fools: but this I think, When they are thisty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet, Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet, With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye, By light we lose light: your capacity

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1. Kingly—poor flout: in f. e. 2. By act of Parliament of 1571, all persons not noble, were ordered to wear woollen caps. 3. Lowering the clouds which hid them. 4. So the quartus: the folio: Jove. 5. The loch of the whale, formerly called the whale: 6. The old edic have saidman; which Dyce would retain.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Scene II.

Is not that nature, that to your huge store Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor. Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,— Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong, It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue. Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess. Ros. All the fool-mine? Biron. I cannot give you less. Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore? Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this? Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous ease, That hid the worse, and show'd the better face. King. We are desir'd: they'll mock us now downright. Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest. Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad? Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why look ye pale?— Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury. Can any face of brass hold longer out?— Here stand, I, lady: dart thy skill at me; Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout; Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance; Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit; And I will wish thee never more to dance, Nor never more in Russian habit wait. O! never will I trust to speeches pen'd, Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue; Nor never come in visor to my friend; Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song; Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise, Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation, Figures pedantical; these summer flies Have blown me full of maggot ostentation. I do forswear them, and I here protest By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows,) Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd In rustic years, and honest kersey noes; And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la! My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw. Ros. Sans sans, I pray you. Biron. Yet I have a trick Of the old rage,—bear with me, I am sick; I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:— Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those three; They are infected, in their hearts it lies; They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes; These lords are visited; you are not free, For the Lord's tokens on you do I see. Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us. Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us. Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true, That you stand forfeit, being those that sue? Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you. Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend. Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end. King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression Some fair excuse. Prin. The fairest is confession, Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was. Prin. And were you well advis'd? King. I was, fair madam. Prin. When you then were here, What did you whisper in your lady's ear? King. That more than all the world I did respect her. Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her. King. Upon mine honour, no. Prin. Peace! peace! forbears: Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear. King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine. Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline, What did the Russian whisper in your ear? Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear As precious eye-sight, and did value me Above this world; adding thereto, moreover, That he would wed me, or else die my lover. Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord Most honourably doth uphold his word. King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth I never swore this lady such an oath. Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain, You gave me this: but take it, sir. again. King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give: I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve. Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear; And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear,— What! will you have me, or our pearl again? Biron. Neither of either, I remit both twain: I see the trick on 't—here was a consent, Knowing beforehand of our merriment, To dash it like a Christmas comedy. Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany, Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick To make my lady laugh when she's disposed, Told our intents before; which once disclosed, The ladies did change favours, and then we, Following the signs, wou'd but the sign of she. Now, to our perjury to add more terror, We are again forsworn—in will, and error. Much upon this it is:—and might not you [To Boyet. Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue? Do you not know my lady's foot by the squire2? And laugh upon the apple of her eye? And stand between her back, sir, and the fire, Holding a trencher, jesting merrily? You put our page out: go, you are allow'd. Do when you will, a smack shall be your shroud. You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye, Wounds like a leaden sword. Boyet. Full merrily Hath this brave manage, this career, been run. Biron. Lo! he is standing straight. Peace! I have done.

Enter Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parkest a fair tray. Cost. O lord, sir, they would know, Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no. Biron. What, are there but three? Cost. No, sir; but it is vara fine, For every one pursuents three. Biron. And three times three is nine Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so. You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

1 The inscription, written on houses infected with the plague. 2 Hesitate, an old use of the word. 3 Square. 4 Beg to have the
I hope, sir, three times three, sir,—
Biron. Is not nine.
Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.
Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your lying by reckoning, sir.
Biron. How much is it?
Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to purport one man,—an' one poor man—Pompeion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompeion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care.

[Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.
Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now. That upon best pleasures, that doth least know how:
Where zeal strives to content, and the cheats
Die in the zeal of which they present.
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth,
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

[Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[Armado converses with the King, and deliver's a paper to him.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. 'A speaks not like a man of God's making.
Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch;
for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couple! [Exit Armado.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great: the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macabæus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.
Biron. The pedant, the bragget, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum,
and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

[Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.
Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the big,—

Dum. The great.
Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey surnam'd the great, That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:
And travelling along this coast I here am come by chance,
And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lase of France?
If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.
Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in, "great."
Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

[Enter Sir Nathaniel armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:
My'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-scenting knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.
Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"

Boyet. Most true; 'tis right; you were so, Alisander.
Biron. Pompey the great.—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.
Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. O sir, [To Nath.] you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be spared out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his pollaxe sitting on a close-stool, will he give to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [Nath. retires.] There, 'an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler, but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 'tis;—a little o'parted. But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

King. Stand aside, good Pompey. [Exit Costard.

[Enter Holofernes armed, for Judas, and Moth armed, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp, Whose club kill'd Cercibros, that three-headed conis; And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quomiam, he seemeth in minority, Ergo, I come with this apology. —
Some keep some state in thy exit, and vanish. [Exit Moth.

Hol. "Judas I am,—"

Dum. A Judas! 
Hol. Not Iesnariot, sir—
"Judas I am, yclep'd Macabaeus."
Hol. "Judas I am,—"

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

1 A game at dice, of which five and nine were the chief throws. 2 Panther's. 3 Alexander was wry-necked, and his body, says Plutarch, and a sweet odour. 4 Used for walls in place of tapestry. 5 The arms given to Alexander in the old history of the Nine Worthies, were "a lion sitting in a chair, holding a battle-axe." 6 Not in f. e.
Love's Labour's Lost

Scene II.

HOL. What mean you, sir?
BOYET. To make Judas hang himself.
HOL. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
BIRON. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder. I will not be put out of countenance.
BIRON. Because thou hast no face.
HOL. What is this?
BOYET. A cittern head.
DUM. The head of a bodkin.
BIRON. A death's face in a ring.
LONG. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
BOYET. The pummel of Caesar's fauchion.
DUM. The carb'd-bone face on a flask.
BIRON. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
DUM. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
BIRON. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.
And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.
HOL. You have put me out of countenance.
BIRON. False: we have given thee faces.
HOL. But you have out-fac'd them all.
BIRON. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
BOYET. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
DUM. For the latter end of his name.
BIRON. For the ass to the Jude? give it him:—
JUD.-away.
HOL. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
BOYET. A light for monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may stumble.
PRIN. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been bailed?

Enter Armando armed, for Hector.

BIRON. Hide thy head, Achilles: here comes Hector in arms.

DUM. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

KING. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
BOYET. But is this Hector?
BING. I think Hector was not so clean-timber'd.
LONG. His leg is too big for Hector's.
DUM. More cail, certain.
BOYET. No; he is best inlaid in the small.
BIRON. This cannot be Hector.
DUM. He is a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

"The armipotent Mars of lanes the almighty, Gave Hector a gift."

DUM. A gift nutmeg.
BIRON. A lemon.
LONG. Stuck with cloves.
DUM. No, cloven.
ARM. Peace!

"The armipotent Mars of lanes the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of llion: A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea, From morn till night, out of his pavilion. I am that flower,"

DUM. That mint.
LONG. That columbine.
ARM. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
LONG. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

DUM. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
ARM. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of bearing.

PRIN. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
ARM. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
BOYET. Loves her by the foot.
DUM. He may not by the yard.
ARM. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—

Re-enter Costard, in haste, unarm'd.

COST. The party is gone: fellow Hector, she is gone: she is two months on her way.
ARM. What meanest thou?
COST. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brasts in her belly already: 'tis yours.
ARM. Dost thou infamize me among potentates Thou shalt die.

COST. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is dead by him.

DUM. Most rare Pompey!
BOYET. Renowned Pompey!
BIRON. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
DUM. Hector trembles.
BIRON. Pompey is moved.—More Ares, more Ares! stir them on! stir them on!
DUM. Hector will challenge him.
BIRON. Ay, if a have no more man's blood in his belly than will sup a flea.

ARM. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

COST. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash: I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you let me borrow my arms again.

DUM. Room for the incensed Worthies!

COST. I'll do it in my shirt.
DUM. Most resolute Pompey!
MOTH. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is unsparing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
ARM. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

DUM. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
ARM. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
BIRON. What reason have you for't?
ARM. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

BOYET. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-clout of Jaquenetta's, and that a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur Mercade, a Messenger.

MER. God save you, madam.
PRIN. Welcome, Mercade, But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
MER. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
PRIN. Dead, for my life!
MER. Even so: my tale is told.

BIRON. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud
ARM. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.

KING. How fares your majesty?
PRIN. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.
KING. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
PRIN. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords, For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning,
If this austere in-sovereign life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge6 by these deser's.
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine.
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intimated in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatten up these powers of mine with rest.
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye,
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? said what to me?
Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank:4
You are attain'd with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.
Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time's long
Mar. The like you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress look on me—
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye, What handful thine answer shall there?
Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft had I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will exercise15
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools.

1 humble: in f.e. 2 parts of time extremely form: in f.e. 3 The technical term for the loss of an arrow. 4 double: in f.e 5 straining: in f.e. 6 straining: in f.e. 7 A sin: in f.e. 8 Cotton wood: used for stuffing dresses. 9 has me: in f.e. 10 instances: in f.e 11 Knight and C-bridge think that this speech of Rosaline's should be omitted. It is found in all the old eds. 12 execute: in f.e
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it; then, if sickly ears,
Deaf’d with the clamours of their own dire
groans,
Will hear your idle swains, continue them?
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
’t will jeth a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

[to the King.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies’ courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then ’t will end.

Biron. That’s too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me.—
Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave.
I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold
the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most
esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the
two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl
and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end
of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and
others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the
one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.
Ver, begin.

Song.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.
The cuckoo then, on every tree.

Mock'd married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo,

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughman’s clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and days,
And maidsens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mock’d married men, for thus sings he;

Cuckoo,

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear!
Unpleasing to a married ear.

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp’d, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who,

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all about the wind doth blow,
And coughing drouns the parson’s sake,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

To-who,

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the song
of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way

[Exeunt]
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Theseus, Duke of Athens.
Egeus, Father to Hermia.
Lysander, in love with Hermia.
Demetrius.
Philostrate, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
Quince, a Carpenter.
Snug, a Joiner.
Bottom, a Weaver.
Flute, a Bellows-mender.
Snout, a Tinker.
Starveling, a Tailor.
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.
Hermia, in love with Lysander.
Helena, in love with Demetrius.

Oberon, King of the Fairies.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Puck, or Robin-Goodfellow.
Peas-Blossom.
Cobweb.
Moth.
Mustard-Seed.
Pyramus.
Thisbe.
Walcott.
Moonshine.
Lion.

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: Athens, and a Wood not far from it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, and Attendants.

The. The time, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she languishes my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
Seven nights; four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow,
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the port and nimble spirit of mirth:
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

[Exeunt Philostrate.

Hippolyta. I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelry.

Enter Egeus, with his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation come I; with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.

1 now: in f. n. The change was also suggested by Rowe, and adopted generally 2 Revelling, r. in f.
The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to adjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthy! happier is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so will I, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new moon
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlaste? bond of fellowship.
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia:—and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Soomly Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him;
And she, my mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter. Helena,
And won her soul: and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this duped and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private schoolung for you both.—
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself.
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of single life.—
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?—

Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could
Betemn them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood.—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low*!
Lys. Or else misgraff'd, in respect of years;—
Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of men*;

Her. O he! to choose love by another's eyes!
Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lastlie to it,
Making it momentary as a sound.

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied' night,
That, in a speen*, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote* seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursuue us to. she tells me,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
(Where I did meet thee once with Helena)
To do observance to a morn of May
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke:
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hol. Call you me fair? I thank you, fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair*: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear.
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

* earthen: in f. e. Capel also suggested the change. & is added in the second folio; Knight and others, omit it. 2 Euston. 4 love in f. e. Tassell suggested the change & Folio, 1623, merit. Other eds. friends; from the quartos. 5 So the quartos; the folio: the. 6 T Cary. 7 Black * Fit of passion * So the quartos; the folio: remov'd. 10 Features
SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the script.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so go on to appoint.

Quin. Marry, our play is:—The most amenable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer, as I call you.—Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot: Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will move stones; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
And shivering shocks,
Shall break the looks,
Of prison-gates:
And Phibbus' ear
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players—This is Ercles' vein; a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince."Quin. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It, the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman: I have a beard coming.

Quin. That is all one. You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice:—"Thisby, Thisby—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father: myself, Thisby's father.—Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

SCENE I

...
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perseus, whom he ravished?
And make him with fair Ægée break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Autiope?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rushing brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brows thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every petting river made so proud.

That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain
The ploughman lost his savour: and the green corn
Hath rooted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock:
The nine men's moris is fill'd up with mud;
And the quaint mazes on the wanton green,
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here.
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Dale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And through this distemper, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's shirt, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.
The spring, the summer,
The child'ed autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted liverys; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your art at rest:
Thy fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the speeded Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking the embarks of traders on the flood.
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
Following, (her womb, then ripe) with my young squire
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trilles, and return again.
As from a voyag'd, rich with merchandise,
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts
Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay.

[Exit Titania, with her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove.

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Once since I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew calm at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal10 thrown by the west,
And loos'd his love-shot smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon
And the imperial votaries passed on,

In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bower of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidskin call it love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower; the herb I show'd thee once
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that is seen11.

Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again,
Ere the levantian can swim a league.

Puck. I did21 put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[Exit Puck.

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she wak'd looks upon,
(Do it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
Or meddling monkey, or on busy ape),
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will over-hear their conference.

[Retiring

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood14 within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.

Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant:
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song:
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds:
Some war with reat-mice\(^2\) for their feathered wings,
To make my small elves coat; and some keep back
The elamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES' SONG.

1 Fai. You spott'd snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,
Nevets, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen:

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing now your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

2 Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[Exeunt Fairies. TITANIA SLEEPS.

Obi. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,

[Anointing Titania's eyelids.

Do it for thy true love sake;
Love, and languish for his sake:
Be it o'once, or eat, or bear;
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[Lysander and Hermia,

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way:
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For upon this bank will rest my head.

Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both:
One heart, one bed. two bosoms, and one troth.

Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.

Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning in love's confidence.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty
Such separation as may well be said

---

1. Incisen: in f. e.
2. Flowers: in f. e.
3. Dists: in f. e.
4. In our: in f. e.
5. Conference: in f. e.
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid.  
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend.  
Thy love ne'er after till thy sweet life end!  

Ly. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty?  
Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!  
Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be press'd!  

[They sleep.  

Enter Puck.  

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,  
But Athenian found I none,  
On whose eyes I might approve  
This flower's force in stirring love.  
Night and silence! who is here?  
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:  
This is he, my master said,  
Despised the Athenian maid;  
And here the maiden, sleeping sound  
On the dank and dirty ground.  
Pretty soul! she durst not lie  
Near this lack-love, kill-courtsey.  
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw  
All the power this charm doth owe.  

[Ancienting his eyes!  
When thou wak'st, let love forbid  
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid.  
So awake when I am gone,  
For I must now to Oberon.  

[Exit.  

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.  

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.  
Dem. I charge thee, hence; and do not haunt me thus.  
Hel. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.  
Dem. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go.  

[Exit Demetrius.  

Hel. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.  

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, whereso'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:  
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,  
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear;  
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius  
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
Made me compare with Hermia's sphyre eyne?—  
But who is here?—Lysander on the ground?  
Dead, or asleep?—I see no blood, no wound.  
Lysander, if thou live, good sir, awake.  

Ly. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.  

[Waking.  

Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,  
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.  

Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word  
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!  
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.  
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?  
Yet Hermia still loves you: then, be content.  

Ly. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent!  
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.  
Not Hermia, but Helena I love.  
Who will not change a raven for a dove?  
The will of man is by his reason sway'd,  
And reason says you are the worthier maid.  
Things growing are not ripe until their season;  
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;  
And touching now the point of human skill.  
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,  
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook  
Love's stories, written in love's richest book.  
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?  
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must float my insufficiency?  
Good troth, you do me wrong; good sooth, you do,  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  

But fare you well: perforce I must confess,  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.  
O, that a lady, of one man refus'd,  
Should, of another, therefore, be abus'd!  

Ly. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there  
And never may'st thou come Lysander near;  
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy.  
Of all be hated, but the most of me:  
And all my powers address their love and might.  
To honour Helen, and to be her knight.  

Her. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best.  

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast,  
Ah, me, for pity!—what a dream was here!  
Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.  
Methought a serpent ate my heart away;  
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey,—  
Lysander! what, remov'd? Lysander! lord!  
What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?  
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;  
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.  

No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death, or you, I'll find immediately.  

[Exit.  

ACT III.  

SCENE I.—The Same. Titania lying asleep.  

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.  

Bot. Are we all met?  

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsals. This green plot shall be our stage this hawthorn brake our acting-house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.  

1 This direction not in F. e.  2 Malone's reading "Nature shows her art."  3 By our lady kin.
Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed: and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.  

Bot. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?  

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same effect:—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing: I am a man as other men are; and there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there are two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorn and a thorn, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall.—What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lime, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall: and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here.

So now the cradle of the fairy queen?

What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flowers have odious savours sweet."

Quin. Odours, odours.  

Pyr. "Odours savours sweet:  

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear.—  

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,  

And by and by I will to thee appear."

[Exit

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here.

[Exit

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand; he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,  

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,  

Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew;  

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,  

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at ones, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, "never tire."

Re-enter Puck, and Bottom with an ass's head on.  

This. O!—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Pyr. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."—  

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted.

Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!  

[Exit Clowns, in confusion.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,  

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,  

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,  

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.  

[Exit

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom! thou art changed; what do I see on thee?  

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own, do you?  

[Exit

Quince.  

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.  

Bot. I see their knavery. This is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could; but I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[Sings.

The osell-cock, so black of hue,  

With orange-tawny bill,  

The throatle with his note so true,  

The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?  

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  

The plain-song cuckoo gray,  

Whose note full many a man doth mark,  

And dares not answer, say;

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?  

who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "enekoo?  

never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:  

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  

And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,  

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The
more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not
make them friends. Nay, I can gleek 1 upon occasion.
Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.
Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get
out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.
Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And bring while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
Peas-blossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustard-seed.

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fai. Ready. 2 Fai. And I. 3 Fai. And I.
4 Fai. Where shall we go?
Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman:
Hap in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green fags, and mulberries.
Their honey bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night tapeere crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.


Bot. I cry you worship's mercy, heartily.—I be-
seech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good
master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold
with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,
your mother, and to master Peascod, your father.

Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire of you more
acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your pa-
tience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef
hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I
promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water
even now. I desire of you more acquaintance, good
master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Tie up my lover's tongue, and bring him silently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule 1 now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's nose! I fixed on his head:
Anon, his Thise be must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Served themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass)
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched 2 the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)
And the Athenian woman by his side,
That, when he wak'd, o' er force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.

[They stand apart.

Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glistening sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcasse to my bounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds,
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have lock'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with double tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion in a mispris’d flood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me, then, that he is well.
Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
All from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit.

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow’s heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. [Dies down.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love’s sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn’d, and not a false turn’d true.

Puck. Then fate o’er-rules; that one man holding truth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helen of Athens look thou find:
All faery-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see you bring her here:
I’ll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar’s bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid’s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.

[Anointing his eyes.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak’st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

[Re-enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover’s fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?

[Exit.

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterous.

[Tey stand apart.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Sorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I woe I weep, and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia’s: will you give her o’er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o’er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thee now?
Crystal is muddy: O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure concealed white, high Taurus snow.
Fam’d with the eastern wind, turns to a crow.
When thou hold’st up thy hand, O, let me kiss
This impress of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me, for your errament:
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do.
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and superprop my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals. to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid’s eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort
A poor soul’s patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius: be not so.
For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia’s love I yield you up my part;
And yours in Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath
Than you, Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e’er I lov’d her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn’d,
And now to Helen it is home return’d,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know.
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—

[Enter Hermia.

Hel. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes
The car more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Hel. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander’s love, that would not let him hide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all your fiery eyes and eyes of light.
Why seek’st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Hel. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoin’d, all three.
Now I perceive they have conjoin’d, all three.
In fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspir’d, have you with these contriv’d
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,
The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent.
When we have chid the hasty-footed time.
For parting us,—O! is all forgot?

All school days’ friendship, p. childhood’s innocence
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods, 
Have with our needles created both one flower. 
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion. 
Both warbling of one song, both in one key, 
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds, 
Had been incorporate. So we grew together, 
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted, 
But yet an union in partition: 
Two loving' berries moulded on one stem. 
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart; 
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry, 
Doe but to one, and crowned with one crest. 
And will you rend our ancient love asunder, 
To join with men in seeming your poor friend? 
It is not friendly, 't is not maidenly: 
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 
Though I alone do feel the injury. 

_Hel._ I am amazed at your passionate words. 
I seem you not: it seems that you scorn me. 

_Hel._ Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn, 
To follow me, and praise my eyes and face, 
And make your other lover, Demetrius. 
(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot, 
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare, 
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this 
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander 
Deny your love, so rich within his soul, 
And tender me, forsooth, affection, 
But by your setting on, by your consent? 
What though I be not so in grace as you, 
So hung upon love, so fortunate, 
But miserable most to love unlov'd, 
This you should pity, rather than despise. 

_Her._ I understand not what you mean by this. 

_Hel._ Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit bad looks, 
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back: 
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up: 
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled. 
If you had any pity, grace, or manners, 
You would not make me such an argument. 
But, fare ye well: it is partly mine own fault, 
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy. 

_Lys._ Stay, gentle Helen; hear my excuse: 
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helesa! 
_Hel._ O excellent! 

_Her._ Sweet, do not scorn her so. 

_Dem._ If she cannot entreat, I can compel. 

_Lys._ Thou canst compel no more than she entreat: 
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.——

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do: 
I swear by that which I will lose for thee, 
To prove him false, that says I love thee not. 
_Dem._ I say, I love thee more than he can do. 

_Lys._ If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too. 

_Dem._ Quick, come,—

_Her._ Lysander, whereto tends all this? [Holding him. 

_Lys._ Away, you Ethiop! 

_Dem._ No, no, he'll——

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow; 
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go! 

_Lys._ Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose. 
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent. 

_Her._ Why are you grown so rude? what change is this, 
Sweet love? 

_Lys._ Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out! 
Out, loathed medeino! hated potion, hence! 

_Her._ Do you not jest?
Scene II.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Ly's. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made:
You head, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious
in her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.

Ly's. Now she holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Her. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[Exeunt Lys. and Dem.

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is long of you.
Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your erst company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer thought than Demetrius.
[Exit.

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.
[Exit.

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st.
[Coming forward.

Or else commit'st thy knaverys wilfully.*

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows. I mistook.
Did you not tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have pointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:
He, therefore, Robin, overcast the night:
The stary welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Aechron:
And lead these testy rivals so astray.
As one come not within another's way,
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius,
And from each other look them lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep.
With leaden legs and batty wings, doth creep
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might.
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this diversion
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
While I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy:
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbing'er:
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyard, and damn'd spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have lur'd,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams.
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day
[Exit Oberon

Puck. Up and down, up and down:
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town:
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter Lysander.

Ly's. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.

[thou?

Puck. Here, villain! draw and ready. Where art

Ly's. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then

To plainer ground...

[Exit Lys. as following the voice.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.

Thou run away, thou coward, art thou fled?

Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,

Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,

And wilt not come? Come, recreant: come, thou child:

I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defil'd,

That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here.

[Exit

Re-enter Lysander.

Ly's. He goes before me, and still dares me on:

When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I:
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!

[Enter

For if but once thou show me thy grey light,

I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

Ly's. Ha! ha! ha! Coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot

Thou run'st before me, shifting every place,

And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.

Where art thou now?

Puck. Come hither: I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt by

this dear,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now, go thy way. Fainting constraint me

To measure out my length on this cold bed.

By day's approach look to be visited.

[Enter Helena

Hel. O weary night! O, long and tedious night!

Abate thy hours: shine, comforts, from the east.

That I may back to Athens, by day-light,

From these that my poor company detest.

And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.

Steal me a while from mine own company,

[Sleeps

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more:

Two of both kinds make up four.

Here she comes, erst and sad.

Cupid is a knavish lad,

Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe.

Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers.
I can no farther crawl, no farther go:
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

Puck. On the ground sleep sound
I'll apply to your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[Anointing* Lysander's eyes.
When thou wak'st, see thou tak'st

True delight in the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again,
And all shall be well.

[Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c. *e.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Titania and Bottom: Fairies attending:
Oberon behind unseen.

Tit. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?
Peas. Ready.
Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?
Cob. Ready.
Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped hum
ble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too
much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath
to have you overthrown with a honey-bag, signior.—
Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?
Must. Ready.
Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.
Must. What's your will?
Bot. Nothing good monsieur, but to help cavality Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur;
for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle
me, I must scratch.
Tit. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet
love?
Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tongs and the bones.
Tit. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
Tit. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pecs. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me:
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
Tit. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be a while* away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honey-suckle,
Gently entwine: the female ivy so
Earnings the barksy fingers of the clim.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [They sleep.
Enter Puck.

Obe. [Advancing.] Welcome, good Robin. Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes.
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms beg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which straight she gave me; and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Bot. Be as thou wanst to be; [Anointing her eyes.
See, as thou wanst to see;
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and such power.
Now, my Titania! wake you, my sweet queen.
Tit. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tit. How came these things to pass?
Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tit. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's
eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands
with me.
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly.
And bless it to all fair posterity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sate,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon.
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tit. Come, my lord: and in our flight,

'* Lies down: in i. e.
* Squeezing the juice on Caresse.
* Fist. A probable misprint for Peas-blossom.
* all ways: in i. e.
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [Exeunt.]

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uneouple in the western valley: let them go!—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in concertation.

Hip. I was with Herecles, and Callimedes, once,
When in a wood of Crete they bade the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so scented; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneful
Was never hallowed to, nor cheerr'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, fled Nedar's Helena:
I wonder where their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The rite of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But speak, Egeus: is not this the day
That Hermione should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

[Horns, and shouts within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord. [He and the rest kneel.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amaz'd,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,—
And now I do bespeak me, so it is)—
I came with Hermione hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough! my lord, you have enough.
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stoll a way; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I in fury follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power
(But by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idol gawd,
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia:
But, like in sickness, do I loath this food,
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will far evermore be true to it.

The. The fair loves, you are fortunately met.
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpose'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him,
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [Exeunt.

Bot. [Waking.] When my cue comes, call me, and
I will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus."

—Hey, ho!—Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep. I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of the play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at Thisby's death.

[Exit.


Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is transported.

—the fore part.  9 Fleshe'd, the large chaps of a hound; sanded, their hunes.  1 Party-coloured fool.  * a: in 'e.  * her: in f.
SCENE I.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true: I never may believe
These antic fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lumin, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is, the madman: the lover, all as frantic.

Phil. Such Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Dost glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear.
How easy is a bush supposed a bear?

Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
More witness than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy,
But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.

Enter Lyndander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.
Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love,
Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed! I have,

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we
Tea wound away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-supper, and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?
Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me
not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian.
I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.
Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is
That the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together;
Good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your
Pumps: meet presently at the palace: every man look
After his part; for, the short and the long is, our play
Is preferred. In any case let Thisby have clean linen,
And let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for
They shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most
dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are in
Utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear
them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words.
Away! go; away!

[Exit.]

ACT V.

What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.

Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first.

The. [Reads.] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Theseus.

"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was play'd
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

"The three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, late deceased in baggery."
That is some satire, keen, and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedium and brief!
That is, hot ice, and wondrous seething' snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Phil. A play this is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted:
And tragical, my noble lord, it is.

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw reheard, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they, that do play it?

Phil. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here
Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have tol'd their unbreath'd memories
With this same play, against your nuptial

[Strange: in the folio. This is the reading of the quartos. In the folio, Lyndander reads the "brief," and Theseus comments.]

The. And we will hear it.

Philos. No, my noble lord: It is not for you: I have heard it over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world. Unless you can find sport in their intents, extremely stretched, and contr’d with cruel pain, to do you service.

The. I will hear that play: For never any thing can be amiss, when simplicity and duty tender it. Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [Exit Philostrate]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o’ercharg’d, and duty in his service perish’d.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we do, the more you thank for nothing. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect takes it in might, not merit. Where I have come, great clerks have purposes To meet me with premeditated welcomes: Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practis’d accent in their fears, And, in conclusion, dully have broke off. Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, out of this silence, yet, I pick’d a welcome; and in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much, as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence. Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity, I least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philostrate.

Philos. So please your grace, the prologue is addresses. The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter the PROLOGUE.

Proc. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you should think, we come not to offend, but with good-will. To show our simple skill, that is the true beginning of our end. Consider, then, we come but in despite. We do not come as minding to content you, our true intent is. All for your delight, We are not here. That you should here repent you, the actors are at hand: and, by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon his points.

Lys. He Hath hid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder: a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain, nothing impair’d, but all disorders.

Who is next?

Enter the PRESENTER, Pyramus, and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion. As in dumb show.

Pres. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show: But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know: This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.

This man, with time and rough-cast, doth present Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder; And through wall’s chink, poor souls, they are content To whisper, at the wheel which let no man wonder. This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn. Presenteth moonshine; for, if you will know, By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

To meet at Ninus’ tomb, there, there to woo. This grisly beast, which lion hight by name, the trusty Thisby, coming first by night, Did scare away, or rather did affright: And, as she fled, her mantle she did pull, Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall, And finds his gentle Thisby’s mantle slain; Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamful blade, He bravely broach’d his boiling bloody breast And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade, His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers swain, At large discourse, while here they do remain.”

[Exeunt Pres., Thesib, Lion, and Moonshine.]

The. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: One lion may, when many asse do.

Wall. In this same interlude, it doth befall, That I, one Snout by name, present a wall; And such a wall, as I would have you think, That had in it a cranny, hole, or chink, Through which the lovers Pyramus and Thisby, Did whisper often very secretly.

This time, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth show That I am that same wall: the truth is so: And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire line and hair to speak better? Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O, grim-look’d night! O, night with hue so black!

O night, which ever art, when day is not!

O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!

I fear my Thisby’s promise is forgot.—

And thou. O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall!

That stand between her father’s ground and mine;

Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!

Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eye.

[Wall holds up his fingers.]

Thanks, courteous wall! Jove shielde thee well for this!

But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss:

Curs me thy stones for thus deceiving me!”

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not,—"Deceiving me,” is Thisby’s cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall out as I told you,—Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moan;

For parting my fair Pyramus and me;

My cherry lips have often kiss’d thy stones;

Thy stones with line and hair knit up in thee.”

Pyr. I see a voice: now will I to the chink.

To spy an I can hear my Thisby’s face.

Thisby!"

This. My love! thou art my love, I think.”

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover’s grace

And like Limander an. ‘tis true still.”

This. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.”

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.”

This. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.”

Pyr. O! kiss me through the hole of this vile wall,”

This. I kiss the wall’s hole, not your lips at all.

*Ready. *Flagonet. *Not in the prologue. *This speech is given in the prologue.
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.  

Pyr. "Will thou at Ninny’s tomb meet me straightway?"  
This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."
Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.]  
The. Now is the wall down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e’er I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear" The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here.

When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am A lion’s pelt; nor else no lion’s dam:

For, if I should as lion come in strife

into this place, ’t were pity on your life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e’er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True, and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present?"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is not crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i’ the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i the moon?  

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon: would, he would change!  
The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny’s tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—!" [The Lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[The Lion tears Thisbe’s mantle.

[and exit.]  
The. Well mouthed, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams; I thank thee, moon, for shining so bright, For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams, I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. But stay; —O spite! [Seeing Thisbe’s mantle But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dote is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be? O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good, What! stain’d with blood? Approach, ye furies fell! O fates! come, come; Cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion on! the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, dist thou lions frame, Since lion vile hath here defour’d my dear? Which is — no, no — which was the fairest dame, That liv’d, that lov’d, that lik’d, that look’d with cheer. Come, tears, confound: Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Ay, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! [Stabs himself

Now am I dead, [as oft]  

Now am I fled;

My soul is in the sky:

Tongue, lose thy light!

Moon, take thy flight! [Exit Moonshine.  

Now die, die, die, die, die, [Dies.  

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover? She. She will find him by starlight.—Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us: she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet——

This. "Asleep, my love?"

What, dead, my dove?

O Pyramus! arise:

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

This lily lip,  

This cherry tip,  

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone.

1 And this line is: "Well mouthed, lion.
2 And this line is: "And so the lion vanished.
3 And this line is: "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;" I thank thee, moon, for shining so bright, For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering streams, I trust to take of truest Thisby sight. But stay; —O spite! [Seeing Thisbe’s mantle But mark, poor knight, What dreadful dote is here! Eyes, do you see? How can it be? O dainty duck! O dear! Thy mantle good, What! stain’d with blood? Approach, ye furies fell! O fates! come, come; Cut thread and thrum; Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"
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O Pyramus! arise:

Speak, speak! Quite dumb?

Dead, dead? A tomb

Must cover thy sweet eyes.

This lily lip,  

This cherry tip,  

These yellow cowslip cheeks,

Are gone, are gone.
Lovers, make morn:
His eyes were green as looks.
O! sisters three,
Came, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:

Adieu, adieu, adieu!" [Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had play'd Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garret, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[A dance.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.—
Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall oversleep the coming morn.
As much as we this night have overwatch'd.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.—
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Puck, with a broom on his shoulder.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task forborne.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with all their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light,
By the dead dust fiery fire;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance trippingly.

Tit. First, rehearse your song by rote.
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand with fairy grace
Will we sing, and bless this place.

THE SONG.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity.

Shall upon their children be,
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd here,
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long,
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends. [Exit

1 So called, from the place in Italy it was derived from. 2 The rest of this direction not in f. e 3 Puck is thus represented in an old weed 4 i. e. all have a period instead of a comma. 5 in safety.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.
Prince of Arragon, }
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice:
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, 
SALARIO, } Friends to ANTONIO and Bassanio.
SALARINO,
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew:
TCB, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GORBO, a Clown.

OLD GORBO, Father to Launcelet.
SALERIO, a Messenger.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
STEPHANO, 
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of
Justice, Sailors, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALARIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.

Shal wearies me: you say, it wearies me:

But how I catch it, found it, or came by it,

What stufit is made of, whereof it is born,

I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,

That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean,

There, where your argosies' with portly sail,

Like signiors and rich buccaneers on the flood,

Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,

Do overpeer the petty traffickers,

That curtsey to them, do them reverence,

As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SALAN. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,

The better part of my affections would

Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still

Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind,

Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;

And every object that might make me fear

Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,

Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,

Would blow me to an ague, when I thought

What harm a wind too great might do at sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,

But I should think of shallows and of flats,

And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,

To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,

And see the holy edifice of stone.

And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,

Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,

Would scatter all her spices on the stream,

\[^1 \text{Vessels of about two hundred tens.}\]

Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,

And, in a word, but even now worth this,

And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,

That such a thing bechan'd would make me sad?

But, tell not me: I know, Antonio

Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no. I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,

Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate

Upon the fortune of this present year:

Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALAN. Why, then you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie!

SALAN. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you

are sad,

Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry.

Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;

And other of such vinegar aspect.

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile.

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.
SCENE II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

[Exit Salario and Salanio.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time
I pray you have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signor Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano:
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire out in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond,
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;—
As who should say, "I am sir Oracle.
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark?"
O! my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing; when I am very sure,
If they should speak, 'twould almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-guzzle, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well, awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.
I must be one of those same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.5

Gra. Thanks, if faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Exit Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. It is that:—anything new;—

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing,
more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are his
two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you
shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you
have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mean to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money; and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured.
My purse, my person, my extremest means.
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
The self-same way with more advised watch.
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both,
I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof.
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and, like a wasteful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please.
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt.
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time,
To wind about my love with circumstance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost.

Antonio, I have made waste of all I have:
Then, do but say to me what I should do.
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am prest' unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word.
Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont Colsos' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio! had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[Exit Bass.

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-warey
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are.
And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick
with too much, as they that starve with nothing: it is
no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean:
superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but
competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.
Ner. They would be better, if well followed.
Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.
—O me! the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.
—Is not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?
Ner. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three caskets of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?
Por. I pray thee, over-thine them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.
Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.
Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great approbation of his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.
Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.
Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose!" He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unnamable sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two! Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?
Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's: a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throttle sing, he falls straight a capping: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.
Ner. What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?
Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands me not, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.
Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?
Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able. I think, the Frenchman became his surety; and sealed under for another.
Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew?
Por. Very wildly in the morning, when he is sober and most wildly in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. And the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.
Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.
Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.
Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed, to return to their homes, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.
Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of woeers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.
Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came thither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?
Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he called.
Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.
Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. — How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.
Serv. The four strangers seek for you. madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.
Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me. Come, Nerissa—Sirrah, go before. — Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door.

Scene III. — Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats. — well.
Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.
Shy. For three months. — well.
Bass. For which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.
Shy. Antonio shall become bound, — well.
Bass. May you steel me? Will you please me? Shall I know your answer?
Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.
Bass. Your answer to that.
Shy. Antonio is a good man.

1 reason: in f. e. The quarto, as in the text. 2 The rest of the sentence is from the quarto. 3 Knight and Dyce print those three words as the first, and the rest of the speech as the last line of a couplet.
Scene III. The Merchant of Venice.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary? 

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no.—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to Tripoli, another to the Indies: I understand moreover, upon the last, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath squander'd abroad; but ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves! I mean, pirates: and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient: three thousand ducats.—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured; I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habituation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following: but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian; But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bags, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior!

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. Are you yet possess'd, How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot.—three months; you told me so. Well then, your bond; and let me see—But hear you: Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,) The third possessor; ay, he was the third. Ant. And what of him? did he take interest? Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say, Directly interest; mark what Jacob did. When Laban and himself were compromis'd, That all the eanalings which were strack'd, and pied, Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams; And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd peed'd me certain wands And, in the doing of the deed of kind, He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes, Who, then conceiving, did in eating time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was a way to thrive, and he was blest; And thrust is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for. A thing not in his power to bring to pass, But sway'd, and fashion'd by the hand of heaven, Was this inferred? to make interest good? Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.— But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio. The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart, O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Th'o' three thousand ducats:—tis a good round sum.

Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, On the Rialto, you have rated me About my monies and my usances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For suffrance is a badge of all our tribe. You call'd me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish gaberline, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears, you need my help: Go to, then; you come to me, and you say, "Shylock, we would have monies!" you say so; You, that did vow your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold: monies is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, "Hath a dog money?" Is it possible, A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this:— "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies!"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to thy friend; for when did friendship take A breed for barren metal of his friend? But lend it rather to thine enemy; Who if he break, thou mayst' with better face Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shames that you have staid'm me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my monies, And you'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindnes.

Shy. This kindness will I show

Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond, and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in thee, Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exactation of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beeces, or goats, I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, a deed;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond
Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and perse the ducate straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthriftine knave, and presently
I will be with you. [Exit

Ant.
The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like no fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on: in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his followers; Portia,
Nerissa, and other of her train. Flourish Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd liveriff of the burning sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Pharaoh's fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear.
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any corse I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Soloyman,—I
Would out-stare the sternest eyes that look.
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hereclés and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? the greater blow
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Aileides beaten by his page;—
And so may I, blind fortune leading me.
Miss that which one unworthy may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance,
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward,
In way of marriage: therefore, be advis'd.

Mor. Nay will not. Come, bring me unto my chances.

Por. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune then. [Cornets

To make me blee, or cursed'st among men! [Exeunt

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says,—"No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; seem running with thy heels." Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "fore the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says wisely to me,—"My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did some snares, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend; "budge not," says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well; to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil: and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run; fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. [Going out in haste.

1 burnish'd: in f. e. 2 One of the quartos, and the folio reads: "de-stare." 3 old ed.: rage. Most have, however, adapted the change; also suggested by Theobald 4 courageous: in f. e. 5 This direction not in f. e.
Enter Old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man; you: I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions' with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning; but at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indifferently to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's stripes, it will be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[Aside.]

Mark me now: now will I raise the waters. [To him.] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. Ergo, master Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father: for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [Aside.] Do I look like a cudge, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[To him.] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind: I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [Kneels.] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine only flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beard hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my filly-horse has on his tail.

Laun. [Rising.] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou

and thy master agree? I have brought him a prospect
How agree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present; give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs.

Gob. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassano, who, indeed, gives rare new livres. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter Bassano, with Leonardo, and Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasten, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the livres to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [Exit Laun. To him, father. [A Servant.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy. Wouldst thou aught with me!

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire,—as my father shall specify.

Bass. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence), are scarce enter-courting.

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me,—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall fructify unto you.

Gob. I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your lordship shall know by this, honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both.—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Bass. God that is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well: thou hast obtained thy suit. Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, and hath prefer'd thee; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speakest it well.—Go, father, with thy take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out.—Give him a lively [To his followers. More guarded than his fellows' sake: see it done.

Laun. Father, in.—I cannot get a service.—no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [Looking on his palm.] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book,—I shall have good fortune.—Go to; here's a simple line of life! here's a small trifle of wives: alas! fifteen wives is nothing: eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming in for one man; and then, to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed: here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [Exit Launcelot and Old Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this.  

4 One of the quartos reads: "conclusions."  
5 Saxena.  
6 f. e.; still, same as thill, or shaft-horse.  
7 Not in f. e.  
8 A common Italian present Some argue from this and other similar references, that Shakespeare visited Italy.  
9 Laced, or ornamented.
Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.
Gra. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not spoken as yet of torch-bearers.
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.—

Enter Launcelot, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Lawn. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

[Exeunt.

Lor. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Lawn. By your leave, sir.
Lor. Whither goest thou?
Lawn. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this.—Tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her:—speak it privately;
Go.—Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.
Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [Exit Salar. and Salan.
Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed,
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If o'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: perseve this, as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. Before Shylock's House.
Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
What, Jessica!—Thou shalt not garmandize,
As thou hast done with me!—What, Jessica?—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out
—Why, Jessica, I say!

Lawn. Your worship was wont to tell me, that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica.

There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love: they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right leath to go,
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Lawn. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master
doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Lawn. And they have conspired together:—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then
SCENE VII.  

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on 
black Monday last, at six o'clock the morning, falling 
out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the 
afternoon.

[Jessica: 

Shy. What! are there masques? — Hear you me, 
Lock up your doors; and when you hear the drum, 
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 
Clamber not up to the casements then, 
Nor thrust your head into the public street 
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces, 
But stop your house's ears, I mean my casements; 
Let not the sound of shallow lippery enter 
My sober house. — By Jacob's staff, I swear, 
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night; 
But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah; 
Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir. — Mistress, look out at 
window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,
Will he worth a Jewess' eye. [Exit Laun.

Shy. What says that soul of Hagar's offspring? ha! 

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge heed, 
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day 
More than the wight that droves hive not with me; 
Therefore part with him, and part with him 
To one that I would have him help to waste 
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in: 
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Safe bind, safe find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost, 
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter Gratiano and Salario, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo 
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, 
For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly 
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont 
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. This never holds, who riseth from a feast, 
With that keen appetite that he sits down? 
Where is the horse that doth untread again 
His tedious measures, with the unabated fire 
That he did pace them first? All things that are, 
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd. 
How like a yonder, or a prodigal, 
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, 
Hugg'd and embrac'd by the strumpet wind! 
How like a prodigal doth she return, 
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails, 
'Jean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind! 

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo: — more of this hereafter. 

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode; 
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait: 
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives, 
I'll watch as long for you then. — Approach; 
Here dwells my father Jew. — Ho! who's within?

Jes. Who are you? I' ll tell me for more certainty, 
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and thy love, indeed.

For whom love I so much? And now who knows, 
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that 

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains. 
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, 
For I am much asham'd of my exchange; 
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see 
The pretty follies that themselves commit; 
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush 
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch bearer.

Jes. What! must I hold a candle to my shames? 
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light 
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love, 
And I should be obscure'd.

Lor. So are you, sweet, 
Even in the garnish of a lovely boy. 
But come at once; 
For the close night doth play the run-away, 
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself 
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. 

[Exit from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily; 
For she is wise, if I can judge of her, 
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true, 
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself; 
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, 
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

[Enter Jessica, to them below.

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salario.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'T is nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about, 
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight, 
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. 

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in 
Portia's House.

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their 
trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover 
The several caskets to this noble prince. — [Curtains 
Now make your choice. [drawn aside.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears — 
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire; 
The second, silver, which this promise carries: — 
"Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves; 
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt: — 
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath. 
How shall I know if I do choose the right? 

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince. 
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! — Let me see. 
I will survey th' inscriptions back again: 
What says this leaden casket?

1 Stow says, Black Monday got its name from the following occurrence: On Easter-Monday, April 14, 1369, Edward III., with his host before the city of Paris, and the day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died of their horses' backs, with the cold.
2 Fast bind, fast find: in f. e.
3 This direction not in f. e.
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath!"
Must give.—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden ducat, no showers of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve?—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding:
But more than these in love I do deserve her.
What if I star'd no farther, but chose here?—
Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what men desire."
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vastly wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The war-like kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'T were damnation,
To think so base a thought: it was too gross
To rib her cencloth in the obscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold, but that's inculp'd upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!
Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [He opens the golden casket.
Por. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.
"All that glisters is not gold:
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscriv'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold."
Cold, indeed, and labour lost:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu. I have too grief'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.
Por. A gentle ridicance.—Draw the curtains: go.
[Curtains drawn.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail.
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certifi'd the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salan. I never heard a passion so contus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats.
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels too! two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter!—Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!"
Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
Salar. Marry, well remember'd.
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;
Who told me, in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarri'd
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.
Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman treats not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love.
Be merry: and apply your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there."
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand: and so they parted.
Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [Exit.

SCENE IX.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Nerissa, with a Scrivour.
Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtains straight.
The prince of Arragon hath taken his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Enter the prince of Arragon, Portia, and their train
Flourish cornets. Curtains withdrawn.
Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things
SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Sal. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Sal. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that Antonio hath a ship of rich laden wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwinds, I think they call the place: a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the cares and many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip, report, be an honest woman of her word.

Sal. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbours believe she went for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any ship of prolixity, or crossing the plain high-way of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Sal. Come, the full stop.

Sal. Ha!—what say'st thou?—Why the end is, he hath lost a ship.

Sal. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

Sal. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter Shylock.

Shy. How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You know, none so well, none so well as you of my daughter's flight.

Shy. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.
Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird
was fledg’d; and then, it is the complexion of them all
to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salar. That’s certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these
years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and
hers, than between jet and ivory; more between
your bloods, than there is between red wine and
vendish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio
ave had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt,
a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the
Rialto;—a beggar, that was wont to come so snug
upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was
wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond;
he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;
—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not
take his flesh: what’s that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else,
it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and
hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses,
mocked at my gains, scorner of my nation, thwarted
my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and
what’s his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes?
hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses,
affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt
with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed
by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same
winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us,
do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if
you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us,
shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest,
we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a
Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian
wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by
Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you
Teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but
I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house,
and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt Salan. Salar, and Servant.

Enter Tubal.

Shy. How now, Tubal? what news from Genoa?
Hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but can-
not answer.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond
gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort. The
urse never fell upon our nation till now: I never felt
it till now:—two thousand ducats in that: and other
precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were
dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she
be hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coff’n?
No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what’s
spent in the search: Why then—loss upon loss! the
thief gone with so much, and so much to find the
thief, and no satisfaction, no revenge; nor ill luck
stirring, but what lights o’ my shoulders; no sighs,
but o’ my breathing; no tears, but o’ my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio
as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. — hath an argosy cast away, coming from

Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? Is it true?
Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped
the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal!—Good news, good
news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one
night, fourscore ducats.*

Shy. Thou stick’st a dagger in me. I shall never
see my gold again. Four(score) ducats at a sitting?
fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio’s creditors to
my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose
but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it. I’ll plague him; I’ll
begin him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them showed me a ring, that he had
of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou tortur’st me, Tubal: it
was my torquise;* I had it of Leah, when I was a
bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness
of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that’s true, that’s very true. Go, Tubal,
seek me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before.
I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he
out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will.
Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good
Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia’s
House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and
their Attendants.

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while.
There’s something tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not lose you, and you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,
I would detain you here some month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you’ll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o’er-look’d* me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours.—
Mine own. I would say; but if mine, then yours,
And so all yours! O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.
I speak too long; but ’tis to pause* the time,
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

Bas. Let me choose:

Por. For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None. but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear thy enjoyment of my love.

* that used: in f. e. 2 It was a popular superstition, that this stone 3 doth move when there is any peril prepared to him who weareth it. 4 Penton’s Secret Wonders of Nature, 1566. 2 Charmed. 4 points: in f. e.
There may as well be amity and life
'Twixt snow and fire, as treason and my love.'

Por. Ay, but, I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where none enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,
Had been the very sum of my confession.

Doth teach me answers for deliverance! [drawn aside.]

But let me to my fortune and the caskets. [Curtainus]

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To their assumed monarch: I stand for sacrifice,
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
"Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets
to himself.

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begat, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing feel; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring fancy's bell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what pleas so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk:
And these assume but valour's exultant,
To render them seduced. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisp'd snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the down of a second head,
The scull that broke them, in the splendour
Thus ornament is but the guilting shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold
Hard food for Midas. I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drone!
'Twixt man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead
Which rather threat'st men than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. How all the other passions flock to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash embrac'd despair,
And shudder'd fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy cesty;
In measure rain thy joy: repute this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. Wherefound I here? [He opens the leaden casket]
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men.
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them; having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no more.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [Kissing her]

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand l, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand.

Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself:
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rite.
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing: which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschoold, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old.

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1 This direction not in f. e. 2 guiled: in f. e. 3 f. e. have: "Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word. 4 unfinish'd: in f. e. Sceven. suggested the same change. So the quartus; the folio: "You see, my lord Bassanio."
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen of myself: and even now, but now;
This house, these servants, and this name myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. [Giving it.]

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady!
I wish you all the joy that you can wish,
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intercession
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For woeing here, until I sweat again,
And swearing, till my very tongue was dry
With oaths of love; at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, my faith, my lord. [marriage.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your

Gra. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Por. What, and stake down?

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down.—

But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his indevel? What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:

They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

My purpose was not to have seen you here.

But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sale. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [Gives Bassanio a letter.]

Bass. Ere I open this letter, I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

Sale. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Not well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate. [BASSANIO reads]

Gra. Nerissa, cheer your stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; what's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our successes;
We are the jaques; we have won the fleece.

Sale I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!—

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you same paper.

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half myself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O sweet Portia!—

Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins—I was a gentleman:
And then I told you true, and yet, dear lady;
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing: for, indeed,
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marrying rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning, and at night,
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.
Scene IV.

The Merchant of Venice.

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then creble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Did your friends welcome, show my merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. [Reads.] "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all
miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low,
my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in
paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are
cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at
my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if
your love do not persuade you to come, let not my
letter."

Por. O love! despatch all business, and begone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest be interposed 'twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Bailor.

Shy. Bailor, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Bailor, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond; I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. Thou call'st me dog before thou hast'd a cause, But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs. The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder, Thou naughty bailor, that thou art so fond To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak: I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more. I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool, To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield To Christian intercessors. Follow not; I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[Exit Shylock.

Sal. It is the most impenetrable cur, That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone: I'll follow him no more with boodless prayers. He seeks my life; his reason well I know. I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures Many that have at times made mean to me: Therefore he hates me.

Sal. I am sure, the duke Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law.
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go;
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, bailor, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour.
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prounder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good.
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit unto your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a sacred vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you! Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well-pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—

[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario:
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee

So the quarto, the folio : lends.
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Transect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Enter. Madam. I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.
Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand.
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?
Por. They shall, Nerissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a rec'd voice; and turn two mining steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying: they fell sick and died;
I could not do without: —then, I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lites I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Por. Why, shall we turn to men?

Ner. Fi! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter.
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us,
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Garden.

Enter Launce and Jessica.

Lor. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are
to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you,
I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so
now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be of
good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any good,
and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Lor. Mary, you may partly hope that your father
got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so
the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Lor. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by
tather and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your
father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you
are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband: he hath made
me a Christian.

Lor. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chris-
tians now before; c'en as many as could well live
one by another. This making of Christians will raise
the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters,
we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say:
here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot
if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot
and I are out. He tells me flatly, there's no mercy for
me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he
says, you are no good member of the Commonwealth.
In converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price
of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the Commonwealth,
than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the
Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Lorn. It is much, that the Moor should be more
than reason; but if she be less than an honest woman,
she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I
think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence,
and discourse grow commendable in none only but par-
rots.—Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Lorn. That is done, sir: they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you then,
bid them prepare dinner.

Lorn. That is done too, sir; only, cover is the
word.

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Lorn. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion? Wilt thou
show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray
thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go
to thy fellows, bid them cover the table, serve in the
meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Lorn. For the table, sir, it shall be served in, for
the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in
to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits
shall govern.

[Exit Launce.]

Lor. O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickey word
Deity the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then,
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women;
And Portia one, there must be something else
Paw'n'd with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion, too, of that.

Lor. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you, while I have a stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table talk; Then, howsoever thou speakest, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. [Exit.

1 I could not help it. 2 So one of the quartos; the folio and f. e., read in place of "then, in." "it is"
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salario, Salano, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door. He comes, my lord.

Enter Shylock.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeit,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it banish'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings in the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection;
Masters of passion sway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

1 Hated. 2 The old copies have "loose." 3 The old copies have "sways." Knight reads the passage thus:

: for affection

Weeder: in f. e. Bollen means swollen. 4 in f. e. You may as well use question with the wolf.

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

ACT IV.

Exe thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted weaver of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio.

Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter Nerissa, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord. Bellario gretts your grace.

[Presenting a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?

[Shylock whets his knife.]

Shy. To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

Grat. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul. harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Grat. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be achieved!
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,
Lufus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wojthy, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rall the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To careless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clk reads.] "Your grace shall understand, that
at the receipt of your letter I am very sick: but in
the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation
was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name
is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in
controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant:
we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd
with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning,
the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,
comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your
grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of
years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation,
for I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
I leave him to your gracious acceptance,
whose trial shall better publish his commendation:"

Duke. You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes:

And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.—

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed. —

You stand within his danger; do you not? [To Antonio.
Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strained,
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty.
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself.
And earthly power doth then show likest God's.
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head. I crave the law:
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er;
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth: and, I beseech you
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice.
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!

O, wise young judge, how do I honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

[Showing it.]

Por. Shylock, there's three thy money offered thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven.

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor. —

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife
Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law;
Hath full relation to the penalty.

Shy. 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?

Nearest his heart: those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [Producing scales!]
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he die to bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.
Por. You', merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this cursed Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter:
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We tride time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.
Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence! come, prepare!
[Showing the scales again;]

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd;
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew:—a learned judge!

Shy. I take his offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft! The Jew shall have all justice:—soft!—no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood: nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound,—be it so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the balance,
Or the division of the twenty part
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou dost, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeit.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principality?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeit.
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it.
I'Il stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainst the which he doth contrive,
Shall seize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
Thyself.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's:
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.
Shy. Nay; take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.
Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?
Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!
Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more.—that, for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.
Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence.
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.[Exit Shylock.
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and train.
Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cove your courteous pains withal.
Ant. And stand indebted, ever and above,
in love and service to you evermore.
Por. He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary,
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fine. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake,
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more.
And you in love shall not deny me this.
Bass. This ring, good sir?—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on th' value.
• The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And when she put it on she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.
Por. That sense serves many men to save their gifts
An if your wife be not a mad woman.
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.
[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.
Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring.
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him,
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst.
Unto Antonio's house.—Away! make haste.
[Exit Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.
Enter Portia and Nerissa.
Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night.
And be a day before our husbands home.
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.
[Exeunt Gratiano running.
Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'er-taken.
My lord Bassano, upon more advice.
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully.
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring. [To Portia.
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old
swearing;
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and oustwear them too.
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry
Ner. Come, good sir; will you show me to this house?
[Exeunt.
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air.  

[Exit Stephano.]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  

Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-souled cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy gesture of decay,  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.  

[Enter Musicians.]

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistresses' ear,  
And draw her home with music.  

[Music]

[Enter Portia and Nerissa, at a distance.]

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle  
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be: and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!  

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.  
Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.  
Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam  
Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended: and, I think,  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wen.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!—  
Peace! now the moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd!  

Lor. That is the voice,
Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa: Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence:—
Nor you, Lorenzo; Jessica, nor you.

Lor. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tattle-tales, madam; fear you not.
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all:—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquainted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [To Nerissa.] By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge’s clerk:
Would he be gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! What’s the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give to me; whose posy was
For all the world, like cutlers’ poetry
Upon a knife, “Love me, and leave me not.”

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your velenent oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge’s clerk! no, God’s my judge,
The clerk will ne’er wear hair on’s face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge’s clerk;
A prating boy, that begg’d it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife’s first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
An’t were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I was best to cut my left hand
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg’d it, and, indeed,
Deserv’d it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg’d mine;
And neither man, nor master, would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring, gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it: it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne’er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring.
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the moder
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe;
I’ll die for’t, but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg’d the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffer’d him to go displeas’d away,
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforce’d to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg’d
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e’er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov’d,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you:
I’ll not deny him any thing I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband’s bed.
Know him shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I’ll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore, be well advis’d
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Flourish of a trumpet. * Not in f. e. * So the quartos: the folio “the.” * So the quartos: the folio: “but well I knew.” * con
Sc. I. The Merchant of Venice.

Gra. Well, do you so: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I’ll mar the young clerk’s pen.
Ant. I am th’ unhappy subject of these quarrels.
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself.—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one—swear by your double self,
And there’s an oath of credit.
Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband’s ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor’s clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when’ th’ ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?
Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amaz’d:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor:
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return’d: I have not yet
Enter’d my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.
Ant. I am dumb.
Bass. Were you the doctor; and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?
Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow.
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.
Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living.
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.
Ner. Ay, and I’ll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess’d of.
Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.
Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
Gra. Let it be so: the first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor’s clerk.
We’ll, while I live, I’ll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa’s ring. Exeunt.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke, Senior, living in exile.  
Frederick, his brother, usurper of his dominions.  
Amiens, Lords attending upon the exiled.  
Jaques, Lords.  
Le Beau, a Courtier.  
Oliver, Jaques, Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.  
Orlando, Adam, Dennis, Charles, Servants to Oliver.  
Touchstone, a Clown.  
Sir Oliver Mar-Text, a Vicar.  
Corin, Shepherds.  
Silvius, William, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.  
Hymen.  
Rosalind, Daughter to the exiled Duke.  
Celia, Daughter to the usurping Duke.  
Phebe, a Shepherdess.  
Audrey, a Country Wench.  

Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: he bequeathed me by will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [Adam retires.]

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigious portion have I spent that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before know, sir. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so. [Shaking him.] Thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [Coming forward.] Sweet masters, be patient for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such ex-
If it therefore, came and, stir but sir have true, begin kin— will like She am by acquaint! no if but «"ith break nothing there— will is rtV am am would, banished was and at pr'ythee, resolute. pure good uor my either cousin, time young and together, fore have brother and to give them you to-morrow; they would never to, that you have been. my new owner, this uncle, next his uncle, banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hast been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ch. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him your payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

Exe. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I hinder the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter Rosalind and Cell.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry. Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet P were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hast been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will: and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pray thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife. Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she

1 This is not in f. 2 This word is not in f. e. 3 I, was added by Pope
scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No: when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to float at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the better off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was taught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Prythee, who is it that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros'. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery naticwise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Spot? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning: and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence:

Ros. With bills on their necks.—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you there is such odds in the men! In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [Duke goes apart.]

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princes call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We
pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shame that was never disgraceful; if killed, but one deed that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out here.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle.]

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES is thrown. Shout.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.]

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, but I did find him still mine enemy; thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, Hadst thou descended from another house. But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth. I would thou hadst told me of another father.


Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son, and would not change that calling, To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind. Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin, Let us go thank him, and encourage him: My father's rough and envious disposition Sticks me at heart. —Sir, you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love But justly, as you have exceeded all promise. Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman, [Giving him a chain]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, That could give more, but that her hand lacks means, Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say. I thank you? My better parts Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes I'll ask him what he would. —Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter Le Beau.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.

Or, Charles, or something weaker, masters thee. [Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd High commendation, true applause, and love. Yet such is now the duke's condition, That he misconstrues all that you have done. The duke is luminous: what is he, indeed, More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this: Which of the two was daughter of the duke? That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners; But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter: The other is daughter to the banish'd duke, And here detain'd by her usurping uncle, To keep his daughter company: whose loves Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters. But I can tell you, that of late this duke Hath taken displeasure against his gentle niece, Grounded upon no other argument, But that the people praise her for her virtues, And pity her for her good father's sake; And, on my life, his malice against the lady Will suddenly break forth. —Sir, fare you well: Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well. [Exit Le Beau.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smoother: From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother. — But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exit]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace. Enter Celia and Rosalind.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind. —Cupid hath mercy! —Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it for my father's child. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee at holiday footery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—

Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.

Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your fastest haste, And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle? You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me. If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires, If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, (As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle, Never so much as in a thought unborn Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors: If their purgation did consist in words, They are as innocent as grace itself. Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor, Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom; So was I when your highness banish'd him. Treason is not inherited, my lord; Or if we did derive it from our friends, What's that to me? my father was no traitor. Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much, To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake; Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay: It was your pleasure, and your own remorse. I was too young that time to value her, But now I know her. If she be a traitor, Why so am I; we still have slept together, Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And whereas 'er we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth, Her very silence, and her patience, Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name; And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips: Firm and irreproachable is my doom Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. Thou are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself, If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords]

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go? Will thou change fathers? I will give thee mine, I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am, Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou host not, cousin, Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. What he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love, Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one. Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl? No: let my father seek another heir. Therefore, devise with me how we may fly, Whither to go, and what to bear with us: And do not seek to take your change upon you, To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out; For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale, Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. In the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, Molls as we are, to travel forth so far! Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire, And with a kind of rags to smirch my face. The like do you: so shall we pass along, And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better, Because that I am more than common tall. That I did suit me all points like a man? A gallant out-curtles a crown on my head.

Cel. I'll use my axe upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart, Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will, We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, As many other mannish cowards have, That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse name than Jove's own page, And therefore look you call me Ganymede. But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:

No longer Celia, but Alienor.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal The clownish fool out of your father's court? Would he not be a comfort to our travel? Cel. He'll go along over the wide world with me; Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, And get our jewels and our wealth together, Devise the fittest time, and safest way, To hide us from pursuit that will be made After my flight. Now go we in content To liberty, and not to banishment.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke, Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, like Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile, Hath not old custom made this life more sweet, Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods More free from peril than the tedious court? Here feel we not the penalty of Adam, The seasons' difference, or the icy fang, And churchil chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites, and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say, This is no slarter: these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which like the toad, ugly and venomous, Wears yet a precious jewel in his head: And this our life, exempt from public haunt, Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools, Being native burghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads? Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that:
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banished you. To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him, as he lay along Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brauls along this wood: To the which place a poor sequester'd stag That from the hunter's aim had taken a hurt, Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal had forth such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting: and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his inoffensive nose In pitious chase: and thus the hairy fool, Much marked of the melancholy Jaques, Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook, Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques? Did he not moralize this espectacle?

1 Lord. O! yes, into a thousand similes. First, for his weeping in the needless stream: "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which hath too much." Then, being there alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; "Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part The flux of company," Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques, "Sweep on, you fat and greedy citizens; * 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Thus most invincibly he pierceth through The body of the country, city, court. Yea, and of this our life, swearing, that we Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse, To fright the animals, and kill them up In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation? 2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place. I love to cope him in these sullen fits, For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them? It cannot be: some villains of my court Are of consent and suffrance in this.

1 Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her. The ladies, her attendants of her chamber, Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The parts and graces of the wrestler, That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent bring his brother to me, I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly, And let not search and inquisition fail To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master?—O, my gentle master! O, my sweet master! O, you memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond to overcome The bony priser of the humorist's duke? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you. Know you not, master, to some kind of men Their graces serve them but as enemies? No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master, Are sanctified and holy trairors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it! Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O, unhappy youth! Come not within these doors: beneath this roof The enemy of all your graces lives. * Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—

1 as in f. e. * Fenton, in 1569, tells us "there is found in heads of old and great teals, a stone which they call borax or stoten: it is most commonly found in the head of a be-fed." —Knight. * Barbed arrows. * had: in f. e. * Scoury * Foolish * within: in f. e. *
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father.]

rath heard your praises, and this night be means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.

This is no place: this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Ori. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Ori. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my

food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road.
This I must do, or know not what to do,
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted, proud, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saw'd under your father;
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old links lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners drown.
Take that: and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently eaters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellions liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frothy, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Ori. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant favour of the antique world.
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up.
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou pruned a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here I lived 1, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena. and
Cloen, alias TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel,
and tooy else like a woman: but I must comfort the weather vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show

itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good

Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you, for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I:
When I was at home I was in a better place, but trafflers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you: who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk

Enter CORIN and SILVVS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin: being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:

But if thy love were ever like to mine,

As sure I think did never man love so,

How many actions most ridiculous

Hast thou been drawn to by thy fancy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not spake, as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit SILVVS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in

love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smìle: and I remember the kissing of her batter: and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peasant instead of her; from whom I took two cads, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
till I break my chins against it.

Ros. Love, love! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine: but

It grows something stale with me,

And begins to fail with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,

If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clowns!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
SCENE VII.

Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed,
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And fainst for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.
Besides, his coat, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale: and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
Cor. That young swain that you saw here but crete,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly.  [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.

song.

Ami. Under the Greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more! I pray thee, more.
Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. I thank it. More! I pray thee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
More! I pray thee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire
you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you
'sem stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.
Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me
nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank
you: but that they call compliment is like the en-
counter of two dog-apes: and when a man thanks me
heartily, metu-locks, I have given him a penny, and he
renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing: and
you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll lend the song—Sirs, cover the while:
the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all
this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of as
many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and
make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SOng.

Who dares ambition shun, [All together here
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleads with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, &c.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made
yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—
If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Dude, dude, dude, dude:—
Here shall he see, gross fools as he,
As he will come to me.

Ami. What's that dude? dude?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a
circle. I'll go sleep if I can: if I cannot, I'll rail
against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is
prepared. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther: 'O! I die
for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave.
Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in
thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a
little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage,
I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee.
Thy conscience is nearer death than thy powers. For my
sake be comforted; hold death awhile at the arm's
end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring
thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to
die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker
of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and
I'll be with thee quickly. —Yet thou liest in the bleak
air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou
shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any
thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Same.

A Table set out. Enter Duke, Senior, Amiens,
Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merry.

Jaq. A fool, a fool! —I met a fool i' the forest,
A moly fool; [a miserable world!]
As I do live by fool, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a moly fool.

"Good-morrow, fool," quoteth 1: "No, sir," quoteth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune.
And then he drew a dial from his poke,

1 Rough. 2 dude-dude. (come hither): says Hamner. 3 comfortable: in f. e.
Enter Orlando, with his sword drawn

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolder'd, man, by thy distress

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,

That in civility thou seem'st so empty.

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred.

And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,

I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness

shall force,

More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you

I thought, that all things had been savage here,

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,

That, in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take, upon command, what help we have,

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,

And give it food. There is an old poor man,

Who after me hath many a weary step

Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffi'd,

Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,

I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,

And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good com-

fort! [Exit]

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woful pageants, than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,

Mewing and puking in the nurse's arms.

Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
SCENE II.

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Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange calls, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eye severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.  
Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Adam. So had you need; I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.  
[Confers with Orlando.]  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.
Enter Duke Frederick, Oliver, Lords and Attendants.

Duke F. Not seen him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made merry,
I should not seek an absent argument.
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, where he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelve month, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Ol. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extend upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Forest of Arden.
Enter Orlando, hanging a paper on a tree.  

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, three-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntsmen's manes that my full life doth sway.
Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll charactere,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando: carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.  [Exit.

1 Not in f. o.  2 Weave together.  3 Expediency.  4 With a paper: in f. o.
Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good
manner at the court are as ridiculous in the country,
as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at
the court. You told me, you salute not at the court,
but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly,
if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their
fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat?
and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the
sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance,
say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel the sooner: shallow
again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery
of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The
courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in
respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the
wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar;
the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance,
shepherd.

Cor. You have too courteously a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee,
shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat,
get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's
happiness; glad of other men's good content with
my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my
ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you: to bring
the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get
your living by the copulation of cattle: to bawd to
a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelve-
month, to a crooked-jointed, old,rickethly run, out of
all reasonable match. If thou best not damned for
this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I
cannot see else how thou shouldst scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my
new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd,
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fairest of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, din-
ers, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is
'the right butter-women's rank' to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

"If a hart go lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the eat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Winter's garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
Their that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you
infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff
it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit? the
country: for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and
that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no,
let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows
'Twist the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at each sentence' end,
Will I Rosalind write;

Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd,
That one body should be full'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly nymph the dressing's,
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.

Heaven would that these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily
of love have you wearied your parishioners withal,
and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a
little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable
retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with
scrip and scrippern. [Exit Corin and Touchstone

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all and more too;
for some of them had in the then more feet than the verses
would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear
themselves without the verse, and therefore stood
lamey in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy
name should be hanged and cut upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder,
before you came: for look here what I found on a
palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras'
time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly
remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?
SCENE II.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

Cel. Do not look heir! [Aside to Celia.] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [To him.] Do you hear, forestier? Orl. Very well: what would you? Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock? Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pray thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. How dost me think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a Southsea of discovery; I pray thee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pray thee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shall thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagonatu's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a-taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he strop'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pray thee: it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

1 Serious. 2 Rabbin's giant, who swallowed five pilgrims in a salad. common with pictures on cloth, hung around rooms like tapestry.

3 Puttest me out. 4 In the style of the most maxims painted on
pace is so ard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallowes; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon here.

Orl. Who stands he still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it: and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I p'rythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man banits the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hanges odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monster I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: ne taught me how to know a man in love: in which eage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not: a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not: a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. —Then, your hose should be unarded, your bonnet unbent, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe i love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she doth: that is one of the points

in the which women still give the lie to their conscience. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how I feel in love.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, de serves as well a dark house, and a whisp, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing. As boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a loving humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound shepherd's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go?

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind, observing them.


Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than love in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers they do feign.
Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst reign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to compile us.

Jaq. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy.

Touch. Amen. A man might, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: it is none of his own getting. Are horns given to poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the racer! Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on trust of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [coming forward.] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Mr. What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'd you *for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, he cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir; the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as piggish hill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wine and salt: then, one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver! Not O sweet Oliver! O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

But wendst away, beway, I say,

I will not to wedding bind thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pray thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the disagreeable colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as courageous as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confessors of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover: as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd After the shepherd that complain'd of love, Who saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love, And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain, Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you, If you will mark it.
Ros. O! come, let us remove: The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SIILVVS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not: but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the huddled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that kills, and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
Fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the trait'st and softest things,
Whose shot their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I dorown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and palpable impression
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh check the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows makes.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [Advancing.] And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.—O'd my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entangle my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such tools as you,
That make the world full of ill-fav'our'd children.
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets,
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a soother.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your fastness,
And she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll saue her
with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsier than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock. [Exit ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy sight of might,
"Who ever loved, that lov'd not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe!—

Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for farther recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reap'd: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere
while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red.
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance,
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt hear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight.
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius.

[Exit.]  

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I prythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.
Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.
Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.
Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.
Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.
Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.
Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is imagination; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is polite; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sordid contemplation of my travels; which by often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too!
Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.
Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Exit.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lipe, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that censure you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a grotto. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover? An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?
Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beheld to your wives for; but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.
Orl. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me: for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should thank my honesty rather than my wit.

Orl. What, out of my suit?

Ros. Nay, out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say—I will not have you.
Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'tis, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, vicarium in a love-case. Troubles had his brains dashed out with a Greekian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come,
now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on-disposition, and ask you what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind. [all.

Rosal. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Rosal. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Rosal. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Rosal. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Rosal. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando?"—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Rosal. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Rosal. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Rosal. I might ask you for your commission; but,—

Orl. I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband. There's a girl, goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Rosal. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Rosal. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to marry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Rosal. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Rosal. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and it will out at the key-hole: stop that, it will fly with the smoke out of the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wit?"

Rosal. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Rosal. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusing, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Rosal. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Rosal. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—

Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Rosal. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Rosal. Well, time is the old justice that examineth all such offenders, and let time try you. Adieu!

[Exit ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Rosal. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how much fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Rosal. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rashly, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Alice, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques and Lords, like Foresters.

Jaques. Which is he that killed the deer?

Lords. Sir, it was I.

Jaques. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Lords. Yes, sir.

Jaques. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

His leader skin, and horns to wear.

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it, and thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the busy horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.  

[Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden.]

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Rosalind. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,

He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and gone forth—

To sleep. Look, who comes here.

[Enter SILVIO.

Silv. My errand is to you, fair youth.—

My gentle Phoebe did bid me give you this:

[Giving a letter. Was. sends it.
Scene III.

As You Like It.

Know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow and starched action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair: that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest: I know not the contents:

Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-col'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand: but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Tame to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes,
"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. 'Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me, a beast—

"If the scorn of your bright eye
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you bid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go thy way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snare) and say this to her—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not

Where in the purlicus of this forest stands
A sheepcote, fairest about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
Theor's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is air,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother? Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. It is hers. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
With who her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlik'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with elders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother:
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd amongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recoumends had most kindly bath'd.
As, how I came into that desert place,  
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,  
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,  
Committing me unto my brother's love:  
Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,  
The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.  
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;  
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
To tell this story, that you might excuse  
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,  
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.  

cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?  
[Rosalind swoons.  

oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.  
cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!  
oli. Look, he recovers.  

ros. I would I were at home.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.  

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.  

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.  

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.  

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.  

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.  

Enter William.  

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.  

By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be quoting; we cannot hold.  

Will. Good even, Audrey.  

Aud. God ye good even, William.  

Will. And good even to you, sir.  

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?  

Will. Five and twenty, sir.  

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?  

Will. William, sir.  

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?  

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.  

Touch. Thank God:—a good answer. Art rich?  

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.  

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?  

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.  

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?  

Will. I do, sir.  

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?  

Will. No, sir.  

* Not in f. o.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—  
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?  

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man? You lack  
A man's heart.  

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeit. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeit. —Heigh ho! —  

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.  

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.  

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.  

Rhs. So I do; but, 'tis faith, I should have been a woman by right.  

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.  

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back,  

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.  

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?  

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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Invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter Rosalind.

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, Here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Otl. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Otl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Ros. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Otl. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Otl. Ay, and greater wonder than that.

Ros. O! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true; there was never anything so sudden, but the flight of two ravens, and Caesar's thraumal cat of—'I came, saw,' and 'overcame!' for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed: no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very warmth of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Otl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptials. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Otl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her? I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Otl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look: here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, To shew the letter that I write to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have; it is my study To seem despitful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:

Look upon him, love him: be worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all made of wishes; All adoration, duty, and obedience; All humbleness, all patience, and impatience; All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Rosalind.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [To Silvius] if I can:—I would love you, [To Phebe] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [To Phebe] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [To Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To Silvius] if what pleases you content you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [To Orlando] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [To Silvius] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. 2

Touch. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you; sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which is only the prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, I' faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover, and his loss,
With a key, and a hole, and a hole no more,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.

In the spring time, the only pretty ring time.

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:

Sweet lovers love the spring.

1 observance: in f. e Malone also suggested the change. 2 To be married.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
How that our life was but a flower,
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nono,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very unmeaning1.

1 Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we ost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices.—Come, Audrey. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Duke Senior, Amiens, Jacques, Orlando, Oliver, and Celia.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not, As those that fear to hope, and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, and Phebe.

Rosal. Patience, once more, whiles our compact is heard.—

[To the Duke.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosal. [To Orlando.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosal. [To Phebe.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phebe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosal. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phebe. So is the bargain.

Rosal. [To Silvius.] You say, that you'll have Phebe,
If she will?

Silvius. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Rosal. I have promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter,—You yours, Orlando, to receive her daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even—even so.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of

very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three ratiors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'did' you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, among the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forewarn, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is the "counter-check quarrelsome;" and so to the "lie circumstantial," and the "lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book, as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the counter-check quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an if. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an if, as If you said so, then I said so: and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your if is the only peace-maker; much virtue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.
Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman’s clothes; and Celia. Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things made even Alone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter, Hymen from heaven brought her; Yea, brought her hither. That thou mightst join her hand with his, Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours. To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [To Duke S.] I’ll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To Orlando.] I’ll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[To Phebe.] Nor ever wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

’Tis I must make conclusion Of these most strange events: Here’s eight that must take hands, To join in Hymen’s bands. If truth holds true contents.

[To Orlando and Rosalind.] You and you no credit shall part:—

[To Oliver and Celia.] You and you are—

[To Phebe.] You to his love must accord, Or have a woman to your lord:—

[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together, As the winter to foul weather. Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing, Feed yourselves with questioning. That reason wonder may diminish, How thus we met, and thus we finish.

song.

Wedding is great Juno’s crown; O, blessed bond of board and bed! ’Tis Hymen peoples every town; High wedlock, then, be honoured: Honour, high honour, and renown, To Hymen, god in ev’ry town!

Duke S. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me: Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [To Silvius.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two. I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, That brings these tidings to this fair assembly.— Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day Men of great worth resorted to this forest, Address’d a mighty power, which were on foot; In his own conduct, purposely to take His brother here, and put him to the sword. And to the skirts of this wild wood he came, Where, meeting with an old religious man, After some question with him, was converted Both from his enterprise, and from the world; His crown bequeathing to his banish’d brother, And all their lands restor’d to them again, That were with him exiled. This to be true, I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man Thou offer’st fairly to thy brothers’ wedding: To one, his lands withheld; and to the other, A land itself at large, a potent dukedom. First, in this forest, let us do those ends That here were well begun, and well begot; And after, every of this happy number, That have endure’d shrill days and nights with us, Shall share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their estates. Meantime, forget this new-fall’n dignity, And fall into our rustic revelry.— Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all, With measure heap’d in joy, to the measures fall.

Jag. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly. The duke hath put on a religious life, And thrown into neglect the pompous court? 2 Bro. He hath.

Jag. To him will I: out of these convertives There is much matter to be heard and learn’d.— You [To Duke S.] to your former honour I bequeath; Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:— You [To Orlando.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:— You [To Oliver.] to your land, and love, and great allies:— You [To Silvius.] to a long and well deserved bed:— And you [To Touchstone.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victual’d.—So, to your pleasures I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jag. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have, I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave. [Exit Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites. As we do trust they’ll end, in true delights.

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EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, ’tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushels, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I’ll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complacements that liked me, and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make courtsey, bid me farewell.

[Exit]
I would know how to answer, 'tis Persons I think ('11) Servants Tailor, must be intend. will let Daughters Echo Hun. in Hun. charge Induction thirdborough. 07 Trust 1 He Brach.' him cold And fatigue Wind al«> 1 1 1 1 210 I what Art hunt, and the bestrew'd dog corner, in the boy, he Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pound. 1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd 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: To-morrow I intend to hunt again. 1 Hun. I will, my lord. Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe? 2 Hun. He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd 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 practise on this drunken man. What think you, if he were convey'd to bed. Wrapp'd 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? 1 Hun. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose 2 Hun. It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd. Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy, Then take him up, and manage well the jest. Carry him gently to my fairest chamber, And hang it round with all my wanton pictures; Balm his foul head with 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 honour will command? Let one attend him with a silver bason, Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers, Another bear the ever, the third a diaper, And say,—will 't please your lordship cool your hands? Some one 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; When he says what he is,² say that he dreams, For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

1 A common word in the west of England, where it means to chastise, humble.—Gifford. ² Cessa, cease ³ f. e. t says Jeromey. Go or Jeromey—from Thomas Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, often quoted in derision, and as a cant phrase, by the writers of the day. ⁴ This is also a quotation from the same play. ⁵ Constable; it is usually altered to thirdborough. ⁶ A bound. ⁷ Foams at the mouth from tortigur ⁷ And when he says he is: in f. e.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sir; it will be pastime passing excellent, if it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Han. 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.—

[Sly is borne out. A trumpet sounds.

Sirrah, go see what trumpet ‘tis that sounds;—

[Exit Servant.

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means, Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is ‘t? Serv. An ‘t please your honour, players That offer humble service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter five or six Players. * Now, fellows, you are welcome, Players. We thank your honour.

2 Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart. —This fellow I remember, Since once he play’d a farmer’s eldest son; — T was whereof you were the gentlest man so well, I have forgot thy name; but, sure, that part Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform’d.

1 Play. I think, ‘t was Soto that your honour means.

Lord. ‘T is very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time, The rather for I have some sport in hand, Wherein your cunning can assist me much. There is a lord will hear you play to-night; But I am doubtful of your modesties, Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour, (Fer yet his honour never heard a play) You break into some merry passion, And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs, If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves, Were he the veriest ant he in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery, And give them friendly welcome every one; Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Enter and Players.

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, To a servant, And shew him dress’d in all suits like a lady: That done, conduct him to the drunkard’s chamber; And call him madam, do him obeisance: Tell him from me, as he will win my love, He bear himself with honourable action, Such as he hath observ’d in noble ladies Unto their lords by them accomplished: Such duty to the drunkard let him do, With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy; And say, —what is’t your honour will command, Wherein your lady, and your humble wife May show her duty, and make known her love? And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses, And with declining head into his bosom, Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy’d To see her noble lord rest’d to health. Who for this seven years hath esteem’d him No better than a poor and leafless beggar. And if the boy have not a woman’s gift, To rain a shower of commanded tears, An onion will do well for such a shift, Which, in a napkin being close convey’d, Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.

See this dispatch’d with all the haste thou canst; Anon I’ll give thee more instructions. [Exit Servant

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace, Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman: I long to hear him call the drunkard husband, And how my men will stay themselves from laughter. When they do homage to this simple peasant, I’ll in to counsel them; haply, my presence May well abate their over-merry spicen, Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord’s House.

Sly is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel others withaxon, ever, and appereancres. Enter Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God’s sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will ’t please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 Serv. Will ’t please your honour’s taste of these conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day? Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call not me honour nor lordship: I neer drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, I will to my conserves of beef. Neer ask me what raiment I’ll wear, for I have no more doubled than backs, no more stockings then legs nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

[Honour!

Lord. Heaven cease this evil humour in your O! that a mighty man of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I Christophero Sly, old Sly’s son of Burton-heath, six years a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincopt, if she know me no: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for Warwickshire ale, score me up for the lying’st knife in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught! Here’s—

1 Serv. O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 Serv. O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house.

As beaten hence by your strange lunacy, O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth; Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these object lowly dreams. Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck: Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [Musick And twenty caged nightingales do sing: Or wilt thou sleep? we’ll have thee to a couch, Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed On purpose trimm’d up for Semiramis. Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp’d. Their harness studded all with gold and pearl. Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt? Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them, And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in hedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee lo as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like eunous floods, &e'ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring the lady hither to our sight:
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will 't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants present an ever, bason, and napkin.
O, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
O, that once more, you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door.
And rai upon the hostess of the house
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs, and not seal'd quart.
Sometimes you would call out for Cieley Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. [maid,
3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpnerell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends.

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I tare welt; for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,

And slept about some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or if not so, until the sun be set,

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long:

but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again,

I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy:

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath conceiv'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and Merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is not a com-
monty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see 't. Come, madam wife, sit by my

side,

We shall never be younger, and let the world slide.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter Lucentio and Tranio.

Lu. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute

Court leet. 1 Sealed or stamped as full quart measure. 2 above in f. e. 4 And let the world slip: we shall never be younger in.
So pray, I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, thou her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell? Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough. Gre. I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning. Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptist's eldest daughter to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have't areset. Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his doe! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio? Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. 

Exit Gremio and Hortensio.
I never thought it possible, or likely.
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,
Tranio, I burn, I pine: I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

**T.** Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch’d you, nought remains but so,—
Redeem to captian, quam quos minimi.¹

**L.** Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel’s sound.

**T.** Master, you look’d so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you mark’d not what’s the pith of all.

**L.** O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor’s race,²
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss’d the Cretan strand.

**T.** Saw you no more? mark’d you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might scarce endure the din?

**L.** Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

**T.** Nay, then, ’tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir; if you love the maid.
Bond thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so erust and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew’d her up,
Because she will not be annoy’d with suitors.

**L.** Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But art thou not advis’d, he took some care
To get her cunning masters to instruct her?

**T.** Ay, marry am I, sir; and now’t is plotted.

**L.** I have it, Tranio.

**T.** Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

**L.** Tell me thine first.

**T.** You will be schoolmaster.
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That’s your device.

**L.** It is: may it be done?

**T.** Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio’s son?
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends:
Visit his countrypmen, and banquet them?

**L.** Basta; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguish’d by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead.
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine.
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
’Tis hatch’d, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour’d hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

**T.** So had you need. [They exchange habits.
Be brief, then, sir; stith your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
For so your father charg’d me at our parting;

"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio,

**L.** Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves.
And let me be a slave, I’l achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrill’d my wondering eye.

Enter Biondello.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

**B.** Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?
Master, has my fellow Tranio stoln your clothes,
Or you stoln his, or both? pray, what’s the news?

**L.** Sirrah, come hither: ’tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And for my escape have put on his;
In for a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill’d a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

**B.** I, sir? ne’er a whit.

**L.** And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang’d into Lucentio.

**B.** The better for him; ’twould I were so too!

**T.** So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wist after,
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista’s youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master’s, I advise
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

**L.** Tranio, let’s go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.

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**Ent.**

**S.** My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play
**S.** Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter surely: comes there any more of it?

**P.** My lord, ’tis but begun.

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**Ent.**

**S.** ’Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; wouldn’t we done?

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**SCENE II.**—The Same. Before Hortensio’s House

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

**P.** Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock. I say.

**G.** Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

**P.** Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

**G.** Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir that I should knock you here, sir?

**P.** Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I’ll knock your knave’s pate.

**G.** My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

**P.** Will it not be?

**G.** Faith, sirrah, an you’ll not knock, I’ll wring it:
I’ll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

[He wrings Grumio by the ears]
Scene II.
TAMING OF THE SWEAR.

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

[GRUMIO FALLS DOWN.

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

Hor. Alas nastru casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. [Rising.] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he leges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—Look you, sir—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir:

Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so;
Being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip'm a

Whom, 'twould to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I hage the rascal knock upon your gate, And cannot get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—'Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?'

And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge. Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.

And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze, Happly to wife, and thrive, as best I may.

Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife? Thou 'dst thank me but a little for my counsel; And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife.

(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as soft as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or even worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I came to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is:— why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aiglet-baby; or an old trot with n'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in, I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

Pet. Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous: Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault, and that is faults enough, Is, that she is intolerably curst, And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure, That were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.—

Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough, For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman: Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her solding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her, And he knew my deceased father well. I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you, To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. 'O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think solding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll ball in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see within than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold. His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, And her withholds from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love; Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defects I have before rehearsed, That ever Katharina will be woor'd: Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst! A little for a maid of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me, disguised in sober robes, To old Baptista, as a schoolmaster Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca; That so I may by this device, at least Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Luciento disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha! Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love.
Petruchio, stand by a while.
Petruchio. A proper stripping, and an amorous! [They retire.

Gru. O! very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista’s liberality,
I’ll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum’d,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go. What will you read to her?
Luc. Whate’er I read to her, I’ll plead for you,
As for my patron; stand you so assur’d,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.
Gr. Q, this learning, what a thing it is!
Gr. Q, this woodcock, what an ass it is!
Pet. Peace, sirrah!
Hor. Grumio, mum! —[Coming forward.] God save you, signior Gremio!
Gr. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trew you, whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promise’d to inquire carefully
About a master for the fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. ’Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promise’d me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov’d of me.
Gr. Belov’d of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, ’tis now time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I’ll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharina:
Yes, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gr. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gr. No, say’st me so, friend? What countryman?
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gr. O! sir, such a life with such a wife were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to ‘t o’ God’s name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I’ll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent? Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff’d up with winds, rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven’s artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud thunder from neighing steeds, and trumpets’ elang?
And do you tell me of all this to me,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer’s fire?
Dash! dash! fear boys with bogs.
Gru. For he fears none.
Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv’d,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.
Hor. I promise’d we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe’er.
Gru. And so we will, provided that he win her.
Hor. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.
Enter Tranio, bravely apparel’d; and Biondello.
Tran. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?
Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is’t he mean?
Tran. Even he, Biondello.
Gru. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—
Tran. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?
Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray
Tran. I love no chiders, sir. —Biondello, let’s away.
Luc. Well begun, Tranio.
[Aside]
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tran. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gr. No; if without more words you will get you hence,
Tran. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gr. But so is not she.
Tran. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gr. For this reason, if you’ll know,
That she’s the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she’s the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tran. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda’s daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one may more fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gru. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he’ll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you.
Did you yet ever see Baptista’s daughter?
Tran. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first’s for me; let her go by.
Gru. Yea, leave that labour to great Heracleus.
And let it be more than Alectes’ twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: insooth.
The youngest daughter, whom you hearten for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,
Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.
Tran. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stand us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat; Achieve the elder, set the younger free.
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive,
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
Tran. Sir, I shall not slack: in sign whereof,
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me;
That I disdain; but for these other gards?
Unbind my hands, I'll put them off myself.
Yea, all my raiment, to my petition;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.
Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
What thou lov'st best; see thou dissemble not.
Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I ever yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.
Kath. Munion, thou hast. Is 't not Hortensio?
Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.
Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.
Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then, you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, unloose my hands.

[Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bianca stands aside—poor woman! she weeps.
Go play thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou holding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?
Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.

[Exeunt Katharina and Bianca.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Bian. [Holding her.] What! in my sight?—Bianca,
get thee in.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lapes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

[Exit Katharina.

Bap. Was ever gentlewoman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Lucentio in a mean habit: PETRU-
chino, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio,
with Bonducelli bearing a lute and books.

Gremio, Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save
you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call’d Katharina, fair, and virtuous?
Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call’d Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave—
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,

Gru. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's
be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—

Petrequio, I shall be your ben venuto. [Exeunt.

Her woman's qualities, and mild behaviour
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine.

[Presenting HORTENSIO.

Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn; the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her.
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son.
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Backare: you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio: I would fain
be doing good.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your doing.

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.
To express the like kindness myself, that have been
more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give
unto you this young scholar, [Presenting LUCENTIO]
that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in
music and mathematics. His name is Cambio; pray
accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome,
good Cambio,—But, gentle sir, [To Tranio.] methinks,
you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know
the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woe,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tr. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir—

1 The Latin contains pass or pena. 2 goods: in f. e. 3 lordly. 4 wondrous: in f. e. 5 A word often used; it
means stand back.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT VI.

Take you [To Hor.] the lute, and you [To Luc.] the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently,
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and Biondello.]

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome.
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to wo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory, as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;
So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou won, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. Fo, fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her fires,
And bode'd her hand to teach her fingering.
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit, [them:]
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll tune with
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillow looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than c'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!
Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discontented;
Proceed in patience with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she utterest piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-hall, my super-dainty Kate.
For dainties are all eats; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade to bear you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, Good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; you're not too faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [Striking him
Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a oxcomb?"
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Pet. A comely cook, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, there’s no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim’d of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither’d.
Pet. ’Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, thou’rescape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
’T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen.
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamose, passing courteous.
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will:
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain’s thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep’st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife: you dowry ‘greed on,
And, will you, till you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable, as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
Must and will have Katharine to my wife.
Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, and Tranio.
Bap. Now, sir, Petruchio, how speed you with
your daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your
dumps?
Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show’d a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, ’tis thus—yourself and all the world,
That talk’d of her, have talk’d amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she’s not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the moon;
For patience she will prove a second Grissell,
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude, we have ‘greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.
Kath. I’ll see thee hang’d on Sunday first.
Gre. Petruchio: she says, she’ll see thee hang’d first.
Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our
past.
Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself
If she and I be pleas’d, what’s that to you?
’T is bargain’d ‘twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, ’tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O! you are novices! ’tis a world to see;
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock° wretch can make the onrest shrew—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel ‘gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests,
I will be sure! my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your
hands:
God send you joy! Petruchio, ’t is a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o’ Sunday.
[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharine, secretly.
Gre. Was ever match clapp’d up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant’s part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.
Tra. ’T was a commodity lay fretting by you:
’T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fly
Slipper, stand back: ’tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies’ eyes, that flourisheth
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I’ll compound this
strife:
’Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both.
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca’s love.—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basons, and ewers, to have her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff’d my crowns;
In eypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Nor set on f. 2 mor. in f. 0. ° A proverbial phrase, worth a world to see. 
° Cowardly.
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl, 
Valancie of Venice gold in needle-work, 
Powder and brass, and all things that belong 
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm, 
I have a hundred mitch-kine to the pair, 
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls, 
And all things answerable to this portion. 
Myself am struck in years. I must confess; 
And if I die to-morrow this is hers, 
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me: 
I am my father's heir, and only son: 
If I may have your daughter to my wife, 
I'll leave her houses three or four as good, 
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one 
Old signior Gremio has in Padua; 
Besides two thousand ducats by the year 
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. 
What, have I pinched you, signior Gremio? 

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land! 
My land amounts not so much in all: 
That she shall have: besides an argosy, 
That now is lying in Marseilles' road— 
What, have I chock'd you with an argosy? 

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less 
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses, 
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her, 
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next. 

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all. I have no more: 
And she can have no more than all I have:—

If you like me, she shall have me and mine. 

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world, 
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied. 

Bap. I must confess your offer is the best; 
And, let your father make her the assurance, 
She is your own; else, you must pardon me: 

If you should die before him, where's her dowry? 

Tra. 'That's but a cavil: he is old, I young. 
Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old? 

Bap. Well, gentlemen. 
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know, 
My daughter Katharine is to be married: 
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca 
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance: 
If not, to signior Gremio: 
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit. 

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I hear thee not: 
Sirrah, young gamerster, your father were a fool 
To give thee all, and, in his waning age, 
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy! 
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. 

'Tis now I hove on the yard of ten; 
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten; 
'Tis in my head to do my master good:— 
I see no reason, but suppose'd Lucentio 
Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio; 
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly, 
Do get their children; but in this case of winning, 
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning. 

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A room in Baptista's house. 

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca. 

Luc. Fiddler, fo'c'slar: you grow too forward, sir. 
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment 
Her sister Katharine welcome'd you withal? 

Hor. Tut, wrangling pedant! I avouch, this is 
The patrooness of heavenly harmony: 
Then, give me leave to have prerogative; 
And when in music we have spent an hour, 
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. 

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far 
To know the cause why music was ordain'd! 
Was it not to refresh the mind of man, 
After his studies, or his usual pain? 
Then, give me leave to read Philosophy, 
And whilst I pause serve in your harmony. 

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these brave of thine. 

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, 
To strive for that which rests in my choice: 
I am no breeching scholar in the schools; 
I'll not be tied to hours, nor pointed times, 
But learn my lessons as I please myself. 
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:— 
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles; 
His lecture will be done, ere you have bade'd. 

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune? 

[Hortensio retires. 

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument. 

Bian. Where left we last? 

Luc. Here, madam:— 

Hoc igitur Simois; his est Sigeia tellus; 
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa semis.

1. An old proverbial expression. 2. wooing: in i.e. 3. But, wrangling pedant this is: in i.e. 4. Not in i.e.
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our wise musician growth so amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briered sort,
More pleasant, pity, and effectual.

Bion. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bion. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
A re. to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi. Bianca, take him for thy lord,
C faut. that loves with all affection;
D sol re. one cliff, two notes have I;
E la mi. show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best: I am not so nice,
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books.
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bion. Farewell, sweet masters; both I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Bion. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every state,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit thee with by changing.

[Exit.}

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharina, Bianca, Luciento, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Luciento, this is the pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonious rites of marriage?
What says Luciento to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine; I must, forsooth, be fore'd
To give my hand, oppose 'gainst my heart,
Unto a mad-brain ridlesby, full of spleen:
Who would in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banes;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woor'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.'

Tran. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Master, master! news, and such old news! as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees yo there.

Tran. But, say, what is this new news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases. One buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword taken out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse heaped with an old motly saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the gauders, and like to mosc in the chine; troubled with the lampass. infected with the fashions; full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raved with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the botes; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er--legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head stall of sheep's-leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pierced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with pack-thread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caprisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and the amours of forty fancies; pricked in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tran. 'Tis some old humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoever he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Gremio, strangely apparel'd.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tran. Not so well apparel'd as I wish you were.

Pet. Were it much better, I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you brown
And wherefore gaze this goodly company.

* old, news, and such news in f. e. * Farcy * humours of: in f. e. * These words are not in f. e. * Not in f. e.
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

_Bap._ Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad; fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doth this habit, shame to your estate.
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

_Tra._ And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

_Pet._ Tedium it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at a more leisure time, I'll quaff o' the muscadine,
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

_Tra._ See not your bride in these unproper robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

_Pet._ Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

_Bap._ But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

_Pet._ Good sooth, even thus; therefore, have done
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements.
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a loving kiss!

[Exeunt Petrucho, Grumio, and Bianculla.

_Tra._ He hath some meaning in his mad attire,
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better, ere he go to church.

_Bap._ I'll alter him, and see the event of this. [Exit. _Tra._ But, to our love's concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass.
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man—a master he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.

So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

_Luc._ Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good. methinks, to steal our marriage:
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

_Tra._ That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Grumio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

_Re-enter Grumio._

Signior Grumio, came you from the church?

_Gre._ As willingly, as ever I came from school.

_Tra._ And is the bride, and bridgroom, coming home?

_Gre._ A bridgroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed.
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

_Tra._ Outster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

_Gre._ Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

_Tra._ Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

_Gre._ Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask,—if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wounds, quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list!"

_Tra._ What said the wench when he arose again?

_Gre._ Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,
As if the vicar meant to oceen him.

But after many ceremonies done.
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been abroad, carousing to his mate,
At a more leisure time:—quaff'd off the muscadine,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungry,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack.
That, at the parting, all the church did echo;
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame:
And after me, I know, the rout is coming;
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minnstrs play.

[Music.

_Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Bianca, Baptista, Hortensio, Grumio, and Train._

_Pet._ Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd a great store of wedding cheer:
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

_Bap._ Is't possible you will away to-night?

_Pet._ I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay—
And, I thank company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself.
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

_Tra._ Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

_Pet._ It may not be.

_Gre._ Let me entreat you.

_Pet._ It cannot be.

_Kath._ Let me entreat you.

_Pet._ I am content.

_Kath._ Are you content to stay?

_Pet._ I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

_Kath._ Now, if you love me, stay.

_Pet._ Grumio, my horse!

_Gre._ Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
the horses.

_Kath._ Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whilst your boots are green:
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'T is like you 'll prove a jolly surly groom.
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

_Pet._ O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.

_Kath._ I will be angry. What hast thou to do—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

_Gre._ Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

_Kath._ Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

GRUM. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so royally beaten? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm themselves. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

CURT. Who is that, calls so coldly?

GRUM. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUM. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

CURT. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUM. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but thou know'st, winter takes man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and thyself, follow Curtis.

CURT. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

GRUM. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) shall soon feel to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

CURT. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUM. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURT. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

GRUM. Why, "Jack, boy! ho boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

CURT. Come, you are so full of conniving.

GRUM. Why; therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Juls fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

CURT. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

GRUM. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURT. How?

GRUM. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURT. Let's ha', good Grumio.

GRUM. Lend thine ear.

CURT. Here.

GRUM. There.

CURT. This 'tis to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUM. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale: and this cuss was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foull hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

CURT. Both of one horse?

GRUM. What's that to thee?

CURT. Why, a horse.

GRUM. Tell thou the tale:—but haddst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bewildered: how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat her because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how he cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst:—how I lost my crupper:—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURT. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUM. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholans, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knot: let them curry with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my

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Scene from Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. The text includes the following notes:

1. *Reserv'd, directed.*
2. *The first words of an old drinking song drilling cups.*
4. *Jacks, were leather.*
5. *Trickery, cheating.*
master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hande. Are they all ready?  
Curt. They are.  
Gru. Call them forth.  
Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must me master, to countenance my mistress.  
Gru. Why, why, she hath a face of her own.  
Curt. Who knows not that?  
Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.  
Curt. I call them forth to credit her.  
Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.  

Enter several Servants.  
Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.  
Phil. How now, Grumio?  
Jos. What, Grumio!  
Nich. Fellow Grumio!  
Nath. How now, old lad?  
Gru. Welcome, you:—how now, you:—what, you;  
—follow you, and thus much for greeting. Now, my spuce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?  
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?  
Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not.—Coek's passion, silence!—I hear my master.  

[All servants frightened.]  

Enter Petruchio and Katharina.  
Pet. Where be these knives? What! no man at the door,  
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—  
All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.  
Pet. Here, sir! here! sir! here! sir! here, sir?  
You logger-headed and unpollish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—  
Where is the foolish knife I sent before?  
Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.  
Pet. You pensant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!  
Did not bid thee meet me in the park;  
And bring along these rascal knives with thee?  
Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;  
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine. But Adam, Ralph, and Gregory:  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here they are come to meet you.  
Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—  

[Exit some of the Servants.  

"Where is the life that I late led?"—[Sings.  
Where are those?—Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Sond, sound, sound, sound!  

Re-enter Servants, with supper.  
Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry;  
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?  
"It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.  
As he forth walked on his way:"—[Kicks him.  
Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry;  
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.  
Be merry, Kate;—some water, here; what, ho!—  

Enter Servant, with water.  
Where's my spaniel Trolius?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid by cousin Ferdinand come hither:—  

[Exit Servant.  

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?  
[A bosom is presented to him.  
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.  
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.  
Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!  
[Meat served in.  
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.  
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—  
What's this? mutton?  
1 Serv. Ay.  
1 Serv. Who brought it?  
I.  
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.  
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser.  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
There, take it to you, trechers, cups, and all.  

[Throws the meat, &c. all about.  
You needless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!  
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.  
Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:  
The meat was well, if you were so contented.  
Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't is burnt and dried away.  
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,  
For it engenders choler, planethe anger:  
And better 't were, that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choicer,  
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.  
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,  
And for this night we'll fast for company.  
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridall chamber.  

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curt.  

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?  
Pet. He kills her in her own humour  

Re-enter CURTIS.  
Gru. Where is he?  
Curt. In her chamber.  
Making a sermon of continency to her;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt, running.  

Re-enter Petruchio.  
Pet. Thus have I politely begun my reign,  
And 't is my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd.  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
That is, to watch her, as we watch those kits,  
That hate, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not.  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed,  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is the way to kill a wife with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour,  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 't is charity to shew.  

[Exit.  


Enter Tranio and Hortensio.  
Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
SCENE II.

TAMING OF THE SREWE.

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said, Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

[They stand aside.

Enter Bianca and Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

[They retire.

Hor. [Coming forward.] Quick proceedings, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,

You that dost swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov’d none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O, despiteful love! unconsumated kind!—
I tell thee, Lucio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Lucio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be.

But sure she doth seem to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.

Know, sir, that I am call’d Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter’d her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry her, though she entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn her!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov’d me,
As I have lov’d this proud, disdainful hag.
And so farwell, signior Lucentio—

Kindness in women! not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As long’st to a lover’s blessed case!
Nay, I have ta’en you napping, gentle love
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Lucio.

Tra. I faith, he’ll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo’d and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he’ll take her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. ‘Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master; That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long, To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter Bianello, running.

Bian. O master, master! I have watch’d so long That I’m dog-weary: but at last I spied An ancient ambler* coming down the hill, Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Bianello?

Bian. Master, a mercatante,* or a pedant, I know not what: but formal in apparel, In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale, I’ll make him glad to seem Vincentio, And give assurance to Baptista Minolla, As if he were the right Vincentio. Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exit Lucentio and Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir: you are welcome.

Ped. Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Tra. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome, And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Ped. What countryman, I pray?

Bian. Of Mantua.

Ped. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!

And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goa hard

Tra. ’T is death for any one in Mantua

To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?

Your ships are stay’d at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrels twist your duke and him,
Hath publish’d and proclaim’d it openly.

’T is marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim’d about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy

This will I do, and this I will advise you.—

First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa I have often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Ped. Among them, knew you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Ped. He is my father. Sir, I must, sooth say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bian. [Aside.] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,

This favour will I do for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes.

That you are so like to Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg’d.

Look, that you take upon you as you should:

You understand me, sir:—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:

My father is here look’d for every day,
To pass assurance of a dowry in marriage

’Tis met me and one Baptista’s daughter here:

In all these circumstances I’ll instruct you.

Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you. [Exit

*ambler: in f. e. 2 would entreat: in f. e. 3 This word is not in f. e. 4 angle: in f. e.
SCENE III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.

Enter Katharina and Grumio.

Grumio. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Katharina. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity.

But, I, who never knew how to entertain,

Nor never needed, that I should entertain,

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.

And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I pray thee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Grumio. What say you to a neat's foot?

Katharina. 'Tis passing good: I pray thee let me have it.

Grumio. I fear, it is too choleric a meet.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Katharina. I like it well: good Grumio fetch it me.

Grumio. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Katharina. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Grumio. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Katharina. Why, then the beef; and let the mustard rest.

Grumio. Nay, that I will not: you shall have the mustard.

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Katharina. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Grumio. Why then, the mustard without the beef.

Katharina. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave.

[Beats him.

That feed'st me with the very name of meat.

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon my misery!

Go: get thee gone, I say.

Enter Petruchio with a dish of meat, and Hortensio.

Petruchio. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amot?

Hortensio. Mistress, what cheer?

Petruchio. Faith, as cold as can be.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,

To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.—

Here, take away this dish.

Katharina.

I pray thee, let it stand.

Petruchio. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Katharina. I thank you, sir.

Hortensio. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Petruchio. Come, mistress Kate. I'll bear you company, [me—

Petruchio. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st [To her.] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apiece. And now, my honey love,

Wilt we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best,

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,

With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and shings;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Katharina. Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

[Enter Hubardasher.

Tailor. Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hubardasher. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Petruchio. Why, this was moulded on a pattering,

A velvet dish—fine! 'tis fresh and filthy.

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Katharina. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time.

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Petruchio. When you are gentle, you shall have one too.

And not till then.

Hortensio. [Aside.] That will not be in haste.

Katharina. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak.

And I say well, I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free,

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Petruchio. Why, thou say'st true: it is a pultry cap.

A custard-essoin, 2 a bungle, a silken pie.

I love thee well, in that thou livest it not.

Katharina. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap.

And it I will have, or I will have none.

Petruchio. Thy gown? why, ay—come, tailor, let us see't

O, mercy, God!—what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, e'en'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and smear, and slash.

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, o devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hortensio. [Aside.] I see, she's like to have neither cap

nor gown.

Tait. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion, and the time.

Petruchio. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Katharina. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,

More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Petruchio. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tait. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Petruchio. O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,

Thou thinny,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail

Thou fea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—

Bravy'd in mine own house with a skew of thread?

Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,

Or I shall be mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.

I tell thee, I, that thou hast mar'd her gown.

Tait. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Grumio. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff

Tait. But how did you desire it should be made?

Grumio. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tait. But did you not request to have it cut?

Grumio. Thou hast faced many things

1 Drums.  2 Approbation.  3 The crust of a pie was so called.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista’s House.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant bootéd and dressed like Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call? Pet. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. ‘Tis well; and hold your own, in any case. With such austerity as longeth to a father.

Enter Bianelio.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy ‘T were good, he were school’d.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biemmeo, Now do your duty throughly, I advise you: Imagine ‘t were the right Vincentio. Bin. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista? Bino. I told him, that your father was at Venice. And that you look’d for him this day in Padua. Tra. Thou’rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista and Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.— Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.— I pray you, stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son, Lucentio, Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And, for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him, to stay him not long, I am content, in a good father’s cares, To have him matehd; and, if you please to like Me, shall you find ready and willing With one consent to have her so bestow’d; For curious * I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say: Your plainness, and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here, Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And, therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is happily done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold best, We be ailed, and such assurance taken, As shall with either part’s agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know, Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants. Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still, And, happily, we might be interrupted.

* Know * in f. o. ** This word not in f. o. 3 This word not in f. o. + This word not in f. o. 4 Particular. * This word not in f. o. 5 This word not in f. o.
Tra. Then, at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have it thin and slender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, lie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.
Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart.
Tra. Daily not with the gods, but get thee gone.
Sennor Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir: we will better it in Pisa.
Bap. I follow you.

[Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.

Bion. Cambo!
Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you.
Luc. Biondello, what of that?
Bion. Faith, nothing; but he has left me here,
behind to expound the meaning or moral of his signs
and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.
Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe: talking with the
deceiving father of a deceitful son,
Luc. And what of him?
Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the
supper.
Luc. And then?

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at
your command at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell: except1, while2 they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of
her, cum privilegio ad imprimitum solam. To the
church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient
honest witnesses.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married
in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to
stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir.
My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to
bid the priest be ready to come against you come with
your appendix.

[Exeunt.

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
Show will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

SCENE V.—A public Road.

Enter Petrucho, Katharina, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward
our father's.

Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.
Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.
Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or else I journey to your father's house.—
Go one,3 and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And he it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be still for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should
run,
And not unlucky against the bias.—

But soft! what company is coming here?

[Enter Vincentio, in a travelling dress.

[To Vincentio.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress: where
away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?—
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman
of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and
sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favournable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverent father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking. [known

Pet. Do, good old grand sire: and, withal, make
Whieh way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me.
My name is called Vincentio: my dwelling, Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not grieved: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth:
Beside, so qualified as may beseeem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son.
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure.
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Enter on my side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; 
Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore, leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church of your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[Exit Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here’s the door; this is Lucentio’s house: My father’s bears more toward the market place; That ther I must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go. I think I shall command your welcome here, And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [Knocks.

Gre. They’re busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What’s he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signor Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He’s within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was belovéd in Padua.

Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signor Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman? [To Vincentio.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, ’tis mean to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

[Re-enter Biondello.]

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send them good shipping! —But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. [Seeing Biondello.]

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgotten me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, diest thou never see thy master’s father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vinp. Is’t so, indeed? [Beats Biondello.]

Bion. Help, help, help! here’s a madman will murder me.

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

Pet. Pr’ythee, Kate, let’s stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

[Re-enter Pedant, below: Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.]

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant? Vin. What am I, sir? may, what are you, sir?—O, immortal Gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a capistan hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what’s the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic? 

Tra. Sir, you seem a noble ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you madman. Why, sir, what ’cerns it if you wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signor Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master. —Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke’s name —O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

[Enter one, with an Officer.]

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, signor Baptista, lest you be caught in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wilt best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signor Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be handled and abused.—O, monstrous villain!

[Re-enter Biondello with Lucentio, and Bianca.]

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is; deus

him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling.

Vin. Lives my sweet son? [Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out
Bian. Pardon, dear father, [Kneeling.]  
Bap. How hast thou offended?—

Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio:
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes unclear'd thine eye.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vinc. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fard'st and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio.
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss,
What Tranio did, myself enforce'd him to:
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vinc. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent
me to the jail.

Bap. [To Lucentio.] But do you hear, sir? Have you
married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vinc. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to:
but I will in, to be revenged for this villain. [Exit.

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. [Exit.

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not
frown. [Exit Luc. and Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest,
out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [Exit.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA adventure.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then, let's home again.—Come, sirrah,
let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee,
love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A BANQUET set out; Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is gone,
To smile at escapes and perils overwhelmed.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio—sister Katharina.—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow;
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat. [They sit at table.

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were
true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my
sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Pet. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Pet. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Concedes by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good
widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns
round;—

I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.

Pet. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew
Measures my husband's sorrow by his wees:
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Pet. Right, I mean you

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her. Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Here's to thee, lad.

[Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vinc. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me: therefore, I'll sleep
again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush.
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all. [Exit Baptista, Katharina, and Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tranio. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tranio. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'T is thought, your deer doth hold you at a bay.

Pet. He, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maun'd you two outright.

Bian. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio.

I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance,
Let's each one send unto his several wife,
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns!

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound.
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.


Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. [Exit
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no half; I'll hear it all myself.

Re-enter Biondello.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word, that she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Bion. Ay, and a kind one too: 

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and entreat my wife to come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.

Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir, Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter Biondello.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand:

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse; she will not come? O vile! Intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; say, I command her come to me. [Exit Grumio.

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end. 

Enter Katharina.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight. [Exit Katharina.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy;

And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair belal thee, good Petrucho! The wager thou hast won; and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns; Another dowry to another daughter.

For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet, And show more sign of her obedience, Her new-built virtue and obedience. 

Re-enter Katharina, with Bianca and Widow. See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.— Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot. [Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too; The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Cost me one hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unkind that threatening unkind brow.

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It bloys thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-looking, thick, bereft of beauty; And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance; commits his body To painful labour, both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe: And craves no other tribute at thy hands, But love, fair looks, and true obedience, Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even such a woman oweth to her husband; And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his king's will governor: What is she but a foul contending rebel, And graceless traitor to her loving lord?— 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, happy, more To bandy word for word, and brow for brow; But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare. That seeming 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.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha'.

Vir. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are spsed.
'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white: [To Lucentio

And, being a winner, God give you good night.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast t'amid a curtis shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be t'amid so. [Exeunt.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
French Envoy, serving with Bertram.
French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram.
Rinaldo, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, in her household.
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.
Helena, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
Diana, Daughter to the Widow.
Violanta, Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
Mariana.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafue, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward,¹ evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had I how sad a passage 'tis—whose skill, almost as great as his honesty, had it stretched so far would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the ung's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so.—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skillful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traits too: in her they are the better for their simplicity: she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father

In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'T is an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—
Farewell, Bertram. (Exit Counts.)

¹ Heirs of large estates were during their minority, wards of the king. ² f. e. insert tears
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Scene 1

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to your mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Hel. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[Exit Bertram and Lafeu.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; and then the great tears grace his remembrance more than those I shed for him. What was he like? I have forgot him: my imagination carries no favour in it, but only Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none, if Bertram be away. It were all one, that I should love a bright particular star, and think to wed it, he is so above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In my heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these false evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steed bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity;
how may we barricade it against him.

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant
in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and
blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins
might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be
blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with
the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is
not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve
virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and
there was never virgin get, till virginity was first lost.
That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Vir-
ginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by
being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a com-
panion: away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't: 't is against the
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to
accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disci-

Ae. He that hangs himself a virgin: virginity
murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out
of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendness against
nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese;
consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with
feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish,
proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most in-
hhibited sin in the canon. Keep not: you cannot
choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within two years
it will make itself two, which is a godly increase, and
the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own
liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill: to like him that ne'er
it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with
lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while
't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity,
like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion;
richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the breech and
the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is
better in your pie and your porridge, than in your
check: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like
one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats
dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear: it was formerly
better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you do
any thing with it?

Hel. Not with' my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dextrous.
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty, fond, adventitious christendoms,
That blushing Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place:—and he is one—

Par. What one, 't faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't.

Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

[Enter a Page.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

Exit Page.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee,
I will think of thee at court.

[Exit Parolles.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritable star.

Par. Under Mars.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you
must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the
safety; but the composition that your valour and fear
make in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like
the way well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer
thee aetutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee.
All's Well that Ends Well.

ACT I.

Scene I. Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears; have fought with equal fortune, and continue a braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it A certainty, you'd from our cousin, Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend prejudiceth the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

1 Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead For ampest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here? Enter Bertram, Lafawne, and Parolles.

1 Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou best thy father's face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First tried our soldiership. He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long; But on us both did haggis age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in your young lords; but they may jest, Tilt their own scorn return to them unnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour: So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak'd them: and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak; and at this time His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him? He us'd as creatures of another place, And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man Might be a copy to these younger times, Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir.

Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb.

So in approbation lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him! He would alway say,

(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them, To grow there, and to bear.)—'Let me not live,'— Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out, 'let me not live,' quoth he, After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain: whose judgments are Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies Expire before their fashions. This he wish'd, I, after him, do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my live, To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir, They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know 't. How long is 't, count, Since the physician at your father's died? He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet:— Let me an arm;—the rest have worn me out With several applications: nature and sickness Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count; My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exit.

Scene III. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaverys yours.

Clo. 'T is not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 't is not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world, Isabel, the woman, and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

1 Fortune nature brings: i. e. 2 The people of Sienna. 3 To be married.
Scene III.

All's Well that Ends Well

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isabel's case, and mine own. Service is no heritage: and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they say, barns are blessings.

Count. Tell me this reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go that do the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you nd all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; 'e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-ware of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend; ergo, he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no tears in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poyseam the papist, howsoever their hearts are severed in religion, their heads are both one: they may joll horns together, like any deer t' the herd.

Count. Will thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth, the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men fall true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you? of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause?
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Four't love, done food, good sooth it was;
Was this King Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood:
And gave this sentence then:
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song, and mending o' the sex. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a' an we might have a good woman born—but one—every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honestly be not puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplis of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither. [Exit.

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she 'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears. she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved her son: fortune, she said, was no godness, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level: Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you farther, anon.

[Exit Steward.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Both to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth.
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

Enter Helena.

By our remembrances of days foregone Search we out faults, for then we thought them none:
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen.

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:
Why not a mother? When I said a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwomb'd mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppressed me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curry thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?
Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble;
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were
(As that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother! or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness; Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness, and find
Your salt tears head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son; invention is shams'd
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not; therefore, tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, thy one to the other; and thine eyes
Sce it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is 't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear 'tis: how'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about: my love hath 't a bond.
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess, [Kneeling;]

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—[Rising;]

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intemate sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of loving,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dion
Was both herself and love, O! then give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose:
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifold experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing unto thy attempt
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Erect}
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return 
And find your grace in health. 

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart 
Will not confess he owes the malady 
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords: 
Whether I live or die, be you the sons 
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy 
(Those 'batled, that inherit but the fall 
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come 
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when 
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek, 
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell. 

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty! 
King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them. 
They say, our French lack language to deny, 
If they demand: beware of being captives, 
Before you serve. 

[Exeunt.] 

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings. 

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. 

[The King retires to a couch. 

1 Lord. O, my sweet lord, that you will stay 
behind us! 
Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark. 

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars! 

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars. 
Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with; 
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early." 
Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely. 
Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a snook, 
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, 
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn, 
But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away. 

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft. 
Par. Commit it, count. 

2 Lord. I am your necessary: and so farewell. 
Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured 
brody. 

1 Lord. Farewell, captain. 

2 Lord. Sweet monisseur Parolles! 

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. 
Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you 
shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain 
Spurio, with his eicatire, an emblem of war, here 
on his sinister check: it was this very sword entrenched 
it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports of me. 

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain. 

[Exeunt Lords. 

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—What will 
you do? 

Ber. Stay; the king— 

[Seeing him rise. 
Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble 
lords; you have restrained yourself within the limits of 
too cold an adien: be more expressive to them; for 
they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do 
muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the 
influence of the most received star; and though the 
devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After 
them, and take a more dilated farewell. 

[Exit Parolles. 

Par. And I will do so. 

[Exit. 

Worthy fellows, and let us prove most sinewy 

[Enter Bertram and Parolles. 

Laf. Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tides. 

King. I will see thee to stand up. 
Laf. Then here a man stands, that has brought his 
pardon. 

[Kneeling. 

King. I would I had so; I had broke thy pate, 
And ask'd thee mercy for't. 
Laf. Good faith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus 
Will you be e'er'd at your infirmity? 
King. No. 
Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? 
Yes, but you will, ay, noddle grapes, an if 
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen 
A medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone, 
Quick'en a rock, and make you dance encany 
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch 
Is powerful to uprais'e king Pepin, nay, 
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand, 
To write to her a love-line. 

King. What her is this? 
Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd, 
If you will see her—now, by my faith and honour, 
If seriously I may convey my thoughts 
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke 
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession. 
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more 
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her, 
(For that is her demand) and know her business? 
That done, laugh well at me. 

King. Now, good Lafue, 
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee 
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine 
By wond'ring how thou took'st it. 

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you, 
And not be all day neither. 

[Exit LAUFEU. 

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues. 

Re-enter LAUFEU, with HELENA. 

Laf. Nay, come your ways. 

King. This haste hath wings, indeed. 

Laf. Nay, come your ways. 

This is his majesty, say your mind to him: 
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors 
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cresaid's uncle. 
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. 

[Exit King. 

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my 
father: 
In what he did profess well found. 

King. I knew him. 

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him 
Knowing him, is enough. On 's bed of death 
Many receipts he gave me: chiefly one 
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, 
And of his old experience 'th' only darling, 
He bad me store up as a triple eye, 
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so; 
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd 
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour 
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, 
I come to tender it, and my appliance, 
With all bound humbless. 

King. We thank you, maiden 
But may not be so credulous of eure: 
When our most learned doctors leave us, and 
The congregated college have concluded 
That labouring art can never ransom nature 
From her inanisde estate, I say, we must not 
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, 
To prostitute our past-cure malady 
To enturies; or to disserve so 
Our great self and our credit, to esteem 
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem. 

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains 
I will no more enforce mine office on you; 
Humby entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.

Then thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest against remedy.

He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried.

When miracles have by the greatest been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.¹

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid.

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid;
Proferies, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is bair'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hast thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murr and occidental dam
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infrom from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduce'd by obloquy; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended,
With vileness torture let my life be ended. [Speak,
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, honour,² all
That happiness in² prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unjustly let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd;
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou canst, how tend on; but rest,
Unquestion'd we conclude, and unclouded blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height
Of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught
My knowledges is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you special,
When you put off that with such contempt?

But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any

Villains, he may easily put it off at court: he cannot make a leg, put off his cap, kiss his hand, and

Say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and

Indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.

But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks: the pin-buttock, the quack-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your tass'fata punk, as Tib's rush² for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuekold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer.

I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off—

More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.
Scene III.

All's well that ends well.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whispering: you would answer very well to a whispering, if you were but bound to't.

Clown. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my "O Lord, sir." I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clown. O Lord, sir!—why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this, and urge her to a present answer back: Command me to your kinsmen, and my son. This is not much.

Clown. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you; you understand me?

Clown. Most truly: I am there before my legs.

Count. Hasten you again. [Exit severally.

Scene III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

Laf. They say, miracles are past: and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,——

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,——

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed; if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—what do you call there?——

Laf. In showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'tis me, I speak in respect——

Par. Nay, 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the o'ershoot and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facious spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak——

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendency: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter King, Helena, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.

Why, he's able to lead her a coranto. —

Par. Mort du vinaigre! Is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.

Sirs, my preserver, by thy patient's side;

And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

The confirmation of my promis'd gift

Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,

O'er whom both sovereigns' power and father's voice

I have to use: thy frank election make,

Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress—

Fall, when love please!—marry, each, but one.

Laf. I'd give bay curtail, and his furniture,

My mouth no more were broken than these boys,

And with'st as little heard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refresh'd—

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:

We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice, and see:

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,

And to imperial Love, that god most high,

Do my sighs steam—Sir, will you hear my suit?——

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, and throw ames ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:

Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make enuchs of.

Hel. [To 3 Lord.] Be not afraid that I your hand should take:

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French never got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good.

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet:—I am sure, thy father drank wine. But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already. [I give Hel. [To Bertram.] I dare not say I take you; but

Common. [The word came in use from Holland, about 1600.]

1 A lively dance. 2 sovereigns: in f. c. 3 Except one 4 A locked horse. 5 I had lost no more teeth. 6 writ: in f. c. 7 Both axes: an expression for ill luck.
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife. [Bertram draws back.]

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beeseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, what she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter my wife?—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter thou dislik'st)
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell' (2) and virtue none,
It is a dropped honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these bred honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,
A lying tyrant, and as old is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour's bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest. Virtue, and she
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive
to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad.
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defend,(3)
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shake up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that will not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate.
Loos'd upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flicks where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my noblest thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so emmolded,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine; to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now born(4) brief,
And be performed to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,
Expecting about the ban's. As thou lovest her,
Thou love'st to me religious, else, does err.

[Exit King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and Attendants.

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood
without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Roissillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of
another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which
title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,(5) to be a
pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of
thy travel: it might pass; yet the scars, and the ban-
erets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from
believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have
now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not;
yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that
thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which it—Lord have mercy on thee
for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee.
Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy
of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will
not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull
at a smack o'the contrary. If ever thou be'st bound
in thy scar, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to
be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my
acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that
I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexa-
tion.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my

1 Not in f. s. 2 swell us. 3 defeat: in f. s. 4 The old copies bore. 5 Dining in your company twice.
poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.  
Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, sev'ry, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again.  
Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.  
Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personnages, than the condition of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweetheart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my Paroles, they have married me! I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars! He wears his honour in a box, unseen, That hags his kissey-wissey here at home, Spending his manly marrow in her arms, Which should sustain the bound and high curvet Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions! France is a stable, we, that dwell in 't, jades; Therefore, to the wars!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house, Acquaint my mother with my fate to her, And wherefore I am fled; write to the king That which I durst not speak. His present gift Shall furnish me to those Italian fields, Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound, there's noise in it: 'tis hard.

A young man married is a man that's marr'd: Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go; The king has done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Room in the Same

Enter HELENA and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing for the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she all, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to head them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou 'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou 'rt a knave; that is, before me thou 'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me?

Par. Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more; I found thee, a witty fool.3

Clo. The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him. The great prerogative and rite of love, Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge, But puts it off to a compulsory restraint; Whose want, and whose delay, is strewn with sweets, Which they distil now in the embred time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brink.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king, And make this haste as your own good proceeding, Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his farther pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah. [Exit.
SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same

Enter LAFFKU and BERTRAM.

Laf But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a

soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warrantied testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goés not true. I took this lack
for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in
knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sworn against his experience, and
transgressed against his valour; and my state that way
is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to
repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends:
I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To BERTRAM] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a
good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, cast my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin.

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end
of a dinner: but one that lies three-thirds and uses a
known truth to pass a thousand nothing with, should
be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you,
captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and
you monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into
my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and
spurs all, like him that leaped into the custard,2 and
out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer ques-
tion for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his
prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of
me: there can be no kernel in this light nut: the soul
of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of
hearty consequence; I have kept of them tame, and
know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have
spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at
my hand: but we must do good against evil. [Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

BER. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my elegy.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor docs
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business: therefore am I found
So much unsought. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem:
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.]

'T will be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe,3
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does voueh mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing
indeed—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith, yes;
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell!3 [Exit.

Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coraggio! [Exeunt.
SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my truth, I take your young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; meditate ruff; and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth; and sing; I know a man that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court; the trains of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads.] I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the keng, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son, "BEETRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is standing to; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away.

Enter Helena and two French Gentlemen.

Fr. Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.

Fr. Gen. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience — Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman unto 't:—where's my son, I pray you?

Fr. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[Reads.] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam, and for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs as' thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Fr. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe t,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [Reads.] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

'T is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

Fr. Gen. 'T is but the boldness of his hand, haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

Fr. Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was it not?

Fr. Gen. Ay, good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.

Fr. Gen. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which 'hoves' him much to leave."

Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Fr. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[Exeunt Countess and French Gentlemen.

1 The top of the loose boot which turned over was called the ruff, or ruffle.
2 Old copies: hold; which Knight renders understanding as the tenure by which it was held.
3 are: in f.e.
4 holds: in f.e.
5 have: in f.e.
HELENA. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the non-sparing war? and is it!

That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou

Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark

Of snaky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the volant speed of fire.

Fly with false aim; wound the still-piercing air

That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;

Whoever charges on his forward breast,

I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;

And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effect'd. Better were,

I met the ravening lion when he roard

With sharp constraint of hunger; better 't were

That all the miseries which nature gives

Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar;

As oft it loses all: I will be gone.

My being here it is that holds thee hence:

Shall I stay here to do it? no, no, although

The air of paradise did fan the house,

And angels offer'd all: I will be gone,

That pitiful rumour may report my flight,

To consolise thine ear. Come, night: end, day;

For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. [Exit.


FLORISH. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Parolles, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

DUKE. The general of our horse thou art; and we,

Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence

Upon thy promising fortune.

BARTER. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet

We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,

To th' extreme edge of hazard.

DUKE. Then go thou forth,

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,

As thy auspicious mistress! [Exit.

BARTER. This very day,

Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:

Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove

A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and her Steward.

COUNTESS. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?

Might you not know, she would do as she has done,

'Ye sending me a letter? Read it again.

STEWART. [Reads.] 'I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.

Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may he:

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far

His name with zealous fervour sanctify.

His taken labours bid him me forgive:

I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me,

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

COUNT. Ah, what sharp stings are in her midstest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

STEWART. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,

Pursuit would be but vain.

COUNT. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife:

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,

That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger.—

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return: and hope I may, that she,

Hearing so much, will spend her foot again,

Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill or sense

To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A Tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violanta, Mariana, and other Citizens.

WIDOW. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city

We shall lose all the sight.

DIA. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

WIDOW. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander, and that with his own hand he slew the Duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

MARIANA. Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

DIA. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

MARIA. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles, a filthy officer he is in those suggestions' for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, entertainments, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that drossy succession, but that they are lined with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not advise you further; but I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

DIA. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena in the dress of a Pilgrim.

WIDOW. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another.

I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?
SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, and the two Frenchmen.

Fr. Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

Fr. Gent. If your lordship find him not a hindering, hold me no more in your respect.

Fr. Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble. Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Fr. Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most noble coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality, worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Fr. Gent. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Fr. Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Fr. Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Fr. Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch off his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Fr. Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.
Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

Fr. Gent. Aye, on 't! let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in upon our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Fr. Gent. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success; some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer. I would have that drum or another, or hie jacet.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this inscrutament of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost yiable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now shuffle in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be hold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord: but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldierhip will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Fr. Gent. But you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once and found her wondrous cold: but I sent to her, by this same coxcomb that we have 't the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send; and this is all I have done. She's a fair creature Will you go see her?

Fr. Gent. With all my heart, my lord.

SCENE VII.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdirect me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you farther, but I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses, And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband, And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter, Lays down his wanting siege before her beauty, Resolved to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear it. Now, his important? blood will nought deny That she 'll demand: a ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You saw it lawful then. It is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chaustly absent. After this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded. Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this decent so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes, With musick of all sorts, and songs compos'd To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us, To chide him from our ears, for he persists As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed, And lawful meaning in a lawful act; Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it.

[Exit.}

1 Run him down till he foams at the mouth. 2 Play. 3 Impertinent.
ACT IV.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] You shall hear one anon.
Par. A drum, now, of the enemy’s!

Fr. Env. Throca movensus, cargo, cargo, cargo. All. Cargo, cargo, villainada par corbo, cargo.
Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

They seize and blindfold him

1 Sold. Boskos thromuluido boskos.
Par. I know you are the Muskos’ regiment; and I shall lose my life for want of language. If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me: I will discover that which shall undo the Florentine.

1 Sold. Boskos vauvauvo:—I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.

Kerelybonto.—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
1 Sold. O! pray, pray, pray.—
Menka revania dulche.
Fr. Env. Ocorlibulchus volivorcho.
1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet, and, heedwink’d as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply, thou may’st inform Something to save thy life.
Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I’ll show,
Their force, their purposes: nay, I’ll speak that Which you will wonder at.
1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
1 Sold. Acordo linta.—
Come on! thou art granted space.
[Exit with Parolles guarded]

Fr. Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2 Sold. Captain, I will.
Fr. Env. A’ will betray us all unto ourselves: Instruct me that.
2 Sold. So I will, sir.
Fr. Env. Till then, I’ll keep him dark, and safely lock’d.

SCENE II.—Florence, A Room in the Widow’s House.

Enter Bertram and Diana.
Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess, And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul, In your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are too maiden, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stone; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be. 

Dia.
My mother did but duty; such, my lord, As you owe to your wife.

Bel. No more o' that: I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows. I was compell'd to her; but I love thee By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us, Till we serve you; but when you have our roses, You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves, And mock us with our bareness.

Bel. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth, But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true. What is not holy, that we swear not by, But take the highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me, If I should swear by Jove's great attributes, I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths, When I did love you ill? this has no holding, To swear by him, whom I protest to love, That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd, At least, in my opinion.

Bel. Change it, change it. Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy, And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts, That you do charge men with. Stand no more off, But give thyself unto my sick desires. Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever My love, as it begins, shall so persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes in such a suit That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Bel. I' ll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Bel. It is an honour longing to our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring: My chastity's the jewel of our house, Bequeathed down from many ancestors, Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom Brings in the champion, honour, on my part Against your vain assault.

Bel. Here, take my ring: My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine, And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window: I'll order take my mother shall not hear. Now will I charge you in the band of truth, When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed, Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me. My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them, When back again this ring shall be deliver'd: And on your finger, in the night, I'll put Another ring; that what in time proceeds May taken to the future our past deeds. Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won A wife of me, though there my hope be none.

Bel. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me! You may so in the end, My mother told me just how he would woo, As if she sat in 's heart: she says, all men Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me, When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him, When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid, Marry that will, I live and die a maid: Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin, To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [Exit

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp. Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

Fr. Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter.

Fr. Env. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

Fr. Gent. He has much worthy blain laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Fr. Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

Fr. Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Fr. Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he flashes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Fr. Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Fr. Env. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

Fr. Gent. Is it not most damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to night.

Fr. Env. Not till after midnight, for he is dictated to his hour.

Fr. Gent. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his companion* anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Fr. Env. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Fr. Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Fr. Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Fr. Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Fr. Env. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Fr. Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Fr. Env. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

Fr. Gent. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to saint Jacques le Grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Fr. Env. How is this justified?

Fr. Gent. The stranger* part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is some, and faithfully confirmed by the stories of the place.
Fr. Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?
Fr. Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.
Fr. Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.
Fr. Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.
Fr. Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.
Fr. Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?
Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.
Fr. Env. They shall be no more needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.

Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?
Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a mouth's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have cong'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these many parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that have not ended yet.
Fr. Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.
Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit medal; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.
Fr. Env. Bring him forth. [Execut Soldiers.] He has sat i'the stocks all night, poor gallon knave.
Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?
Fr. Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i'the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?
Ber. Nothing of me, has he?
Fr. Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!
Fr. Gent. Hoodman comes.—Portotartarossa.
1 Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?
Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.
1 Sold. Bosko chimireko.
Fr. Gent. Boblibindo chieturmuro.
1 Sold. You are a merciless general.—Our general bills you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.
1 Sold. "First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?
Par. Five or six thousand: but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.
1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do. I'll take my sacrament on't, how and which way you will.
1 Sold. All's one to him.
Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!
Fr. Gent. Ye are deceived, my lord: this is monsiour Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoretick of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.
Fr. Env. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.
Fr. Gent. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I con'm him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.
Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth:
the rogues are marvellous poor.
1 Sold. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambo so many, Jacques so many: Guittian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vauxmond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muskete, rotten and sound, upon my life amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.
Ber. What shall be done to him?
Fr. Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one captain Dumaine be in't the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.
1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumaine?
Par. I know him: he was a boaster's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay. [Dumaine lifts up his hand in anger.
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that fails.
1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and boney.
Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.
1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn

1 An allusion to blind man's buff.—Knight. 2 I.e. give these words to Bertram. 3 Hook by which it was attached. 4 Ours.
him out o' the band I think, I have his letter in my pocket.
1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.
Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.
1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?
Par. I do not know if it be it, or no. 
Ber. Our interpreter does it well.
Fr. Gent. Excellently.
1 Sold. [Reads.] "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold."
Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.
1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.
Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.
Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!
1 Sold. [Reads.] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it; 
After he scores, he never pays the score: 
Half won is match well made; match, and well make it: 
He ne'er pays after debts; take it before, 
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this. 
Men are to mells with, boys are not to kiss: 
For count of this, the count's a fool. I know it, 
Who pays before, but not where he does owe it. 
"Thine, as he vow'd thee in thine ear, 
"Parolles?"
Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.
Fr. Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.
Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.
1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.
Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 'tis the stocks, or any where, so I may live.
1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumatine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?
Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.
Fr. Gent. I begin to love him for this.
Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.
1 Sold. What say you to his expertise in war?
Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to bellie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiers he know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.
Fr. Gent. He hath out-villain'd villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.
Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.
1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.
Par. Sir, for a quart d' eau he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.
1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumaine?
Fr. Env. Why does he ask him of me?
1 Sold. What's he?
Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.
1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?
Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.
1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.
Par. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count. Have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?
1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, head-smans; off with his head.
Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!
1 Sold. That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [Unraveling him.] So, look about you: know you any here?
Ber. Good-morrow, noble captain.
Fr. Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.
Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.
Fr. Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Laffin? I am for France.
Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.
[Exit Bertram, Frenchmen, &c.
1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarlet, that has a knot on't yet.
Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?
1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [Exit
Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more: But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, Let him fear this; for it will come to pass.
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool’d, by foolery thrive!
There’s place and means for every man alive.
I’ll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow’s House.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong’d you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety: ’fore whose throne, ’tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through thiny Tartar’s bosom would peep forth
And answer, thanks. I duly am informed,
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place
We have convenient convey. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We’ll be before our welcome.

Dian. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter’s dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive,
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can so sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the eoz’en thoughts
Defles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dian. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the world! the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar’d, and time reviles us:
“All’s well that ends well! still the fine’s the crown;
What’er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter Countess, Laf., and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was mislaid with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbooked and doughty youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour. And you son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humpback I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: she had partaken of my ease, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. ’Twas a good lady, ’t was a good lady: we may pick a thousand salades, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not pot-herbs, you know; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Neuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman’s service, and a knave at a man’s.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bandle, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who’s that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a’ has an English name; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there’s my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world; let the nobility remain in’s court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chilth and tender, and they’ll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-heap’d of thee;
And I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon ’em, sir, they shall be jades’ tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So a’ is. My lord, that’s gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; ’t is not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady’s death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-graceful remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effect't.

1 word; in f. e. 2 reviles; in f. e. 3 Saffron was used to color starch, a yellow hue being then fashionable in dress. It was also used to color pie-crust. 4 salade herbs; in f. e. 5 A short stick, with a fool’s head, or a small figure, at the end of it. An inflated bladder was sometimes attached. 6 Old copies: muse. 7 Miscellaneous. 8 pace; in f. e.
SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,
Enter a Gentleman, a Stranger.  
This man may help me to his majesty’s ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.
Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.
Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What’s your will?
Hel. That it will please you,
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king’s not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov’d last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All’s well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unprofitable.
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us mean.

Gent. This I’ll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thanked;
Whate’er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide.  
[Exeunt.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder’s my lord your son with a
patch of velvet on his face: whether there be a scar
under it, or no, the velvet knows; but ’tis a goodly
patch of velvet. His left cheek is a check of two pile
and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Hel. A scar nobly got; or a noble scar, is a
goodly livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Hel. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to
talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. ‘Tis faith, there’s a dozen of ’em, with delicate fine
hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head,
and nod at every man.  
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the
Countess’s Palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, ill-favoured.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafan
this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to
you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes;
but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune’s mood, and
smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune’s displeasure is but sluttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth
eat no fish of fortune’s buttering. Pr’ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I
spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop
my nose: or against any man’s metaphor. Pr’ythee,
get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr’ythee, stand away: a paper from for-
tune’s close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here
he comes himself.

Enter Lafan.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath
ruinously scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? ’tis too
late to pare her nails now. Whereas have you
played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you,
who of herself is a good lady, and would not have
knives thrive long under her? There’s a quart d’ecreux
for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends;
I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single
word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall
ha’; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word. then,—Cox! my
passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found
me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lovt

---

1 a gente Astringer: in f s
2 This word is not added in f. e.
SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lacked the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. ‘Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i’ the blaze of youth: When oil and fire, too strong for reason’s force, O’erbear it, and burns on.

King. My honour’d lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all, Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch’d the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say.—But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note, but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn’d to serve Humbly call’d mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear. —Well, call him hither. We are reconcil’d, and the first view shall kill All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon: The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury The lensing reliefs of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So’t is our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke? Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,

That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on’t.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may’st see a sunshine and a hail In me at once; but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth: The time is fair again.

Ber. My high repented blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time, Let’s take the instant by the forward top— For we are old, and on our quick’st decees

Tli’ inaudible and noiseless foot of time Stals, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord.

Ber. Admiringly.

My liege, at first.

I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart

Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

Where the impression of mine eye infixed,

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp’d the line of every other favour,

Scorn’d a fair colour, or express’d it stolen,

Extended or contracted all proportions,

To a most hideous object. Thence it came,

That she, whom all men prais’d, and whom myself,

Since I have lost, have lov’d, was in mine eye

The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excuse’d:

That thou didst love her strikes some scorns away From the great compt. But love, that comes too late, Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,

To the great sender turns a sore offence,

Crying, that’s good that’s gone. Our rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have,

Not knowing them, until we know their grave:

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,

Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust;

Our own love, waking, cries to see what’s done,

While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.

Be this sweet Helen’s knell, and now forget her.

Send for thy amorous token for fair Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we’ll stay To see our widow’s second marriage-day.

Laf. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!

Or, are they meet, in me, O nature, cease?

Come on, my son, in whom my horse’s name Must be digested, give a favour from you,

To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,

That she may quickly come.—By my old beard, And every hair that’s on’t, Helen, that’s dead,

Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,

The last time ere she took her leave at court,

I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,

While I was speaking, oft was fasten’d to’t.—

This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitied to help, that by this token I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her Of what should steady her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,

However it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,

I have seen her wear it; and she reckon’d it At her life’s rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv’d: my lord, she never saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,

Wrapp’d in a paper, which contained the name Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought I stood engag’d; but when I had subserib’d To mine own fortune, and inform’d her fully I could not answer in that course of honour As she had made the overture, she ceas’d; In heavy satisfaction, and would never Receive the ring again.
King. Plutus himself.
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,¹
Hath not in nature's mystery more secrets.
Than I have in this ring, 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with 't yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her fingers,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjunctural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman—'t will not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead;—which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe.
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—

[Guards seize BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!
We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

Enter the Gentleman, a Stranger.²

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliants, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. [Reads.] "Upon his many protestations to
marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it,
he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower:
his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and
I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O
king! in you it best liest; otherwise a seducer flourishes,
and a poor maid is undone."[DONA CAPILLET.

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and tell
him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafon,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exit Gentleman, and some Attendants.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatched.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, for, wives are monsters to you;³
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet. [Kneeling.

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, country.⁴ Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I knew them. Do they charge me farther?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

[Rising.

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine:
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too
short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desolate creature.
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your
highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than so to think that I would sink it here. [friend;

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
Tell your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is his.

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferred by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife.
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Menthought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours
Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning;⁵ with her modern grace,

¹ An allusion to the Alchemists. ² Enter a Gentleman; in f. e. ³ A "toll" was paid for the privilege of selling a horse at a fair.
⁴ This word is inserted in place of "sin" in Lord F. Egerton's MS. annotated folio, 1623. ⁵ Not in f. e. ⁶ count; in f. e. ⁷ Not in f. e. — Old copies: hit (the old form of it). ⁸ In suit coming; in f. e.
Subdued me to her rate; she got the ring, 
And I had that, which any inferior might 
At market-price have bought. 

Dia. I must be patient: 
You, that turn'd off a first so noble wife, 
May justly diet me. I pray you yet, 
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband) 
Send for your ring; I will return it home, 
And give me mine again. 

Ber. I have it not. 

King. What ring was yours, I pray you? 

Dia. Sir, much like 
The same upon your finger. 
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late. 
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed. 

King. The story then goes false,—you threw it him 
Out of a casement. 

Dia. I have spoke the truth. 

Enter Parolles. 

Ber. My lord. I do confess, the ring was hers. 

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you. 

Is this the man you speak of? 

Dia. Ay, my lord. 

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you, 
Not fearing the displeasure of your master, 
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off) 
By him, and by this woman here, what know you? 

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honorable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentleman have. 

King. Come, come, to the purpose. Did he love this woman? 

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how? 

King. How, I pray you? 

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman. 

King. How is that? 

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not. 

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave. 

What an equivocal companion is this! 

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command. 

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator. 

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage? 

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak. 

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st? 

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her; for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of baim, and of forries, and I knew not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know. 

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst 
Say they are married. But thou art too fine 
In thy evidence; therefore, stand aside. 

This ring, you say, was yours? 

Dia. Ay, my good lord. 

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you? 

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish

EPILOGUE BY THE KING.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hails lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt omnes]
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

OSSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO.
SIT TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
SIT ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Servants to Olivia.
CLOWN.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

VIOLA, in Love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


Enter Duke, Curio, Lords. Music playing. 1

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south, 2
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough! no more:
[Music ceases.

'T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O! spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity 3 and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she pors'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'en since pursue me. —How now! what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—
The element itself, till seven years' heat.
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloestress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And last in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,

1 Musicians attending: in f.e. 2 The old copies read: sound; Pope made the change. 3 Not in f.e. 4 Value. 5 My thoughts
Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him: He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know, What great ones do the less will prattle of) That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count That did some twelvescore since; then leaving her In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died: for whose dear love, They say, she hath abjur'd the company, And sight of men.

Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady, And might not be deliver'd to the world, Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass, Because she will admit no kind of suit, No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain, And though that nature with a beauteous wall Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair and outward character. I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously) Conceal me what I am, and be my aid For such disguise as happy shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke: Thou shalt present me as an examinee to him. It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing, And speak to him in many sorts of music, That will allow me very worth his service. What else may hap to time I will commit; Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be: When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in OLIVIA’S House.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

SIR TOBY. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to her. 

MAR. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'clock: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

SIR TOBY. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TOBY. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TOBY. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TOBY. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose?

SIR TOBY. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MRS. ARY, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

SIR TOBY. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

MAR. He hath, indeed,—all most natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TOBY. By this hand, they are scandrels, and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

SIR TOBY. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coistrel, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castellano vulgo,* here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

SIR ANDREW. Sir Toby Belch! how now, sir Toby Belch?

SIR TOBY. Sweet sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TOBY. Accost, sir Andrew, accost.

SIR ANDREW. What's that?

SIR TOBY. My niece's chamber-maid.

SIR ANDREW. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Good mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TOBY. You mistake, knight: accost is from her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR ANDREW. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TOBY. An thou let her part so, sir Andrew, would thou mightest never draw sword again!

SIR ANDREW. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

MAR. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

SIR ANDREW. Marry, but you shall have here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

SIR ANDREW. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR ANDREW. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir. I have them at my fingers' ends; marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit MARIA.]

SIR TOBY. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

SIR ANDREW. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has, but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

SIR TOBY. No question.

SIR ANDREW. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

1 Old eds. sight, and company. 2 Fine, brave. 3 From lewer, a mongrel kind of hawk. 4 A large top was formerly kept in parishes or towns, for the use of the public. 5 Sir Toby's mistake, says Verplanck, for eel—Put on a grave face. 6 This word is set io n. * This was considered a sign of debility.
Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?
Sir And. What is pourquoit? do or not do? I would had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!
Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair. Sir And. Why, that would have mended my hair? Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not cut by nature.
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not? Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.
Sir And. ' Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by.
Sir To. She 'lone o' the count: she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in 't, man.
Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow of the strangest mind i the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight? Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.
Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight? Sir And. ' Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir To. And I can cut the butt to't.
Sir And. Ay, and I think I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria. [Dances fantastically.
Sir To. Whereare are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mull's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.
Sir And. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-coloured stock. Shall we set about these revels?
Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?
Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.
Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [Sir And. dances again.]
Sir To. Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love.

Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. Thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?


Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. [Curio. &c. retire.

Cesario.

Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy guilt unto her: Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds. Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth. Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear mad, believe it For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is summable a woman's part, I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him: All, if you will, for I myself am best, Though least in company.—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortune thine.

Vio. I'll do my best, To woo your lady: [Aside.] yet, O, barbarous strife! Who'er I woo myself would be his wife. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good better answer I can tell thee where that saying was born of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points. Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Aipt, in good faith: very apt. Well, go thy way: if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse, wisely; you were best.

[Exit.
Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, ain’t thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools: and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you’re a dry fool; I’ll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the better mend him. Any thing that’s mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin: and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true eneckold but calamity, so beauty’s a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, et-
culus non facit monachum: that’s as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I’ll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn’st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother’s death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother’s soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopenny that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he’s out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gained. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools’ amories.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

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Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentle man much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: it is a fair young man and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [Exit Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home: what you will, to dismiss it. [Exit Mal-
volio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cravm with brains: for here comes one of thy kin, that has a most weak pia materia.

Enter Sir Toby Belch.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! What gentleman?

Sir To. ‘Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o’ these pickle-herings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery! There’s one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it’s all one. [Exit.

Oli. What’s a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown’d man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o’ my eoz, for he’s in the third degree of drink; he’s drown’d; go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clo.]

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Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, you’d young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems, to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he’s fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he’ll stand at your door like a sheriff’s post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he’ll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he’ll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and yeares is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before it is a peascod, or a coding when it’s almost an apple: ’tis with him e’en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrivelsly: one would think, his mother’s milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlemwoman, my lady calls [Exit.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Re-enter Maria.

Oli. Give me my veil; come, throw it o’er my face. We’ll once more hear Orsino’s embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her; I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustin no scorn; I am very compitable even to the least minister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question’s out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in’t: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and ’tis poetical. Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: ‘tis not that time of moon with me to lose one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear’d in me, have I learn’d from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other’s, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [Exit Maria.] Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino’s bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I am at this present: is’t not well done? [Unveiling.

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. ’Tis in grain, sir: it will endure wind and weather.

Vio. ’Tis beauty truly blent, whose red a, white Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady. you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red: item, two grey eyes with lids to them: item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see what you are: you are too proud:

But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you: O! such love Should be but recompens’d, though you were crown’d The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord doth know my mind; I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,

Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

In voices well divulg’d, free, learn’d, and valiant,

And in dimension, and the shape of nature,

A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.

He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master’s flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense:

I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house;

Write loyal cantons of contemned love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night;

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:

I cannot love him. Let him send no more,

Unless, perchance, you come to me again.

To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me

[Offering her purse.

Vio. I am no feed’st, post, lady; keep your purse:

My master, not myself, lacks recompense.

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervor, like my master’s, be

Plac’d in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [Exit.

Oli. What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:

I am a gentleman.”—I’ll be sworn thou art:

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft!

1 Sensitive. 2 Lite, or remain. 3 An allusion to the wardens of ladies in old romances. 4 I was this present: i.e. f. e. 5 An old word

for caution. 6 N: tin f. a.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea-coast.

Enter Antonio and Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignity of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It was a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is more extravagancy; but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with self-estimation wander so far to believe that; yet thus far I will boldly publish—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for your love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino’s court; farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee! I have many enemies in Orsino’s court, Else would I very shortly see thee there; But, come what may, I do adore thee so, That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Would I, or not: tell him, I’ll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I’ll give him reasons for’t. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exeunt.

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away your- self. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more: that you be never so hardly to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord’s taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She took no ring of me! I’ll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady? Fortune forbid my outside have not charm’d her! She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That, methergh, her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord’s ring? why he sent her none. I am the man:—if it be so, as’t is, Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How easy it is, for the proper false In women’s waken hearts to set their forms! Alas! your frailty is the cause, not we, For such as we we made, if such we be. How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly; And I, poor monster, fond as much on him; And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me. What will become of this? As I am man, My state is desperate for my master’s love; As I am woman, now, alas the day! What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! O time! thou must untangle this, not I; It is too hard a knot for me t’ untie.

Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia’s House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, and Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and diligere surgere. thou know’st.—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

1 Foolish. 2 Own. 3 with such estimable wonder overfast believe that: In f. s. the: In f. e. 4 Suit. 5 diligere surgere salutum. a wum est. As a sage quoted in Lily’s Latin Grammar.
Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, 'tis rather consists of eating and drinking.
Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, 'tis faith.
Clo. Here, now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three? 2

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. 3 I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spakest of Pigrogromites, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quenibus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon; hadst it? Clo. I did impetrate thy gratuity: for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of us, too: if one knight give away sixpence so will I give another: go to, a song. 4

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Sir To. O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay, for here's your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting.
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure;
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagon. But shall we make the velkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night? I'm a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou Knave." 5

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call the knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i' faith. Come, begin.

[They sing a catch.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Catalian; we are politicians: Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey; 6 and three merry men be we. 7 Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! 8 There dwelt a woman in Babylon, lady, lady. 107

[Singing.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O! the twelfth day of December?—

[Singing.

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cozie's 11 catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches Stick up. 12

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbour you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone." 13

[Singing.

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

[Singing.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O! no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' tune. 14—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? 15

Clo. Yes, by saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right.—Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs. 16—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it by this hand.

[Exit.

Mar. Go shake your cars.

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a...
man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then,
to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.
Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or
I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.
Mar. Sweet sir Toby, he patient for to-night. Since
that youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she
is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let no
alone with him: if I do not gull him into a, nowword's,
and make him a common recreation, do not think I
have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I
can do it.
Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of
Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.
Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.
Sir To. What! for being a Puritan? thy exquisite
reason, dear knight?
Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have
reason good enough.
Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing
constant, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that
cons state without look, and utters it by great swarths;
the best persauded of himself; so eramnd, as he thinks,
with excellence, that it is his ground of faith, that all
that look on him love him; and on that vice in him
will my revenge find notable cause to work.
Sir To. What wilt thou do?
Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles
of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape
of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his
eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself
most feelingly persauded. I can write very like my
lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly
make distinction of our hands.
Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.
Sir And. I have't in my nose, too.
Sir To. He shall think, by the letter that thou wilt
drop, that it comes from my niece, and that she is in
love with him.
Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.
Sir And. And your horse, now, would have made him an ass.
Mar. Ass I doubt not.
Sir And. O! 't will be admirable.
Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic
will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the
fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: ob-
serve his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and
dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.
Sir To. Good night, Penthilesia.
Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.
Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that
adores me: what of that?
Sir And. I was adored once too.
Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send
for more money.
Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul
way out.
Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her
not i't the end, call me cut².
Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how
you will.
Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack: 't is too
totally to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. [Music.¹]—Now, good
morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced tunes²:
Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that
should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that the lady
Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while

—Music again.

Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love, [To Viola
in the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throw'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine own
Hath stay'd upon some favour² that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: she wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dally with the innocenc of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay, pr'ythee, sing.

[Music.-

THE SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a foul cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sights to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.


Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time
or another.

Duke. I give thee now leave to leave me.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the
tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy
mind is a very epa!—I would have men of such con-
stance put to sea, that their business might be every-
thing, and their intent every where: for that 's it, that
always makes a good voyage of Nothing.—Farewell.

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—[Exeunt Curio and Attendants.

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond's same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let conceit, like a worm! the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She eat like penitence on a monument.

Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?
Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.—

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, hide no deny.

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scraple of this sport,
let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nig-
gardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable
shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me
out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again,
and we will fool him black and blue:—shall we not,
Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now,
m' metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's
coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun,
praising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour.
Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this
letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close,
in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.]
Lie thou there; [drops a letter] for here comes the
trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once
told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself
come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be
one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a
more exalted respect than any else that follows
her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-
cock of him: how he jets under his advanced
plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how ima-
gination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sit-
ting in my state. 

Sir To. O, for a stone bow* to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I
have left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the honour* of state; and
after a demurs travel of regard,—telling them, I know
my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for
my kinsman Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient state
make out for him. I frown the while; and, perhance
wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel.
Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th'ears', yet peace!

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew."

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [Seeing the letter.] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [Taking up the letter.] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [Reads.] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax—Soft!—I и the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [Reads.] "Jove knows, I love;

But who?

Lips do not move;

No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the number's altered.—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee. Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!"

Mal. [Reads.] "I may command, where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M. O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M. O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stammy! checks its at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal* capacity. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me.—Softly!—M. O, A, I.—

Sir To! O, ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sower* will ery upon't, for all this, though it be not as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—Malvolio:—M., why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—this simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[Reads.] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slouch, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that signs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee."

The fortunate-unhappy."

Day-light and champagne* discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device* the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did command my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. [Reads.] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry'thee."—Love, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me."

[Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter Maria.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Will thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,* and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vite with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport

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1 with ears: in f. e. 2 Badger * A species of hawk. 3 One in his senses 4 The name of a dog. 5 An open country. 6 Exactly

Some give of dox
mark his first approach before my lady: he will come
to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors;
and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will
smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her
disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is,
that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt
If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartarus, thou most excel-
 lent devil of wit!
Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown playing on pipe and tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou
live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir; I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church;
for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the
curch.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lives by a beggar,
if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by
thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sen-
tence is but a cheveroll glove to a good wit: how
quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio, Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with
words, may quickly make them wanton. [sir.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name,
Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally
with that word, might make my sister wanton. But,
indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced
them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Truth, sir, I can yield you none without words;
and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove
reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest
for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in
my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be
to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you
invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly:
she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools
are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herring, the
husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but
her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the
sun: it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but
the fool should be as oft with you master, as with my
mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with
thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee. [Giving money.

Clo. New Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send
thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick
for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin.
Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to
bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

[Giving more.

1 Kid. 2 Not in f.e. 3 And: in f.e. 4 Wild, untrained hawk.
5 Quot. in m. 7 Limit. aim. 8 Anticipated 9 Not in f.e.
10 So the old copies, which Tyrwhitt changed to "men. folly-fall'n"
O! by your leave, I pray you:

but you never speak again of him;

But, would you undertake another suit,

I had rather hear you to solace that,

Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,

After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse

Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

Liker your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you, in a shamefaced cunning,

Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,

And baited it with all thy unmanzled thoughts [ing

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiv-

Enough is shown; a cypris, not a bosom,

Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grasse; for 'tis a vulgar proof,

That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;

And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.

There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.

You'll nothing; madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay: [pr'ythee, tell me, what then think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?

I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

in the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;

But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth.

And that no woman has; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam: never more

Will I my master's tears to ye deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Age-cheek, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew

Sir Aud. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours

to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed

upon me: I saw it the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell

me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her

toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths

of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since

before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight

only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,

to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver.

You should then have accosted her, and with some

excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have

banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for

at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gift of

this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are

now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where

you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,

unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt,

either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour,

for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist* as a

politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the

basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to

fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece

shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-

broker in the world can more prevail in man's commen-

tation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to

him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curt

and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent,

and full of invention; tantam him with the license of

ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be

amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of

paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed

of Warc in England, set 'em down. Go, about it.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou

write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[Exit Sir Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two

thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but

you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir

on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-

ropes cannot hale them together. For sir Andrew, if

he were opened, and you find so much blood in his

liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest

of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage

no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine

comes.

Mar. If you desire the sleek, and will laugh your-

selves into stitches, follow me. Yours! gull Malvolio is

* shamefu : in f. a. * A veil of cypris or traps. 2 Fry, 4 A common phrase, used by the Thames watermen. 4 A sect (afterwards the 'independents') much ridiculed by the writers of the time.
twelfth-night: a very renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.
He's in yellow stockings.
Sir To. And cross-gartered?
Marc. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurrying things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.
Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.
Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; but, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.
Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriendèd, often prove
Rough and unpleasant: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.
Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, still thanks, and very of good turns
Are shuffling off with such uncourtly pay;
But, were my wealth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the relics of this town?
Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.
Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes.
With the memorials, and the things of fame.
That do renown this city.
Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the country's galleys
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.
Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.
Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapped in this place,
I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then, walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir: here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why do you purse?
Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase: and your store.
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.
Ant. To the Elephant.—
Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Olivia's Garden.
Enter Olivia and Maria.
Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil.
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Marc. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?
Marc. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.
Oli. Go call him hither. [Exit Maria.]—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—
[Enter Malvolio and Maria.

How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha! [Smiles ridiculous.
Oli. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.
Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet hath it, "Why, please one, and please all?"
Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?
Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow* in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.
Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?
Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.
Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?
Marc. How do you, Malvolio?
Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.
Marc. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?
Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness?—T was well writ.
Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?
Mal. "Some are born great,"—
Oli. Ha?
Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—
Oli. What say'st thou?
Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them"
Oli. Heaven restore thee!
Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—
Oli. Thy yellow stockings?
Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."
Oli. Cross-gartered?
Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so."—
Oli. Am I made?
Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."
Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

1 A map engraved for Lutschoten's Voyages, a translation of which was published in 1598. A portion, showing its many lines, is engraved on "Knights' Epitome of Shakespeare." 2 The words "still thanks," are not in F. & S. 4 "smile," in F. 5 The word "cross-gartered," is not in F. 6 "Enter Malvolio" in F. 7 "There was an old ballad-tune, called "Black and Yellow."
Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him: for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble sloth," says she;—be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity:—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lined her: but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now. "Let this fellow be looked to!" fellow, not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no inerudious or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the door of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is roused, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx! Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

* Taken in the old sense of companion. 2 Played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole.
Twelfth Night

A Antonio and his clown
skill, fury, and impiety. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exit Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria. Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone. And laid mine honour too uncharily on't. There's something in me that reproves my fault, but such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same behaviour that your passion bears, Go off my master's griefs.

Oli. Here wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture. Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you; And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow. What shall you ask of me, that I will deny, That, honour say'd, may upon asking give? Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master. Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well: A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit. Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defeance thou hast, betake thee to't of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercessor, full of despatch, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tack: be yare in thy preparation, for thy assault is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise. I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in a private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his inincenence at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; 'tis, or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on other, to taste their value; belike, this is a man of that quick.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or foreswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as unevil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [Exit Sir Toby

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the cir cumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, deadly, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk to wards him? I will make your peace with him, if can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [Exit. Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew hanging back.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in. with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here: make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdiction of souls. [Aside.] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter Fabian and Viola, unwittingly.

I have his horse [To Fab.] to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; [To Sir Toby] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir: [To Viola] he will fight with you for your oath sake. Marry, he hath better betought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the supposition of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [They draw, and go back from each other.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me;

If you offend him, I for him defy you. [Drawing

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more. Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.[Drawing.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
Sir To. I'll be with you anon.
Vio. Pray, sir; put your sword up, if you please.
Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and raiseth well.

1 Off. This is the man: do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well, though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[To VIOL. ] This comes with seeking you.
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what betails myself. You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability,
I'll lend you something. My having is not much:
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffr.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying vaineys, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O, heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir: I pray you, go. [See here, Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth, that you
sland'red one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most veritable' worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: away
Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad: away with him!

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers, with Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O! prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian.
We'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward: religious in Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.
Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never dry thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.

Vio. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money' t will be nothing yet.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian and Clown.

Cla. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Cla. Well held out, faith! No, I do not know you; nor am I sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario: nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Cla. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubberly world will prove a scockney. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strange-
ness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall

1 venerable, in s. e. 2 this great lubber, the world: in s. e. 3 foolish and merry Greek, were terms applied to secular persons. 4 This was a hit (twelve being the usual rate of purchase.—Verplanck.
against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I
struck him first; yet it's no matter for that.
Sob. Let go thy hand.
Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed.
Come on.
Sob. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now?
If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.
Sir To. What, what! Nay then, I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[They draw and fence.]

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!
Sir To. Madam—
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners never were preach'd. Out of my
sight—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[Exit Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go;
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
Sob. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethes steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.
Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be
ru'd by me!
Sob. Madam, I will.
Oli. O! say so, and so be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard: make him believe thou art sir Topas, the cura-
rate: de it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.
[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. [Putting it on.] I am not
tall enough to become the function well, nor lean
eough to be thought a good student; but to be said
an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly
as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The
competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.
Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said
to a niece of king Gorbodune, 'That, that is, is?' so I,
being master parson, am master parson,—for what is
that, but that, and is, but is?
Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

[Opening a door.]

Sir To. The knave counterfeit's well; a good knave.
Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?
Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Mal-
volio the lunatic.

\* Not in f. e. 1 Drakes: in f. e. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Lusty, stout. 4 Confederates. 5 Not in f. e. 6 The clerke-storie of a church, is the
upper wall above the naves having generally a row of windows. 6 Not in f. e. 7 This ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques. 8 No
in f. e.
Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propounded me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, ass! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here.

[Speaking as sir Topas.]

Mal. sir Topas.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain babble babble.

Clo. sir Topas,—

Mal. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.


Clo. sir Topas. —Marry, amen. —I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent² for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the hearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prythee, be gone.

Clo. [Singing.] I am gone, sir, and soon, sir. I'll be with you again, with a trice, like the old vice, your need to sustain; who with dagger of loth, in his rage out his wrath, cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad, pure thy nails, dad. Adieu, goodman driver. [Exit

SCENE III.—Oliavia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; this pearl she gave me, I do feel 't; and see 't; and though 't is wonder that envails me thus, yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant; yet there he was, and there I found this eredit, that he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: for though my soul disputes well with my sense, that this may be some error, but no madness, yet doth this accident and flood of fortune so far exceed all instance, all discourse, that I am ready to distrust mine eyes, and wrangle with my reason, that persuades me to any other trust but that I am mad; or else the lady's mad: yet, if 't were so, she could not sway her house, command her followers, take, and give back, and thus despatch affairs, with such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, as I perceive, she does. There's something in 't, that is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter Oliavia and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, now go with me, and with this holy man, into the chantry by; there, before him, and underneath that consecrated roof, plight me the full assurance of your faith; that my most jealous and too doubtful soul may live at peace; he shall conceal it, whiles you are willing it shall come to note, what time we will our celebration keep according to my birth. —What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you, and, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, that they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt
Clo: Primo secundo tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the triplet, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, hulumi by your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

Enter Antonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; yet, when I saw it last, it was besmirch'd, as black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

A bawbling vessel was he captain of; for shallow draught and bulk unpriz'd, with such scuttleful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet; that very envious, and the tongue of lies, cried shame and honour on him. What's the matter? I Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, that took the Phenix, and her fraught, from Candy; and this is he, that did the Tiger board, when your young nephew Titus lost his leg, Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state, in private brabbled we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side, but, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me; I know not what 't was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate. thou salt-water thief, what foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies, whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear, hast made thine enemies? Ant. Orsino, noble sir, be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me: Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate.

Though, I confess, on base and ground enough, Orsino's enemy. A witcherath drew me hither: that most ingrateful boy there, by your side.

From the rude song enrag'd and famy mouth Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was, His life I gave him, and did thereto add My love, without retention, or restraint, All his in dedication: for his sake, Did I expose myself, pure for his love, Into the danger of this adverse town: Drew to defend him, when he was beset: Where being apprehended, his false cunning (Not meaning to partake with me in danger) Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance, and grew a twenty-years-removed thing, While one would wink; denied me mine own purse, Which I had recommended to his use.

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. Today, my lord; and for three months before, No intermission, not a minute's vacancy, both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—

But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness: Three months this youth hath tended upon me; But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Ol. What would my lord, but that he may not have, Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me. Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Ol. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me. Ol. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,—

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear, As howling after music.


Duke. What, to perverseness? you uneiville lady, To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars My soul the faithful'est offerings hath breath'd out, that e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do? [Exit Ol. Even what it please my lord, that shall become Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it, like to the Egyptian thief at point of death, Kill what I love? a savage jealousy, That sometimes savours nobly.—But hear me this: Since you to non-regardance cast my faith, and that I partly know the instrument That ecosystem from my true place in your favour, Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still: But this your minion, whom, I know, you love, And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly, Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, Where he sits crowned in his master's spite,—

Come boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love, To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly, To do you rest a thousand deaths would die. [Following.

Ol. Where goes Cesario?—

Ant. After him I love, more than I love these eyes, more than my life, more, by all men, then e'er I should love wife.

If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of my love.


Ol. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay. Duke. Husband?

Ol. Ay, husband: can he so deny me?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Ol. Alas! it is the baseess of thy febr, That makes thee strangle thy propriety.

Fear not, Cesario: take thy fortunes up; Be that thou know'st thou art, and then art thou as great as that thou fear'st,—O, welcome, father! [Re-enter Attentant with the Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence, Here to unfold (though lately we intended To keep in darkness, what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know; Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and a eternal bond of love, Confirmd by mutual joinder of your hands, Attested by the holy close of lips, Strengthen'd by interchange of your rings; And all the ceremony of this compact Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

_Duke._ O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow.

_Have that own trip shall be thine overthrow?_
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

_Vio._ My lord, I do protest,—

_Oli._
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

**Enter Sir Andrew AGLICE-CHEEK, with his head broken.**

_Sir And._ For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

_Oli._ What's the matter?

_Sir And._ He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coccomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

_Oli._ Who has done this, sir Andrew?

_Sir And._ The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the devil incendiate.

_Duke._ My gentleman, Cesario?

_Sir And._ Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

_Vio._ Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

_Sir And._ If a bloody coccomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coccomb.

**Enter Sir Toby BELCH, drunk._led by the Clown._**

_Here comes sir Toby halting; you shall hear more;
but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

_Duke._ How now, gentleman; how is't with you?

_Sir To._ That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

_Clo._ O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight if the morning.

_Sir To._ Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.² I hate a drunken rogue.

_Oli._ Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

_Sir And._ I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

_Sir To._ Will you help? An ass-head, and a coccomb, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

_Oli._ Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

_[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew._

**Enter Sebastian (all start).**

_Seb._ I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you:

_Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago._

_Duke._ One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective,¹ that is, and is not!

_Seb._ Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!

_Have how the hours rack'd and torture'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

_Ant._ Sebastian are you?

_Seb._ Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

_Have you made division of yourself?—

An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

_Oli._ Most wonderful!

_Seb._ Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister.

_Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd._

_[To VIO.]_ Of charity, what kin are you to me?

_What countryman? what name? what parentage?_

_Vio._ Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us

_Seb._ A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say,—thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

_Vio._ My father had a mole upon his brow.

_Seb._ And so had mine.

_Vio._ And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

_Seb._ O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

_Vio._ If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain's in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

_Seb._ So comes it, lady, _[To OLIVIA.]_ you have been
mistook;
But nature to her bias true¹ in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

_Duke._ Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
_Boy, [To VIOLA.]_ thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

_Vio._ And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orb'd continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

_Duke._ Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

_Vio._ The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

_Oli._ He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most distracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

_[Re-enter Clown, with a letter._

_How does he, sirrah?_

_Clo._ Truly, madam, he holds Beechub at the stave's end. as well as a man in his case may do. He has here

¹ Skin. ² The pavin, or peacock dance, was slow and heavy; the parson muzzo, was a formal step. ³ "all start," not in f. ⁴ A picture painted on a board, so cut as to present a different appearance when looked at in front or at the side. ⁵ drew: in f. ⁶ extracting by f.
writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.
Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—[Reads.] "By the Lord, madam,—"

Oli. How now? art thou mad?
Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow for.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read I' thy right wits.
Clo. So do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [To FABIAN.]
Fab. [Reads.] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt, not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio!"

Oli. Did he write this?
Clo. Ay, madam.
Duke. This savours not much of distraction.
Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither. [Exit FABIAN.]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance, and so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.— [To VIOLA.] Your master quits you; and for your service done him, So much against the mettle of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister; you are she.
Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO,2 with straw about him, as from prison.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong;
Notorious wrong.
Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter: You must not now deny it is your hand, Write it, if you can, in hand, or phrase; Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention: You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me, in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people? And, acting this in an obdient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest, And made the most notorious geck and gull, That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character; But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand: And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; thou'scam'rist in smiling And in such forms which here were preimpos'd Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee: But when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak; And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come, Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby, Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and un courteous parts We had conceived against him. Maria writ The letter at sir Toby's great importance; In recompense whereof she hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge, If that the injuries be justly weigh'd, That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled thee! Clo. Why "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir, but that 's all one. —"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;" —But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenge.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [Exit.

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.
Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet; When that is known and golden time convenes, A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls;—mean time, sweet sister, We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come; For so you shall be, while you are a man, But when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistresse, and his faney's queen. [Exeunt.

Clown sings, to pipe and lutor.

When that I was and a little tiny boy, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, A foolish thing was but a toy, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, 'Gainst knives and thieves men shut their gate, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wife, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With toss-pots still 11 had drunken head, For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day.

Signifies. 1 the alliance on't: in f.e. 2 the rest of this direction is not in f.e. 3 Object of scorn. 4 then: in f.e. 5 presupposed: in f.e. 6 foulest: in f.e. 7 thrown: in f.e. 8 The rest of this direction not in f.e. 9 F't: not in f.e.
The Winter's Tale.

Dramatis Personae.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamilius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo.
Antigonus.
Cleomenes.
Dion.
Roger, a Gentleman of Sicilia.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizel, Prince of Bohemia.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, the Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady attending the Queen.
Mopsa.
Dorcas.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

Scene, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

Act I.

Scene I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you should chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—(I know not what to say.)—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been so royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

This word is not in f. o. 3 that may: in f. o. 3 Nipping. 4 truly: in f. o. 278
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits n'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly "not guilty?" the imposition clear'd.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl.
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sim'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
Within any, but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet? [Coming forward
Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not,
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make's
At fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless.
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride's
With one soft kiss a thousand furbelows, ere
With spur we clear's an acre. But to the good'—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabb'd months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap* thyself my love: then didst thou utter
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—

Her. Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever car'd a royal husband,
The other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polixenes
Leon. Too hot, too hot! [Aside
To mingle friendship far is muggling bloods.
I have foment condol's on me;—my heart dances,
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom.
And well become the agent: 'tis may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort'd* o' the deer; O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' feeks?

Why, that's my ba'wock.11 What! hast smut'd thou

---
They say, it is a copy out of mine.
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain.
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.——Still virginal!

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione.]

Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf! Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be full, like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As our dead black, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.——Come, sit page,
Look on me with your walkin' eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!——Can thy dam?—may'st be
Affection? thy intention stabs the is centre;
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communic'st with dreams:——how can this be?——
With what's unreal thou conceive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 't is very eredent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission; and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

[ Holding his forehead.]

Her. As if you held a brow of much distraction
Are you mov'd, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.——
How sometimes nature will betray its folly, —
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines [To them.]
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recollect
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreath'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord; I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!——

My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir, he's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childliness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Oftend with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours in the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own best dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.——[Aside] I am longing now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line,
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband. Gone already!

[Exit Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.]

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!——
Go play, boy, play:——thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrace'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and censour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.——There have been,
Or I am much deceive'd, eucold's ere now:
And many a man there is, (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been studi'd in's absence;
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.——
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius. Thou 'rt an honest man.

[Exit Mamillius.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?

They're here with me always, whispering, round-
ing.

Sicilia is a——so forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.——How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine? For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: — not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,

1 Playing with her fingers, as on a virginal, which was an oblong musical instrument, played with keys, like a piano.  
2 Head.  
3 Full.  
4 E-e-died in f. e.  
5 Blue, like the sky.  
6 This passage is usually pointed, with a period before affection—which then commences a sentence;—it has the sense, taken in connection with this reading, of imagination—intention, that of intensity. The punctuation of the text is that of the old copies. The passage (to the end of the speech) is crossed out by the MS. emendator of the folio of 1603.  
7 to the left of the bear.  
8 Not in f. e.  
9 Old copies: me: my is the MS. emendation of Lord F. Egerton's folio, 1632.  
10 Unrip peas-ped.  
11 A new verb for bearing an affront.  
12 Portion, or lat; this is another old proverb.  
13 They are aware of my condition.  
14 An old word for about.
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes, 
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha? 
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: from thee departed
Thy penitent return'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't,—thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoax's honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd: or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That egest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, it was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd imprimities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it) 
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-pilgrimage: say 't, and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a slander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress cloathed so, without
My present vengeance taken. Shew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this: which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning check to heeke? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note inflamible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes, noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that is in 't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothing
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this disease'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 't is true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie.
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Promounce thee a gross base, a mindless slave,
or else a hoveryng temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclin' to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why lie, that wears her like a medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrills, they would do it at
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have benach'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—mightest bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sure, my lord, I could this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee.
Leon. Make that thy question, and god et!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tail of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,
(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so brench? 
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't,
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all: 
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart; 
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own. 
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord. 
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [Exit. 

Cam. O, miserable lady! — But, for me, 
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner 
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do 't 
Is the obedience to a master; one, 
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have 
All that are his so too. — To do this deed, 
Promotion follows; if I could find example 
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings, 
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since 
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one, 
evillany itself forswear 't. I must 
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain 
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now! 
Here comes Bohemia. 

Enter Polixenes. 

Pol. This is strange. Methinks, 
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? — 
Good-day, Camillo. 

Cam. Hail, most royal sir! 

Pol. What is the news? the court? 
Cam. None rare, my lord. 

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance, 
As he had lost some provinace, and a region 
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 
With customary compliment, when he, 
Waiting his eyes to the contrary, and falling 
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and 
So leaves me to consider what is breeding 
That changes thus his manners. 
Cam. I dare not know, my lord. 

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and 
dare not, 
Be intelligient to me? 'T is thereabouts; 
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must, 
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo, 
Your chang'd complaisances are to me a mirror, 
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be 
A party in this alteration, finding 
Myself thus alter'd with 't. 

Cam. There is a sickness 
Which puts some of us in distemper; but 
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught 
Of you, that yet are well. 

Pol. How caught of me? 
Make me not sighted like the basilisk: 
I have look'd on thousands, who have spied the better 
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo, — 
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto 
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns 
Our gentry than our parents' noble names, 
In whose success we are gentle. — I beseech you, 
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge 
Thereof to be informed, imprison it not 
In ignorant concealment. 

Cam. I may not answer. 

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well? 
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo, 
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least 
Is not this suit of mine, — that thou declare 
What incidency thou dost guess of harm 
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near; 
Which way to be prevented, if to be; 

If not, how best to bear it. 

Cam. Sir, I will tell you; 
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him 
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel, 
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as 
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and I 
Cry, "lost," and so good-night. 

Pol. On, good Camillo. 

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you. 

Pol. By whom, Camillo? 
Cam. By the king. 

Pol. For what? 

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears, 
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument 
To vice you to 't — that you have touch'd his queen 
Forbiddenly. 

Pol. O! then my best blood turn 
To an infected jelly, and my name 
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best! 
Turn then my freshest reputation to 
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril 
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd, 
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection 
That e'er was heard, or read! 

Cam. Swear this though over 
By each particular star in heaven, and 
By all their influences, you may as well 
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon, 
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake, 
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation 
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue 
The standing of his body. 

Pol. How should this grow? 

Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to 
Avoid what 's grown, than question how 't is born. 
If therefore you dare trust my honesty, 
That lies enclos'd in this trunk, which you 
Shall bear along impaw'd, away to-night. 
Your followers I will whisper to the business; 
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns, 
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put 
My fortunes to your service, which are here 
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain; 
For, by the honour of my parents, I 
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove, 
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer 
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth, 
Thereon his execution sworn. 

Pol. I do believe thee; 
I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand: 
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall 
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and 
My people did expect my hence departure 
Two days ago. — This jealousy 
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare, 
Must it be great; and, as her person's mighty, 
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive 
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever 
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must 
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me: 
Good expedition be my friend; heaven comfort! 
The gracious queen, part of his dream, but nothing 
Of his ill-taken suspicion! Come, Camillo: 
I will respect thee as a father; if 
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid. 

Cam. It is in mine authority to command 
The keys of all the posterns. Please your heightness 
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away! 

[Exeunt]
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 Lady. Come, my gracious lord: Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because Your brows are blacker: yet black brows, they say, Become some women best, so that there be not Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle, Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 Lady. Who taught this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now, What colour are your eyebrows?

1 Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 Lady. Hark ye, The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall Present our services to a fine new prince, One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us, If we should have you.

1 Lady. She is spread of late Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her! 

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir; now I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter. I have one of sprites and gobins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir. Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man.—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly; You'd crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then, And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I [Aside.]

Her. n my just censure! in my true opinion!—

Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accur'd, In being so blest!—There may be in the cup A spider steep'd, and one may drink a part, And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge Is not infected; but if one present The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides, With violent heists.—I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pander.— There is a plot against my life, my crown:

All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him. He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yes, a very trick! For them to play at will.—How came the posterns [To them.

So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority; Which often hath no less prevail'd than so, On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.— Give me the boy [To Hermione.] I am glad, you did not nurse him: Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.

Away with him: and let her sport herself With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But, I'd say he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying, How'er you lean to the hayward.

Leon. You, my lords, Look on her, mark her well: be but about To say, 'she is a goodly lady,' and The justice of your hearts will thereto add, "T is pity she's not honest, honourable" Praise her but for this her without-door form, (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands, That calumni doth use,--O, I am out!— That mercy does, for calumny will sear Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hams, and ha's, When you have said, "she's goodly," come between Ere you can say "she's honest." But be't known, From him that has most cause to grieve it should be, She's an adultress.

Her. Should a villain say so, The most replenish'd villain in the world, He were as much villain: you, my lord, Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady; Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Lest barbarism, making me the precedent, Should a like language use to all degrees, And mannerly distinction leave out Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said She's an adultress: I have said with whom: More, she's a traitor: and Camillo is A foedary with her, and one that knows What she should shame to know herself, But with her most vile principal, that she's A bed swerver, even as bad as those That vulgar'se give bold'st titles; ay, and privy To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life, Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you, When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord, You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say You did mistake.
Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your piths; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed.

Leon. Shall I be heard? [To the Guards.
Her. Who is 't that goes with me?—Beseech your
highness,
My women may be with me; for you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then aloud in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry: now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come: you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prov'd violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you, I accept it, that the queen is spotless
I the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep me stable where
I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her;
Then when I see, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peace!

1 Lord. Good my lord,

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would lamback him. Be she honour-lawn'd,—
I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I'll gild them all: fourteen shall they not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather gibl myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dunghy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be damn'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we—Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupidly,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphes, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel ha',
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lost that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:

[Exit an Attendant

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now. good sir,
Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor.

You know me, do you not?

Jailor. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Jailor. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Jailor. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.—[Exeunt Attend.]

Jailor. And, madam, must be present at your conference. [Exit Jailor.]

Paul. Well, be’th so, pr’rythee. Here’s such ado to make no stain a stain, As passes colouring. [Enter Jailor, with Emilia.]

Dear gentlewoman, How fares our gracious lady? Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn, May hold together. On her frowns, and griefs, (Which never tender lady hath borne greater) She is, something before her time, deliver’d.

Paul. A boy? Emil. 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.”

Paul. I dare be sworn: These dangerous, unsane, tunes the king, besireth them! He must be told on’t, and he shall: the office Becomes a woman best; I’ll take’t upon me.

If I prove honey-mouth’d, let my tongue blister, And never to my red-look’d anger be The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia, Command my best obedience to the queen: If she dares trust me with her little babe, I’ll show’t the king, and undertake to be Her advocate to the loud’st. We do not know How he may soften at the sight of the child: The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking falls.

Paul. Most worthy madam, Your honour, and your goodness, are so evident, That your free undertaking cannot miss A thriving issue: there is no lady living So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship To visit the next room, I’ll presently Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer, Who, but to-day, hammer’d of this design, But durst not tempt a minister of honour, Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia, I’ll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it, As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted I shall do good.

Emil. Now, be you blest for it! I’ll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.

Jailor. Madam, if’t please the queen to send the babe, I know not what I shall incur to pass it, Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir: The child was prisoner to the womb, and is, By law and process of great nature, thence Freed and enfranchis’d; not a party to The anger of the king, nor guilty of, If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Jailor. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I Will stand betwixt you and danger. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace. Enter Leonatus, Antigonus, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, nor rest. It is but weak.

Emil. To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If

---in f.e. 2 This word is not in f.e. 3 Not in f.e. 4 Encouraging.

The cause were not in being, part o’ the cause, She, th’ adulteress; for the harlot king Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she I can hook to me: say, that she were gone, Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest Might come to me again.—Who’s there? 1

Leon. How does the boy? 1

Emil. Leon. He took good rest to-night 'Tis hop’d, his sickness is discharg’d.

Leon. To see his nobleness

Conceiving the dishonour of his mother, He straight declin’d, droop’d, took it deeply, Fasten’d and fix’d the shame on’t in himself, 'Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep, And downdraft languish’d.—Leave me solely:—go, See how he fares. [Exit Attend.—Fie, fie! no thought of him— The very thought of my revenges that way Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, And in his parties, his alliance:—let him be, Until a time may serve: for present vengeance, Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes

Laugh at me: make their pastime at my sorrow: They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor Shall she, within my power, [Enter Paulina, behind, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me. Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas, Than the queen’s life? a gracious innocent soul, More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That’s enough.

1 Attten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com¬ manded

None should come at him. Paul. I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,— That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh At each his needless heavings, such as you Nourish the cause of his awaking: I Do come with words as medicinal as true, Honest as either, to purge him of that humour, That presses him from sleep.


About some gossips for your highness. Leon. How?— Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus, Icharg’d thee, that she should not come about me: I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord, On your displeasure’s peril, and on mine, She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her? Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this, (Unless he take the course that you have done, Commit me for committing honour) trust it, He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo, you now! you hear. When she will take the rein, I let her run; But she’ll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,— And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes Myself your loyal servant, your physician, Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares Less appear so in comforting your evils,
ANT. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak h'ing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignite make you,
Yes, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? She durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord: 't is yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! — What need these hands? —
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: — farewell; we are gone.

[Exit Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! — even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
(And by good testimony) I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leon. Am I a feather for each wind that blows?
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither. — You, sir, come you hither;

[To Antigonus

Yon, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,— for 't is a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey; — what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my biddings.
In more than this deed doth require!—And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!  [Exit with the Child
Leon.
No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.
1 Atten. Please your highness, post
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
1 Lord. So please you, sir, their spe
Hath been beyond account
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretels.
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accuss'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [Exit]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The same. A Street in some Town.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wavers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly!
It was it the offering!

Cleo. But, of all the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen.—O, be 't so!
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.

Cleo. Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forceful are upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover. something rare;
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go, fresh horses;
And gracias be the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This session (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even push'd 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king: our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,

1 Not in f. e. 2 Printed as a stage direction in the 1st folio; the others omit it. Mod. eds., with Malone, usually add it to the previous.

speech 3 The words 'to her trial,' not in f. e. 4 Own
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strayed, 'd not appear that it came jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in fact, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin.
Cry. "Fie!" upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less immoderation to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough:
Though it is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not what it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wet no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You know of his departure, as you know
What you have undertaken to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth,
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast.
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which long
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 'tis the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [Exeunt Officers.
Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.
Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not darr'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.
Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blame-less,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praise!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all in the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, in haste.
Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead. [Hermione returns.
Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much belief'd mine own suspicion:—
Beescuch you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.
My great proclamations against thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
Now woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Paul. Woe the while! O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
In lead, or oil? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyrannous,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine. — O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone foolishities were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! wherefore I reckon
The casting forth to crow's thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have sted water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords!
When I have said, cry, woe! — the queen, the queen.
The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and vengeance
for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.
1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. Say, she's dead; I'll swear 't; if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tinure, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on; go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest
1 Lord. Say no more:
How'er the business goes, you have made fault
I the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At repetition, I beseech you; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman.
The love I bore your queen,—io, fool again!
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well.
When most the truth, which I receive much better
Than to be pitted of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie; and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows.

SCENE III.—Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.

Enter Antigonus, with the Babe; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make thy best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: it's like to be loud weather:
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business.

[Exit Ant.] Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits of the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so o'er-running: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her.—"Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Pleads remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There wend, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
"I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more?"—and so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that

1 my petition: in f. e. 2 becoming: in f. e. 3 weep: in f. e.
Apollo would. this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad : that make, and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untied
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same. I am, ere ancientest order was
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to

The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glittering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son of the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Description 1. Swallowed ships as drinkers swallow flasks and grog—small substances floating on liquor, which were swallowed born a—
**SCENE II.**—The Same. A Room near the Shepherd's Cottage.

*Enter Autolycus, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peep,—

[1 Time]

With, heigh! the daisy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet of the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my priggings' tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay.

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile*, but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? [2 Time,]

The pale moon shines by night;

And when I wander here and there,

I then do must go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sous-skin burden,

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the lie to come, I sleep out the thought of it.

—A prize! a prize!*

*Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether told's: every tod yields—pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the worth of it?*

*Aut. [Aside.] If the springe hold, the cock's mine. Clo. I cannot do without counters—Let me see: what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? “Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice.”—What will this sister of mine do with riez? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegay for the shearsers; three-man song-men* all, and very good ones, but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden's pies; mace,—dates, none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger": but that I may beg:—"four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins of the sun."

*Aut. O, that ever I was born!*

*Groveling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!—

*Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags and them, death, death! Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.*

*Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.*

*Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of heating may come to a great matter.*

---

*smelling** in f. o. *Not in f. e. * priggings in f. e. * Fine select. * * Not in f. e. * A red in twenty-eight pounds of woo

* Singers of songs for three voices. * A large, hard pear.
SCENE III.—The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flö. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremities it not becomes me;
O! pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark of the land, you have obscure d
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid.
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have jolly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attir'd, so worn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flö. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forgos dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilify bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrowed flamis, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flö. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd: the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robb'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor any way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak—that you must change this
purpose,
Or my life.

Flö. Thou nearest Perdita,
With these fore'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, girl;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady fortune.
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, dis-
guised; Clown, Mops, Dorcas, and others.

Flö. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.
Scene III.

The Winter's Tale.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both panter, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcome all; serve all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here.
At upper end o' the table, now, it the middle,
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire.
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to's welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends. more known.
Come; quench your blusses, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father's will. I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[To Cam.] You're wel-
come, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and me; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers;
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their pithness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them.
No more than, were I painted. I would wish
This youth should say, 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to bred by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savoy, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair'rt friend,

I would, I had some flowers 't the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim
But sweeter than the lads of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maid's; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flora. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried.
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Witsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flora. What you do
Still better what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so: so give alms;
Pray so: and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave's the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that: move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You wou'd me the false way.

Flora. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to 't.—But, come: our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or says,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something.

That makes her blood:—look on it. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Moses must be your mistress: marry, garliek,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time—

Clo Not a word, a word: we stand upon our man-
ers.—

Come, strike up.

[Music

[Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Per. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read.
As tw'ry, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.

Shr. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He
sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears
grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in.
I love a ballad but even too well; if it do be doltful
matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed,
and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes;
no milliner can so hit his customers with tunes. He
has the prettiest love-songs for maids: so without
bawdry, which is strange: with such delicate burdens
of "diddles" and "fadings"; "jump her and thump her;" and
where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would,
as it were, mischievously, and break a foul jape in
the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do
me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him
with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;"

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceived fellow. Has he any embroidered wares?

Serv. He hath rubinds of all the colours in the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
can learnedly handle though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lavis: why he
sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You
would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to
the sleeve-band, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scourious words in'tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in
them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprian, black as ever was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bangle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quills, and stomachers,
For my lady to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What would lack from head to heel.
Come, buy, my lady, come; come, buy, come, buy,
Buy, lad's, or else your lasses cry:

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldn't
have no money of me; but being enthral'd as I am, it
will also be the bondage of certain rubinds and
gloves.

Mops. I was promised them against the feast, but
they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that; or
there be liars.

Mops. He hath paid you all he promised: you may
be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to
give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will
they wear their placlets, where they should bear their
faces? Is there not milking-time when you are going
to bed, or kiln-hole, to whisper off these secrets, but
you must be little-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis
well they are whispering. Charm your tongues, and
not a word more.

Mops. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by
the way, and lest all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mops. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print
d'life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads,
and toads carbonadod.

Mops. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true: and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer! 

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to, one mistress
Taleporer, and five or six honest wives that were
present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mops. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let's first see more
ballads: we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish, that appeared
upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April,
fifty thousand fathom above water, and sung this
ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought
she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for
she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.
The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more
than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mops. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to
the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's
scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in re-
quest, I can tell you.

Mops. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part,
thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my
occupation: have at it with you.

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go,
Whither fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mops. O! whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mops. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem, 
Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand, 
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it, 
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow, that's bolted 
By the northern blasts twice o'er. 

*Pol.*

What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash 
The hand, was fair before! —I have put you out.—

But, to your protestation: let me hear

*What you profess.*

*Flo.* Do, and be witness to't.

*Pol.* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo.* And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all; 
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, 
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth 
That ever made eye swerve; had sense, and knowledge, 
More than was ever man's: I would not prize them, 
Without her love: for her employ them all, 
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, 
Or to their own perdition.

*Pol.* Fairly offer'd.

*Com.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shep.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Per.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better: 
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out 
The purity of his.

*Shep.* Take hands; a bargain: —

[Joining their hands]

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.

I give my daughter to him, and will make 
Her portion equal his.

*Shep.*

*Flo.* O! that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead, 
I shall have more than you can dream of yet; 
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on; 
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shep.*

Come, your hand:

*And, daughter, yours.*

*Pol.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you

*Flo.* Have you a father?

*Pol.* I have; but what of him?

*Flo.* Knows he of this?

*Pol.* He neither does, nor shall.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is at the nuptial of his son a guest

That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more: 
Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear

Know man from man? dispose' his own estate?

Lies he not bed-ridden? and again, does nothing, 
But what he did being childish?

*Flo.*

*Ne*, good sir: 

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed, 
Than most have of his age.

*Pol.*

By my white beard, 

You offer him, if this be so, a wrong

Something unlawful. Reason, my son

Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason, 

The father, (all whose joy is nothing else 

But fair posterity) should hold some counsel

In such a business.

*Flo.*

I yield all this; 

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. 

Flo. Prythee, let him.

Pol. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[Discovering himself.

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sycophant's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
Per. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, nor of our kin,
Far than Ducalion off.—mark thou my words.

Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afraid; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly.
The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
[To Florizel.

I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[To Florizel.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now,
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O, curse'd wretch!

Cam. [To Perdita.

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [Exit.

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think. Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within.—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow:
I must needs think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be theretofore gladd'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita,—
[To Camillo.] I'll hear you by and by. [They talk apart.

Cam. He's irremovable.

Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with serious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you serv'd; it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompos'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord
If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what’s nearest to him, which is your gracious self, embrace but my direction, (If your more ponderous and settled project May suffer alteration) on mine honour, I’ll point you where you shall have such receiving As shall become your highness; where you may Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see, There’s no disjunction to be made, but, By heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her; And (with my best endeavours in your absence) Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo, May this, almost a miracle, be done, That I may call thee something more than man, And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on A place whereto you’ll go?

Flo. Not any yet; But as th’ unthought-on accident is guilty To what we wildly do, so we profess Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me: The points now. If you will not change your purpose, But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia, And there present yourself, and your fair princess, (For so, I see, she must be) fore Leontes: She shall be habited, as it becomes The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness, As it were i’ the father’s person; kisses the hands Of your fresh princess: o’er and o’er divides him ‘Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th’ one He chides to hell, and bids the other grow Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo, What colour for my visitation shall Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father, To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir, The manner of your bearing towards him, with What you, as from your father, shall deliver, Things known betwixt us three, I’ll write you down: The which shall point you forth at every sitting What you must say, that he shall not perceive, But that you have your father’s bosom there, And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you. There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising Than a wild dedication of yourselves To unpath’d waters, undream’d shores: most certain, To miseries enough: no hope to help you, But, as you shake off one, to take another: Nothing so certain as your anchors, who Do their best office, if they can but stay you Where you’ll be loth to be. Besides, you know, Prosperity’s the very bond of love, Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together, Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true: I think, affliction may subdue the cheek, But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?

There shall not, at your father’s house, these seven years, Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding, as She is i’ the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, ’tis pity She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this I’ll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita — But, O, the thorns we stand upon! — Camillo, Preserver of my father, now of me, The medicine of our house, how shall we do? We are not furnish’d like Bohemia’s son, Nor shall appear ’t in Sicily.

Cam. My lord, Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes Do all tie there: it shall be so my care To have you royally appointed, as if The scene you play were true. — For instance, sir, That you may know you shall not want. — One word.

[They talk apart

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery, not a counterfeit-stone, not a riband, glass, pinnace; a brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-rings, to keep my pack from fasting; they thronged who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches’ song, that he would not stir his petitiones, till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless: it was nothing to give a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir’s song, and admiring the nothing of it: so that, in this time of lathargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bubba’ against his daughter and the king’s son, and scared my thoughts from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you’ll procure from king Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here? [Seeing Autolycus. We’ll make an instrument of this: omit

Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now. — Why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here’s no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here’s nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, use thee instantly, thou must think, there’s a necessity in’t) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the penuriousness on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there’s some book.

[Giving money.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [Aside. I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half dayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[Aside.] I smell the truck of it.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest: but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—[Flo. and Aut. exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy

Come home to you!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you, and as you can, dislike
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,
(For I do fear eyes ever) to ship-board
Get undescribed.

Per. I see, the play so lies,

That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—

Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat. [Gives it to Perdita.]

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?

Pray you, a word. [They talk apart.

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—

Thus we set on. Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempor. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clod at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal. I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I consistent to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside:—here is more Matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her: those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king ail, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man. Neither to his father, nor to me, to go abroad to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardeal will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardeal, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these endplings? hath not thy gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? relick I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze from thee thy business. I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: wherupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pleasante'; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pleasante, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me so as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsonely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on't teeth.

Aut. The fardeal there? what's in the fardeal? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lie such secrets in this fardeal, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air' himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.
**Scene I.**—Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomene, Dion, Paulina, and Others.

Cle. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence than done trespass. At the last, Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Le. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget Her blenishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much, That heless it hath made my kingdom, and destroy'd the sweetest companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of: true.

Paul. Too true, my lord: If one by one you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparalleled.

Le. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me

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**Act V.**

Sorley, to say I did: it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoken a thousand things that would Have done the time more benefit, and grace Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign name: consider little What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Incontinentlookers-on. What were more holy, Than to rejoice the former queen is well? What holier than, for royalty's repair, For present comfort, and for future good, To bless the bed of majesty again With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes; For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle, 
That king Leonatus shall not have an heir, 
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, 
Is all as monstrous to our human reason, 
As my Antigonus to break his grave 
And come again to me; who, on my life, 
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel, 
My lord, should to the heavens be contrary, 
Oppose against their wills.—Care pot for issue; 
The crown will find an heir; Great Alexander 
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor 
Was like to be the best, 
Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I 
Had squar'd me thy counsel!—then, even now, 
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes, 
Have taken treasure from her lips.—
Paul. And left them 
More rich, for what they yielded. 
Leon. Thou speakest truth. 
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse, 
And better us'd, would make her painted spirit 
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage, 
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd, 
Begin, "And why to me?" 
Paul. Had she such power, 
She had but cause. 
Leon. She had; and would incense me 
To murder her I married. 
Paul. I should so: 
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark 
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't 
You chose her? then I'd shrick, that even your ears 
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd 
Should be, "Remember mine?" 
Leon. Stars, stars! 
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife; 
I'll have no wife, Paulina. 
Paul. Will you swear 
Never to marry, but by my free leave? 
Leon. Never, Paulina: so be bless'd my spirit! 
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath. 
Cleo. You tempt him over-much. 
Paul. Unless another, 
As like Hermione as is her picture, 
Affront his eye. 
Cleo. Good madam, I have done. 
Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, 
No remedy, but you will—give me the office 
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young 
As was your former: but she shall be such 
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy 
To see her in your arms. 
Leon. My true Paulina, 
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us. 
Paul. That 
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath: 
Never till then. 

Enter a Gentleman. 
Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel 
Son of Polixenes, with his princes, (she 
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access 
To your high presence. 
Leon. What! with him? he comes not 
Like to his father's greatness: his approach, 
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but fore'd 
By need, and accident. What train? 
Gent. But few, 
And those but mean. 
Leon. His princess, say you, with him! 
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think 
That e'er the sun shone bright on. 
Paul. O Hermione! 
As every present time doth boast itself 
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace! 
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself 
Have said and writ so, but your writing now 
Is colder than that theme—She had not been, 
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse 
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd, 
To say you have seen a better. 
Gent. Pardon, madam: 
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon) 
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye, 
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature, 
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal 
Of all professors else, make proselytes 
Of whom she did but follow. 
Paul. How! not women? 
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman 
More worth than any man; men, that she is 
The rarest of all women. 
Leon. Go, Cleomenes; 
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends, 
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange. 
[Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman] 
He should thus steal upon us. 
Paul. Had our Prince 
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd 
Well with this lord: there was not full a month 
Between their births. 
Leon. Prythee, no more: cease! thou know'st, 
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure, 
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches 
Will bring me to consider that, which may 
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.— 
Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and 
Others. 
Your mother was most true to wed-lock, prince, 
For she did print your royal father off; 
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one, 
Your father's image is so hit in you, 
His very air, that I should call you brother, 
As I did him: and speak of something, wildly 
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome! 
And your fair princess, goddess!—O, alas! 
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth 
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as, 
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost 
(All mine own folly) the society, 
Amity too, of your brave father; whom, 
Though bearing misery, I desire my life 
Once more to look on him. 
Flo. By his command 
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him 
Give you all greetings, that a king, as thy friend, 
Can send his brother; and, but informity 
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd 
His wish'd ability, he had himself 
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his 
Measure'd to look upon you, whom he loves 
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres. 
And those that bear them, living. 
Leon. O, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
A fresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to thy earth. And hath he, too,
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much les'
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Sinalus,
That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
dughter
His tears proclaim'd his, paring with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me.
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify,
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a noble father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is. I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note.
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from herself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.


Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court.
While he was hastening (in the chase, it seems).
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spics upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty;
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
Pore your queen died, she was more worth such gaze
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her.
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardeal, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it:
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;
but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo,
were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost,
with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their
eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture: they looked, as they had heard
of a world ravished, or one destroyed. A notable
passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest
beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say,
if the importance were joy, or sorrow, but in the extre-
miny of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more.—
The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is ful-
filled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of
wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver
you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which
is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir? 3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you’ll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione,—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king’s daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings? 2 Gent. No. 3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow went to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, “O, thy mother, thy mother!” then asks Bohemian forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries his daughter with clippings her: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-beaten conduit of many kings’ reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which James report to follow it, and undoes description to show it. 2 Gent. What pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child? 3 Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear; this avouches the shepherd’s son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knows. 1 Gent. What became of his bark, and his followers? 3 Gent. Wrecked, the same instant of their master’s death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But O! the noble combat, that ‘twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing her. 1 Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such it acted. 3 Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen’s death, (with the manner how she came to’t, heavily confessed, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounding his daughter; till, from one sign of deflour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears: for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal. 1 Gent. Are they returned to the court? 3 Gent. No; the princess hearing of her mother’s statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina.—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is his ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup. 2 Gent. I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing? 2 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unhappily to our knowledge. Let’s along. [Exit Gentleman. Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son abroad the prince: told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd’s daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better. Extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But it is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other diacritics. Enter Shepherd and Clown, in new apparel. Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune. Slep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born. Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born. Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours. Slep. And so have I, boy. Clo. So you have; but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king’s son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, and so we were: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed. Slep. We may live, son, to shed many more. Clo. Ay; or else ’t were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master. Slep. Pr’ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen. Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life? Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship. Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. Slep. You may say it, but not swear it. Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I’ll swear it. Slep. How if it be false, son? Clo. If it be ne’re so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I’ll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk;
but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldest be a tall fellow of thy hands.

_Aut._ I will prove ro. sir, to my power.

_Clo._ Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—[Trumpets.] Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

_SCENE III._—The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA's House.

_Enter_ LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants._

_Leon._ O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

_Paul._ What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd, With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

_Leon._ O Paulina! We honour you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

_Paul._ As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon, Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 'tis well. [PAULINA undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue._

_Music playing._—A pause.

I like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder: but yet speak:—first you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

_Leon._ Her natural posture.—

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems.

_Pol._ O! not by much.

_Paul._ So much the more our carver's excellence; Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her As she liv'd now.

_Leon._ As now she might have done, So much to my good comfort, as it is. Now piercing to my soul, O! thus she stood, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I wou'd hor. I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me? For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which Has my evils conjur'd to rememberance: and From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, Standing like stone with thee.

_Per._ And give me leave, And do not say 'tis superstition, that [Kneeling.] kneel, and thus implore her blessing.—_Lady._ Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

_Paul._ O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's Not dry.

_Cam._ My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

_Paul._ Most truly, my lord, Let him that was the cause of this, have power To take off so much grief from you, as he Will piece up in himself.

_Paul._ Indeed, my lord, If I had thought, the sight of my poor image Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine) I'd not have show'd it. [Offers to draw._

_Leon._ Do not draw the curtain.

_Paul._ No longer shall you gaze ont, lest your fancy May think anon it moves.

_Leon._ Let be, let be! Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am but dead, stone looking upon stone. What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins Did verily bear blood?

_Pol._ Masterly done: The very life seems warm upon her lip.

_Leon._ The fixture of her eye has motion in it.

As we are mock'd with art.

_Paul._ I'll draw the curtain. My lord's almost so far transported, that He'll think anon it lives.

_Leon._ O, sweet Paulina! Make me to think so twenty years together. No settled senses of the world can match The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone. _Paul._ I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you farther.

_Leon._ Do, Paulina, For this affliction has a taste as sweet As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks, There is an air comes from her: what fine chill'd Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me. For I will kiss her.

_Paul._ Good my lord, forbear. [She stays him._ The rostiness upon her lip is wet: You'll mar it, if you kiss it, stain your own With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

_Leon._ No, not these twenty years. Per. So long could I

Stand by, a looker on.

_Paul._ Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement. If you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed; descend, And take you by the hand; but then you'll think (Which I protest against) I am assisted By wicked powers. 

_Leon._ What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy To make her speak, as move.

_Paul._ It is requir'd.

You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still, On, those that think it is unlawful business I am about; let them depart.

_Paul._ Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

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1 Not in f.e. 2 The rest of this direction is not in f.e. 3 Not in f.e. 4 This line is not in f.e. 5 These directions are not in f.e.
Paul.    music awake her. strike! [music.  
't is time; descend; be stone no more: approach; 
strike all that look upon with marvel. come; 
I'll fill your grave up; stir; nay, come away; 
request to death your numbness, for from him 
beart lie redeem you.—you perceive, she stirs. 
[hermione descends slowly from the pedestal. 
start not: her actions shall be holy, as 
you hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her. 
until you see her die again, for then 
you kill her double. nay, present your hand: 
when she was young you wou'd her; now, in age. 
is she become the suitor? 
leon.    o! she's warm. [embracing her. 
'is this be magic, let it be an art 
lawful as eating. 
pol.    she embraces him. 
cam.    she hangs about his neck. 
if she pertain to life, let her speak too. 
pol.    ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd, 
or how stol'n from the dead? 
paul.    that she is living. 
were it but told you, should be hoed at 
like an old tale; but it appears she lives, 
though yet she speak not. mark a little white.— 
please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel, 
and pray your mother's blessing.—turn, good lady, 
our perdita is found. [perdita kneels to hermione. 
her.    you gods, look down, 
and from your sacred vials pour your graces 
upon my daughter's head!—tell me, mine own, 
where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how 
found? 
thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that i, 
knowing by paulina that the oracle 
gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd 
myself to see the issue. 
paul.    there's time enough for that 
lost they desire upon this push to trouble 
your joys with like relation.—go together, 
you precious winners all: your exultation 
partake to every one. i, an old turtle, 
will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there 
my mate, that's never to be found again, 
lament till i am lost. 
leon.    o peace, paulina! 
thou shouldst a husband take by my consent, 
as i by thine, a wife: this is a match, 
and made between's by vows. thou hast found me, 
but how is to be question'd, for i saw her, 
as i thought, dead; and have in vain said many 
a prayer upon her grave; i'll not seek far 
(for him, i partly know his mind) to find thee 
an honourable husband.—come, camillo, 
and take her hand! whose worth, and honesty, 
is richly noted, and here justified 
by us, a pair of kings.—let's from this place. — 
what!—look upon my brother:—both your pardons 
that e'er i put between your holy looks 
my ill-suspicion.—this your son-in-law, 
and son unto the king, (whom heavens directing) 
is truth-plighted to your daughter.—good paulina, 
lead us from hence, where we may leisurely 
each one demand, and answer to his part 
perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first 
we were disheever'd. hastily lead away. [exit}
KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King John.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.
William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bigot, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge.
James Gurney, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace. Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and Others, with Chatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, In my behaviour, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty, of England here, Eli. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy. Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories, To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine; Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace. Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sudden' presage of your own decay.—

An honourable conduct let him have; Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon. [Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said, How that ambitious Constance would not cease, Till she had kindled France, and all the world, Upon the right and party of her son? This might have been prevented, and made whole, With very easy arguments of love, Which now the manage of two kingdoms must With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right, Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear, Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear. Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy Come from the country to be judged by you, That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—[Exit Sheriff

Our abbeyes, and our priories, shall pay
Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithfult subject I: a gentleman

Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son, As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, A soldier, by the honour-giving hand Of Cour-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king. That is well known, and, as I think, one father But, for the certain knowledge of that truth, I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother: Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother, 
And wound her honour with this diffluence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it: 
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine; 
The which if he can prove, 'tis pops me out 
At least from fair five hundred pounds a year, 
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land! 

K. John. A good blunt fellow. — Why, being younger born,
Dost he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land. 
But once he slander'd me with bastardly: 
But wher'e he be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head; 
But, that I am as well begot, my liege, 
(FAIR fall the bones that took the pains for me!) 
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old sir Robert did beget us both, 
And were our father, and this son like him, 
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee 
Give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cour-de-lion's face; 
The accent of his tongue affeceth him. 
Do you not read some tokens of my son 
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts, 
And finds them perfect Richard. — Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father, 
With that half-face would he have all my land: 
A half-face'd goat! five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd, 
Your brother did employ my father much.

Bast. Well, sir; by this you cannot get my land. 
Your tale must be, how he employed my mother. 

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy 
To Germany, there, with the emperor, 
To treat of high affairs touching that time. 
The advantage of his absence took the king, 
And in the mean time rejoind at my father's; 
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak. 
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores 
Between my father and my mother lay, 
As I have heard my father speak himself, 
When this same lusty gentleman was got. 
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed 
His land to me; and took it, on his death, 
That this, my mother's son, was none of his: 
And, if he were, he came into the world 
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time. 
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine, 
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate: 
Your father's wife did after wedlock hear him: 
And if she did play false, the fault was hers, 
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands 
That marry wives. Tell me, how my brother 
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 
Had of your father claim'd this son for his? 
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept 
This calf bred from his cow, from all the world; 
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's, 
My brother might not claim him, nor your father. 
Being none of his, refuse him. — This concludes, 
My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force 
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir, 
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge, 
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land, 
Or the reputed son of Cour-de-lion, 
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape, 
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him; 
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 
My arms such cet-skins stunt'd; my face so thin, 
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, 
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes, 
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, 
Would I might never stir from off this place, 
I'd give it every foot to have this face: 
I would not be sir Rob. in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune, 
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? 
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance 
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year, 
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me, thither. 

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun; 
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose 
form thou hearest.

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:

[Bast. kneels and rises.]

Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land, 
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day, 
When I was got Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet! —

I am thy grandson, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?

Something about, a little from the right, 
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch: 
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night, 
And have is have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot, 
And I am I, how'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire. —

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed 
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee, 
For thou wast got 1 the way of honesty.

[Exit all but the Bastard.

A foot of honour better than I was 
But many, ah, many foot of land the worse. 
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady: —
"Good den", sir Richard. — "God-a-mercy, fellow? 
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter; 
For new-made honour doth forget men's names: 
'T is too respective, and too sociable.

For your diversion, now, your traveller,
SCENE I. France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and Forces; on the other, Philip, King of France, and Forces: Lewis, Constance, Arthur, and Attendants.

Leeu. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood, Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart, and sought the holy wars in Palestine, By this brave duke came early to his grave: And, for amends to his posterity, At our importance he is come, To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf, And to rebuke the usurpation Of thy unnatural uncle. English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither. 
Artb. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death, 
The rather, that you give his offspring life, 
Shadowing his right under your wings of war, 
I give you welcome with a powerless hand, 
But with a heart full of unstained love: 
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke. 

Leeu. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right? 
Aust. Upon thy check lay I this zealous kiss, 
As seal to this indenture of my love; 
That to my home I will no more return, 
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France, 
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore, 
Whose foot spurs back the ocean's roaring tides— 
And coops from other lands her islanders,
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes.
Even till that utmost corner of the west
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be
Against the brows of this resisting town:—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To call the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indifferently shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd.—
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;
We coldly pause for thee: Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expeditious to this town;
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
As Até stirring him to blood and strife:
With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the king's deceased,
And all ill-entitled humours of the land:
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and seath in Christendom.

[Drums heard.]

The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much more unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,
Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France be in peace
permit.
Our just and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;
While we, God's wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace.
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat.
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought her lawful king.
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:

[Pointing to Arthur]

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son: England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's. In the name of God,
How comes it, then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission?
France.

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernatural Judge, that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the plots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. Phi. Exence: it is to beat usurping down.
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer:—thy usurping son.
Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot:
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that beats thy father

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would
blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
An' a may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the larde of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
I'll smoke your skin-coat, and I catch you right:
Srirah, look to't; if faith, I will, if faith.
Blanch. O! well did I become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alice's shoes upon an ass.—
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back.
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same, that deads our ears
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Lea. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John. This is the very sum of all:
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.
Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?
Arthur of Bretzane, yield thee this to my hand,
And out of thy love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward band of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Const. Do, child, go to thy grandam, child:
Give thy grandam kingdom, and thy grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave: [Weeping.]
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.
Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shame,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads shall heaven be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!
Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call on me to t' injure: thee, and thee, whosoever,
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy, thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plag'd for her,
And with her plague her sin: his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised so'd, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.
Citi. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K Phi. 'T is France, for England.
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.—
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hitherto March'd to your endagement:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Come 'fore your city's eyes, your winking gates,
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of time
Had been disord'd, and wild'd have made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace,
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscrath'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd vouche a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forewarranted in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king e'er him, and all his that enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity we tread
In warlike march these greenes before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child.
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unback'd swords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proferr'd offer,
'T is not the round'le of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war.
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us: shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Citi. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects.
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.
K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in
Citi. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses, [king?]
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breaed.—
Bast. Bastards, and else.
K. Phi. To verify our title with their lives.
K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those—
Bast. Some bastards, too.
K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

[Aside.]
KING JOHN.

ACT II.

CIT. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sins of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and o'er
its on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
each us some fence! [To Austria.] Sirrah, were! at home,

At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,

And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.

Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments.

Bast. Speed, then, to have advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in,
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband gruelling lies,
COLDLY embracing the discoloured earth,
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.

Their armours, that have been so silver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.

There stunk no plume in any English crest,
That is renew'd by any staff of France:
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.

Open your gates, and give the victors way.

CIT. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King John, with his power, Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other, King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of

In this hot trial, more than we of France;

Rather, lost more; and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, against whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Graeze the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha! majesty, how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire.
O! now dost Sithen line his dead chaps with steel;
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
And now he feasts, moulding the flesh of men,
In undetermine'd differences of kings;

Why stand these royal fronts amaz'd thus?

Cry, havock, kings! back to the stained field,
You equal potent, firey-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England who's your king?

CIT. The king of England, when we know the king

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear procession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

CIT. A greater power than we deny all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings of our fear; until our fear, resolv'd,
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gaze and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death;
Your royal presence at the court bind
Thee and me; and thus we'll both be bind'd

To do like the mutineers of Jerusalem;

Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.

By cast and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charg'd to the months,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city;

I'll play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air,

That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;

Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;

Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,

To whom in favour she shall give the day,

And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?

Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads
I like it well.—France, shall we hurl our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  
  Bast. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then defy each other, and pull-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.  
  K. Phi. Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault.  
  K. John. We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.  
  Aust. I from the north.  
  K. Phi. Over thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.  
  Best. O, prudent discipline! From north to south,  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.  

[Aside.  
I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!  
  Cit. Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,  
And I shall show you peace, and fair-face'd league;  
Win you this city without stroke, or wound;  
Resemble a breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field.  
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.  
  K. John. Speak on, with favour: we are bent to hear.  
  Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,  
Is niece to England: look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?  
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
If not complete of 3, say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he:  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such 2 she;  
And she a fair divided excellence.  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
O! two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:  
Two and two shores to two such streams made one.  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can  
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open,  
And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is half so deaf.  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion: no, not deatn himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory;  
As we to keep this city.  
  Bast. Here's a stay,  
That shakes the rotten carcasse of old death  
Out of his rage! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,  

1 mere: in f. a. 2 Complete in the qualities. 3 as: in f. a.  

But buffets better than a fist of France,  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.  
  Eli. Son, list to this conjunction; make this match  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough,  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yond' green boy shall have no sun to rise  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls  
Are capable of this ambition,  
Lost zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and consol a gain to what it was.  
  Cit. Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?  
  K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward  
first  
To speak unto this city: what say you?  
  K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen;  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea,  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich  
In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.  
  K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's  
  Lec. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye,  
Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow.  
I do protest, I've never lov'd myself,  
Till now infus'd I behold myself  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.  
  [Whispers with Blanch]  
  Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye,  
Hand'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,  
And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
That hand'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be  
In such a love, so vile a lout as he.  
  Blanch. My uncle's will in this respect is mine  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,  
Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
judge,  
That I can find should merit any hate.  
  K. John. What say these young ones? What say you,  
  My niece?  
  Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.  
  K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin: can you love  
this lady?  
  Lec. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love,  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.  
  K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine  
Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be placed withal,
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.
K. Phi. It likes us well.—Young princes, close
your hands. [They join hands.  
Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well-assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.  
K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary’s chapel presently
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz’d.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.
Leu. She is sad and passionate at your highness’ tent.
K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
Will give her sadness very little cure.— [made,
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow’d lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn’d another way,
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all;
For we’ll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook’d for, unprepared pomp.
[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire
from the walls.
Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—The Same. The French King’s Tent.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married? gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood join’d! Gone to be friends?
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so; than hast mis-spoke, misheard.
Be well advis’d, tell o’er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say ’tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man.
I have a king’s oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish’d for thus frustrating me,
So I am sick, and capable of fears;
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex’d spirits, I cannot take a truce.
But they will quake and tremble all this day,
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o’er his bounds?

John, to stop Arthur’s title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God’s own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devi’d,
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clap’d on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin’d aim,
From a resolv’d and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why stay I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wad me yet:
Not that I have no power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor baggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a baggar, I will rail,
And say, there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say, there is no vice but baggar.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

[Exit.

1 Net in f e 2 Betrath’d. 3 Whisper’d 4 aid in f. o. 5 the in f. o. 6 and sightless: in f. o.
SCENE I.

KING JOHN.

For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou mayst possess the best
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:
Sh' adulterate hourly with thine uncle John:
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John!
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsown?
Envow'd him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave these voces alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.
Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[Says sit on the ground.

Enter King John. King Philip, Lewis, Blanch,
Elinor, Bastard, Austria, and Attendants.
K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
[day,
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in her course, and plays the alchymist,
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloudy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day! [Rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done.
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day;
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?
Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsown, forsown;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in animity and faint in peace.
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O. Lynoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too
And sooth'st up greatnes. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs!

K. Phi. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you enomiting deputys of heaven.
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfullly dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent. I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the month of England,
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under heaven, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this
K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christer

dom,
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchose corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand eurs'd, and excommunicate.
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretie;
And meritorious shall that hand be eall'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a saint,
KING JOHN.

ACT III.

That takes away by any secret course
Thy haleful life.

Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too: when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because--

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed* bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O! then, trend down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lust.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more.

It thou stand excommunicate, and curse'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knitt,
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Married in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows;
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-swear'd faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clasp this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were besmeard'd and overstain'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings;
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood.

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
Unwear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,
And let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A caged* lion by the mortal paw,
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd:
That is; to be the champion of our church.
What since thou swear'st is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss when it is truly done;
And being done not, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it.
The better act of purposes mistook
Is to mistake again: though indirect,
Yet indirectation thereby grows direct,
And falsehood falsehood corrects; as fire cools fire
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But, thou hast sworn against religion,
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'dst,
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath: the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears only not to be forsworn:
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
Therefore, thy later vows, against thy first,
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchsafe them; but, if not, then know,
The peril of our curses lights on thee,
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will it not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Aust. Against the blood that thou hast married?

Bast. Shall braying trumpets, and loud curulial drums,
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

K. Phi. O husband, hear me! — ah, alack! how new
Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name,

* untrimmed: in f. e.: which Dyce defines virgin. * cased: in f. e. Dyce suggests chafed.
KING JOHN.

Scene III.

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.  

Const.  
O! upon my knee.  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Though virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.  

Blanch.  
Now shall I see thy love. What motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?  

Const.  
That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.  

Luc.  
I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.  

Pand.  
I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
K. Phi.  
Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall  
Const.  
O, fair return of banish'd majesty! [from thee.  

Eli.  
O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!  
K. John.  
France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.  

Bast.  
Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  

Blanch.  
The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,  
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adieu!  
I am with both: each army hath a hand,  
And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirr asunder, and dismember me.  

 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive;  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.  

Luc.  
Lady, with me; with me thou fortune lies.  

Blanch.  
There where my fortune lives, there my life  
dies.  

K. John.  
Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—  
[Exit Bastard.]  

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and deadliest-val'd blood of France.  
K. Phi.  
Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire. [turn  
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.  

K. John.  
No more than he that threatens.—To arms  
let's hie!  
[Exeunt.  

Scene II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.  
Alarums, Excursions. Enter the Bastard with  
Austria's Head.  

Bast.  
Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,  
While Philip breathes.  

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.  
K. John.  
Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.  

Bast.  
My lord, I rescued her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
But on, on by heage; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end.  
[Exeunt.  

Scene III.—The Same.  
Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John  
Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.  
K. John.  
So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind.  
[To Elinor.  

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad;  
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.  

Arth.  
O! this will make my mother die with grief.  
K. John.  
Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for Eng-  

land: haste before;  
And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; their imprison'd angels  
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.  

Bast.  
Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
When gold and silver beckis me to come on.  
I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy.)  
For your fair safety: so I kiss your hand.  
Eli.  
Farewell, gentle cousin.  
K. John.  
Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.  
Eli.  
Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.  

She talks apart with Arthur.  
K. John.  
Come hither, Hubert. O! my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
To say what good respect I have of thee.  

Hub.  
I am much bounden to thy majesty, fyr.  
K. John.  
Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so  
But thou shalt have: and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say,—but let it go.  

The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gauds,  
To give me audience:—if the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night:  
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had baul'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,  
[Which, else, runs tingling?] up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes,)  
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,  
Then, in spite of the broad watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts,  
But ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.  

Hub.  
So well, that what you bid me undertake  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I would do it.  
K. John.  
Do not I know, thou wouldst?  
Good Hubert! Hubert,—Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.  

* Not in f. e.  
airy: in f. e.  
This word not in f. e.  
She takes Arthur aside: in f. e.  
race: in f. e.  
*tickling: in f.  
This word not in f. e.  
broaded: in f. e.
Hub.  And I'll keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.  
Hub.  My lord?  
Hub.  He shall not live.  

I could be merry now.  Hubert, I love thee;  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.  
Eliz. My blessing go with thee!  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty.—On towards Calais, ho!  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.  The Same.  The French King's Tent.  
Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandolph, and Attendants.
K. Phi.  So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of converted sail  
Is scatter'd, and disjoint'd from fellowship.  
Pand.  Courage and comfort!  all shall yet go well.  
K. Phi.  What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
Are we not beaten?  Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner?  divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?  
Lew.  What hate he hath, that hath he fortified;  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example.  Who hath read, or heard,  
If any kindred action like to this?  
K. Phi.  Well could I hear that England had this praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.  
[Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here?  a grave unto a soul;  
Holding th' eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—  
I prythee, lady, go away with me.  
Con.  Lo now; now see the issue of your peace!  
K. Phi.  Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Con- 
stance.  
Con.  No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!  
Thou odorous stench!  sound rottenness!  
Arise from forth the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulcy brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,  
And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me:  and I will think thou smilest,  
And buss thee as thy wife!  Misery's love,  
O, come to me!  
K. Phi.  O, fair affliction, peace!  
Con.  No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.—  
O! that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth:  
Then with what passion I would shake the world,  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorrs a widow's invocation.  
Pand.  Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.  
Con.  Thou art not holy to belie me so.  
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;  
My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!  
I am not mad.—I would to heaven were;  

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part prodigiously reason  
How may I be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
Or madly think a babe of clowns were he.  
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.  
K. Phi.  Bind up those tresses.  O! what love I note  
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wavy friends  
Do glue themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, insepable, faithful lovers,  
Sticking together in calamity.

Con.  To England, if you will.  
K. Phi.  Bind up your hair.  
Con.  Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?  
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,  
"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!"  
But now, I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—  
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday suspend,  
There was not such a gracious creature born.  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.  
Pand.  You hold too heinous a respect of grief.  
Con.  He talks to me, that never had a son.  
K. Phi.  You are as fond of grief, as of your child.  
Con.  Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words;  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort than you do.—  
I will not keep this form upon my head,  

[Tearing her hair.*

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, all the world,  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!  

K. Phi.  I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.  

[Exit.

Lew.  There's nothing in this world can make me  
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
joy  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoild the sweet world's taste:  
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness  
Pand.  Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hubert and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.
1 Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly seruples: fear not you: look to 't. —
[Exeunt Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title)
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, no body should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my chrisdom,
So, I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
Of my uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall strive forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No scape of nature, no dissembler'd day,
No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lev. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.

Put. O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hury all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd.—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbling about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are topful of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lev. Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

ACT IV.

No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. [Aside.] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. [Aside.] His words do take possession of my bosom.

Read here, young Arthur. [Shewing a paper.] [Aside.] How now, foolish rheum!

Turning dispiteous torture out of door?
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fair, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did
but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour.
KING JOHN.

"Adieu, Prince Hubert! I thank you, Hubert."

"Silence! no more. Go closely in with me; much danger do I undergo for thee."
We breath'd our counsel; but it pleas'd your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, thus lesseening my fear,
I shall indulge you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all.
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the musing lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument.—
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why should your fears, which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong, be more than to mew up
Your tender kinman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise!—
That the time's enemies may not have this
to grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no farther ask.
Than whereupon our weal, on yours depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—HUBERT, what news with you?

HUBERT. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Both show the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a more to do.
SAL. The colour of the king doth come and go,
between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
SAL. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.
Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
SAL. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis a shame,
That great defenses should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game: and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury, I' shall go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sowers, and ere long, I doubt. [Exeunt Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes it all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk,
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died.
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard: if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speech, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct come these powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER of POMFRET.

K. John. Thou hast made me gidd'y
With these ill-tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

BAST. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

BAST. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a pamphlet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so
PETER. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin!

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hearst thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; mon'sieur's mouths are full.
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury, [of it
With eyes as red as new-enchanted fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
If Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
In your suggestion.

1 than least is: in f. e 2 then: in f. e 3 should: in f. e
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.

O! let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels,
And thy like thought from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.    [Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.—
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wonderous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldame, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously,
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean, unwash'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hast done to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy hour'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a
When I spoke darkly what I purposed;    [pause.
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off.
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sign's:
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act
The gend which both our tongues held vile to name
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns.

Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O! answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste;
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.    [Exeunt.

SCENE III. —The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter Arthur, on the Walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.    [Leaps down
O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones. [Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmund's Bury.

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perious time.

Pen. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France;
Whose private misinside of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then
Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 't will be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.
Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords, The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess'd himself of us: We will not line his sin-bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks. Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now; Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld, Or have you read, or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object, Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame, The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or starring rage, Present to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excus'd in this; And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegetter sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand, If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?— We had a kind of light, what would ensue: It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand; The practice, and the purpose, of the king: From whose obedience I forbid my soul, Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life, And breathing to his breastless excellence The incense of a vow, a holy vow, Never to taste the pleasures of the world, Never to be infected with delight. Nor conversant with ease and idleness, Till I have set a glory to this head, By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you. Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O! he is bold, and blushes not at death.—Avant, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword. Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say: By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours. I would not have you, lord, forget yourself.

Nor tempt the danger of my true defence, Lest I, by marking but your rage, forget Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman. Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so.

Yet, I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false. Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Fustlebridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury. If thou butrown on me, or stir thy foot, Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame, I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime, Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron, That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge? Second a villain, and a murderer.

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince? [Pointing to Arthur Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well: I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes. For villainy is not without such rheum; And he, long traded in it, makes it seem Like rivers of remorse and innocence. Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor Thy uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house. For I am stilled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury: to the Dauphin there. Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out. [Execute Lords.

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair work? Beyond the infinite and boundless reach Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death.

Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what; Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black: Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer. There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent To this most cruel act, do but despair; And if thou woulst a cord, the smallest thread That ever spider twisted from her womb Will serve to strangle thee: a rush will be a beam To hang thee on: or wouldst thou drown thyself? Put but a little water in a spoon, And it shall be as all the ocean, Enough to stifle such a villain up.

[Enter Hubert.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath, Which was embownded in this beauteous clay, Let hell want pains enough to torture me. I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms:— I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—

[Hubert takes up Arthur.

How easy dost thou take all England up! From forth this worse of dead royalty,
KING JOHN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King John, Pandulph with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.


From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches: 'tis now we are inflam'd,
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not: for the present time's so sick.
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrown incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convert,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your plundering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard. [Exit.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded: nothing there holds
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd.
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you ha've been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and blank distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt: Hubert bearing out Arthur's body.]

ACT V.

Be stirring as the time; meet! fire with fire,
Threaten the threaten, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O! let it not be said.—Courage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me.
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O, inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce.

To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And dash his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke,
Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
Aud. noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by contempt'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound.
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side...
To be a widow-maker; O! and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury.
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And 'tis not pity, O, my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw, and weep
Upon the thought of this enforced cause)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove
That Neptune's arms, who clipped thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grasp thee tuple into a pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lev. A noble temper dost thou show in this;
And great affections wresting in thy bosom
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O! what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly dost progress on thy checks.
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such mainy drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vanity top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with wringing meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm:
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd:
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossipping.
Come, come: for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knot your shews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDELF, attended.
And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France.
The next is this:—king John hath reconcile'd
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church.
The great metropolis and see of Rome:
Therefore, thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war,
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gentle at the foot of peace,
And be no farther harmful than in show.

Lev. Your grace shall pardon me: I will not back
I am too high-born to be propriety,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.

1 spot: in f. e. 2 Embrace. 3 So the folio.; The bold, and most ed. read: unheird (i.e. unbearded). 4 and: in f. e. 5 crow: in f. e.

Your breath first kindled the dead coals of wars
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
'Ye, thrust this enterprise into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
1, by the honour of my marriage-bed.
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underproach this action? is't not 1,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, play'd for a crown,
And shall I now give over the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.
Lev. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And could these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[Trumpet sounds]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak.—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties.
He dully says, he 'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This spush and unmanly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unheard' sauntness of boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door
To edgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive like bucks in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
To lie like pawns look'd up in chests and trunks,
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feedled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms:
KING JOHN.

**ACT V.**

**SCENE III.** — The Same. A Field of Battle.

*Alarums. Enter King John and Hubert.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O! tell me, Hubert.

*Hub.* Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long, Lies heavy on me: O! my heart is sick.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge, Desires your majesty to leave the field, And send him word by me which way you go.

*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinestead, to the abbey there.

*Mess.* Bo of good comfort; for the great supply, That was expected by the Dauphin here, Are wreak'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands: This news was brought to Richard but even now. The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up, And will not let me welcome this good news. Set on toward Swinestead; to my litter straight: Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE IV.** — The Same. Another part of the Same.

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, Bigot, and Others.*

*Sol.* I did not think the king so staid with friends.

*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French: if they miscarry, we miscarry too.

*Bigot.* Sol. That misbegotten dauphin, Faulconbridge, In spite of all, alone upholds the day.

*Pem.* They say, king John sore sick hath left the field. Enter Melun wounded, and led by Soldiers. Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

*Sal.* When we were happy we had other names.

*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold: Untread the road-way of rebellion.

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out king John, and fall before his feet; For if the French be lords of this loud day, He means to recompense the pains you take, By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn, And I with him, and many more with me, Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's Bury; Even on that altar, where we swore to you, Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?

*Mel.* Have I not hitherto death within my view. Retaining but a quantity of life, Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax. Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire? What in the world should make me now deceive. Since I must lose the use of all deceit? Why should I then be false, since it is true? That I must die here, and live hence by truth? I say again, if Lewis do win the day, He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours Behold another day break in the east; But even this night, whose black contagious breath Already smokes about the burning crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun. Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire, Paying the fine of rated treachery, Even with a treacherous fire of your lives, If Lewis by your assistance win the day. Command me to one Hubert, with your king; The love of him,—and this respect besides, For that my grand-dire was an Englishman,— Awakes my conscience to confess all this. In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field; Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts In peace, and part this body and my soul With contemplation and devout desires. *Sal.* We do believe the devil and beseech our soul But I do love the favour and the form Of this most fair occasion, by the which We will untread the steps of damned flight; And, like a hated and retired flood, Leaving our rankness and irregular course, Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd. And calmly run on in obedience. Even to our ocean, to our great king John,— My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence. For I do see the cruel pangs of death Bright3 in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight Ana happy newness, that intends old right. [Exeunt, leading off Melun.]

**SCENE V.** — The Same. The French Camp. *Enter Lewis and his Train.*

*Leu.* The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush, When English measured backward their own ground In faint retire. O! bravely came we off, When with a volley of our useless shot, After such bold talk we bid good night, And wound our tattered colours close up.4 Last in the field, and almost lords of it! Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Where is my prince, the Dauphin?
KING JOHN.

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinsest-Abbev.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house) Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief That being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that hell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.— Doth he still rage?

Exit Bigot

Pem. 

He is more patient Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes In their continuance will not feel themselves. Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts, Leaves them unvisited; and his siege is now Against the mind, which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies, Which, in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death, And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born To set a form upon that indigent, Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter Bigot and Attendants: King John brought in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room. It would not out at windows, nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom, That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment, and against this fire Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill-fare:—dead, forsook, cast off And none of you will bid the winter come, To thrust my icy fingers in my maw; Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, And comfort me with cold. —I do not ask you much: I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait, And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.— Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scalded with my violent motion, And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd; And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail, Are turned to one thread, one little hair: My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy news be uttered, And then all this thou seest is but a clod, And model of confounded royalty.

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Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! —Beshrew thy very heart!

Lew. The count Melun is slain: the English lords, By his persuasion, are again fallen off; And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long, Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Who, foul shrewd news! —Beshrew thy very heart!

Lew. I did not think to be so sad to-night, As this hath made me. —Who was he, that said, King John did fly an hour or two before.

The steeple's midnight did part our weary powers?

Mess. Who ever spake it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to-night.

The day shall not be up so soon as I.

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinsest-Abbev.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend. —What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Where didst thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand Of thine affairs, as well as thine tongue so well.

Bast Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.

Bast. Who art thou?

Hub. Thou wilt: and, if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night, Have done me shame. —Brave soldier, pardon me, That any accent breaking from thy tongue Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O! my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news: I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk; I left him almost speechless, and broke out To acquaint you with this evil, that you might The better arm you to the sudden time, Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back, And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thin indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide; These Lincoln washes have devoured them: Myself well-mounted hardly have escap'd. Away, before: conduct me to the king; I doubt, he will be dead or ere I come. [Exeunt.
**Bast.** The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;  
For, in a night, the best part of my power,  
As I upon advantage did remove,  
Were in the washes, all unwarily,  
Devoured by the unexpected flood.  
[King John dies.]

**Sal.** You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—  
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.  
**P. Hen.** Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
When this was now a king, and now is clay?  
**Bast.** Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge,  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.  
**Sal.** It seems you know not, then, so much as we,  
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
And brings from him such offers of our peace  
As we with honour and respect may take,  
With purpose presently to leave this war.  
**Bast.** He will the rather do it, when he sees  
Ourselves well sinew'd to our own defence.  
**Sal.** Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
For many carriages he hath despatch'd  
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
To the disposing of the cardinal:  
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,  
If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
To consummate this business happily.  
**Bast.** Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,  
With other princes that may best be spar'd,  
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.  
**P. Hen.** At Worcester must his body be inter'd.  
For so he will'd it.  
**Bast.** Thither shall it then.  
And happily may your sweet self put on  
The lineal state and glory of the land:  
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,  
I do bequeath my faithful services,  
And true subjection everlasting;  
**Sal.** And the like tender of our love we make,  
To rest without a spot for evermore.  
**P. Hen.** I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.  
**Bast.** O! let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—  
This England never did, nor never shall,  
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these, her princes, are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us mo  
If England to itself do rest but true.  
[Exit.]

**KING JOHN.**
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Richard the Second.
Edmund of Langley, Duke of York.
Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford.
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.
Duke of Surrey.
Bushy, [Bishops.]
Bagot, [Creatures to King Richard.]
Green, [Earl of Northumberland.]

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.


Enter King Richard; attended; John of Gaunt, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancast-er,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son, here to make good the boisterous late appeal, Which then our leisure would not let us hear, Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him, if he appeal the duke on ancient malice, Or worthily, as a good subject should.

On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument, On some apparent danger seen in him, Aim'd at your highness; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,

And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire, In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with Bolingbroke and Norfolk.

Boling. Full many years of happy days befal My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege! Nor. Each day still better other's happiness; Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap, Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but fia 1—rus

As well appeareth by the cause you come; Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—

Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Boling. First, heaven be the record to my speech: In the devotion of a subject's love,

Tendering the precious safety of my prince.

And free from wrath or misbegotten hate, Come I appellant to this princely presence.—

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee, And mark my greeting well; for what I speak, My body shall make good upon this earth, Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant; Too good to be so, and too bad to live,

Since the more fair and crystal is the sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the note, With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat:

And wish, (so please my sovereign) ere I move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
T is not the trial of a woman's war,

The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,

Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:

The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this:

Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say,

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving rein and spur* to my free speech,

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Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinman to my Hege,
I do defy him, and I spitt at him;
Call him a slander-crowding villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean'time, let this defend my loyalty:
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
Disclaiming here the kindness of the king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread have left thee so much strength,
As to take upon mine honour's paw, then stop.
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.
Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
in name of lendings for your highness's soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for levied* employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Farther, I say, and farther will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Gloucester's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And, consequently, like a traitor-coward,
Stole out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me (for justice, and rough chastisement): And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!-
Thomas of Norfolk, what say' sthou to this?
Nor. O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while he deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood.
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Sach neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstopping firmness of my upright soul.

He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.
Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart.
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbur'd I dul'd to his highness's soldiers:
The other part reserved I by command;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a clear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen.
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloriest's death,
I slew him not: but to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A reagent and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician:
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-piece shall become my age.
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?

Obedience bids, I should not bid again.
K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is not so little.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame.
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
Despite of death that lives upon my grave,
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrace'd, impeach'd, and baffled here,
Pier'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spee:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed that poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame.
Nor. Yea, but not change his spots: take my shame,
And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loan, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times bar'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life: both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

1 Uninhabitable: often so used by contemporary writers. 2 From the quart. 1597. 3 So the folio; quart. 1597: said. 4 Driscoll.

Boling. O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.
Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
Before this oufard's dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parle, my tooth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command:
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it.
At Coventry, upon Saint Lambert's day,
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms,
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloster.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloster's blood* Doth more solcit me, than your exclains.
To stir against the butchers of his life:
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root:
Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe. 
Ah! Gaunt, his blood was thine: that bed, that womb,
That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt: it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,
Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defender.
Duch. Why then, I will.—Farewell, farewell.* out
Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and tell Mowbray fight.
O! sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast;
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming course's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford.
Farewell, old Gaunt: thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Duch. Yet one word more.—Grief boundeth where
it falls,
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun.
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what—
With all good speed at Flashy visit me.

Alack! and what shall so good old York there see,
But empty lodgings and unfinish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what heart* there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me: let him not come there.
To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere.
Desolate, desperate,* will I hence, and die:
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Heralds, &c., attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his Throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, Green, and others, who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter Norfolk in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Who hither come en enraged by my oath,
(Which, God defend, a knight should violate;)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me
And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Trumpets sound. Enter Bolingbroke, in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plaited in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight; so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
And, I: who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death no person be so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct those fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
And bow my knee before his majesty: [hand,
For Mowbray and myself are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight.
Farewell, my blood: which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O! let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be guid'd with Mowbray's spear.

As confident as is the falcon's flight,
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.

My loving lord, I take my leave of you:—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:
Not sick, although I have to do with death,
But lusty, young, and cheerily drawing breath.
I go! as at English feasts, so I regard
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet:
O! thou, [To Gaunt.] the earthy author of my
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Both with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'baviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live,
Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!

Nor. Hereford, God forsooth, cast my lot,
There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman.

Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroU'd enfranchisement.
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jovial, as to jest,
Go I to fight. Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espay
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.

Order the trial, martial, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance: and God defend thee right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry, amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [To an Officer.] to Thomas
duke of Norfolk.

1. Her. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant.
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him:
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2. Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk.

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

A Charge sounded,

Stay, the king hath thrown his warde} down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spear,
And both return back to their chairs again.
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.

A long flourish

Draw near, [To the Combatants.] and list, what with
our council we have done.

For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draves the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wraffhous iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enri'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly's slow hours shall not determine

1 Jest often means a mask entertainment. 2 So the quarto, 1597; other eds. thy. 3 Truck iron. 4 This and the four following lines
are omitted in the folio. 5 So the quarto; the folio death. 6 sty; in f. a.
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserv'd at your highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstrung viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjail'd my tongue,
Doubly pooren'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailor to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence planning comes too late.

Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall (so help you truth and God!) Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complott any ill,
Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, to a sacred enemy.—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;
Since thou hast far to go, bear not alone
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence.
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;
Ald all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.
Farewell, my liege.—Now no way can I stay:
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griefed heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[To Bolingbroke] Six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and fouranton springs,
In word: an end: such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile;
But little vantage shall I reap thereby,
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live

Gaut. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to turrow me with age.
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verdict gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?

Gaut. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour
When the tongue's pasty prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd not as a judge; but I had rather,
You should have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have more med:
A partial slander sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas! I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[FLOURISH. Extant K. RICHARD, and Train
Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must no know,
From where do you remain, let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant colour of the heart.

Gaut. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Waut. What is six winters? they are quickly gone

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour:

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure
Boling. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity;
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,

1 Rewond. 2 So the quartos; the folio: ever. 3 Not in f. e. 4 So the old copies; the 2d folio, and mod. eds. read: far. 5 This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. 6 This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st; the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good;
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's teeth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lancess not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell! sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.
Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green, at one door; Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdain'd my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem d buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment.
He should have had a volume of farewells:
But, since it would not, he had none of me.
K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observe his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to divere into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his banquet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee
With — "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends!"—
As were our England in reverent his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means.
For their advantage, and your highness' loss,
K. Rich. We will ourselves in person to this war:
And, for our coffers; with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light;
We are enforc'd to form our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters,
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy. What news?
Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat his majesty to visit him.
K. Rich. Where lies he now?
Bushy. At Ely-house, my liege.

K. Rich. Now put it, God, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him:
Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[Exeunt.
KING RICHARD II.

SCENE 1. York. No; it is stipp'd with other flattering sounds,
As praises of his state: then, there are found
Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still our tardy spish nation
Lims after, in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then, all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose:
'T is breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd,
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him.
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last.
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, instinate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands:
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry;
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now less'd out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement, or pelted farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter King Richard, and Queen Aumerle, Bushy, Green, Bagot, Ross, and Willoughby.
York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being urg'd, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?
K. Rich. What? comfort, man! How is 't with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt. O, how that name betises my composition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a teinds fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks;
And therein fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.
K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names?
Gaunt. No; misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.
K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those things live?
Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.
K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st thou flatter'st me.
Gaunt. O! no; thou diest, though 't the sicker be.
K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows I see thee ill:
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill,
The death-bed is no lesser than the land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick,
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Com'rit'st thy pointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee.
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head,
And yet, incaged in so small a verge.
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame.
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land be lease;
But for thy world enjoying but this land.
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king;
Thy state of law is bondslave to the law,
And thou—
K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an auge's privilege,
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood
With fury from his native residence,
Now, by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.
Gaunt. O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son.
For that I was his father Edward's son;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd:
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongst happy souls
May be a preceendent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood.
Join with the present sickness that I have,
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long withered flower.
Live in thy shame, but do not shame with thee.
These words hereafter thy tormentors be—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[Exit, borne out by his Attendants]
K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have
For both hast thou, and both become the grave

1 The quarto, 1593, reads: As praises, of whose taste the wire are found (fond). 2 Folio, 1623: for 3 Pety 'n'sd': io fe 4 The folio seems: with 5 The folio: and. 6 So the quarto; the folio and most mod. ed.: And—
E. Rich. And thou a lunatic, &c.
York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wardly sickness and age in him:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry, duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford: love, so live:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spelt.
York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he:
His time is spent; our pilgrimage must be.
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars.
We must supplant those rough rag-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live:
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess’d.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster’s death, nor Hereford’s banishment,
Not Gaunt’s rebukes, nor England’s private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace.
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign’s face.
I am the last of noble Edward’s sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion, and more fierce.
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face thou hast, for even so look’d he,
Accomplish’d with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown’d, it was against the French.
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father’s hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between
O, my liege! Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas’d
Not to be pardon’d, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish’d Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford’s rights away, and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow, then, ensue to-day;
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God (God forbid, I say true!),
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford’s rights.

Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery; and deny his offer’d homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I’ll not be by the while. My liege, farewell.
What will e’en hereof, there’s none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.
[Exit
K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight.
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and it’s time, I traw;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov’d us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.
[Flourish

[Exeunt, King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle, Green, and Bagot.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.
Wilko. Barely in title, not in revenues.
North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.
Ross. My heart is great; but it must break with silence.
Ere’t be disburden’d with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him not
Speak more.
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Wilko. Tends that thou’dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man,
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore God, it’s shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, ‘gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute,
‘Gainst us, our wives’, our children, and our heirs
Ross. The commons hath he pil’d with grievous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin’d
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.
Wilko. And daily new exactions are devis’d;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wit not what;
But what, o’ God’s name, doth become of this?
North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr’d he hath not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev’d with blows
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm
Wilko. The king’s grown bankrupt, like a broken man
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

1 On the death of every person who held by Knight’s service, the escheator of the court summoned a jury, who inquired what estate he died seized, or possessed of, and what age his next heir was. If he was under age, he became a ward of the king; if of full age, he had a right to seize out a writ of 'outlet et main', that is, his livery, that the king’s hand might be taken off, and the land delivered to him—Nelson
2 Not in the folio
His but lenitous notions notwithstanding.
But by the robbing of the banish’d duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoidable is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of
death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay; let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost
ours.

Ross. But confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but our thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus.—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv’d intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston.
Sir John Norbury, sir Robert Waterston, and Francis
Quoint.
All these well furnish’d by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expediency,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If, then, we shall shake off our shalvish yoke,
Imp’d out our drooping country’s broken wing,
Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish’d crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter’s gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurg;
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse, I urge doubts to them that
fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the
Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis’d when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-damning heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief.
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune’s womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing troubles: at some thing it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow’s eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz’d upon,
Show nothing but confusion: ey’d awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord’s departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wall,
Which, look’d on as it is, is nought but shadows:
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen.
More than your lord’s departure weep not: more
not seen;
Or if it be, ’tis with false sorrow’s eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Bushy. ’Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: how’er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though unthinking on no thought I think.
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. ’Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. ’T is nothing lost: conceit is still deriv’d
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something woe;
Or something hath the nothing that I guess?:
’T is in reversion that I do possess.
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name: ’tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. God save your majesty:—and well met
gentlemen.—
I hope, the king is not yet shipp’d for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopst thou so? ’tis better hope he is,
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then, wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp’d?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir’d his
power.
And driven into despair an enemy’s hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish’d Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is late arriv’d
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah! madam, ’tis too true: and what is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim’d Northumber-
land, And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign’d his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow’s dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver’d mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join’d.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of York, port-armed.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
O! full of careful business are his looks.—
Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts:
Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
Where nothing but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home:
Here am I left to undercrop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so — go all which way it will —

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—
Sirrah, get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold; take my ring.
Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there:
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is 't, knave?
Serv. An hour before I came the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do:—I would to God,
(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
The king had cut off his head with my brother's.—
What! are there not posts dispatch't for Ireland?—
How shall we do for money for these wars?—
Come, sister,—cousin, I would say: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [To the Servant.] get thee home: provide some ears,
And bring away the armour that is there. [Exit Servant.

Gentlemen, will you go must men? If I know how, or which way, to order these affairs, Thas disorderly thrust into my hands, Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:
Th' one is my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again,
Is my near kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd,
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, [men, I'll dispose of you.—Gentlemen, go muster up your
And meet me presently at Berkley. 1
I should to Plashy too, But time will not permit.—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit York and Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wairering commons; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whose empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you; for little office

Will the hateful commons perform for us,
Except like ours to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No: I will to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell! if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that never shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes Is numbering sands, and drinking ocean dries:
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.
Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Bushy. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Wilds in Glosstershire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland,
with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Glosstershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways.
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome; And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar.
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way From Ravenspur to Cotswold will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company,
Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweetend with the hope to have
The present benefit which I possess;
And hope to joy is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath been By sight of what I have, your company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord: he hath forsook the court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd the household of the king.

North. What was his reason? He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake
Together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspur;
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me over by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there:
Then, with directions to repair to Ravenspur

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember; to my knowledge I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
North. How far is it to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. This stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour.
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil-

loughby.

Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is but yet unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th'o' exchequer of the poor:
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.
Boling. My lord, my answer is— to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.
Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: it is not my meaning,
To raise one title on your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will.
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with self-borne arms.

Enter York attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you:
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle.

[Kneels.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is conceivable and false.
Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncl'e me
no uncl'e: I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,"
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than that,—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon our peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And ostentation of despoothing arms?
Canst thou because th'o' anointed king is hence
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault:
On what condition stands it, and wherein?
York. Even in condition of the worst degree;
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign
Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford.
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms performing: All given away
To upstart unriths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son. Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus brod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongers. chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distress'd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused,
Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.
Wil. Base men by his endowments are made great,
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come; in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
But for his own: and for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid,
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king.
But since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there, my lords, repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bazot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.
York. It may be I will go with you;—but yet I'll
pause.
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;  
The eare, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:  
The king repose all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.  
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,  
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:  
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,  
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other to enjoy by rage and war:  
These signs forerun the death of fall of kings.  
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and fled,  
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead.  

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Foil to the base earth from the firmament.  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:  
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.  

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke’s Camp at Bristol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Percy,  
Willoughby, Ross; Bushy and Green, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men.—  
[Bushy and Green stand forward.]

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls,  
Since presently your souls must part your bodies,  
With too much urging your pereicious lives,  
For 't were no charity: yet, to wash your blood  
From off my hands, here in the view of men  
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.  
You have misled a prince; a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,  
By you unhappy and disfigur’d clean:  
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,  
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him,  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain’d the beauty of a fair queen’s cheeks.  
With tears, drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs,  
Myself, a prince by fortune of my birth,  
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,  
Have stoop’d my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh’d my English breath in foreign clouds,  
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,  
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark’d my parks, and fell’d my forest woods,  
From mine own windows torn my household coat,  
Itaz’d out my impress, leaving me no sign,  
Save men’s opinions, and my living blood,  
To show the world I am a gentleman,  
This and much more, much more than twice all this,  
Condemn you to the death. See them deliver’d over  
To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,  
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell!  

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our souls,  
And plague injustice with the pangs of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch’d

[Exeunt Northumberland and Others, with Bushy and  
Uncle, you say the queen is at your house; Green.  
For God’s sake, fairly let her be entreated :  
Tell her I send to her my kind comands;  
Take special care my greetings be deliver’d  
York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch’d  
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords,  
To fight with Glendower and his complices:  
Away, Awhile to work, and after holiday.  

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter King Richard,  
Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, and Soldiers.

K. Rich. Barkingly Castle call they this at hand?  
Aum. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air,  
After late tossing on the breaking seas?  

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,  
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses’ hoofs.  
As a long parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, gout I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hand.  
Feed not thy sovereign’s foe, my gentle earth,  
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;  
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their yay,  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee,  
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,  
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch  
 Throw death upon thy sovereign’s enemies.—  
Mock not my senseless congregation, lords:  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellion’s arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made  
you king,  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  

The means that heavens yield must be embrac’d,  
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven’s offer we refuse,  
The proffer’d means of succour and redress.  

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;  
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,  
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power  
K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know’st thou not,  
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;  
But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He dreses the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck’d from off their backs,  

1 The folio omits: and fall.  
2 Not in f. e. 
3 The rest of  
the speech is not in the folio.  
4 Not in f. e. 
5 Not in f. e. 
6 Not in f. e.
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves? 
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke, 
Who all this while hath revel'd in the night; 
Whist we were wandering with the antipodes, 
Shall we see rising in our throne, the cast, 
His treasons will sit blushing in his face, 
Not able to endure the sight of day, 
Not all the water in the rough rude sea 
Can wash the balm from an anointed king: 
The breath of worldly men cannot depose 
The deputy elected by the Lord. 
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd, 
To lift surew'd steel against our golden crown, 
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay 
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight, 
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power? 
Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord, 
Than this weak arm. Discomfort grudges my tongue 
And bids me speak of nothing but despair. 
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord, 
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth. 
O! call back yesterday, bid time return, 
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men: 
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late, 
O'erthrow's thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state; 
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead, 
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, or fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men 
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled; 
And till so much blood thither come again, 
Have I not reason to look pale and dead? 
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side; 
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king? 
Awake, thou coward majesty! thou sleepest. 
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names? 
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes 
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground, 
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high? 
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York 
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege, 
Than can my care-turn'd tongue deliver him. 
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd: 
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. 
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my care; 
And what lose is it to be rid of care? 
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we? 
Greater he shall not be: if he serve God, 
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so. 
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend; 
They break their faith to God, as well as us. 
Cry woes, destruction, ruin, loss, decay. 
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd 
To bear the tidings of calamity. 
Like an unseasonable stormy day, 
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores, 
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears; 
So high above his limits swells the rage 
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land 
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel. 
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalp 
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices, 
Strive to speak high, and clasp their feeble joints 
In stiff unwieldy armour 'gainst thy crown: 
Thy very headsmen learn to bend their bows 
Of double-fatal yew against thy state; 
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills 
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel, 
And all goes worse than I have power to tell. 
K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill! 
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot? 
What is become of Bushy? where is Green? 
That they have let the dangerous enemy 
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps? 
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. 
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke. 
Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord. 
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption! 
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man! 
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart! 
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas! 
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war 
Upon their spotted souls for this offence! 
Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property, 
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate. 
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made 
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse 
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound, 
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground. 
Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead? 
Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads. 
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power? 
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak: 
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs; 
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes 
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth. 
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills: 
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath, 
Save our deposed bodies to the ground? 
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's, 
And nothing can we call our own but death, 
And that small model of the barren earth, 
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones. 
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground, 
And tell sad stories of the death of kings: 
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war. 
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd, 
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd, 
All murder'd,—for within the hollow crown— 
That rounds the mortal temples of a king— 
Keeps death his court, and there the antic site. 
Scroop. Shall we read it, and grinning at his pomp; 
Allowing him a breath, a little scene, 
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks; 
Infusing him with self and vain conceit, 
As if this flesh, which walks about our life, 
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus, 
Comes at the last, and with a little pin 
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell king! 
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood 
With solemn reverence: throw away respect, 
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty.

1This line is not in the folio. 2So the quartos; the folio: sluggard. 3So the quartos: the folio: forty. 4clap: in f. e., female: in e. 5arms against: in f. e. 6This word is added in the folio. 7The folio: hand. 8This image may have been taken from the sever: 9of the "Imaginar Mortis," a series of designs in the style of Holbein's Dance of Death. It is in Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare.
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want.
Taste grief, need friends; subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and wait their
But presently the means to wait. [WOES.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die is death destroying death;
Where fearing dying pays death service breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou child'st me well.—Proud Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
At easy task it is, to win our own—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up.
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his part. [K. Rich.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beshrew thee. cousin. [To Aumerle.] which didst lead me
forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair!
What say you now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I'll hate him everlasting,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, discharge; and let them go
To eat the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man speak again
To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beseech the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard:—Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should
Lest you mistake; the heavens are o'er our heads.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is man'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Percy. Yes, my good lord;
It doth contain a king: king Richard lies
Within the limits of yond' lime and stone;
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergymen
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.
Boling. Noble lord.

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:

Through broken trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Henry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,
To his most royal person; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.
Go; signify as much, while here we march
Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.
Let 's march without the noise of threatening drum,
That from the castle's tatter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet,
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock?
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—

March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.
A parley sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within
Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the
Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.
Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lights forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,
That any storm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we
stood
[To Northumberland.

To watch the faithful bending of thy knee,
KES'G
Come your Sorrow like 341
were know. That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship; for well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre, unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done, have torn their souls by turning them from us, and we are barren and bereft of friends.
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, is mustering in his clouds on our behalf. Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike your children yet unborn, and shall
That lift your vassal hands against my head, and threaten the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke. for yond', methinks, he stands, that every stride he makes upon my land is dangerous treason. He is come to ope the purple testament of bleeding war:
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons shall ill become the flower of England's face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.
North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king should so with civil and unequal arms.
Be rush'd upon. Thy thrice-noble cousin, Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand; and by the honourable tomb he sweares, that stands upon your royal grandsire's bones, and by the royalties of both your bloods, Currents that spring from one most gracious head, and by the hued hand of warlike Gaunt, and by the worth and honour of himself, comprising all that may be sworn or said, his coming hither hath no farther scope, than for his lineal royalties, and to beg Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: Which on thy royal party granted once, his glittering arms he will commend to rust, his barbed steeds to stables, and his heart to faithful service of your majesty.
This sweares he, as he is a prince, is just, and, as a gentleman. I credit him.
K. Rich. Northumberland, say, thus the king re- His noble cousin is right welcome hither; [turns: and all the number of his fair demands.
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction. With all the gracious utterance thou hast, speak to his gentle hearing kind condescends.—
Northumberland retires to Bolingbroke. We do debate ourself, cousin, [To Aumerle.] do we not, to look so poorly, and to speak so fair? Shall we call back Northumberland, and send defiance to the traitor, and so die?
Aum. No. good my lord: let's fight with gentle words.
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine, That laid the sentence of dreadful banishment
On yond' proud man, should take it off again With words of sooth. O! that I were as great As is my grief, or lesser than my name, or that I could forget what I have been, or not remember what I must be now.
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat, [Unbuttoning.]
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown,
My figured goblets for a dish of wood,
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff,
My subjects for a pair of carved saints,
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little grave, an obscure grave:
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live, and, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st: my tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes, and make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—to drop them still upon one place, till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid, there lies Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland, what says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty give Richard leave to live till Richard die? you make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay.
North. My lord, in the base court, I doth attend to speak with you: may 't please you to come down?
K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening Phaeton
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[North. retires again to Bolingbroke.
In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court? Come down? down, court! down, king!
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
[Exeunt, from above.
Boling. What says his majesty?
North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Make him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.
Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.
Boling. Stand all apart, and show fair duty to his majesty.—
My gracious lord,—
K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knees
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up. I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low
Boling. My gracious lord. I come but for name own
K. Rich. Your own is yours; and I am yours, and all
Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have—

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Not in f. o. base court, lower court.

Enter the Queen, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden?

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we’ll play at bowls.

Queen. ’Twill make me think the world is full of rubs.
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we’ll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we’ll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I’ll sing.

Queen. ’T is well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let’s step into the shadow of these trees.—
My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They’ll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forsworn with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond’ dangling apricocks,
Which, like merry children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bowing twigs.—
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of two-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.

You thus employ’d, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil’s fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-wall’d garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok’d up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun’d, her hedges ruin’d,
Her knots’ disorder’d, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer’d this disorder’d spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter.
That seem’d in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck’d up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bashly, Green.

1 Serv. What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke Hath seiz’d the wasteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not so trimm’d and dress’d his land,
As we this garden. At the time of year
We wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-prou’d in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv’d to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What! think you, then, the king shall be depos’d?

Gard. Depress’d he is already; and depos’d,
’Tis doubt, he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York’s,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press’d to death, through want of speaking.

[Coming forward.

Thou, old Adam’s likeness, set to dress this garden,
How darest thou harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee news?
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos’d?
Darst thou, than little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Can’st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam; little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh’d:
In your lord’s scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you’ll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think’st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London’s king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?

Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God, the plants thou gav’st may never grow.

[Exit Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall a tear; here, in this place,
I’ll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[Exit.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. Westminster Hall.

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the Throne; the Lords temporaries on the left; the Commons below. Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Surrey, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, another Lord, the Bishop of Carlisle, the Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants.

Boling. Call forth Bagot.

Enter Bagot, guarded.

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind, What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death; Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then, set before my face the lord Aumerle. Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man. Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd. In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted, I heard you say,—'Is not my arm of length, That reacheth from the restful English court, As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?'

Amongst much other talk, that very time, I heard you say, that you had rather refuse The offer of an hundred thousand crowns, Than Bolingbroke's return to England; Adding withal, how blest this land would be In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princess, and noble lords, What answer shall I make to this base man? Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars, On equal terms to give him chastisement? Either I must, or have mine honour soild With the attainer of his slanderous lips.

There is my gage, the manual seal of death, That marks thee out for hell; I say, thou liest, And will maintain what thou hast said is false In thy heart-blood, though being all too base To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up. Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy, There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine. By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st, I heard thee say, and, vauntingly thou spak'st it, That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death. If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest; And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point. Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour. Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this. Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true a this appeal, as thou art all unjust; And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage, To prove it on thee to th' extremest point Of mortal breathing. Seize it if thon dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off, And never brandish more revengeful steel Over the glittering helmet of my foe! Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle; And spurn thee on with all as many lies

* e. add: Officers behind, with Bagot. * Not in f. e. * Equality of rank. * This and the next speech are not in the folio, all, but the quartos of 1597, read: take.
Worst! in this royal presence may I speak, 
Yet best becom'ning me to speak the truth. 
Would God, that any in this noble presence 
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true nobles\(^1\) would 
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong. 
What subject can give sentence on his king? 
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject? 
Thieves are not judged\(^2\) but they are by to hear, 
Although apparent guilt be well in them; 
And shall the figure of God's majesty; 
His captain, steward, deputy elect. 
Anointed, crowned, planted many years, 
Be judged by subject and inferior breath. 
And he not\(^3\) present! O! forend\(^4\) it, God, 
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd. 
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed! 
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks, 
Stir'd up by God thus boldly for his king, 
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king, 
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king; 
And if you crown him, let me prophesy 
The blood of English shall manure the ground, 
And future ages groan for this foul act: 
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels, 
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars 
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confounded; 
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny, 
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd 
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls. 
O! if you raise\(^5\) this house against this house, 
It will the woefullest division prove, 
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent,\(^5\) resist it, let it be not so, 
Last child, child's children, cry against you—woe! 
North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains, 
Of capital treason we arrest you here:— 
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge 
To keep him safely till his day of trial. 
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit. 
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view 
He may surrender: so we shall proceed 
Without suspicion. 
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit. 
Boling. Lords, you that are here are under our arrest, 
Procure your sureties for your days of answer.— 
Little are we beholding to your love. [To the Bishop. 
And look for little at your helping hands. 
Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Crown, &c. 
K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king, 
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts 
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learnt 
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbs: 
Give sorrow leave awhile to tutor me 
To this submission. Yet I well remember 
The favours\(^6\) of these men: were they not mine? 
Did they not sometime cry, All hail! to me? 
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve, 
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none. 
God save the king! Will you man say, amen? 
Art I both prince and clerk? How then, amen? 
God save the king! although I be not he; 
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me. 
To do what service am I sent for hither? 
York. To do that office of thine own good will, 
Which tired majesty did make thee offer; 
The resignation of thy state and crown 
To Harry Bolingbroke.  
K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize 
the crown; 
[Crown brought
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side, yours. 
Now is this golden crown like a deep well, 
That owes\(^7\) two buckets, filling one another; 
The emptier ever dancing in the air, 
The other down, unseen, and full of water: 
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I, 
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high 
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign 
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine 
You may my glories and my state dispose, 
But not my griefs: still am I king of those. [crown 
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with you 
My care is loss of care, by old care done; 
Your care is gain of care, by new care won: 
The cares I give, I have, though given away; 
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay. 
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown? 
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be 
Therefore no, for I resign to thee. 
Now mark me how I will undo myself.— 
I give this heavy weight from off my head, 
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand, 
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart: 
With mine own tears I wash away my balm, 
With mine own hands I give away my crown, 
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state, 
With mine own breath release all duties, rites\(^8\): 
All pomp and majesty I do forswear; 
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo; 
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny: 
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me! 
God keep all vows unbrok'd that swear\(^9\) to thee! 
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieve'd; 
And thou with all pleas'd, that last all achiev'd! 
Long may'st thou live in Richard's sent to sit, 
And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit! 
God save king Henry, unkag'd Richard says, 
And send him many years of sunshine days!— 
What more remains? 
North. No more, but that you read [Offering a paper 
These accusations, and these grievous crimes, 
Committed by your person and your followers, 
Against the state and profit of this land; 
That, by confessing them, the souls of men 
May deem that you are worthily depos'd. 
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out 
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland, 
If thy offences were upon record, 
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop, 
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldest, 
There shouldst thou find one heinous article, 
Containing the depos'ing of a king, 
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath, 
Mark'd with a blot, daub'd in the book of heaven.— 
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me, 
Whilst that my wretchedness doth baffle myself, 
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands, 
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates 
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross, 
And water cannot wash away your sin.

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1 To the quarto, 1597; all other editions: nobleness. 
2 And he himself not, &c.; in f. e. 
3 So all the quartos: the folio: forbid. 
4 In the quarto; the folio: bear. 
5 The folio inserts: and. 
6 This line, and all that follows to Richard's exit, were first printed in the quarto 
of 1623. 
7 Features. 
8 Not in f. e. 
9 Ours. 
10 The folio: duteous oaths. 
11 The man. we made.
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again. The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me eas' to wait, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king.
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers* are you all.
That rise thus mimbly by a true king's fall.
[Execut K. Richard, and Guard.
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.
[Execut all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and
Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woe's to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aumer. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind
herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.  [Exeunt.]
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weak'en'd? Hath this Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed? if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead: and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in the touch weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, whereby
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
Shall break into corruption. Thou shalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he shall think, that thou, which know'st the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
Take leave, and part, for you must part withth' me.

K. Rich. Doubly divorce'd! —Bad men, ye violate
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,
And then, betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me kiss the oath; 'twixt thee and me;
[They embrace.]

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the elime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe
Weep thou for me in France, for thee here
Better far off, than near, being ne'er the near.

Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest means
K. Rich. Twice for one stop I'll groan, the way
being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dubiously part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.

Queen. Give me mine own again; 't were no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

[They kiss again.

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and the Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.


Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"

You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespalte them thus,—"I thank you, countrymen:"
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grad'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did seewell of gentle Richard: no man cried, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitted him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for eye allow.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was...
KING RICHARD II.

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my untruthy son?

York. 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be found.

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,

For there they say, he daily doth frequent,

With unrestrained loose companions;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;

While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,

Takes on the point of honour to support

So dissolve a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,

And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;

And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that

He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolve, as desperate; yet through both

I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days

May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle, in great haste.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stays and looks

So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,

To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[Exeunt Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth.

My tongue elevate to my cousin within my mouth,

Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?

If on the first, how heinous else it be,

To win thy love after I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,

That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [Aumerle locks the door

—To kill the king at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none;

We'll keep him here: then, what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman! I were he twenty times

My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,

As I have done, thou wouldst be more put to,

But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,

That I have been disloyal to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy son.

Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,

Not like to me, nor any of my kin,

And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse

Spur, post, and get before him to the king,

And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.

I'll not be long behind: though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:

And never will I rise up from the ground,

Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone.

[Exeunt.

KING RICHARD II.

SCENE III. But that is lost for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now.

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Enter Aumerle.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now,

That strew the green lap of the new-com spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not; nor I greatly care not:

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,

Lest you be crop'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me then see the writing.

Aum. My lord, it is nothing.

York. No matter, then, who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

Tis nothing but some bond ho's enter'd into

For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not

show it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say,

[Snatch's it and reads.

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!—

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—

Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,

I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What's the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter,

Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more

Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

York. Bring me my boots! I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art

amaz'd.—

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.

[Exit Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?

Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?

Have we more sons, or are we like to have?

Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,

And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,

And robb of a happy mother's name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond, mad woman,

Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?

A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,

And interchangeably set down their hands,
York. [Within.] My liege, beware! look to thyself:
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I’ll make thee safe. [Drawing.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand: thou hast no cause
to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy
king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[Bolingbrook opens the door, and locks it again.

Enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read’st, thy promise past,
I do repent me: read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. It was, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor’s bosom, king:
Fear, and not love, begots his penitence.
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will bite thee to the heart.

Boling. O, heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy! —
O, loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou shear, immaculate, and silver fountains,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defied himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice’s bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers’ gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shame’d life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill’st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man’s put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho! my liege! for God’s sake
let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic’d supplicant makes this
eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; ’tis I.
Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg’d before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang’d to “The Beggars and the King.”—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she’s come to pray for your foul sin.
York. If thou do pardon, whatsoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester’d joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make
here?
Shall thy old dogs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle
liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother’s prayers, I bend my knee

York. Against them both, my true joints bound me

[Knells.

Boling. I’ll may’st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace?

Duch. Pleadeth he in earnest? look upon his face:
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied:
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then, let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up,
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long’d to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings’ months so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king: say, pardonnez-moi.

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That set’s the word itself against the word!
Speak, pardon, as ’tis current in our land:
The chopping* French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art. [Rises.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the
abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order several powers
To Oxford, or where else* these traitors be:*
They shall not live within this world, I swear,
But I will have them. so* I once know where.
Uncle, farewell,—and cousin mine! adieu:
Your mother well hath pray’d, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old man; I pray God make their
new.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words
he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice.

Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it
And urg’d it twice together, did he not?

Serv. He did.
Enter Exton. And, speaking it, he wisely look'd on me; As who should say,—I would thou wert the man That would relieve this terror from my heart; Mean'ning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go: I am the king's friend, and will rid his foes. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world: And for because the world is populous, And here is not a creature but myself, I cannot do it: yet I'll humour't out. My brain I'll prove the female to my soul; My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts, And these same thoughts people this little world; In humours like the people of this world, For no thought is contented. The better sort, As thoughts of things divine, are intermit't With scruples, and do set the world itself Against the world.
As thus:—"Come, little ones," and then again,— "It is as hard to come, as for a camel. To thread the pattern of a small needle's eye." Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot Unlike:—wonders: how these vain weak nails May tear a passage through the flinty ribs Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls; And, for they cannot, die in their own pride. Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves, That they are not the first of fortune's slaves, Nor shall not be the last: like silly beggars, Wzo, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame. That many have, and others must sit there: And in this thought they find a kind of ease, Bearing their own misfortune on the back Of such as have before endured the like. Thus play I, in one person, many people, And none contented: sometimes am I king; Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar, And so I am: then, crushing penury Persuades me I was better when a king.
Then, am I king again: and, by and by, Think that I am undoing by Bolingbroke, And straight am nothing.—But whate'er I am, Nor I, nor any man, but that man is, With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be ease'd With being nothing.—Music do I hear? Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is, When time is broke, and no proportion kept! So is it in the music of men's lives: And here have I the daintiness of ear, To check time broke in a disorder'd string, But for the concord of my state and time, Had not an ear to hear my true time broke. I wasted time, and now doth time waste me; For now hath time made me his numbering clock; My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar, Their watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch, Whereto my finger, like a dial's point, Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears. Now, for so sound, that tells what hour it is, Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart, Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans, Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock. This music mads me: let it sound no more, For though it hath holp madmen to their wits, In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad. Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me! For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince! K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer; The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear. What art thou? and how comest thou hither, Where no man never comes, but that sad dog That brings me food to make misfortune live? Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king. When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York, With much ado, at length have gotten leave To look upon my sometime royal master's face. O! how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld In London streets that coronation day, When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary! That horse that thou so often hast bestrid, That horse that I so carefully have dress'd K. Rich. Hole he Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend, How went he under him? Groom. So proud, as if he had disdain'd the ground K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back! That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand; This hand hath made him proud with clapping him. Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down, (Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck Of that proud man that did usurp his back? Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee, Since thou, created to be aw'd by man, Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse: And yet I hear a burden like an ass, Spur-gall'd and tir'd by jauncing Bolingbroke. Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay. [To the Groom.


Keep. My lord, will 't please you to fall to? K. Rich. Taste of it first, as that art wont to do. Keep. My lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary. K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee! Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [Strike the Keeper.


That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire, That stagger thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own hand. Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high, Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [Dies

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood, And have I spilt: O, would the deed were good! For now the devil, that told me I did well, Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt with the bodies.

SCENE VI.—Windsor. An Apartment in the Castle.

Flourish Enter Bolingbroke, and York, with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear
is, that the rebels have consum'd with fire
Our town of Ciester in Glosstshire;
But whither they be taken, or slain, we hear not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord. What is the news with you?*

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness:
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

[Presenting a Paper.

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwater.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With eulog of conscience, and sour melancholy
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kinely doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your doom*:
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander with thy fatal hand
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [Deed.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black. Incontinent
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after: grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bler.

* These two words are not in f. e. * Carlisle, this is your doom: in f. e * So the quarto, 1597; the others, and folio: slaughters
THE FIRST PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.


Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.


K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care, Find we a time for fretted peace to pant, And breathe short-winded accents of new broils To be commenc'd in strains afar remote. No more the thirsty entrance of this soil Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood; No more shall trenching war channel her fields, Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes, Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, All of one nature, of one substance bred, Did lately meet in the intestine shock And furious close of civil butchery, Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks, March all one way, and be no more oppo'd Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies: The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife, No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends, As far as to the sepulchre of Christ, Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross, We are impressed, and engag'd to fight, Forthwith a power of English shall we levy, Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb, To chase these pagans, in those holy fields, Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet, Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd For our advantage on the bitter cross. But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,

And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go: Therefore we meet not now.—Then, let me hear Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland, What yesternight our council did-decree, In forwarding this dear expedience. West. My liege, this haste was hot in question, And many limits of the charge set down But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came A post from Wales loaden with heavy news; Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer, Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight Against the irregular and wild Glendower, Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken, A thousand of his people butchered; Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse, Such beastly, shameless transformation, By those Welchwomen done, as may not be Without much shame re-told or spoken of. K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil Brake off our business for the Holy Land. West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord; For more uneven and unwelcome news Came from the north, and thus it did import. On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there, Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald, That ever-valiant and approved Scot, At Holmedon met; Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour, As by discharge of their artillery, And shape of likelihood, the news was told; For he that brought them, in the very heat

And pride of their contention did take horse,  
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain’d with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk’d in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon’s plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake carl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and the bold’ Montecith;  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?  

West. ’Faith, it is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak’st me sad, and mak’st  
me sin,
In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son:  
A son, who is the theme of honour’s tongue;  
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant:  
Who is sweet fortune’s minion, and her pride:  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be prov’d,  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang’d  
In eradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And eall’d mine Perey, his Plantagenet;  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,  
Of this young Perey’s pride? the prisoners,  
Which he in this adventure hath surpris’d,  
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,  
I shall have none but Mordake carl of Fife.

West. This is his mene’s teaching; this is Worcester,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects:  
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent him for to answer this;  
And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords;  
But come yourself with speed to us again,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad?  
P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old  
sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping  
upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to  
demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know.  
What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the  
day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes  
capons, and elocks the tongues of bawds, and dials  
the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself  
a fair torch, which in flame-colour’d taffeta, I see no  
reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand  
the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me, now, Hal; for we,  
that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars,  
and not by Phæbus.—he, ‘that wandering knight so  
fair.’  

And, I pr’ythee, sweet wag, when thou art  
king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty. I should say,  
for grace thou wilt have none,—

P. Hen. What, none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve  
to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let  
not us, that are squires of the night’s body be called  
thieves of the day’s beauty; let us be Diana’s foresters,  
gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let  
men say, we be men of good government, being  
governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress  
the moon, under whose countenance we steal.

P. Hen. Thou say’st well, and it holds well, too; for  
the fortune of us, that are the moon’s men, doth ebb  
and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is,  
by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold most  
resolutely snatch’d on Monday night, and most disso-  
lutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—  
lay by; and spent with crying—bring in; now, in as  
low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and, by and by,  
in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say’st true, lad. And is not  
my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the  
castle.  

* Is not a buff jerkin* a most sweet robe of  
durability?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy  
quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to  
do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my  
hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many  
a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No: I’ll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all  
there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would  
stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my  
credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that it is! here apparent  
that thou art heir apparent.—But, I pr’ythee, sweet  
wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when  
thou art king, and resolution thus foibed, as it is, with  
the rusty curb of old father antick, the law? Do not  
thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No: thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I’ll be a grave  
judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou  
shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a  
rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps  
with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I  
can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hang-  
man hath no lean wardrobe. ‘Shlool, I am as melancholy  
as a gib-cat, or a lugger bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover’s lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagnippe.*

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* Raised in ridges, bagnippe. * These two words are not in f. e. * 2 in f. e.:  
In faith.

* The Knight of the Sun, whose romantic adventures were translated and published in 1655. * An allusion to the name of Oldcastle, which  
Falstaff appears to have originally borne. Farmer says it is from, lad of Castello. * This was the dress of constables at the time of the play  
were it not here: in f.e. * Gib, was an old name for a tom-cat. * The Lincolnshire bagnippe is often mentioned by old writers.
P. Hen. What saithest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascallish, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity! I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal:—God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing: and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse-to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter PIONS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Pions!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match:—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were not enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morning, Ned.

Pions. Good morning, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Lack-Sack?—and Sugar? Jack, how aggravates the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold eapen's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word: the devil shall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due.

Pions. Art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else had he been damned for cozening the devil.

Pions. But, my lad's, my lad's, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yeardwid: if I tarry at home, and go ot, I'll hang you for going.

Pions. You will, chaps?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?


Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be made chap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Pions. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor accuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallows' summer! [Exit FALSTAFF.

Pions. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Pete, and Gadshill shall rob those men that have already way-laid yourselves and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, out this head off from my shoulders.

P. Hen. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Pions. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Yea, but 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Pions. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the none; to unmask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us. Pions. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he'll fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty at least he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with them: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Pions. Farewell, my lord. [Exit PIONS.

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a white uphold

The unyok'd humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun.
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at.
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised.
By much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground.
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Re redeeming time, when men think least I will. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.


K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unto the stir at these indigines,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have hoil to make so portly.

North. My good lord,—

K. Hen. Lord Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and d bedence in thine eye.
Oh sir! your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And me most might never yet endure
The moody frontiers of a servent brow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak.

North. Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy, here, at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprison
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners:
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfum'd like a milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A poucet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took it away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in spite:—and still he smil'd, and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmanly,
To bring such things as did dishonour,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and ladies' terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all startling, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a poppinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not: for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmeecei for an inward bruise;
And that it was a great pity, so it was.
This villainous evil-tempered should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And, if I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
What'er Lord Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso, and exception,
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we fear, that Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall we our offers then,
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we by treason, and indent with foes,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve:
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's seedy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink.

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combattants.

Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many stings, as yours:—
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost beli him:
He never did encounter with Glendower
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.—
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them, I will not send them.—I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head. [Offers pardon]

North. What! drunk with cholera? stay, and pause awhile:
ere comes your uncle.

Re-enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer! Zounds! I will speak of him: and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yet, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop 't the dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer,
As high 't the air as this unhateful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, [To Worcester] the king hath
made your nephew mad.

War. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

War. I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was: I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

War. And for whose death, we in the world's wide
mouth
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soul! I pray you, did king Richard, then,
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did: myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then, I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be, that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murder'd subornation, shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
O! pardon me, that I descend so low,
To show the line, and the predicament,
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done)
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,
That you are foole'd, discured, and shook off
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?
No! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your tarnish'd honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.

Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

War. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book.
And to your quick-conceiving discretions
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it, from the north to south,
And let them grapple:—O! the blood more stirs.
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

War. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corvall all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

War. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for awhile.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

War. Those same noble Seets
That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all.

War. By God, he shall not have a Seet of them:
No, if a Seet would save his soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this hand.

War. You start away.
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla.—Mortimer! Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep hisanger still in motion.

War. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

War. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung art thou to break into this woman's mood,

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,
Netted, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile polititian, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time.—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire:—
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York,—where I first bow'd my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bilingbroke,
'Sblood! when you and he came back from Ravenspur.

North. At Berkley castle.

Hot. You say true.—

Why, what a candied deal of courtesy
This fasting greyhound then did proffer me!
Look,—"when his infant fortune came to age,"
And,—"gentle Harry Percy,"—and, "kind cousin,"—
O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale: I'11 have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again,
We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i' faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,
Will easily be granted you.—My lord,

[To NORTH U M B E R L A N D .

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is it not?

Wor. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:
Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 't is no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied.
Till he hath found a time to pay us home:
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell.—No farther go in this,
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe (which will be suddenly)
I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you, and Douglass, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.


Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all ease.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the boats: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! he never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tenech.

1 Car. Like a tenech? by the mass, there is no' er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us no' er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a leach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged; come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two rashes4 of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Odisbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the gate of thee, I am a very villain—Come, and be hanged: hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'elock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'elock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—merry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[Exeunt Carriers.

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you ye sternight: there's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his

company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one
that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what.
They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they
will presently vary.
Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll
have thee this neck.
Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pray thee, keep that for
the hangman; for, I know thou worshipst saint Nicholas
as truly as a man of falsehood may.
Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if
I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang,
sir John hangs with me, and then knowest he's no
staving lord! There! there are other Trojans that thou
dreamest not of, the whom, for sport sake, are content
to do the profession some grace, that would, if matters
should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make
all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no
long-staff, sixpenny strikers: none of these mad, mus-
tacho purple-painted malt-worms; but with nobility and
sanguiinitie; burgomasters, and great ones—yes, it
is, such can hold in; such will strike sooner than speak;
and speak sooner than drink, and drunk sooner than
pray; and yet i lie: for they pray continually to their
saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her,
but pray on her, for they ride up and down on her, and
make her their boots.
Cham. What! the commonwealth their boots? will
she hold out water in foul way?
Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her.
We steal as in a castle, cook-sure; we have the receipt
of fern-seed, we walk invisible.
Cham. Nay, by my faith, I think you are more
believing to the night, than to fern-seed, for your
walking invisible.
Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in
our purchase, as I am a true man.
Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false
thief.
Gads. Go to; homo is a common name to all men.
Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable.
Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Road by Gadshill.

Enter Prince Henry, and Poius; Bardolph and Peto,
at some distance.
Poius. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Fal-
staff's horse, and he frets like a gumined velvet.4
P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter Falstaff.
Poius. Halts! Poius! Poius, and be hanged! Poius!
P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a
brawling dost thou keep?
Poius. Where's Poius? Hal.
P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll
go seek him.

[Exeunt Poius.]
Poius. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company;
the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know
not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire's
further foot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not
but to die a fair death for all this, if I seape hanging
for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company
hourly any time this two-and-twenty years, and
yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the
rascal have not given me medicines to make me love
him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drunk
measures—Poius! Hal!—a plague upon you both!
—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, cry I'll rob a foot
further. Arent they not in good a deed as drink to,
turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest
varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards
of uneven ground is three score and ten miles afoot
with me, and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough.
A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one
another! [They whistlle.] Whew!—A plague upon you
all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my
horse, and be hanged.

Poius. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down: lay thi'ne ear
close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the
tread of travellers.
Poius. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being
down? 'Sblood! I'll not hear mine own flesh so far
afout again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer.
What a plague mean ye to colt? me thus?
P. Hen. Thou liest: thou art not colt'd, thou art
uncol'ted.
Poius. Poius, I pray thee, good prince Hal, help me to
my horse; good king's son.
P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?
Poius. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent
garters! If I be taken, I'll peach for this. An I have
not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,
let a cup of saek be my poison: when a jest is so for-
ward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

Enter Garland.
Poius. Stand.
Poius. So I do, against my will.
Poius. O! 'tis our sector: I know his voice.

Enter Bardolph.
Poius. Bard. What news?
Poius. Case ye, ease ye; on with your visors: there's
money of the king's coming down the hill: 'tis going
to the king's exchequer.
Poius. You lie, you rogue: 'tis going to the king's
laver.
Poius. There's enough to make us all.
Poius. Be hanged.
P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the nar-
row lane: Ned Poius and I will walk lower: if they
scape from your encounter, then they light on us.
Poius. But how many be there of them?
Poius. Some eight, or ten.
Poius. Zounds! will they not rob us?
P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?
Poius. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grand-
father: but yet no coward, Hal.
Poius. Well, we leave that to the proof.
Poius. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the
hedge: when thou needest him, there thou shalt find
him. Farewell, and stand fast.
Poius. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.
Poius. Ned, [Aside to Poius.] where are our dis-
guisels?
Poius. Here, hard by: stand close.

[Exeunt Poius and Poius.
Poius. Now, my masters, happy man be his dote, say
1: every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour: the boy shall lead on
horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and
ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesus bless us!

Poius. Strike: down with them; cut the villains'
throats. Ah, whosoono caterpillars! baco-fed knives!
they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever

1 A cant name for robbers. 2 tranquillity: in f.s. 3 great owners: in f. e. 4 Of old, believed to be invisible, from its very minute size.
4 A term, in frequent use, for booty. 5 A gummed velvet, being very stuff, fretted, or wore rapidly. 6 Foot-rule. 7 Trick. 8 Lot.
Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves. Are ye undone?
No, ye fat chuffs! I would, your store were here. Oh, beacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors are ye? We’ll jure ye, i’ faith.

[Exeunt Fal. &c. driving the Travellers out. Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men.
New could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month. and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters; let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there’s no equity stirring; there’s no more value in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money. [Rushing out upon them.

Poins. Villains,
As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all run away, and Falstaff, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter’d, and possessed with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And ρ αρ χ ϝ the lean earth as he walks along:
Wor’t not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Hotspur, reading a Letter.

—But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house?—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous?"—Why, that’s certain: it is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep. to drink; but I tell you, my lord, out of this nettle, danger, we’ll pluck this flower, safety. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain: the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterfeit of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a jackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid: our friends true and constant: a good plot. good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. "Zounds! and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.
Lady. Do you not love me? Do you not, indeed?
   Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
   I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
   Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no?
   Hot. Come, to the park. Kate! will thou see me ride?
   And when I am o’ horseback, I will swear
   I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
   I must have you henceforth question me
   Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
   Whether I must, I must; and, to conclude,
   This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
   I know you wise; but yet no farther wise
   Than Harry Percy’s wife: constant you are;
   But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
   No lady closer; for I well believe
   Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
   And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
Lady. How! so far?
   Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate?
   Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
   Will this content you, Kate?
Lady. It must, of force. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar’s Head Tavern.

   Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Ned, pr’ythee, come out of that fat room,
   and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hath been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four logheads, amongst three
   or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded
   the very base spring of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
   brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by
   their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis.
   They take it already upon their salvation, that though
   I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy,
   and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff;
   but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
   (by the lord, so they call me,) and when I am king of
   England I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap.
   They call drinking deep, dying sweet; and
   when you breathe in your watering  they cry hem!
   and had you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a
   proficent in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with
   any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell
   then, Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert
   not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to
   sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennys-
   worth of sugar, eloped even now into my hand by an
   under-skinner  ; one that never speaketh other English in
   his life, than—Eight shillings and sixpence; and—
   "You are welcome;" with this shrill addition.—Anon,
   anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,  
   or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff
   come, I pr’ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while
   I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me
   the sugar: and do thou never leave calling—Francis!
   that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step
   aside, and I will show thee a precedent.
Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [Exit Poins.


Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.


P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis! [Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by ’r lady, a long lease for the
   clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou
   be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indument,
   and to show it a fair pair of holts, and run from it?
   Fran. O lord, sir! I’ll be sworn upon all the books
   in England. I could find it in my heart.

Poins. [Within.] Francis! [Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis? 

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall

Poins. [Within.] Francis! 

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar
   thou gavest me,—‘t was a pennyworth, wasn’t it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; 
   ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis! [Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Anon, Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-mor-
   row, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed,
   Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-
   button, knot-pated,  agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-
   garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard! is your only
   drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas
doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so
   much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost not thou hear
   them call?

   [Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed.
   not knowing which way to go.

   Enter Vintner.

   Vint. What! stand’st thou still, and hear’st such a
   calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Fran.]
   My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are
   at the door: shall I let them in?

   P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the
   door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins!

   Re-enter Poins.

   Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

   P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves
   are at the door. Shall we be merry?

   Poins. As merry as cricketts, my lady. But hark ye
   what cunning match have you made with this jest of
   the drawer? come, what’s the issue?

   P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have show’d
   themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman
   Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o’clock
   at midnight. [Re-enter Francis, with Wine.] What’s
   o’clock, Francis?

   Fran. Anon, anon, sir. [Exit.

   P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer
   words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His
   industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence,
   the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy’s
   mind, the Hotsprur of the North; he that kills me
   some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes
   his hands, and says to his wife,—’Fie upon this quiet

* to the park, Kate: not in f. e. 1 take breath in your drinking. 2 One who serves drink, a drawer. 4 Having the hair cut close. 5 Piece

Gallows. 7 A strong and sweet Spanish wine. It was both brown and white.
life? I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give me my manor horse a druch," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after; "a trice, a trille." —I pray thee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Petyr, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. "Rive!" says the drunkard. Call in rits, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Gadsbhill, Bardolph, and Peto. Pots. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! —Give me a cup of sack, boy. —Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! —Give me a cup of sack, rogue. —Is there no virtue extant? [He drinks.] P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. Thou rogue, here's line in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with line in it; a villainous coward. —Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring! There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say, I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack! what matter you? Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales! P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that! and Pots there?

Pots. Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward. I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders: you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of sack! I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkst last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is he, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'seapped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: ecce sig-

1 One that has cast his spawn. 2 So the first two quarters; the folio omits: day. The phrase is still in use in the eastern counties of England. 3 So all old copies; many mod. eds. omit: of. 4 Not in f. e. 5 All the quarters but the last, give this speech to P. Henry; the late quarto, and the folio, to Pots. 6 Not in f. e. 7 Points is taken by Pots in the sense of tags, or strings, by which the clothes were fastened. 8 Old copies: each; changed by some editions to "ketch," a tub, and by others to "keech," the fat of an animal rolled up in ball.
see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poius. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Hen. 'Twill be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hulk of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried meat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-neck;

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poius. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall you put down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it: yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as umbrly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bulif calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, causeth thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poius. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now done?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn up the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou loveth me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. Merry, my lord, there is a nobleman at the court that doth wish to speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?
—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him pricking. [Exit.

P. Hen. Now, sirs: by your lady, you fought fair:—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no:—ifie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. 'Faith, tell me now in earnest: how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear grass, to make them bleed: and then to besmirch our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stolen a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the maund, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hast fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they pretend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, since thou savest thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Brayce from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy: and he of Wales, that gave Amaiion the bastinado, and made Lucifer euckold, and swore the devil his true liege-man upon the cross of a Welsh hook, what, a plague, call you him?

Poius. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same; and his son-in-law. Mortimer; and old Northumberland: and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not jade a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me,
hal. art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, couldst the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

p. hen. Not a whit, i' faith: I lack some of thy instinct.

fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chud to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise a answer.

p. hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

p. hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

fal. Well, on the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

p. her. Well, here is my leg. fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

host. o. Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

host. o. the father! how he holds his countenance.

fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

host. o. Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain!—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camoufle, the more it is trodden on, the taster it grows. so, youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hazing of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point.—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a measure, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink; but in tears: not in pleasure, but in passion: not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

p. hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

fal. A godly* portly man i' faith, and a corpulent: of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage: and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be chiefly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

p. hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

p. hen. Well, here I am set.

fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

p. hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

p. hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false.—Nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

p. hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunt thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a turn of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that hulk of honour whose bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed elk-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree-ox, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that great iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a eonut and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

fal. I would your grace would take me with you;* whom means your grace?

p. hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

fal. My lord, the man I know.

p. hen. I know thou dost.

fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Pete, banish Bardolph, banish Pouns; for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and, therefore more valiant, being as he is, Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

p. hen. I do, I will.

[exempt hostess, francis, and bardolph. re-enter bardolph, running.

bard. o! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

re-enter hostess.

host. o. Jesu! my lord, my lord!—p. hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. what's the matter?

host. the sheriff and all the watch are at the door they are come to search the house. shall I let them in?

fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

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1 An allusion to the "Lamentable Tragedy" of Cambyses, by Thomas Preston. 2 My obedience. 3 Old copies: trustful; Rowe made the change to good. 4 The later quartos and folio, yet. 5 One who lacks out of sight; a truant. 6 So the old copies; Malone changed the word to skull. 7 A large barrel; also, a drinking vessel. 8 An allusion to the Mannerist "air" skulful. 9 Let me understand you.
P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.
Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the
sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a
cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing
up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter
as another.
P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest
walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and
good conscience.
Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out,
and therefore I'll hide me.
[Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.]
P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.
Enter Sheriff and Carrier.
Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?
Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.
P. Hen. What men?
Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;
A gross fat man.
Car. As fat as butter.
P. Hen. The man. I do assure you, is not here,
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee.
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man.
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:
And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.
Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men.
He shall be answerable; and so, farewell!
Sher. Good night, my noble lord.
P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?
Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.
P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Pani's
Go, call him forth.
Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and
nothing like a horse.
P. Hen. Bark, how hard he fetches breath. Search
his pockets. [Peto searches.] What hast thou found ?
Peto. Nothing but papers, my lord.
P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.
Peto. [Reads.] Item, A capon, ... 2s 2d
Item, Sauce . . . . . . . . . . 4d
Item, Sack, two gallons, ... 5s. 8d
Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper, ... 2s. 6d
Item, Bread. . . . . . . . ob
P. Hen. O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of
bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is
else, keep close: we'll read it at more advantage. There
let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning
we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honour-
able. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and
I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score.
The money shall be paid back again with advantage
Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good mor-
row, Peto.
Peto. Good morrow, good my lord. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's
House.
Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glen-
dower.
Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope.
Ho. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will
you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester.—A plague
upon it! I have forgot the map.
Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you,
His heem looks pale, and with a rising sigh
He wisheth you in heaven.
Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.
Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,
The treat of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
Of burning cresses;—and at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shak'd like a coward.
Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season,
If your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself
had never been born.
Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.
Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did

1 The arras was usually hung at some distance from the wall.
2 There is no direction in the old copies, except Brit. Subsequen-
dialogue Peto takes part; mod. ed. changes the name here and in a
half-penny. 4 Introduction. 5 A small frame-work of iron filled
thread. 6 From the quarto. 1599.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you do call for them?  
Gled. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the devil.  
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth, tell truth, and shame the devil—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither.  
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.  
Mort. Come, come;  
No more of this unprofitable chat.  
Gled. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.  
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scape'd he aues, in the devil's name?  
Gled. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right,  
According to our three-fold order ta'en?  
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally,  
England, from Trent and Severn hither,  
By south and east-is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower— and, dear coz, ye know  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures trishe are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
A business that this night may execute)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet;  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—  
Within that space you may have drawn together  
[To Glendower.

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.  
Gled. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come:  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;  
For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.  
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours.  
See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon, a monstrous candle out,  
I'll have the current in this place dam'd up,  
And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, far and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.  
Gled. Not wind? it shall; it must: you see, it doth.  
Mort. Yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Ceding the opposed continent, as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.  
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs all straight and evenly.  
Hot. I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.  

Gled. I will not have it alter'd.  
Hot.  
Gled. No, nor you shall not.  
Hot.  
Gled. Why, that will I.  
Hot.  
Let me not understand you then  
Speak it in Welsh.  
Gled. I can speak English, lord, as well as you.  
For I was train'd up in the English court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well.  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.  
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers  
I had rather hear a brazen can'tick turned,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.  
'T is like the fore'd gait of a shuttering nag.  
Gled. Come, you shall have Trew turn'd.  
Hot.  
I do not care.  
I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll extol on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?  
Gled. The moon shines fair, you may away by night,  
I'll haste the writer, and withal, I'll break  
With your young wives of your departure hence.  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer...  
[Exit  
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father  
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the moldarp and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon, and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moultlen raven  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skambe stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at the least nine hours  
In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
That were his lackeys: I cried, "humph," and "well."  
"I go to,"  
But mark'd him not a word.  O! he's as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.  
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange conceits; valiant as a lion,  
And woodrun affable, and as bountiful  
As minces of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
He holds your temper in a high respect,  
And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
When you do cross his humour; faith, he does.  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.  
Wor. In faith, my willful lord, you are to blame,  
And since your coming hither have done enough
SCENE II.  

KING HENRY IV.  

To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,
And that's the secret grace it renders you,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loss'd men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.  

Hot.  Well, I am school'd: good manners be your speed.
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.  

Mort.  This is the deadly spite that angers me;
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

GLEND.  My daughter weeps: she will not part with
She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.  [you;
Mort.  Good father, tell her that, and, by my aunt
Perey,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

GLEND.  She's desperate here;
A peevish self-will'd harlotry, and one
At no persuasion can do good upon.

[She speaks to Mortimer in Welsh.  

Mort.  I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st from these welling heavens,
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[She speaks again.
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disposition:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLEND.  Nay, if thou melt, then will she e'en run mad.

[She speaks again.

Mort.  O! I am ignorance itself in this.

GLEND.  She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap, [down
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep.
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort.  With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

GLEND.  Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leaues from hence;
And straight they shall be here.  Sit, and attend.

Hot.  Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

LADY P.  Go, ye giddy goose.  [The music plays.

Hot.  Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.

By 'r lady, he's a good musician.

LADY P.  Then, should you be nothing but musical,
For you are altogether governed by humours.

Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing.

In Welsh.

Hot.  I had rather hear, lady, my brach* howl it.

LADY P.  Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot.  No.

LADY P.  Then be still.

Hot.  Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

LADY P.  Now, God help thee!

Hot.  To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P.  What's that?

Hot.  Peace; she sings.  [A Welsh Song by Lady M

Hot.  Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P.  Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot.  Not yours, in good sooth!  Heart!
You swear like to a comfit-maker's wife.
Not yours, in good sooth; and, as true as I live:
As God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths.
As if thou never walk'd farther than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth.
And such protests of pepper-gingerbread.
To velvet-guards,* and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

LADY P.  I will not sing.

Hot.  'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher.
An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in wher
ye will.
[Exit

GLEND.  Come on; lord Mortimer: you are as slow
As hot lord Perey is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we'll seal, and part
To horse immediately.

Mort.  With all my heart.  [Exeunt

SCENE II.—London.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords

K.  Hen.  Lords, give us leave.  The Prince of Wales
and I.

Must have some private conference: but be near at
hand.

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To punish my mistreadings.  Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and granted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P.  Hen.  So please your majesty, I would, I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charg'd withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg.
As, in respect of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear
By smiling pick thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.
K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing,
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court, and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically doth fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood,
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he!"
Others would say,—"Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe possessed,
Never seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by readiness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambl'd up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash h'avin's wits.
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: discarded state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their sores;
And gave his countenance against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Ente'off'd himself to popularity:
That, being dally swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey: and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drouz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-woary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shall hereafter, my thrice-glorious lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;
Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever o'ER'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westminster set forth to-day.
With him my son, Edw. John of Lancaster:
For this advertisement is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry; you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glosfiershire: by which account,
Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet,
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Enkechep. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?—Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it.—Cone, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; dined not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter,—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern not in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as any man doth of a death's head, or a memento mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be. By this fire, that's God's angel: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an ignis fatus, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph. an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John, what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man'y man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tittle of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman: go.

Host Who? No. I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to; I know you well enough.

Host. No, sir John; you do not know me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you owe me money, sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowels, filthy dowels: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younger of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a real-thing of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him. I know not how off, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-up, 'Sblood! and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins, marching. Falstaff meets the Prince, playing on his trombone, like a fifer

Fal. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, or faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep, here, behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house: they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Will thou believe me, Hal? three or four bounds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal ring of my grandfa ther's.

P. Hen. A trifle: some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord: and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.
Fal. There’s no more faith in thee than in a stewed prawn; nor more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox: and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy’s wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest man’s wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?


P. Hen. An otter, sir John: why an otter?

Ea. Why? she’s neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million! thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would edgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea: if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, ’tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion’s whelp.

P. Hen. And why not, as the lion.

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think I’ll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, as I do, I pray God, my dirdle break!

P. Hen. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there’s no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong.

Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pray thee begone. [Exit Hostess.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O! my sweet beef. I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O! I do not like that paying back; ’tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would, it had been of a horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph!

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go hear this letter to lord John of Lancaster.

To my brother John: this to my lord of Westmoreland.— Go, Pouns, to horse, to horse! for thou, and I, have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time.— Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall at two o’clock in the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning, Percy stands on high, And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[Exeunt Prince, Pouns, and Bardolph.

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast: come.—

O! I could wish this tavern were my drum. [Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewbury.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth, in this fine age we were not thought flatter; Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season’s stamp Should go so general current through the world. By God, I cannot flatter: I defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart’s love hath no man than yourself. Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

Dougl. Thou art the king of honour: No man so potent breathes upon the ground,
KING HENRY IV.

He was much fear'd by his physicians.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Ere he by sickness had been visited:

His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness—
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed, but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is dispose to us;
For, as he writes, there is no qualing now,
Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your father's sickness is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. 'Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We now1 may boldly spend upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischief look big
Upon the said head of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair2 of our attempt
Brooks no division: it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitration,
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I, rather, of his absence make this use:—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help,
We should o'turn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well: yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term3 of fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My cousin Vernon I welcome, by my soul.

Ver. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,

Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John.

Hot. No harm: what more?

Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intendeth speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son
The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that dash'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plund' like estridges, that wing the wind,
Bated4 like eagles having lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury.
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March
This praise doth nourish a queue. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them;
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste5 my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—

O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news.

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand; for this one half year. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—A public Road, near Coventry.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through, we'll to Sutton-Cofield to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage
Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [Exit

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a souse'd gurnet6. I have misused the king's press damnable.
I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty

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1 This word is not in T. e. 2 Complexion, character. 3 dream : a folio. 4 A term of archery, to beat the air. 5 Try. The two later quartos and folio, read : take; which Knight follows. 6 A fish of the piper kind. — Verplanck.
soldiers. three hundred and odd pounds, I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen’s sons: inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the barns: such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum: such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,1 with hearts in their bellies no bigger than puny heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,2 where the glutton’s dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but disheartened unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted taistlers, and ostlers trade-fallen: the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old pieced3 ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draft and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the giblets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I’ll not march through Coventry with them, that’s flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyes on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There’s but4 a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald’s coat without sleeves: and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed inn-keeper of Daventry. But that’s all one; they’ll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, Blunt! how now, quail! I come to steal cream. P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed: for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after? Fal. Mine, Hal, mine. P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals. Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss;5 food for powder, powder for food; they’ll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men. West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly. Fal. ’Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me. P. Hen. No, I’ll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field. Enr. What, is the king encamped? West. He is, sir John: I fear we shall stay too long. Fal. Well, To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast, Fite a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.


Hot. We’ll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You give him, then, advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advis’d: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Dou. You do not counsel well.

Hot. You speak it out of fear, and a cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on.

I hold as little counsel with weak fear, As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Dou. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much,

Being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon’s are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester’s horse came but to-day,

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,

In general, journey-hated, and brought low;

The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God’s sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[The Trumpet sounds a parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deservings, and good name,

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so

So long as out of limit and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty.

But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty? If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,

You shall have your desires with interest,

And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, with my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears;

1 According to Fynes Morison’s Itinerary (1617), Londoners were “in reproach” called Cockneys, and eaters of butter called.  
2 Use for covering walls.  
3 faced in f. e.  
4 Old copies: act; mod. eds.: bat.  
5 So the quarter; folio: to-night.  
6 Toss on a pike.  
7 that this day lives: in f. e.  
8 and: in f. e.
And when he was not six-and-twenty strong, 
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low, 
A poor unrivend outlaw sneaking home, 
My father gave him welcome to the shore: 
And, when he heard him swear, and vow to God, 
He came but to be duke of Lancaster, 
To sue his mercy, and beg his peace, 
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal, 
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd, 
Sware him assistance, and perform'd it too. 
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm 
Perev'd Northumberland did lean to him, 
The more and less came in with cap and knee; 
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages, 
Attended him on bridges; stood in lanes, 
Laid gifts before him, promised him their oaths, 
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him, 
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes. 
He presently, as greatness knows itself, 
Steps me a little higher than his vow. 
Made to my father, while his blood was poor, 
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur: 
And now, forsworn, takes on him to reform 
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees, 
That tie too heavy on the commonwealth; 
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep 
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face, 
This seeming brow of justice, did he win 
The hearts of all that he did angle for: 
Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads 
Of all the favourites, that the absent king 
In deputation left behind him here, 
When he was personal in the Irish war. 
Blunt. Tut! I came not to hear this. 
Hot. Then, to the point. 
In short time after he depos'd the king; 
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life; 
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state; 
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March 
(Who is, if every owner were due place'd, 
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales, 
There without ransom to lie forfeited; 
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories; 
Sought to entrap me by intelligence; 
Rated my uncle from the council-board; 
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court; 
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong, 
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out 
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry 
Into his title, the which we find 
Too indirect for long-continuance. 
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king? 
Hot. Not so; sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile. 

Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd 
Some surety for a safe return again, 
And in the morning early shall nine uncle 
Bring him our purposes; and so farewell. 
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love 
Hot. And, may be, so we shall. 
Blunt. Pray God you do! [Exeunt 


Enter the Archbishop of York, and Sir Michael. 

Arch. He, good sir Michael; bear this sealed brief 
With winged haste to the lord marshal: 
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest 
To whom they are directed. If you knew 
How much they do import, you would make haste. 
Sir M. My good lord, 
I guess their tenour. 
Arch. Like enough, you do. 
To-morrow, good sir Michael, is a day, 
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men 
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, 
As I am truly given to understand, 
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power, 
Meets with lord Harry; and, I fear, sir Michael, 
What with the sickness of Northumberland, 
Whose power was in the first proportion, 
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence, 
Who with them was a rated sinew too, 
And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies, 
I fear, the power of Perey is too weak 
To wage an instant trial with the king. 
Sir M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear, 
There is Douglas, and lord Mortimer. 
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there. [Perey 
Sir M. But there is Mordaunt, Vernon, lord Harry 
And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head 
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen. 
Arch. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn 
The special head of all the land together: 
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster, 
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt, 
And many more corivals, and dear men 
Of estimation and command in arms. 
Sir M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd 
Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear; 
And, to prevent the worst, sir Michael, speed; 
For, if lord Perey thrive not, ere the king 
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us, 
For he hath heard of our confederaey, 
And it is but wisdom to make strong against him 
Therefore, make haste. I must go write again 
To other friends; and so farewell, sir Michael. [Exeunt 

ACT V. 

SCENE I.—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury. 

K. Hen. How bloodylly the sun begins to peer 
Above yond busky hill: the day looks pale 
At his distemperature. 
P. Hen. The southern wind. 

Both play the trumpet to his purposes; 
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves 
Foretels a tempest, and a blustering day. 
K. Hen. Then, with the losers let it sympathise, 
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. 

[Trumpet sounds 
Enter Worcester and Vernon. 

How now, my lord of Worcestar! 'tis not well, 
That you and I should meet upon such terms 

1 The delivery of his property to him. See Richard II., p. n. l. 2 "Busky" wood. 3 Well: in f. s. 4 Delivered a gage or hostage. 5 See the quarto; the folio: was rated firmly. 6 Busky, wood. 

As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unskit
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhal'd mictor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. I hear me, my liege;
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike. [then?

K. Hen. You have not sought it! say, how comes it

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace. chessot, peace!

Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time; and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account,
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outface
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid; but, in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a warrants time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repulse him dead:
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly wo'd
To grip the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster.
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulat'd
Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may pleased the eye
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontented,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impart his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pillmell havoc and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
This present enterprise set off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty:
I am content, that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight. [thee

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love,
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do; but if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our case is just!

[Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle,
And bestride me, so: 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossal can do thee that
friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[Exit Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him
Before his day. What need I be so forward with him
that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off
when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?
No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief
of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery,
thou. No. What is honour? A word. What is
that word, honour? What is that honour? Air.
A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died of
Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No.
Is it sensible? Then? Yea, to the dead. But will it
not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction
will not suffer it: therefore, I'll none of it: honour
is a mere scutch-meal, and so ends my catechism.

[Exit

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.

Enter Worcester and Vernon.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Richard
The liberal kind offer of the king.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outrage the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild of* liberty.
But he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed!—And, tellows, soldiers, friends
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen! the time of life is short:
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us.
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my taie
For I profess not talking. Only thus—
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now,—Esperance!—Percy!—and set on!—
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace,
'Fore heaven and earth; some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exult]

SCENE III.—Plain near Shrewsbury.

Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle
Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honour dest thou seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yeelder, thou proud Scot;*
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death. They fight, and Blunt is slain

Enter HOTSUR.

Hot. O Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus,
I never had triumph'd upon* a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well.
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt,

1 Old copies: Supposition; Pope made the change. 2 The folio, and all but first quarto: talking. 3 Mention. 4 So the three early quarto: the last, and folio: at. 5 The folio inserts: worthy. 6 For heaven to earth: in f. e. 7 So the thr quarto: the folio: second quarto: the others: ever.
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Dug. A fool go with thy soul, where'er it goes!
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear:

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many masking in his coats,

Dug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats:

U'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away!

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no searing, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:
there's honour for you; here's no vanity. —I am hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own boulders.

— I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not two of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. What? stand'st thou idle here? lend me
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff — thy sword:
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend me
thy sword.

Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. — Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.
I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Perey be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will seek a city. [The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.

P. Hen. What! is't a time to jest and dally now? [Throws it at him, and exit.

Fal. Well, if Perey be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonded of me. I like not such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me life, which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.

SCENE IV. — Another Part of the Field.


K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou blest'st too much.

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so. — My lord of Westmoreland, ead him to his tent.

West. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:
Azd heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stain'd noenity lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long. — Come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland

P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit.

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrawd warrior.

P. Hen. O! this boy

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to God,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot! can no longer brook thy vanities. [They fight

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal! — Nay, you shall
Find no boy's play here, I can tell you.
Art thou alive, or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pray thee, speak;
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears.
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain: I am not a double man,
But if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There
is Percy: [Throwing down the body] if your father
will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next
Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can
assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee
dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is
given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of
breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant,
and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I
may be believed, so; if not, let them that should
reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll
take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the
thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it
'Zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.
P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A Retreat is sounded
The trumpets sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that
rewards me, God reward him; if I do grow great; I'll
grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live
cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, dragging out Percy's Body.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince
Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and Others
with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Which not to be avoided falls on me?

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon
too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon, guarded
How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd,
That the pursuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and I beseech your grace,
I may dispose of him.
With all my heart.

Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you

This honourable bounty shall belong.

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

I thank your grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall put in act without delay.¹

Then this remains,—that we divide our

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,
Towards York shall beed you, with your dearest

To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms:
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the check of such another day:
And since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. ¹

¹ Which I shall give away in. exactly: in f. e. This speech is found in the four earliest, but not in the two latest quartos. [The folio]
SECOND PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  
HENRY, Prince of Wales;  
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence;  
PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER;  
PRINCE HUMPHREY OF GLouceSTER;  
EARL OF WARWICK;  
EARL OF WESTMORELAND;  
GOWER;  
HARCOUNT;  
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.  
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.  
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND;  
SCROOP, Archbishop of York;  
LORD MOWBRAY;  
LORD HASTINGS;  
LORD BARDOLPH;  
SIR JOHN COlevIJe.

His Sons.  
Of the King's Party.  
Opposites to the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.  
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.  
POINS and PETO.  
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.  
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.  
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BICALF, Recruits.  
FAN(D and SNAKE, Sheriff's Officers.  
RUMOUR, the Presenter.  
A PORTER.  A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue  
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY PERCY.  
HOSTESS QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.  
Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before Northumberland’s Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.¹

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful masts, and prepar'd defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomiize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant² towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.  [Exit.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH. The earl?

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho! Where is

Enter Warder, above.²

Ward. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Ward. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

¹ This direction is only in the 1820-1821 editions. Rumour, or Fame, was often so represented.
² peasant: in f. e. ³ Porter before the Gate

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Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem.
The times are wild: contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl, bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, God will! As good as heart can wish.
The king is almost wounded to the death,
And in the fortune of my lord, your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas; young prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk sir John,
Is prisoner to your son. O! such a day,
So fought, so follow'd: and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes.

North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence:
A gentleman well-bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord. I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he happy may retain from me.

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Trav. My lord, sir John Umfreville turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the pining sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.
Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, cold spur? that rebellion
Had me: ill-luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what:
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point,
I'll give my barony; never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give, then, such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he? He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a tinfoil leaf,
Foretells the nature of the tragic volume:
So looks the storm, whereon thy impetuous flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so wee-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and that;
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds,
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But for my lord, your son,

North. Why, he is dead. See, what a ready tongue suspicious hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes;
That what he fear'd is chang'd. Yet speak, Morton,
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsaid.
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead—I
See a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak the truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first finder of unwelcome news
Hath a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprang up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruised once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men: heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their feet
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety.
Scene II.

KING HENRY IV.

Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester too soon taken prisoner; and that furious Soot, the bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword had three times slain th' appearance of the king, gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all is, that the king hath won, and hath sent out a speedy power, to encounter you, my lord, under the conduct of young Lancaster, and Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to morn in poison there is physic; and these news, having been well, that would have made me sick, being sick, have in some measure made me well: and as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints, like strengthless hinges, buckle'd under life, impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs, weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief, are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou niec'd so cruelly, a sealed letter now, with joints of steel, must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quaff! then art a guard too wanton for the head, which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit. Now bind my brow with iron; and approach the rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring, to frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland. Let heaven kiss earth: now, let not nature's hand keep the wild flood confin'd: let order die; and let this world no longer be a stage, to feed contention in a lingering act, but let one spirit of the first-born Cain reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set in bloody courses, the rude scene may end, and darkness be the buer of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong. My lord.

Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving companions, lean out your health; the which, if you give o'er to stormy passion, must perfecly decay. You cast the event of war, my noble lord, and summed the account of chance, before you said,—Let us make head. It was your prudence, that in the dose of blows your son might drop: you knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, more likely to fall in, than to get o'er: you were advis'd, his flesh was capable of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd; yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of this, though strongly apprehended, could restrain the stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen, or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth, more than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss, knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas; that, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one; and yet we ventur'd, for the gain proposed Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd; and, since we are o'erseas, ventur'd again.

Come, we will all put forth; body, and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord, I hear for certain, and dare speak the truth.

The gentle archbishop of York is up,' with well-appointed powers: he is a man, who with a double surety binds his followers. My lord your son had only but the corps, but shadows and the shows of men, to fight; for that same word, rebellion, did divide the action of their bodics from their souls, and they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd as men drink potions, that their weapons only seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls, this word, rebellion, it had froze them up, as fish are in a pond. But now, th' archbishop turns insurrection to religion: suppose's sincere and holy in his thoughts, he's follow'd both with body and with mind, and doth enlarge his rising with the blood of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pompfret stones; derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause; tells them, he doth besride a bleeding land, gasping for life under great Bolingbroke, and more, and more, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth, This present grief had wip'd it from my mind. Go in with me; and counsel every man the aptest way for safety, and revenge. Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed: Never so few, and never yet more need.

Scene II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water? 
Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath welsh'd all her litter but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou whorsome mandrake, thou art fit to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never named with an agate till now: but I will in-set thee neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grown in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six-pence out of it; and yet, he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure you. What said Master Dumbleton about the saltn for my short cloak, and my slippers?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph, he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter. — A whorsome Achitophel: a rascally yea-forsooth knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whorsome smooth-pates
do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon secrecy. I had as lief they would put ratebane in my mouth, and offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his horse shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I was married, hanged, and wedded.

_Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant._

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.


Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. — Go, pull him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging? Is there not ware? is there not employment? Dost not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? if thou get'st any leave of me, hang me: if thou take'st leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! seavant!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Fal. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! — God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty. — You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him. — I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal? Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled with.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how should I be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slimmerer.

Ch. Just. You have misused the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to call a new-healed wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What, you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord; all toaward: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without

1 _Engage_ upon credit. 2 "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the divert (proverb) is, shall likely have a jude to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant, honest woman for his wife."

_Burton's Anatomy_—quoted by Knight. The middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral seems to have been a sort of general exchange. 3 Folio. 4 _Fal._ want. 5 Following on a wrong scent. 6 "Is't please your lordship: a kind of": as omitted in the folio. 7 The quarto. 8 _Old_ —for Othæl—the name which Falstaff seems to have been at first called. 9 Folio: be. 10 _Wassail._ 11 Folio: evil. 12 The coin so named.
weighing: and yet, in some respects. I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell; virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertaining to man, as the mace of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our lives with the bitterness of your gall; and that we are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, or a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing lend, and increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity, and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born, about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with a lolling, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will eaper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repent; marry, not in ashes, and sacket, but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry.* I hear you are going with lord John of Lan caster against the archbishop, and the earl of North umberland.

Fal. Yes; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last for ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be secured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition.

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear crosses*. Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Chief Justice and Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. A man can no more separate age and cœvoucousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery; but the govt galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the diseases prevent my curses. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only fingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go, bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair of* my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [Exit Page.] A pox of this gossip! for a pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt: I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; it will turn diseases to commodity. [Exit.


Enter the Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, Earl Marshal, and Bardolph.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mooch. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king. Hast. Our present mustere grow upon the file To five and twenty thousand men of choice: And our supplies live largely in the hope O' great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:— Whether our present five and twenty thousand May hold up head without Northumberland. Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, we should not step too far. Till we had his assistance by the hand; For in a theme so bloody-faced as this, Conjecture, expectation, and surprise Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed, It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury. Bard. It was, my lord: who liv'd himself with hope Eating the air on promise of supply, Fluttering himself with promise of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts; And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt, To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in* this present quality of war,* Indeed the instant act, and cause* on foot, Lives so in hope, as in an early spring We see th' appearing buds: which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at last, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot, the situation, and the model;
Consult upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite: or else,
We fortify on paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough.
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord
Bardolph;
For his divisions, as the times do bawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take us up. So is the uniform king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
Together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so.
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth
But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O, thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be;
And being now trium'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it.

What trust is in these times?
Thy that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Maitb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; Fang, and his Boy, with her; and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord! ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yes, good master Snare; I have entered him
And all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for

he will stab.

Hos. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed
Me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In
Good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his
Weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will
Spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his
Thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he come but
Within my vice.

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's
An infinitive thing upon my score.—Good master Fang,
Hold him sure:—good master Snare, let him not 'scape.
He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your man-
hoods) to buy a saddle; and he's invited to dinner
To the lubber's head in Lambert-street, to master Smooth's
The silksman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered,
And my case so openly known to the world, let him be
Brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long
Score for a poor lene woman to bear; and I have borne
And borne, and have been flogged off, and
Flogged off, and fuddled off, from this day to that day,
That it is a shame to be thought on. There is no
Honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made
An ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Page, and Bardolph.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave,
Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices,
Master Fang and master Snare: do me, do me, do me
Your offices.

Host. Let us on
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

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Maitb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone

[Exeunt.]
Fal. How now! whose mare's dead; what's the matter?  
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the queen in the channel.


Fal. Keep them off; Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rage! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, ye scullion! ye rampallian! ye fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O! my most worshipful lord, an' pleases your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamations?—Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marr'y, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whit Sunday, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Kechell, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar: telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal! My lord this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this snare without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make courtly, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.


Ch. Just. Now, master Gower! what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest this paper tells. [C. J. reads.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Ch. Just. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: I faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[Exit Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?
ACT II.

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Prince Henry and Poyntz.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poyntz. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Tis faith, it doth me, though it discourseth the incompleatness of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilenly in me to desire small beer?

Poyntz. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz., these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superstivity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I, for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland; and God knows, whether those that bawld out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault, whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poyntz. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poyntz?

Poyntz. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poyntz. Go to; I stand the push of thy one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be so sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poyntz. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou and Falstaff, for obstinacy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poyntz. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poyntz. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what excites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poyntz. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poyntz. By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bardolph. God save your grace.

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bardolph. Come, you virtuous ass, [To the Page.] you bawdshalfe fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter to get a pottelee's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new red petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?


Page. Marry, my lord, Althea's dream was delivered of a fire-brand, and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy. [Giving him money.]

Poyntz. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bardolph. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how dost thy master, Bardolph?

Bardolph. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poyntz. Delivered with good respect. And how dost the martelins, your master?

Bardolph. In bodily health, sir.

Poyntz. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not. P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poyntz. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight."—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name

1 The rest of this speech is not in the folio. 2 Lying so sick as yours is: in folio. 3 Periscious: in folio. 4 This word is not in f. e

Athen is here mistaken for Hecuba.
herself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is, as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japheth. But to the letter— Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting."—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. "I will imitate the honourable Romans in revinity;"—he sure means brevity in short-winded,—"I commend thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no. (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him.) Jack Falstaff; with my kinsfamiliars John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's but to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph;—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [Giving money,]

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exeunt Bardolph and Page.]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two heathen jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descent; it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation; that shall be mine: for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [Exeunt]
As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern, in Eastcheap.
Enter Two Drawers.

1. Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-Johns? thou know'st sir John cannot endure an

2. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him,
there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his
hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry,
round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the
heart, but he hath forgot that.

1. Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: and
see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise? mistress Tear-
sheet would fain hear some music*. Dispatch.—the
room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in
straight.

2. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master
Ponson anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins
and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bar-
dolph hath brought word.

1. Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis*: it will
be an excellent stratagem.

2. Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.

Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. If, faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in
an excellent good temperance: your pulisde beats as
extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour,
I warrant you, is as red as any rose; but, i' faith, you
have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous
searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can
say, what's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth
gold. Lot! here comes sir John.

Enter Falstaff, singing:

Fal. "When Arthur first in court—Empty the
jordain—" And was a worthy king.* [Exit Drawer.

How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sex; an they be once in a calm,
they are sick.

Doll. You muddied rascal, is that all the comfort you
give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them? glutony and diseases make
them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you
help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll,
we catch of you; grant that, my pure* virtue, grant
that.

Doll. Yea, joy*: our chains, and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and owches?*—for to
serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to
come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to
surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged cham-
bers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddier conger, hang your-
self!!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two
never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are
both, in good truth, as rheumatic as two dry toastes:
you cannot one bear with another's cantities. What
the good year! one must bear, and that must be you
you are the weaker vessel; as they say, the empier
verse.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
full hogshhead? there's a whole merchant's ventur of
Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a bulk
better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with
thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether
I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody
cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Drau. Sir, ancient* Pistol's below, and would speak
with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
come hither: it is the foul mouth'd rogue in Eng-

land.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by
my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no
swaggereers. I am in good name and fame with the
very best.—Shut the door—there comes no swagger-
ners here: I have not lived all this while, to have swag-

ger now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there
comes no swaggereers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: you
ancient swaggereer comes not in my doors. I was
before master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as
he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday
last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—master Dumb,
our minister, was by then.—"Neighbour Quickly,"
says he, "receive those that are civill; for," said he,
"you are in an ill name?"—now, he said so, I can tell
whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman,
and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests
you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggereers
companions. —There comes none here:—you would bless
you to hear what he said.—No, I'll no swaggereers.

Fal. He's no swaggereer, hostess; a tame cheater.
i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy
greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if
her feathers turn back* in any show of resistence.—Call
him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest
man my house, nor no cheater;* but I do not love
swaggereing: by my troth, I am the worse, when one
says—swaggereer. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you.

I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an't were an
aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggereers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge
you with a cup of sack; do you discharge upon mine
hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two
bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend
her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets.
I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you. I charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you moulard rogue, away! I am meet for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bug, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you battle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stage juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light! with two points on your shoulder! much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol: I would not have you go off here. Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain. Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains would give a song, they would trancheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor where's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word ocuppy, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee lither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not!—I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could tear her.—I'll be revenged of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first:—to Pinto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hock and line, say I. Down? down, dogs! down!—Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Pecsel, be quiet; it is very late, I' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humour, indeed! Shall pack—And hollow-pamper'd jades of Asia, [horses Which cannot go but thirty miles a day. A Compare with Cassars, and with Cannibals, And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the wrinkled roars. Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins. Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis. Come, give's some sack.

Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.— Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire: Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here, and are et ceteras nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.—What: we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fistian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nass?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-grea shilling, nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have meaning? shall we imbrue?—[Snatching up his sword."

Then, death, rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Unwane the sisters three! Come. Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff to wound.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [Drawing. Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afe. I'll be in these territts and frights: So, murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons; put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt Bardolph and Pistol.

Fal. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone. Ah! you whoreson little villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter Bardolph.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whoreson chaps.—Ah, rogue! 'tis faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—[Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal braggling slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. 'tis faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boy-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foaming o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chapp'd bread well.

Dol. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, Robin! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard: there is no more con- ceit in him, than is in a mallet.

1 This speech is not in the folio.
2 The rest of this sentence, to the word "therefore," is not in the folio. 3 faters: in quarto; *fatours: in tractors. 4 A quotation from Marlowe's play of Tamburlaine—they are addressed by the hero to the captive kings who draw his chariot. 5 A quotation from the play of "The Battle of Alcazar," probably by Peele. 6 Fist. 7 The broad shilling of Edward VI; the same, probably, resembled shilling bate. 8 Roast pig was a favourite delicacy at Bartholomew Fair.
Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quorts well; and eats canger and fenmel; and drinks off candles' ends for flapp-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bates with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidance.

P. Hen. Would not this naye of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poi. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poi. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poi. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not clapping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a sevvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song! come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'll forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis!


Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poi's, his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead.

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir, and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorsen mad compound of majesty.—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[Placing his hand upon Doll.


Poi. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whorsen candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman.

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gah's-hill: you know, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poi. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, 'tis the world; honest Ned, none I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poi. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecon- vocably: and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them. she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other. I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quin. for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee. for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman.—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

[Knocking heard.

Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

[Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster, and there are twenty weak and wearied posts. Come from the north: and as I came along I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, and asking every one for sir John Falstaff. [Enter, Poi. Biaime, P. Hen. By heaven, Poi's, I feel me much to So idly to profane the precious time. When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads. Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff. good night. [Exeunt Prince Henry, Poi's, Peto, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morse of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [Knocking heard.] More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

[1 Infamia's substances floating on liquor, and swallowed damming. 2 Plays at see-saw. 3 Debate. 4 if: in folio. 5 Trigonum igneum. is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery Trigon, I think, consists of Arles, Loc, and Sagittarius.—S'terens 6 Petticoat. 7 thee: in quarto. 8 blains: in quarto.
SCENE I.

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently: A dozen captains stay at door for you. Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.] Farewell, hostess;—farewell. Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the under- server may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go. Doll. I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst.—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself. Fal. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Fal. and Bar.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick; But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And sleep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs, Upon uncomely pallets stretching thee, And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under high canopies of costly state, And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody? O, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile, In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch, A watch-case, or a common larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude imperious surge, And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds, That with the hurly death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude: And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot. Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down! Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty! K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords? War. 'Tis one o'clock; and past. K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords. Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you? War. We have, my liege. K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom How foul it is: what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it. War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little medicine. My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd. K. Hen. Of God! that one might read the book of fate,

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years: come peacod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man.—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Within.] Mistress Tear-sheet!

Host. What's the matter? Bard. [Within.] Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O! run, Doll. run; run, good Doll. Come.—She comes blubbered.—Yea—will you come, Doll? [Exeunt.]

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea: and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.¹
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together; and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years, since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,
(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) [To Warwick]
When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne:"—
Though then, God knew, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times decreas'd: The which observ'd, a man may prophesy.
With a near aim, of the main chance of things As yet not come to life, which in their seeds, And weak beginnings, lie untreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time: And, by the necessary form of this, King Richard might create a perfect guess. That great Northumberland, then false to him, Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness, Which should not find a ground to root upon, Unless on you.

K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities; And that same word even now cries out on us. They say, the bishop and Northumberland

¹ The rest of the speech is not in the folio. Dyce says, "She comes blubbered," is a stage direction. ² These: in f. e. ³ Clouds: in f. a
⁴ Warkworth suggested: happy, lowly clown. ⁵ This sentence, beginning with, "Oh, if!" is not in the folio.
SECOND PART OF

ACT III

Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
flavour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace,
To go to bed; upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring his prize in very early.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand.
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Court before Justice Shallow's House
in Gloucestershire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, meeting; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feelfull Bull-calf, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood.
And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford, still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly. I once was of Clement's inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, and roimdly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man; you had not four such swinglebucklers in all the inns of court again; and I may say to you, we knew where the bon-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiter, behind Gray's inn. Jesu! Jesu! the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, it is certain; very sure, very sure; death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu! Jesu! Dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head.

Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score: and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of sir JohnFalstaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commands me to you; my captain, sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good backword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Sil. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated:—it comes of accommoda: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card. as I think.

Shal. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Sil. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see; so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir.——Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Mould. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Mould. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, y'faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.
Fal. Prick him.

Moun. I was prick’d well enough before, an you could have let me alone; my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery. You need not to have prick’d me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moun. Spent!

Skal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, sir John,—let me see.

—Simon Shallow.

Fal. Ye may marry, let me have him to sit under: he’s like to be a cold soldier.

Skal. Where’s Shadow?

Skad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Skad. My mother’s son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother’s son! like enough; and thy father’s shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father’s substance.

Skal. Do you like him, sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Skal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where’s he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Skal. Shall I prick him, sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back; and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Skal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman’s tailor, sir.

Skal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man’s tailor, he would have prick’d you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy’s battle, as thou hast done in a woman’s petticock?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman’s tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman’s tailor well, master Shallow; deep master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man’s tailor, that thou mightest mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Skal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. ́Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me. Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick’d?

Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king’s affairs upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Skal. Here is two more called than your number: you must have but four here, sir,—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.

Skal. O, sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George’s fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.

Skal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night work alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Skal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Skal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart.

She was then a bona-roba. Dost she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Skal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she’s old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement’s-inn.

Sir. That’s fifty-five year ago.

Skal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hast ad seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Skal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, “Horn, boys!”—Come, let’s to dinner; come, let’s to dinner.

—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.

Bull. Good master corporal Bardolph, stand by my friend, and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moun. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame’s sake, stand by my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not: a man can die but once—we owe God a death. I’ll never bear a base mind;—an’t be my destiny, so: an’t be not, so. No man’s too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. ’Faith, I’ll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you.—I have three pounds and a crown, Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Skal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:— and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Skal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assembly of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart:—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a potters' hammer: come off, and on, swifter than he that gibs-bets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow:—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy: the fomman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feecile, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart: traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopped, bald shot:—

Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good sead; hold, there's a tester for thee.

Skal. He is not his craft's master, Wart, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green, (when I lay at Clement's inn) I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in:— "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bonnece;" would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—

I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.

God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Skal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace. At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed; poradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. Fore God, I would you would.

Skal. Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[Exeunt Shallow and Silence.]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice or lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnull-street; and every third word a lie, dier paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-parings: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a beard fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very genius of famine: yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion: and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswifes that he heard the cownmen whistle, and aawre—they were his fancies, or his good-nights.

And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshals men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beesees. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philospher's two stones to me. If the young daee be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. —A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.—

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have receive'd New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—

Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

As might hold sortance with his quality, the which he could not levy; whereupon he is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes, to Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers, that your attempts may overlive the hazard, and fearful meeting of their opposite.

Moub. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground, and dash themselves to pieces.

Mss. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile, in goodly form comes on the enemy: and, by the ground they hide, I judge their number upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Moub. The just proportion that we gave them out let's away on, and face them in the field.

[1] A hand-gun. An exhibition of archery at Mile-end green, where the archers assumed the characters of King Arthur's round-table Sir Dagonet was the fool or buffoon... Arthur's court. 2 As it is folio. Any: in folio: insensible: in f. 6. Many med. eds. read us in the text. 3 The rest of the sentence ending, "mandrake," is not in the folio. 4 Scutched, cut and dashed by the beadle's whip. 5 Small lyrical pieces, for the voices. 6 The Vice, a character of the early English drama, resembling a harlequin, was armed with a dagger of lathe. 7 Brokes. 8 Trussed: in folio. 9 Let us away: in f. e.
Enter Westmoreland.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? Mowbr. I think it is my lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general, the prince, lord John and duke of Lancaster. Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace; what doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys, and beggary;
I say, if damn’d communion so appear’d.
In his true, native, and most proper shape.
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain’d;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch’d;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor’d;
Whose wise investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace.
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?
Turning your books to gloves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and report of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands:
Briefly to this end.—We are all discus’d:
And, with our suffering, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And must be bled for: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician,
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throns of military men:
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh’d
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are confus’d from our most quiet chair
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles,
Which, long ere this, we offer’d to the king,
And might by no suit gain an audience.
When we are wrong’d, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute’s instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-becoming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborn’d to grante on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg’d rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion’s bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty!

I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbr. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O! my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessaries.
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me.

Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not restored
To all the duke of Norfolk’s sigouries,
Your noble and right-well-remember’d father’s?

Mowbr. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv’d, and breath’d in me?
The king that lov’d him, as the state stood then,
Was force perforce, compel’d to banish him:
And when that Harry Bolingbroke, and he,
Being mounted, and both roosed in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay’d
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O! when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The earl of Hereford was reputed, then,
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who known, on whom fortune would then have smil’d;
But if your father had been victor there,
He never had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless’d, and grac’d, indeed, more than the king.
But this is more digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowbr. But he hath forc’d us to compel this offer
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,
Upon mine honour, all too confident.
To give admittance to a thought of fear.

Our battle is more full of names than yours,

Our men more perfect in the use of arms,

Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:

Then, reason will our hearts should be as good;

Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowbr. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the prince John a full commission,

In very ample virtue of his father,

To hear, and absolutely to determine

Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name.

I must you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,

For this contains our general grievances:

Each several article herein recited;

All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinu'd to this action,

Acquitted by a true substantial form;

And present execution of our wills

To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;

We come within our awful banks again,

And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you, lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:

And either end in peace, which God so frame,

Or to the place of difference call the swords

Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so. [Exit West.

Mowbr. There is a thing within my bosom tells me,

That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that? if we can make our peace

Upon such large terms, and so absolute,

As our conditions shall consist upon,

Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowbr. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,

That every slight and false-derived cause,

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

Shall to the king taste of this action:

That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,

We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,

That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,

And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:

For he hath found, to end one doubt by death

Revives two greater in the heirs of life.

And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,

And keep no tell-tale to his memory,

That may repeat and history his loss

To new remembrance. For full well he knows,

He cannot so precisely weed this land,

As his misdoubts present occasion:

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,

That, plucking to unfix an enemy,

He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend.

So that this land, like an offensive wife,

That hath enraged her man to offer strokes,

As he is striking, holds his infant up,

And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm

That was appear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack

The very instruments of chastisement;

So that his power, like to a fangless lion.

May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'T is very true:

And therefore be assurance, my good lord marshal,

If we do now make our atonement well,

Our peace will, like a broken limb united,

Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowbr. Be it so.

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship,

To meet his grace just distance betwixt our armies?

Mowbr. Your grace of York, in God's name then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace, my lord: we come.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, Hasting,

and Others: from the other side, Prince John

of Lancaster, Westmoreland, Officers and Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin

Mowbray.—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop; And so to you, lord Hastings,—and to all.

My lord of York, it better show'd with you, When that your flock, assembled by the belt, Encircled you to hear with reverence Your exposition on the holy text, Than now to see you here an iron man, Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum, Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart, And ripens in the sunshine of his favour, Would he abuse the countenance of the king, Alack! what mischief might be set abroad, In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop, It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken, How deep you were within the books of God? To us, the speaker in his parliament; To us, th' imagin'd voice of God himself; The very opener and intelligence, Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven, And our dull workings: O! who shall believe, But you misuse the reverence of your place, Employ the countenance and grace of heaven, As a false favourite doth his prince's name, In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up, Under the counterfeit'd seal of God, The subjects of his substitute, my father; And, both against the peace of heaven and him, Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster, I am not here against your father's peace; But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland, The time misorder'd doth, in common sense, Crowd us, and crush us to this monstrous form To hold our safety up. I sent your grace To the parcels and particulars of our grief; The which have been with scorn shov'd from the court, Whereon this Hydra-son of war is born; Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep, With grant of our most just and right desires, And true obedience, of this madness cur'd, Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowbr. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes To the last man.
SCENE II.

KING HENRY IV.

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Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born.
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow.
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleadeth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father’s purposes have been mistook:
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress’d;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let’s drink together friendly, and embrace.
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my
And thereupon I drink unto your grace. [word: Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer] and deliver to the
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will please them: lie thee, captain.
[Exit Officer.]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your grace: [Drinks.] and, if you
knew what pains
I have bestow’d to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely; but my love to you
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season:
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry,
But heaviness forruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus.—some good things comes to-morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[Shouts within.]

P. John. The word of peace is render’d. Hark, how
they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—
[Exit Westmoreland. And good my lord, so please you, let your trains
Match by us, that we may peruse the men.
We should have cop’d withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings;
And, ere they be dismiss’d, let them march by.
[Exit Hastings.]

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night to-gether.—

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders having charge from you to stand
Will not go off, until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers’d already.²
Like youthful steers unyok’d, they take their course
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn’d thee none
I promis’d you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion; and such acts, as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter’d stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death:
Treason’s true bed, and yielder up of breath. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Coleville, meeting.

Fal. What’s your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who’er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifference, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undone me.

—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now.—

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit West.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life.
One time or other break some gallows’ back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old
motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded
hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I
have founndered nine-score and odd posts; and here,
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immacu-
late valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most
furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that?
tis saw me, and yielded: that I may justly say with
the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-
came.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him,
and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the
rest of this day’s deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it
in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on
the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which
course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt
two-pencecs to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o’ershine
you as much as the full moon doth the cinder
s of the element, which show like pins’ heads to her,
believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me
have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine’s too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine’s too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Col. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou,
ike a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I
thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay’d.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[Exit Coleville, guarded.

And now despatch we toward the count our lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty.—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Glosiershire; and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condi-
tion,
Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [Exit.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: ’t were better
han your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young
sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh: but that’s no marvel, he drinks no
wine. There’s never any of these demure boys come
to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into
a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they
marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and
cowards, which some of us should be too, but for
inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold
operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me
there all the foolish, and dull, and crummy vapours which
environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetful.

full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, de-
liver’d o’er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the
birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of
your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood;
which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and
pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice;
but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the
inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face,
which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of
this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital
commoners, and inland petty spirits, muste me all to
their captain, the heart, who, great, and puissed up
with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this
valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon
is nothing without sac, for that sets it a-work; and
learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till
sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof
comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold
blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath,
like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded,
and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good,
and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very
hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first
human principle I would teach them should be, to
swear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I’ll through Glosiershire: and
there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I
have him already tempering between my finger and
my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come
away. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey,
Warwick, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleceth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address’d: our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence, well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

Warr. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he’s gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarencce, with
him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord: he is in presence here.

Clair. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Cla-
rence.

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy
And noble offices thou mayst effect
O’er me, and to thee the crown of mediation, after I am dead.
Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love.
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will,  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity;  
Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flor,  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws1 congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:  
Chide him for fault, and do it reverently  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth,  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in)  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him?  
Thomas?  

Cla. He is not there to-day: he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Cla. With Poinz, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them: therefore, my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape  
In forms imaginary, th' unguarded days,  
And rotten times, that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
When for his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot-blood are his counsellors.  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!  
When my greatness, and his far removed from me.  
The prince but studies his companions.  
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,  
'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further use,  
But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfection of time,  
Cast off his followers, and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrión. [Enter Westmoreland] Who's here? Westmoreland?  

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
Added to that that I am to deliver!  
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
Nowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
Are brought to the correction of your law.  
There is not now a rebel's sword unshedd'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here at more leisure may your highness read,  
With every course in his particular. [Giving a packet,]

K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the henneth of winter sings  
The lifting up of day. [Enter Harcourt.] Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of.  
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph.  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.  
The manner and rude order of the fight.  
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and know it not.  
I should rejoice now at this happy news,  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.—  
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [Falls back.]

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!  

Cla. O my royal father!  
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up!  

War. Be patient, princes: you do know, these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.  
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.  
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the more, that should confine it in.  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.  

P. Humph. The people fear me, for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs, and lansmock births of nature:  
The seasons change their manners, as the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leapt' them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;  
And the old folk, time's doing chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little while ago.  
That our great grand sire, Edward, sick'd and died.  

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers  
P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.  

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.  

[They place the King on a Bed in an inner part of the room.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;  
Unless some dull and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.  

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.  

War. Less noise, less noise!  

[Enter Prince Henry.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?  

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?  

Tell it him.  

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover  
Without physic.

1 This is a variant of the original text.  
2 Temptation. The rest of this line is not in the quarto.  
3 Not in f.  
4 Sworns: in f. e.  
5 Daniel (Civil Wars)  
6 1995, book III, act 116, speaking of the illness of Henry IV, says:  

Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind,  
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.
War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low.
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Clas. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Except all but Prince Henry.]

Why doth the crown lie there, upon his pillow,
Being so troublsome a belfellow? 
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night, sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow with homely biggin bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scaleth with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspect, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed: this is a sleep.
That from this golden ringel hath divorce'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrow of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown.
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.—Lo! here it sits,

Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's whole
Strength into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [Exit.

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!—
Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Clas. Doth the king call?
War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Clas. We let the prince, my brother, here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here. War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humf. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—Find him, my lord of Warwick: chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are;
How quickly nature falls into revolt.
When gold becomes her object.
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pile'd up
The earner'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets. Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long,
Till his friend sickness' hands determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.
Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exit Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee!
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours.
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hast a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse.
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity! Down, royal state! All you wise counsellors, hence
And to the English court assemble now;
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confin'd, purge you of your seed;
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins—let the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall gild his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withstand thy riots
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O! thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

[Shaking me.]

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O! let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th' incredible world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown, as having sense.
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try it with, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor:
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the weight of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son! God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed.
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed.
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
You see, with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument, and now my death
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchase,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So, thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do
Thou art not firm enough: since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their strings and teeth newly ta'en out:
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd. Which to avoid,
I cut some off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I. but my lungs are wasted so.
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege! You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which, I with more than with a common pain,
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and Others.


P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John:
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick! K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!--even there thy life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[Exit]

ACT V.


Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!
Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see,—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we now the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook,—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is, now, the smith's note for shoeing, and plough iron.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had.—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Huckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back bitten; for they have marvelous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to: I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph.—And welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shalow.

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If we were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish judges; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would honour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would cury with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without intervals. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the awh in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!


Enter Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature.

And to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,

Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry: O! that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. Cl. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow. it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to You stand in coldest expectation: [find, I am the sorrier; 'twould be otherwise.

Ch. Just. Peace, princes, what I did, I did in honour Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see, that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission. If truth and upright innocency fail me, I'll to the king my master, that is dead, And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!
KING. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty, 
Sits not so easy on me as you think—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear: 
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truly, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your care;
Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John. Jc. We hope no other from your majesty.

K IN G. You all look strangely on me:—and you most.

To the Chief Justice.

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law
While I was busy for the commonwealth.
Your piaceness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours,
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd.
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold consideration, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done, that miebecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well.
Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword;
And do I wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:

"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy; having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me,
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th' untaught sword that you have used to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit.
As you have done against me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practic'd, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you:
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections,
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now, call we our high court of parliament,
And let us choose such limits of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us.
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Glostershire. The Garden of
SHALLOW's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.—Come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, sir John.—merry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah I quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,
So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence,
I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: grosser!—What you want in meat, we'll have in drink.

But you must bear: the heart's all.

[Exit.
Shall. Be merry, master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.
Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [Singing. For women are scarce, both short and tall;
’Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome shrieve-tide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.
Fal. I did not think master Silence had been a man of this mettle.
Sil. Who? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.
Re-enter Davy.
Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats! for you. [Setting them before BARDOLPH.
Shal. Davy,—
Davy. Your worship.—I’ll be with you straight.—
A cup of wine, sir?
Sil. A cup of wine, that’s brisk and fine, [Singing.
And drink unto the lemon wine; And a merry heart lives long-a.
Fal. Well said, master Silence.
Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.
Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.
Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; I’ll pledge you a mile to the bottom.
Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou wastest any thing, and wilt not call, be shrewd thy heart.—Welcome, my little thin thief; and welcome, indeed, too.—I’ll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaliers about London.
Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.
Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—
Shal. By the mass, you’ll crack a quart together.
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?
Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.
Sil. By God’s legs, I thank thee.—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.
Bard. And I’ll stick by him, sir.
Sil. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. [Knocking heard.] Look, who’s at the door there? Ho! who knocks?
[Exit Davy.
Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
Sil. Do me right? [Singing. And dub me knight:
Saminga.
Is’t not so?
Fal. ’Tis so.
Sil. Is’t so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.
Re-enter Davy.
Davy. An’t please your worship, there’s one Pistol come from the court with news.
Fal. From the court? let him come in.—
Enter Pistol.
How now, Pistol?
Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.
Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
Sweet knight, th’art now one of the greatest men In the realm.
Sil. By’t, lady, I think he be, but Goodman Puff of Pist. Puff!—[Harson.
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.
Fal. I pr’ythee now, deliver them like a man of the world.
Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa, and golden joys.
Fal. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news? Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.
Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. [Sings.
Pist. Shall duellish curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled? Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies’ lap
Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding
Pist. Why then, lament therefore.
Sil. Give me pardon, sir—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.
Pist. Under which king, Bezonian! speak, or die.
Shal. Under king Harry.
Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?
Shal. Harry the fourth.
Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king:
Harry the fifth’s the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig’ me, like
The bragging Spaniard.
Fal. What! is the old king dead?
Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.
Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight hood for my fortune.
Pist. What! I do bring good news.
Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune’s steward. Get on thy boots: we’ll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [Exit Bard.]
Pist. Pistol, utter more to me, and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man’s horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends, and was unto my lord chief justice!
Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also! “Where is the life that late I led,” say they; Why, here it is: welcome this pleasant day!” [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cheer enough. I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I’ll tell thee what, thou dammed tripe-visaged rascal, an child I now go with do miscarry, thou hast better then hast struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!
King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart! King. I know thee not, old man. fal. to thy prayers

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace,
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men,
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self:
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—

Set on.

[Exeunt King and his Train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you to
let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord!—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon

Take them away.

Pist. Se foruno me tormenuta, il sperane me contemtus.


P. John. I like this fair procceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire
We hear our civil swords, and native fire,
As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.

Come, will you hence?

[Exeunt]
EPLOGUE,

BY ONE THAT CAN DANCE. ¹

First my fear, then my courtesy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my courtesy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardon. If you look for a good speech, now, you undo me; for what I have to say, is of mine own making, and what indeed I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt; but a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldeastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.

¹ These words are not in f. e. * Not in f. e
KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS

King Henry the Fifth.
Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Bedford.
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King.
Duke of York, Cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Gower, Fluellen.
Maccormis, Jamy, Officers in King Henry's army.
Bates, Court, Williams, Soldiers.

PERSONÆ.
Pistol, Nyx, Bardolph.
Boy, Servant to them. A Herald.
Chorus.
Charles the Sixth, King of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures, and Grandpre, French Lords.
Montjoy. A French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess.
Mrs. Quickly, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.
The SCENE in England, and in France.

CHORUS.

Enter Chorus, as Prologue.¹

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentle all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath da'd
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O! pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;

And let us, cyphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginry puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs on the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.²

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling* and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

¹ The words, as Prologue: not in s. e. ² The Globe Theatre, where the play was probably first acted. ³ All the choruses were first printed in the folio. ⁴ Scrambling.
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not;
He breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Ely. Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a char'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorie:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow:
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequesterance
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet excessive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are cas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to 't, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual conversation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet

Did to his predecessors part with.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The several, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Cra'v'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Same
Enter King Henry, Gloster, Bedford, Exeter,
Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Ely. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop Ely.

K. Hen. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!

Ely. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, writ, or bow your reading
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall invite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint.
Against him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd.
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam nulliter nè succedant.
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly groze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar

1 & the second folio; the first: current. 2 In the quartos, the play commences here.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
That the land Salique is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Salza and of Elbe;  
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish’d then this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:  
Which Salique, as I said, ’twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call’d Meissen.  
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law  
Was not devised for the realm of France;  
Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
Until four hundred one and twenty years  
After definition of king Pharamond,  
Idly supposed the founder of this law;  
Who died within the year of our redemption  
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great  
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
Beyond the river Sala in the year  
Eight hundred five. Besides their writers say,  
King Pepin, which disposed Childeric,  
Did, as heir general, be descended  
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,  
Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp’d the crown  
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—  
To found4 his title with some shows of truth,  
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,  
Convey’d himself as th’ heir to the lady Lingare,  
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,  
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
Was lineal of the lady Ermengarde,  
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:  
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great  
Was reunited to the crown of France.  
So that, as clear as is the summer’s sun,  
King Pepin’s title, and Hugh Capet’s claim,  
King Lewis’s satisfaction, all appear  
To hold in right and title of the female.  
So do the kings of France unto this day,  
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
To bar your highness claiming from the female;  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Than amply to imbibe their crooked titles  
Usurp’d from you and your progenitors.  
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?  
Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;  
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,  
When the man dies, let the inheritance  
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back into your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grand sire’s tomb,  
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,  
And your great uncle’s, Edward the black prince,  
Who on the French ground play’d a tragedy,  
Making a defect on the full power of France,  
While his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion’s whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English! that could entertain  
With half their forces the full pride of France,  
And let another half stand laughing by,  
All out of work, and cold for action  
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;  
The blood and courage, that renowned them,  
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege  
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits, and mighty enterprises.  
Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,  
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
As did the former lions of your blood.  
West. They know your grace hath cause, and means,  
And might;  
So hath your highness:—never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion’d in the fields of France.  
Cant. O! let their bodies fall on my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality,  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.  
K. Hen. We must not only arm the invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.  
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.  
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers  
only,  
But fear the main intention of the Sot,  
Who hath been still a greedy5 neighbour to us:  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfinish’d kingdom  
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;  
That England, being empty of defence,  
Hath shoke, and trembled at th’ ill neighbourhood.  
Cant. She hath been than more fear’d than harm’d  
your liege;  
For hear her but exampled by herself:  
When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended,  
But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France  
To fill king Edward’s train4 with prisoner kings,  
And make their chronicles as rich with praise,  
As is the ounce and bottom of the sea,  
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.  
West. But there’s a saying, very old and true—  
"If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin."  
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,  
To her ungarded nest the weasel, Scot,  
Comes sneaking, and so seeks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can cat.  
Exe. It follows then, the ca. must stay at home  
Yet that is not a crush’d necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreasing in a full and natural close,
Like music.  

_Cant._  
Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom;
They have a king, and officers of state;¹
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone.  I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways unite;²
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defect.  Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with three such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and his bane lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

_K. Hen._ Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.  

_[Exit an Attendant._

Now are we well resolv'd, and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery.
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with a full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.  

_Enter ambassadors of France._

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

_Amb._ May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

_K. Hen._ We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.  

_Amb._  
Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's sought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeriter for your spirit,
This sum of treasure; and, in lieu of this, _[Show it._
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you.  This the Dauphin speaks.

_K. Hen._ What treasure, uncle?  

_Esc._  
Tennis-balls, my liege.  _[Opening it._

_K. Hen._ We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.  And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common.
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my soul of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For here I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones;² and his soul
Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.
—Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

_[Exeunt ambassadors._

_Esc._  
This was a merry message.

_K. Hen._ We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,

¹ sorts: in f. e. ² as many ways meet in one town: in f. e. ³ Not in f. e. ⁴ A match at tennis, in which the struggler conveys to seeing who will keep up the ball the longest. ⁵ sail: in f. e. ⁶ Cannon balls were, at first, of stone.
ACT II.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired jade, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife.—Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host, Pistol?—Pist. Base^tike^, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym draws his sword.] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not hewn^now^ now!—we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pistil!

Pist. Pist. Pish! for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-erected ear of Iceland! [Draws his sword.]

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you show off? I would have you solus.13

Pist. Solus. Egregious dog? O viper vile! The solus in thy most marvellous face; The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy; And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retract the solus in thy bowels: For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbazon; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O bragart vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale.14

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hills, as I am a soldier. [Draws]

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate Give me thy fist, thy fore-fist to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.15

[Pistol and Nym sheathe their swords.]


Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What are ancient Pistol and you friends yet? Nym. For my part I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smites;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will trot teaste, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.14

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good corporal Nym.
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe le gorge, that's the word?—I defy thee again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the Lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tear-sheets she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.1

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and your2 hostess.—He is very sick, and would to bed.

—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.

Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erwhelm, and floods for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[Draw again.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay:
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.—
Is not this just? for I shall suffer bet
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

[Sheaves his sword.

Give me thy hand.

Nym. Shall I have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

[They shake hands.2

Re-enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tetter, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours, and careers.

Pist. Let us console the knight, for lambkins we will live.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,3
Whom he hath duld'd and cloyd' with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Marshall,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution, and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty: there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uncasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their gall in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.4

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steel'd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rai'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on our5 more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful, my lord.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons against this poor wretch
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:

Who are the state6 commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

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1 The folio adds to go to; which most, eds. usually print: go to. 2 you, seems a better reading. 3 Darius: in f. o. This speech is only in the quarto. 4 Not in f. o. 5 The practice here alluded to, seems to have been not unusual. 6 his: in f. o. 7 into: in f. o.
KING HENRY V.

Scene II.

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours:

There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.

They read and start.

My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen! What see you in these papers, that you lose So much complexion?—look ye, how they change:

Their checks are paper.—Why, what read you there, That hath so cowardly and chas'd your blood Out of appearance?

Can. I do confess my fault,

And do submit to your highness' mercy,

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As do upon their marvels, and upon you*.

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—

You know, how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appetitents Belonging to his honour: and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than. Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O! What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightest have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use? May it be possible, that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil, That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange, That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black and white, my eye will severely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose, Working so grossly in a natural course, That admiration did not whoop at them:

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was, That wrought upon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voice in hell for excellence, And other devils, that suggest by treasons, Do both and bungle up damnation

With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd From gleaming semblances of piety: But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus, Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to wavy Tartar back, And tell the legion—'I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected The sweetness of alliance! Show men duteful?  

Why, so didst thou; seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou; conic they of noble family? Why, so didst thou; seem they religious? Why, so didst thou; or are they spare in diet; Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger; Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood; Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement; Not working with the eye without the ear, But in due judgment trusting neither? Such. and so finely bled, didst thou seem; And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark? the full-fragrant man, and best judged, With some suspicion. I will weep for thee, For this revolting of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man.—Their faults are open; Arrest them to the answer of the law, And God acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop, of Marsham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Our purposes God justly hath discover'd, And I repeat my fault more than my death; Which I beseech your highness to forgive, Although my body pay the price of it. 

Cam. For me.—the gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit it as a motive, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked for prevention; Which I in suffrance heartily will rejoice, Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice At the discovery of most dangerous treason, Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself, Prevented from a damned enterprise.

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear you sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, His princes and peers, with their reward. His subjects to oppression and contempt, And his whole kingdom unto desolation. Touching our person, seek we no revenge; But we our kingdom's safety must so render, Whose ruin you have* sought, that to her laws We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death; The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you Patience to endure, and true repentance Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence.

Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof Shall be to you, as us, like glorious. We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous treason, lurking in our way To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now, But every rub is smoothed on our way. Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver Our puissance into the hand of God, Putting it straight in expedition. Cheeryly to see; the signs of war advance:

No king of England, if not king of France.
SCENE III.—London. Mrs. Quickly's House, in Eastcheap.

Enter Pistol, Mrs. Quickly, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blythe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins; Boy, bristle thy courage up! for Falstaff he is dead, and we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would I were with him, wheresoever he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'Made a fine end and went away, as it had been any christom child; 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen on a table of green frieze. How now, sir John? quoit 1: what, man! be of good cheer. So a' cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said onee, the devil would have him about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a fleec sticke upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shew the king will be gone from Southampoton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattlest, and my moveables; Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;" Trust none; For oaths are strawes, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck: Therefore, aveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France: like horse-beeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwelcome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee [command.]

Quick. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us, and more than carefully it us concerns, To answer royalty in our defences. Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth, And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch, To line, and new repair, our towns of war With men of courage, and with means defendant: For England his approaches makes an fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulph. It fits us, then, to be as provident As fear may teach us, out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; For peace itself should not so dill a kingdom, (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question; But that defences, musters, preparations Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation. Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth, To view the sick and noble parts of France; And let us do it with no show of fear; No, with no more, than if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance; For, my good liege, she is so jelly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin, You are too much mistaken in this king. Question your grace the late ambassadors, With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and, withal, How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find, his vanities forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate. Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable; But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 't is best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems, So the proportions of defence are fill'd; Which, of a weak and niggardly projection, Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong; And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him. The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us, And he is bred out of that bloody strain, That haunted us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shame, When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captivi'd by the hand Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales,

1 The christom, was a white cloth placed upon the head of a child after it was anointed with the chrism, or sacred oil. The name was afterwards given to the white cloth in which the child was wrapped at the ceremony, and which was used as its shroud, if it died within a month of its birth. Children so dying were called Christoms, in the old bills of mortality. 2 The old copies read: a table of green fields, which Theobald conjecturally altered to: "a babble of green fields."
OF a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and Train.
Fr. King. From our brother of England.
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor any awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will be raze for it:
Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans.
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy:
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and woody vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full
Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair
conditions,
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

Flourish. Exeunt

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.
Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your flanecies, and in them behold,
Upon the beamen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Blown with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katherina, his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms,
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With limstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[Alarum; and Chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind;
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,
Gloster, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'ertopped with a巨大的 confounded base,
Swiftly with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide;
Hold hard the breast, and bend upon every spirit,
To his full height!—On, on, on you noblest English!
Whose blood is fat from fathers of war professed,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips.
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol,
and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knacks are too hot;
And for mine own part, I have not a case of 4 lives;
the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humour do abound:
Knocks go and come,
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety
Pist. And I;
If it's wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I now. 6

Boy. And 8 as duly,
But not as truly.
As bird doth sing on bough.
[Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avante, you eat lions!
[Driving them forward
Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould;
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

Fluellen drives out Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph. 11
Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.
I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-hivered, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 2 faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 2 breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he seems to say his prayers, lest 3 should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in fitching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

Exeunt. Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the cavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athervenary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, 4 will plew up all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his heard: he has no more directions.
in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

**Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.**

**Goe.** Here a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

**Flu.** Captain Jamy is a marvellous furious gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

**Jamy.** I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

**Flu.** God-den to your worship, good captain James.

**Goe.** Now how, captain Macmorris! have you quitted the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

**Mac.** By Cheshu I, tis ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blew up the town, so Chresh sa've me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now will you vouche safe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

**Jamy.** It shall be very gude, gude faith, gude captains bath: and I sill quit' you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sill I, marry.

**Mac.** It is no time to discourse, so Chresh save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chresh, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa'me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chresh sa'me, la.

**Jamy.** By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aisle do gude service, or aisle lig' the grund for it: ay, or go to death; and aisle pay it as valorously as I may, that sa'll I surely do, that is the brief and the long. Marr, I was full fetal heard some question 'tween you tway.

**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

**Mac.** Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

**Flu.** Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

**Mac.** I do not know you so good a man as myself; so Chris sa'me, I will cut off your head.

**Goe.** Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

**Jamy.** Au! that's a foul fault. [A Parley sounded. trow. The town sounds a parley.

**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of wars; and there is an end.

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**Scene III.**—The Same. Before the Gates of Harfeur

**Enter King Henry, his Train and Forces. The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls.**

**K. Hen.** How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest part we will admit:

Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves, or, like to men proud of destruction, 

day us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, a name that in my thoughts becomes me best, 

If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfeur, 

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;

And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,

In liberty of bloody hand shall range

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is it to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?

What rain can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil, 

As send precepts to the Leviathan.

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfeur

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whilest yet our soldiers are in my command;

Whilest yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrinking daughters

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,

Whilest the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaugthermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

**Goe.** Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,

Returns us that his powers are not yet ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,

For we no longer are defensible.

**K. Hen.** Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfeur; there remain, [Gates opened

And fortiify it strongly against the French:

Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,

The winter coming on, and sickness growing

Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.

To-night in Harfeur will we be your guest:

To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[Flourish. The King, &c. enter the Town

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**Scene IV.**—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

**Enter Katharine and Alice.**

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angletierre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.
Kath. Je te prie, m’enseigne; il faut que j’apprenne à parler. Comment appelles vous la main, en Anglais?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu’ils sont appelés de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J’ay gagné deux mots Anglais virement. Comment appelles vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites moi, si je parle bien; de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C’est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.

Kath. Dites moi l’Anglais pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madamane.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m’en fuit la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m’avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madamane.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m’en oublie, de elbow.

Comment appelles vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.


Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d’Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d’apprendre par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N’aurez vous pas déjà oublie ce que je vous ay enseigne?

Kath. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de nails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin:

Comment appelles vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et imprud., et non pour les dames d’honneur d’user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, n’antmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois un leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C’est assez pour une fois: allons nous à disner. [Exeunt, And overlook their graftiers?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along

Untoufht withai, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm

In that nook-shotton1 isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull.

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

Killing their fruit with frowns? Can solden water,

A drench for our-rein’d jades, their barley broth,

Drench their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,

Let us not hang like roping jeicles

Upon our houses’ tithes, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,

Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,

Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,

Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth,

To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavolans2 high, and swift eorantes;

Saying, our grace is only in our heels,

And we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speeche
tim hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg’d

More sharper than your swords,tie to the field.

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry;

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Hambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussé, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrade, Boneciqult, and Charolois,

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great states, now quit you of great shame.

Bar. Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harleour;

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him your prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick, and famish’d in their march,

For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He’ll drop his heart into the sink of fear,

And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send

To know what willing ransum he will give,—

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England’s fall. [Exeunt, SCENE VI. —The English Camp in Picardy. Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

1 An island that shoots out into capes and promontories. 2 An Italian dance resembling a waltz.
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pride.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and pleased!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, heutenant1, there, at the pride,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world: but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, and buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate and giddy fortune's furious sicken wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone.—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plaid, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plaid; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and incessant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes an excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stol'n a paon,2 and hanged must 'a be. A damned death! Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free, And let not bungip his wine-pipe souceoate. But Exeter hath given the doom of death, For paore of price: Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice, And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach: Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his gent pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used. 

Pist. Die and be damned; and fare for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit Pistol, making the sign].

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave words at the pride, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoke to me: that is well. I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a scene, at such a breach, at such a convey; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-coined oaths: and what a heard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him mankind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pride.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Soldiers sick and tattered.

Flu. Got plesse your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Friellen? canst thon from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pride: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most brave passages. Marry, th' anniversary was have possession of the pride, but he is enforced to retire. And the duke of Exeter is master of the pride. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Friellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' anniversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, it your majesty know the man: his face is all babbukes, and wheels, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for: none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamaster is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur: but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost the disgrace we have digested: which, in weight to re-answer, his petition we would bow under. For our
lessee, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of
our blood, the master of his kingdom too faint a
number; and for our disgrace, his own person, knell-
ing at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he
hath betrayed his followers, whose condensation is
pronounced. So far my king and master: so much
my office.
K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mont. Montjoy.
K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus,—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My arm but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France herself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

[Return to the stage.

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter The Constable of France, the Lord Rambures, the
Duke of Orleans, the Dauphin, and others.

Con. Tunt! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!
Ofl. You have an excellent armour; but let my
horse have his due.
Con. It is the best horse of Europe.
Ofr. Will it never be morning?
Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high consta-
ble, you talk of horse and armour—
Ofl. You are as well provided of both as any prince
in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change
my horse with any that treads but on four panniers.
Ca, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails
were air, le cheval volant, the Pegasus, qui a les narines
de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk:
he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it:
the basse horn of his hoof is more musical than the
pipe of Hermes.
Ofl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.
Ram. He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills.
Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.
Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.
Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.
Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.
Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.
Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.
Orl. I know him to be valiant.
Con. I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.
Orl. What's he?
Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.
Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bite.
Orl. I'll never said well.
Con. I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.
Orl. And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.
Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.
Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.
Con. You have shot over.
Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

ACT IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie with fifteen hundred paces of your tents.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mes. The lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—he longs not for the dawning, as we do.
Orl. What a wretched and peevish* fellow is the king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.
Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.
Orl. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Con. Just, just: and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.
Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see; by ten, we shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt

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Footnotes:

* Falcons, when unhooved, hate or beat the air, by flapping their wings.  * Foolish
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty! There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observing distil it out, For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers, Which is both healthful, and good husbandry: Besides, they are our outward consciences, And preachers to us all; admonishing That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham: A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churlish turf of France. Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better; Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains, Upon example: so the spirit is cased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, The organs, though delfunct and dead before, Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move With casted slough and fresh legiter.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both, Commend me to the princes in our camp; Do my good morrow to them; and, anon, Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Gloster and Bedford.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight; Go with my brothers to my lords of England: I and my bosom must debate a while, And then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [Exit Erpingham.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest so cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pst. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pst. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pst. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pst. Art good a gentleman as the emperor, K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king. Pst. The king's a hawcoak, and a heart of gold, A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant: I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?


Pst. Le Roy! a Cornish name; art thou of Cornish stock?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman. [Crew?

Pst. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pst. Tell him, I'll knock his look about his pate.

Upon Saint David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pst. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pst. The fieo for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pst. My name is Pistol called.

K. Hen. It sors well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally

Gow. Captain Fluellen!
If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place!" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children, that I am afraid there are two cowards, that die in a battle: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if those men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disbelieve are against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assaulted by robbers, and die in many irreconcilable imputations, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless; if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unsold officers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-break of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's: but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to know his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head: the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we never the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dost acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dost as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Will. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.

O hard condition! twin born-with greatness, Subject to the breath of every fool, Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect, That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that private have not too Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers? What are thy sects? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul but adulation? Art thou ang'lt else but place, degree, and form? Creating awe and fear in other men, Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose: I am a king, that find thee; and I know, 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced tail running 'fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world; No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these laid in bed majestic, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cram'd with distasteful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoy its, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Ensign.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent: I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd handes hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chapiters, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay; I knew thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The French Camp.

Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords! 
Dau. Montes à cheval—My horse! valet! lacquay! ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. Via!—les eaux et la terre!
Orl. Rien puis? l'air et le feu!
Dau. Ciel! cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make meision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superbus courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shalas and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,

To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport; let us but blow on them
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battles, were enow
To purge this field of such a hindling foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-somanes*, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall cough down in fear, and yield.

Enter Grandpre.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Your island carriions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtauns poorly are let loose,
And our air shallakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands,* and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hops,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale diui mouths the gimmal* bit
Lies, foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knaviish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself. [death.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for 
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh salts,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,*
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The English Camp.

Enter all the English Host; Gloster, Bedford, Exeter, Salisbury, and Westmorland.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight vauntly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it.
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Primely in both.

West. O! that we now had here

* of: in folio: which Singer retains, removing the period from the middle of the next line to its close. * Sheils. * The best of a trumpet. * Candlesticks were often made in the figure of a knight, the candle being set in the hand. * Doubt.
Enter King Henry.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are eonow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns1 me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with ns.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see9 old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot.
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day.
Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glaster.
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle8 his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their batteries set,
And will with all expedition charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might3 fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
Which lease me better than to wish us one. —[men,
You know your places: God be with you all]

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be engulfed. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie andester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them
And draw their honours recking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, rebounding5 valour in our English;
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazings,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in reflex' of mortality.

Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into sloveny:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, for they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service.
If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour,
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, by these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come here for a ransom.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. 4

K. Hen. Take it, brave York,—Now, soldiers, march away:
And outh whom pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exit York.

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums: Excursions Enter French Soldier, Pistol, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.
Fr. Sol. Je pense, que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Quality? Callino, castore me ! art thou a gentleman?

What is thy name? discers.
Fr. Sol. O sieurier Dieu!

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman

Grievous. 2 Die and see, are transposed in the folio. 3 Make him gentleman. 4 folio: could. 5 rebounding: in f. s. 6 relapse: in 1 7 Viannard. 8 Th- name of an old tune, to which a song was sung, printed in the "Handful of Pleasant Ballads," 1824
Perpend my words, O signeur Dew, and mark:—
O signeur Dew, thou diest on point of fox1.

Except, O signeur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! avez pitié de moi!
Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty mumps;
For I will fetch thy rime2 out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?
Pist. Brass, eur?
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of mumps?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. Escautez; comment êtes vous appelé?
Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.
Pist. He says his name is master Fer.
Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and
fertil him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,
and firk.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monseur?
Boy. Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous
prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de
couper votre gorge.

Pist. Oui, couper la gorgie, par ma foi, paissant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me
pardonnez. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne moisson;
gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.
Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentle-
man of a good house; and for his ransom, he will give
you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que ditz-il?
Boy. Encore qu'il est contre mon jurement de pardonner
aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous
l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le
franchissement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerci-
ements; et je m'entende heureux que je suis tombé entre
les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vallant,
et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.
Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand
thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath
fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most
brave, valorous, and thirsathe seigneur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.

Follow me! Exit Pistol.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never

[Exit French Soldier.

know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but
the song is true,—"the empty vessel makes the greatest
sound." Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more
valour than this roaring devil i the old play3 that every
one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they
are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst
steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the
lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French
might have a good prey of us, if they knew of it, for
there is none to guard it, but boys.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Retreat sounded.4 Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Bourbon
Constable, Rambures, and others.

Con. O doubte!
Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!
Dau. Morit de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Approach and everlasting shame
Sit meekly in our plumes.—O méchante fortune! —
Do not run away. [A short Atem
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us not fly:— in!—One more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now.
Let him go hence, and, with his ear in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminat.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us in heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smoother up the English in our throats,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now. I'll to the throng
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exit

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exit
and others.

K. Hen. Well, have we done, thrice valiant country-
men;
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commend's him to your
majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thie within this hour
I saw him down, three up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie.

Loading' the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the heard, kisses the gashas,
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
 He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
 We kept together in our chivalry"?

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
 He smil'd me in the faee, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it fore'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me;
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not:

For, hearing this, I must perforse compound

1 A name for a sword. 2 The soul in which the bowels are wrapped.—Coke's Dic. 1677. 3 An allusion to the old Moralties in wate-
the devil usually took part. 4 Alarums: in f. e. 5 Let us die instant: in f. e. 6 Larding: in f. e.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,

That I have find'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'th thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To look' thine dead, and then to bury them;

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes, woe the while!

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king

To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours, or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer,

And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-nucle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most brave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did gout service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps which your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no soorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pollys, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshun, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,

On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. Exc. MONTJOY and others. Exc. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?
Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis in the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.
K. Hen. An Englishman?
Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swagged with me last night; who, if' it live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I would strike it out soundly.
K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?
Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please our majesty, in my conscience.
K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.
Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzobub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perfurred, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jaek-saucer, as ever his plac shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.
K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.
Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.
K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?
Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.
Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is a good knowledge, and literatur'd in the wars.
K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.
Will. I will, my liege.
K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Aleneon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Aleneon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.
Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace, that I might see.
K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?
Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.
K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.
Flu. I will fetch him.
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster.
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have here for a favour, May haply purchase him a box o' the ear: It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word) Some sudden mischief may arise of it, For I do know Fluellen valiant, And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder, And quickly will return an injury: Follow, and see there be no harm between them.— Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exit.

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I passeth you now, come space to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?
Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove
Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [Strikes him
Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.
Gow. How now, sir! you villain!
Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?
Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows: I warrant you.
Will. I am no traitor.
Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Aleneon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?
Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?
Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Aleneon.
Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowly knave it is. I hope your majesty is hear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Aleneon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?
Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.
Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I had made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pistol.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of pratts, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: it is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it
Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?
Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[Delivers a Paper.]

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?
Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouicqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead [Reads,]
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen.
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are yet sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jaques Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures: [phon;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guiscard Dau-
John duke of Alencon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy:
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty ears,
Grandpre, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaunopt, and Marie, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald presents another Paper—]
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketyl, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe all those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and for such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we hear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts.
Athat the sea. Behold, the English beach
Paits in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea.
Which, like a mighty whiffer, [fure the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where, that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city, he forhinds it,
Being free from vaineless and self-glorous pride,
Giving full trophgy, signal, and content,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold
In the quick forge and working-house of thought.
How London doth pour out her citizens
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort.
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome.
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress

[As in good time he may] from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broched on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them: and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him: and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right: but why weary you your look to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascal, scold, baggarly, lowsey, praging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, o' no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not but breed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock...
Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurril, lowly knave! Got pless you! 

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thurst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parea's fatal web?

Hence! I am Qualcomm at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurril lowly knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you be so gout, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree!—I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will pect his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you: it is gout for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this look, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; then dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much gout do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is gout for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is gout.—Hold you; there is a great to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a great!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy gout in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmangler, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of deceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentlemen twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead? the spital

Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Oth! I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is raged! Well, bawd! I'll turn,
And something lean to outpurse of quick hand
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get into these cudgell'd scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment
in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Gloster, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.
Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England;
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To ery amen to that thus we appear.
Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England;
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
Great kings of France and England, that I have
labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have conversed, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dears nurse of arts, plenty, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, lift up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darning, hemlock, and rank fumitory.
Do root upon, while that the couler rusts,
That should deracinate such sauvagey:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freighted cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceive by idleness, and nothing tenant,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, coxcombies, burs, Losing both beauty and utility; And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges, Detective in their nature, grow to wildness; Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children.

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time, The sciences that should become our country,

But grew, like savages,—as soldiers will, That nothing do but meditate on blood,— To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire.

And everything that seems unnatural, Which to reduce into our former favour,

You are assembled; and my speech a treat,

That I may know the let, why gentle peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,

And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace

With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenors and particular effects

You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

But, the king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,

Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye

O'er-gian'd the articles: please then your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass, or accept,' and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—

And brother Clarence—and you, brother Gloster,—

Warwick, and Huntingdon,—go with the king;

And take with you free power, to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantage, for our dignity,

Any thing in, or out of our demands,

And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister.

Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isst. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good,

When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

She is our capital demand, compris'd

Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isst. She hath good leave,

[Execut all but King Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,

Such as will enter at a lady's ear;

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me: I cannot

speak but my tongue is English.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me

Soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear

you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moi. I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate: and you are

like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les angels?

Alice. Ouy, traitant, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not

blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines

de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues

of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy! que de tongues de de mains is be full

de deceits; de is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman.

I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding
I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if

thou wouldst, thou woldst find me such a plain king

that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy

my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but
directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther

than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my

suit. Give me your answer: if faith, do, and so clap

hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to
dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the

one, I have neither words nor measure: and for the

other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable
measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-
frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour

on my back, under the correction of bragging be it

spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or if I

might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for

her favours. I could lay on like a butcher, and sit

like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate.

I cannot look greenly, nor gazp out my eloquence,

nor I have no cunning in protestation; only down-
right oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never

break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of

this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-

burn'n, that never looks in his glass for love of

any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook,

speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for

this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die

is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet

love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take

a fellow of plain and unconscion constancy, for he per-

force must do thee right, because he hath not the gift
to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite

tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,

they do always reason themselves out again. What!

a speaker is but a prater: a rhyme is but a ballad.

A good leg will fall, a straight back will stuop, a

black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow

bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hol-

low; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon;
or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines

bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly.

If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me,
take a soldier; take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly

I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy

of France?

K. Hen. No: it is not possible you should love the

enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should

love the friend of France, for I love France so well,

that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it
defote mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am

yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French

which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a

newly married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be

shook off.—Quand j'ai la possession de France, et quans
vous avez la possession de moi, (let me see, what then?
Saint Dennis be my speed!)—donc vostre est France, et
vos êtes miene. It is as easy for me, Kate, to con-
KING

love will therefore, what shall be created in so

but, and will know, not, and which

Harry, thee: better

I. hear, and their appearance

France, or English?

This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer: and I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath not entered.
K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?
Fr. King. So please you.
K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall show me the way to my will.
Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.
K. Hen. Is’t so, my lords of England?
West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and then in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.
Ere. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France,
having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French.—Notre très cher fils Henry roi d’Angleterre, heretier de France; and thus in Latin.—•Præclarissimus filius •noster Henricus, rex Anglie, et hæres Francie.
Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.
Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other’s happiness.
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword ’twixt England and fair France.
All. Amen!
K Hen. Now welcome, Kate,—and bear me wit-
ness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [Flourish
Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there ’twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!
All. Amen!
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day
My lord of Burgundy, we’ll take your oath,
And all the peers for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me:
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!
[Senet. Exeunt
Enter Chorus, as Epilogue.
Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursu’d the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv’d
This star of England. Fortune made his sword.
By which the world’s best garden he achiev’d,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant hands crown’d king
Of France and England, did this king succeed,
Whose state so many had the managing.
That they lost France, and made his England bleed
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake
la your fair minds let this acceptance take. [Exit
FIRST PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
Duke of Gloster, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
Duke of Exeter.
Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.
John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset.
Earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk.
Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury:
John Talbot, his Son.
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March.
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower. Mayor of London.
Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.
Basset, of the Red Rose or Lancaster Faction.
Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.
Regnier, Duke of Anjou, and King of Naples.
Dukes of Burgundy and Alençon. Bastard of Orleans.
Governor of Paris. Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
Margaret, Daughter to Regnier.
Countess of Auvergne.
Joan la Pucelle, commonly called Joan of Arc.

SCENE, partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corpse of King Henry the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of Bedford, Gloster, and Exeter: the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, Heralds, &c.

Red. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night! Comets, importing change of times and states, Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky; And with them scourge the bad revolting stars, That have consented unto Henry's death! Henry the fifth, too famous to live long! England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time. Virtue he had deserving to command: His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams: His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings: His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire, More dazzled and drove back his enemies, Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces. What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech: He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood? Henry is dead, and never shall revive. Upon a wooden coffin we attend; And death's dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify, Like captives bound to a triumphal car. What! shall we curse the planets of mishap. That plotted thus our glory's overthrow? Or shall we think the subtle-witted French Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him, By magic verses have contriv'd his end? Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings. Unto the French the dreadful judgment day So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought: The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd, His thread of life had not so soon decay'd: None do you like but an effeminate prince, Whom, like a school boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector, And lookest to command the prince, and realm. Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe. More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh; And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st, Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Red. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace.

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us — Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms.
SCENE I.

FIRST PART OF

Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead,
Posterity, await for wretched years.
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish'd salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.—
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Caesar, or bright Cassiope.  

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.
Bad tidings bring to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discontent:
Guemrene, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Gisors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.
Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen fled up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours new-beget;
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France,
Give me my steel'd coat! I'll fight for France.

Exe. Away with these disgraceful van-rob's
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their interminable miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O! whither shall we fly from this reproach?
Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats—
Belford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your lamentations,
Wherewith you now bedew Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal sight.
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

3 Mess. O! no; wherein lord Talbot was o'ershrown:
The circumstance it large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikers to set before his archers,
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, char'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood aghast on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been consum'd up,
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
He being in the rearward plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,
For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O, no! he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slay'd and taken, likewise.

Bed. His ransom, there is none but I shall pay.
I will have the Dauphin headlong from his throne;
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend.
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters, till our masters come.
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall cause all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury's caveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn.
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation.

Exit

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

Exit. To Eltham will I, where the young king is.

Bed. To Eltham will I, where his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to steal;
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

Exit

1 Pope reads: marish, marsh.  3 This word is not in f. e.  vaward: in f. e.  make: in f. e.  send: in f. e.
SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALBION, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens, So in the earth, to this day is not known. 1 Late did he shine upon the English side; Now we are victors, upon us he smiles. What towns of any moment but we have? At pleasure here we lie near Orleans; The whites, the famish’d English, like pale ghosts, Feintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Aien. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-bees: Either they must be dieted like mules, And have their provender tied to their mouths, Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let’s raise the siege. Why live we idly here?

Tabot is taken whom we wont to fear: Remaineth none but mad-brain’d Salisbury, And he may well in fretting spend his gall; Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them. Now, for the honour of the fairest French! Him I forgive my death that killeth me.
When he sees me go back one foot, or flee.” [Exeunt. 

Alarums: Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALBION, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!— Dogs! cowardly dastards!—I would ne’er have fled, But that they left me ‘midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; He fighth as one weary of his life: The other lords, like lions wanting food, Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Aien. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bro’d, During the time Edward the third did reign. More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons and Golasses, It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten! Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e’er suppose They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let’s leave this town; for they are hair-brain’d slaves, And hunger will enforce them be more eager: Of old I knew them; rather with their teeth The walls they’ll tear down, than forswake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals 2 or device, Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on; Else ne’er could they hold out so, as they do. By my consent, we’ll e’en let them alone.

Aien. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where’s the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall’d: Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismay’d, for succour is at hand: A holy maid hitter with me I bring, Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven, Ordained is to raise this tedious siege, And drive the English forth the bounds of France. The spirit of deep prophecy she hath, Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome; What’s past and what’s to come, she can desery.

Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words, For they are certain and unattailable.

Char. Go, call her in. [Exit Bastard.] But first, to try her skill.

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place: Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern. By this means shall we sound what skill she hath

Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is’t thou will do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is’t thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind! I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amazed, there’s nothing hid from me. In private will I talk with thee apart.—

Stand back, my lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd’s daughter. My wit untrain’d in any kind of art, Heaven and our gracious Lady hath it pleas’d To shine on my contemptible estate: Let whilst I wait on my tender lambs, And to sun’s parching heart display’d my cheeks, God’s mother deigned to appear to me; And, in a vision full of majesty, Will’d me to leave my base vocation, And free my country from calamity. Her aid she promises, and assured success: In complete glory she reveal’d herself; And, whereas I was black and swart before, With those clear rays which she inflam’d me, That beauty am I bless’d with, which you see. Ask me what question thou canst possible, And I will answer unpersuaded: My courage try by combat, if thou dar’st, And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. Resolve on this; thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish’d me with thy high terms Only this proof I’ll of thy valour make: In single combat thou shalt buckle with me, And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true; Or, 3 I renounce all confidence in you. 4

Puc. I am prepar’d. Here is my keen-edg’d sword, Deck’d with five flower-de-luces on each side; The which at Tournai, in Saint Katharine’s churchyard, Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then, come o’ God’s name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I’ll never fly from man. 5

[They fight

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon, And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ’s mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe’er helps thee, ’tis that must help me. Impatiently I burn with thy desire; My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued. Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, Let me thy servant, and not sovereign be: ’T is the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee. Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love. For my profession’s sacred from above; Where I have chased all thy foes from hence, Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk. 6

[They talk apart.

1 This circumstance is mentioned in other writers of the time.
2 Not in f.s
3 otherwhiles: in f.s
4 forlorn: in f.s
5 fly: in f.s
6 Machinery
7 in you: not in f.s
8 Not in f.s.
SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

Enter at the Gates, the Duke of Gloster, with his Serving-men.

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day; Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance. Where be these warders, that they wait not here? Open the gates! 'Tis Gloster that now calls.

[Servants knock.

1 Ward. [Within.] Who's there, that knocks so importunately?

1 Serv. It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

2 Serv. Villains, answer you now the lord protector? 1 Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who will'd you so? or whose wills stand but mine? There's none protector of the realm but I. Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize. Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill groans?

GLOSTER'S Men rush at the Tower Gates. Enter, to the gates, Woodville, the Lieutenant.

Wood. [Within.] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear? Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [Within.] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open; The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him I have express commandment, That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest hum'fore me! Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook? Thou art no friend to God, or to the king: Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector. We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, and SERVANTS in tawney coats;

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what mean this,

Glo. P Malcolm priest, dost thou command me be shut out? Win. I do, thou most usurping prorator, And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contrib'best to murder our dead lord, Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin. I'll canvase thee in thy bold cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back. Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll hear thee to thy face. Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—Draw, men, for all this is a privileg'd place; Blue coats to tawney coats. Priest, beware your beauty! [Gloster and his Men attack the Bishop]

Gloster and his Men attack the Bishop.

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat, In spite of pope or dignities of church; Here by the checks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'll answer this before the pope. Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rep're! Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay? Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array. Out, tawney coats!—out, scarlet hypocrites! Here Gloster's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates Thus contumely should break the peace! Glo. Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here restrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'recharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion, Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour, here, out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer: as loud as thou canst cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law; But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure:

1 Not in F. e. 2 Fraud. theft. 3 This, according to Stow, was the dress of a bishop's attendants. 4 Skorn. 5 The steers in South- wark were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, whose palace stood near by. 6 It was the old popular belief, that the site of Damascus was the place where Cain killed Abel. 7 This was the usual livery of servants. 8 A title applied to those who had contracted a malady to which frequenters of the steaws are liable
Thy heart blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.—
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head:
For I intend to have it off ere long. [Exeunt.
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Hower'd unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espias have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer on my post.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
U'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in a upper Chamber of a Tower, the Lords Salisbury and Talbot; Sir William Glansdale,
Sir Thomas Garrawe, and others.
Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Disservice, I pray thee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord of Ponton de Santrailes;
For him I was exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and cravest death,
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desire'd.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thouwert entertain'd?
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French.
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To Lord at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name amongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had
That walk'd about me every minute-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what tortures you endure;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper time in Orleans.
Here, through this gate, I can count every one.
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled. [Gabelle fall
[Shot from the Town. Salisbury and Sir Tho. Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeful man.
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
Speak Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak: [us?
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thine eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up.
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail
One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:
The sun with one eye vie'steth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles——
He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French?"
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nero-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[An Alarum: it thunders and lightens
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd; [head.
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
Salisbury lifts himself up and groans.
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It rks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mangled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent.
And then we'll try what vastard Frenchmen dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursues the Dauphin,
and drives him; then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving
Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force,

1 The usual city cry in times of tumult. 
2 these: in folio. 
3 went: in folio. 
4 pill'd: in folio.
SCENE 1.  

KING HENRY VI.  

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;  
A woman clad in armour chargeth them.  

Enter La Pucelle.  

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee:  
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:  
Blood will I draw on thee; thou art a witch,  
And straightforward give thy soul to him thou serv'st.  

Puc. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.  

[Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?  
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,  
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,  
But I will chastise this high-minded trumpeter.  

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:  
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.  
O'ertake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.  
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;  
Help Salisbury to make his testament:  
This day is ours, as many more shall be.  

[La Pucelle enters the town, with Soldiers.  

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel:  
I know not where I am, nor what I do.  
A witch by fear, not force, like Hammibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:  
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,  
Are from their lives and houses driven away.  
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;  
Now, like to wheelers, we crying run away.  

[A short Alarm.  

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
Sleep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,  
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.  

[Enter Sergeant.  

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—  
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans.

In spite of us, or aught that we could do.  
O! would I were to die with Salisbury,  
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.  

[Alarm. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces

SCENE VI.—The Same.  

Flourish. Enter, on the Wall, Pucelle, Charles,  
Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.  

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the wall!  
Rescue'd is Orleans from the English wolves;  
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.  

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astra's daughter,  
How shall I honour thee for this success?  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next—  
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—  
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
More blessed hap did never befall our state.  

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud through the town?  

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires  
And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us,  

Alen. All France will be replièt with mirth and joy.  
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men,  
Char. 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the day is won,  
For which I will divide my crown with her;  
And all the priests and friars in my realm  
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.  

A stately pyramis to her I'll rear,  
Than Rhedope's, or Memphis', ever was:  
In memory of her, when she is dead,  
Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.  
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.  
Come in; and let us banquet royally,  
After this golden day of victory.  

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.  

Enter the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels.  

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant.  
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,  
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign  
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.  

[Exit Sergeant.  

I Sent. Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servants  
[When others sleep upon their quiet beds  
Constraining to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.  

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces,  
with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march.  

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,  
By whose approach the regions of Artois,  
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,  
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,  
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.  
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,  
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,  
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.  

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,  

Despairing of his own arm's fortune,  
To join with witches, and the help of hell.  

Bur. Traitors have never other company.  
But what's that, Pucelle, whom they term so pure?  

Tal. A maid, they say.  

Bed. A maid, and be so martial!  

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;  
If underneath the standard of the French,  
She carry armour, as she hath begun.  

Tal. Well, let them practice and converse with spirits;  
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name  
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.  

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.  

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,  
That we do make our entrance several ways,  
That if it chance the one of us do fail,  
The other yet may rise against their force.  

Bed. Agreed. I'll to you corner.  

Bur. And I to this.  

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.  

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right  
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the Walls, crying St George! a Talbot! and all enter the Town.]

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault! Frenchmen leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter several way. Bastard, Alençon, Reingnien, half-ready! and half unready.

Aen. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scape'd so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds.

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Aen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More ventures, or desperate than this.

'Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Aen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail;

Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Aen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government.

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then, how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the ease,

How, or which way: 'tis sure, they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made;

And now there rests no other shift but this,—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms to endanger them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils,

Using no other weapon but his name.

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, a Captain, and others.

Bast. The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;

And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,

There have at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chieftest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be inter'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans.

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Are,

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'T is thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began

Rons'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,

They did, amongst the troops of armed men,

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,

For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,

Am sure I see'r'd the Dauphin, and his trutl;

When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder, day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, great lord, then wouldst vouesafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies;

That she may boast she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies brave to be encounter'd with.—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.—

Will not your honours hear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will,

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy. [mound

Come hither, captain. [Whispers.—You perceive my

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Port. Porter, remember what I gave in charge:

And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[Exit

Port. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Seythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,

And his achievements of no less account:

Pain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,

To give their consuere of these rare reports.
Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desireth, by message crave d, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome.—What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the Soearth of France?

Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad, or with his name the mothers still their babies? I see report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should have seem some Hercules, a second Hector for his grim aspect, and large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf: it cannot be, this weak and withered shrimp should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you; but, since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go, ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves to know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in wrong belief, I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord; and for that cause I train d thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, for in my gallery thy picture hangs; but now the substance shall endure the like, and I will chain these legs and arms of thine, that hast by tyranny these many years, wasted our country, slain our citizens, and sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond, to think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow, whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art thou not the man?

Tal. Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: you are deceiv'd, my substance is not here; for what you see, is but the smallest part, and least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here, it is of such a spacious lofty pitch, your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant^ for the nonce; he will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you, lady, presently, he winds his Horn, Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordinance, The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded that Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinewes, arms, and strength, with which he yoketh your rebellious necks, razzeth your cities, subverts your towns, and in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse; I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited, and more than may be gather'd by thy shape. Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; for I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue the mind of Talbot, as you did mistake the outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me: no other satisfaction do I crave, but only, with your patience, that we may taste of your wine, and see what cates you have; for soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured to feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exit]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earl of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick.

Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and a Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this? Dare no man answer in a case of truth? silence.

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud: the garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth, or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law, and never yet could frame my will to it: and, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:

But in these nice sharp quillet's of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance.

The truth appears so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well appareld, so clear, so shining, and so evident.

That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,

If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,

From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer

But dare maintain the party of the truth.

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset.

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more till you conclude that he, upon whose side the fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree, shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,

Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so, against your will.

This word was oft employ'd as a term of contempt. This ged is not in L.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed, Opinion shall be surcease to my hurt, And keep me on the side where still I am. * Som. Well, well, come on: who else? Law. Unless my study and my books be false, The argument you hold was wrong in you; In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too. * Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument? Som. Here, in my seaboard; meditating that, Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses; For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side. * Som. No, Plantagenet, 'Tis not for fear, but anger; and thy cheeks blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses, And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error. Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset? Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet? Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth, Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood. Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses, That shall maintain what I have said is true, Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen. Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand, I scorn thee and thy faction1, peevish boy. Suf. Turn not thy sores this way, Plantagenet. Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee. Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat. Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole. We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him. War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset: His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence. Third son to the third Edward, king of England. Spring crested yeomen from so deep a root? Plan. He braves2 him on the place's privilege, Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus. Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words On any plot of ground in Christendom. Was not thy father, Richard earl of Cambridge, For treason executed in our late king's days? And by his treason stand'st thou attainted, Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry? His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood; And till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman. Plan. My father was attached, not attainted, Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor; And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset, Were growing time once ripen'd to my will. For your partaker Poole, and you yourself, I'll note you in my book of memory, To scourge you for this apprehension: Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd. Som. Ah! thou shalt find us ready for thee still, And know us by these colours for thy foes: For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear. Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose, As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate, Will I for ever, and my faction, wear, Until it wither with me in my grave, Or flourish to the height of my degree. Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition: And so farewell, until I meet thee next. * Som. Haste with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [Exit. Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it. War. This blot, that they object against your house Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament, Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster, And if thou be not then creat't York, I will not live to be account'd Warwick. Mean time, in signal of my love to thee, Against proud Somerset, and William Poole, And I will upon thy party wear this rose, And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day, Grown to this faction in the Temple garden Shall send, between the red rose and the white, Ten thousand souls to death and deadly night. Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you, That you on my behalf would pluck a flower. Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. Law. And so will I. Plan. Thanks, gentle sir: Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say, This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower. Enter Mortimer, blind, brought in a Chair by two Keepers. Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age, Let dying Mortimer here rest himself. Even like a man new haled from the rack, So fare my limbs with long imprisonment; And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death, Nestor-like aged in a cage of care, Argue the end of Edward Mortimer. These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent, Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent. Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief, And pitiful arms, like to a wither'd vine That droops his sapless branches to the ground: Yet are these facets, whose strengthless stay is numb, Unable to support this lump of clay, Swift-winged with desire to get a grave, As witting I no other comfort have. But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come? 1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come: We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber, And answer was return'd that he will come. [Exit Keeper. Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied. Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine. Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign, Before whose glory I was great in arms, This loathsome sequestration have I had; And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd, Depriv'd of honour and inheritance: But now, the arbitrator of despair, Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries, With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence. I would his troubles likewise were expir'd, That so he might recover what was lost. Enter Richard Plantagenet, and Keeper. 1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come. Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come? Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd. Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes. Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck, And in his bosom spend my latter gasp. O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheek, That I may kindly give one fainting kiss. And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock Why didst thou say,—of late thou wert des-pis'd? The words, "and keeper," are not in f. e 1 fashion; in folio. Theobald changed the word 2 bear: in f. e 3 This word is not in f. e. 4 End. 5 Not in f. e
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,  
And in that ease I’ll tell thee my disease.  
This day, in argument upon a case,  
Some words there grew twixt Somerset and me;  
Among which terms he us’d his lavish tongue,  
And did upbraid me with my father’s death:  
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,  
Else with the like I had requited him.  
Therefore, good uncle, for my father’s sake,  
In honour of a true Plantagenet,  
And for alliance’s sake, declare the cause  
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.  
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison’d me,  
And hath detain’d me all my flowing youth  
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,  
Was cursed instrument of his decease.  
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:  
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.  
Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,  
And death approach not ere my tale be done.  
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king.  
Depos’d his nephew Richard, Edward’s son,  
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir  
Of Edward, king the third of that descent:  
During whose reign the Percies of the north,  
Finding his usurpation most unjust,  
Endeavour’d my advancement to the throne.  
The reason mov’d these warlike lords to this,  
Was for that young king Richard thus remov’d,  
(Leaving no heir begotten of his body)  
I was the next by birth and parentage;  
For by my mother I derived am  
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son  
To king Edward the third, whereas he  
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,  
Being but fourth of that heroic line.  
But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt  
They labour’d to plant the rightful heir,  
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.  
Long after this, when Henry the fifth.  
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,  
Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv’d  
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,  
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,  
Again, in pity of my hard distress,  
Levièd an army, weening to redeem,  
And have install’d me in the diadem;  
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,  
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,  
In whom the title rested, were suppress’d.  
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.  
Mor. True: and thou seest, that I no issue have,  
And that my fainting words do warrant death.  
Thou art my heir: the rest, I wish thee gather;  
But yet be wary in thy studious care.  
Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me  
But yet, methinks, my father’s execution  
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.  
Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic:  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster.  
And, like a mountain, not to be remov’d.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence,  
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy’d  
With long continuance in a settled place.  
Plan. O, uncle! would some part of my young years  
Might but redeem the passage of your age.  
Mor. Thou dost, then, wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,  
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.  
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
Only, give order for my funeral.  
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,  
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war!  
[Dies.  
Plan. And peace, no war, befit thy parting soul!  
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass’d thy days.—  
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;  
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—  
Keepers, convey him hence: and I myself  
Will see his burial better than his life.—  
[Exit Keepers, bearing out Mortimer  
Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok’d with ambition of the meaner sort:  
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries  
Which Somerset hath offer’d to my house,  
I doubt not but with honour to redress;  
And therefore haste I to the parliament,  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my will th’ advanced of my good.  
[Exit]  

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Gloster, Warwick, Somerset, and Suffolk: the Bishop of Winchester, Richard Plantagenet, and others. Gloster offers to put up a Bill; Winchester snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,  
With written pamphlets studiously devis’d?  
Humphrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,  
Or ought intend’st to lay unto my charge,  
Do it without invention, suddenly;  
As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,  
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour’d me.  
Thank not, although in writing I prefer

The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg’d, or am not able,  
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,  
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,  
As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurper,  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems  
A man of thy profession, and degree:  
And for thy treachery, what’s more manifest,  
In that thou laidst a trap to take my life,  
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?  
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were lifted,  
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt  
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe  
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
To hold your slaughtering hands, and keep the peace. 
To pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.  
1  Serv. Nay, if we be  
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.  
2  Serv. Do what ye dare; we are as resolute.  

| [Skirmish again | 

| Glo. You, of my household, leave this peevish broil,  
And set this unaccustomed fit aside.  
1  Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man  
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,  
Inferior to none but to his majesty;  
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,  
So kind a father of the commonwealth,  
To be disgraced by an insatiate main,  
We, and our wives, and children, will fight,  
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.  
3  Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails  
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.  

| Stay, stay! | 

| And, if you love me, as you say you do,  
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.  
K. Hen. O, how this discord doth affliet my soul!—  
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold  
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?  
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?  
Or who should study to preserve a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?  
War. Yield, lord protector; and yield, Winchester  
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,  
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.  
You see what mischief, and what murder too,  
Hath been enacted through your enmity;  
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood;  
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.  

| Glo. Compassion on the king command's me stoop,  
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest  
Should ever get that privilege of me.  

| War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke  
Hath banish'd so moody discontented fury,  
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:  
Why look you still so stern, and tragic?  
Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.  
[Winchester refuses it! | 

| K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,  
That malice was a great and grievous sin;  
And will not you maintain the thing you teach.  
But prove a chief offender in the same?  
War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly gird,  
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent;  
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?  
Win. Well, duke of Gloster. I will yield to thee,  
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.  

| [Gives his hand.  | 

| Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.  

| [Aside.  | 

| See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;  
This token serveth for a flag of truce,  
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.  
So help me God, as I dissemble not!  
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!  

| [Aside  | 

| K. Hen. O, loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster,  
How joyful and made by this extract!  
Away, my masters; trouble us no more,  
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.  
1  Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.  
2  Serv.  

| And so will I | 

| 3  Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords | 

| [Exeunt Mayor, Citizens, Servants, &c.  |
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to thy majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick:—for, sweet prince,
And if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;
Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restor'd to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest. so will the Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. The honour'd servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in regard of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princele duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall:
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty.

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[Aside.

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. As when Gloster says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but Exeuter.

Eze. Ay, we may march in England, or in France, Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame:
As fester'd members rot but by degrees.
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all,
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeuter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

SENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

Enter La Pucelle disguised, and Soldiers dressed like Countrymen, with Sacks upon their Backs.

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen, Through which our policy must make a breach. Take heed, be wary how you place your words; Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men, That come to gather money for their corn. If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall),

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city, And we be lords and rulers over Rouen; Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. [Within.] What is this heard?—
Puc. Valets, les pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter: go in: the market-bell is rung.

[Opening the gates.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt Pucelle, &c. Enter the City.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants. Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower; Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on a Battlement, holding out a Torch burning.

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch, That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen, But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend: The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge, A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:

Enter, and cry The Dauphin! presently,
And then do execution on the watch. [They enter.

Alarums. Enter Talbot, and English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shall rue this treason with thy tears, If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares.
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[Exeunt to the Town.

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and bag of hell's despite, Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Comes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twist with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.— [peace

[Talbot and the rest, consult together]
Fiest. Warlike and matchless Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valor's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles ngleeks?

What, all a-mord? Rouen hangs her head for grief.

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king;
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.


Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt]

Scene III.—The Same. The Plains near the City

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, Alençon, La Pucelle, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail.
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no disidence:

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Best. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise.

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that.
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France.
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard afar off]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.

Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.
Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Enter King Henry, Gloster, and other Lords, Vernon, Basset, &c. To them Talbot, and some of his Officers.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers
Heating of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, the feast—thou hast accepted
To your obedience forty thousand.

Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Let's fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to his God, and next unto your grace.
K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?
Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord
When I was young, (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of that truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been regnered with so much as thanks.
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Flourish. Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Talbot.
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,
Darest you maintain the former words thou spak'st?
Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that
[Striking him.
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such
That, whose draws a sword, 'tis present death.
Or else this blow should branch thine dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see, I'will meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you
And after meet you sooner than you would.

[Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King Henry, Gloster, Exeter, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Winchester, Warwick, Talbot; The Governor of Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth!

[Sound Trumpets.

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
Puc. Brave Burgundy, unyielding hope of France,
Stay; let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
Bur. Speak on; but be not over-timidous.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see her cities and her towns defac'd by wasting ruins of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lovely babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see, the pining malady of France:
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help,
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore;
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny,
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was in enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
See, then, then fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slayer-men.
Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord.
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty words of hers,
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embraces:
My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot: I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman; turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
Bas. And doth heget new courage in our breasts.
Aren. Pucelle hath bravely played her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. 

[Exeunt
Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy. [Gives it.]

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thyavar's leg:
[Plucking it off.]

Which I have done, because unworthy
Thou wast install'd in that high degree,—
Pardon me, proudest Henry, and the rest.
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trustee squire, did run away:
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
Then, judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, his fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hast thy doon,
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. —

[Exit Fastolfe.]  

And, now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath charg'd
His style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king?"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [Reads.] "I have upon especial cause,—
A Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—
"Pursen'd by your pernicious faction,
And join'd, with Charles, the rightful king of France"
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dispensing guile?

K Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become thy foe.

K Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—

How say you, my lord? are you not content?—

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes, but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight.

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exeunt.]
SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects.
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power,
But, if you frown upon this professed peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire.
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody seourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrongs pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have taken the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou standst, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit;
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due' thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum after off
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale!
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French eurs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like* to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel;
And make the cowards stand alook at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear dear of us, my friends.—
God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's right,
Preser our colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,  
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,  
By your espials were discovered  
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led;  
Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,  
That thus delays my promised supply  
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!  
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,  
And I am low'ted by a traitor villain,  
And cannot help the noble chevalier,  
God comfort him in this necessity!  
he miscarry, farewell wars in France.  
Enter Sir William Lucy.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,  
Never so needful on the earth of France,  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.  
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!  
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.  
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart  
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!  
So should we save a valiant gentleman,  
By forfearing a traitor and a coward.  
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,  
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.  
Lucy. O, send some succour to the distressed lord!  
York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word:  
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;  
All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!  
And on his son, young John;  
whom two hours since  
I met in travel toward his warlike father.  
This seven years did not Talbot see his son.  
And now they meet where both their lives are done.  
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,  
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?  
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,  
That tender'd friends greet in the hour of death.—  
Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,  
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.  
[Exit York, with his Forces.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition  
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,  
Sleeping negligence doth betray to loss  
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,  
That ever-living man of memory,  
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,  
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.  
[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.  
Enter Somerset, with his Army; an Officer of Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.  
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted: all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with. The over-awe'd Talbot  
Hath spuel'd all his gloss of former honour,  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.  
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
That Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.  
Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me  
Set from our o'er-match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William! Whither were you sent?  
Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord Talbot;  
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,  
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,  
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:  
And whilst the honourable captain there  
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,  
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,  
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,  
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid,  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.  
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,  
Alençon, Regnier, compass him about;  
And Talbot perisheth by your default.  
[Exit.

Som. You set him on, York should have sent him  
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaimeth;  
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,  
Collected for this expedition.  
[Exit.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsermen  
straight:  
Within six hours they will be at his aid.  
Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is taken, or slain,  
For fly he could not, if he would have fled,  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.  
Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then advise!  
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you  
[Exit.

SCENE V.—The English Camp near Bourdeaux.  

Enter Talbot and John his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,  
To tutor thee in stragamers of war,  
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,  
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,  
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O, malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoidable danger:  
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,  
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight. Come, dally not; be gone.  
John. Is my name Talbot? and, am I your son?  
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard, and a slave of me.  
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,  
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.  
Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.  
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.  
Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.  
John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly  
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast,  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,  
But mine it will, that no exploit have done.
SCENE VII.  

KING HENRY VI.  

You fled for vantage every one will swear,  
But if I fly, 'tis they say it was for fear,  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.  

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?  
John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.  

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.  
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.  

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.  
John. No part of him but will be shamed in me.  

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.  
John. Yes, your renowned name; shall fight abuse it?  

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.  
John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
If death be so apparent, then both fly.  

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?  

My age was never tainted with such shame.  
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?  
No more can I be sever'd from your side.  

Then can your self into twain divide:  
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;  
For live I will not, if my father die.  

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.  
Come, side by side together live and die,  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.  

Alarum : Excursions, wherein Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.  

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France's sword.  
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;  
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.  

John. O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:  
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.  

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warmed thy father's heart with proud desire  
Of bold-face'd victory. Then led them age,  
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage.  
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,  
And from the pride of Gallia resolv'd thee.  

The urchin bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Bespeke him thus: "Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine.  
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,  
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:  

Hero purposing the Bastard to destroy,  
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care.  
Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Will thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:  

By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,  
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame,  
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.  

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and stay bright fame)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like me to the peasant boys of France,  
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!  
Surely, by all the glory you have won,  
An if I fly I am not Talbot's son:  
Then, talk no more of flight, it is no boot,  
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.  

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,  
Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,  
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.  
[Exeunt.  

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Soldier.  

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And like a hungry lion did commence  
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience,  
But when my angry guardian stood alone,  
Tendering my ruin, and assailing none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clashing battle of the French:  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His over-mouting spirit; and there died  
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.  

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.  
Sold. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!  
Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn.  

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither' sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—  
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death  
Speak to thy father, ore thou yield thy breath:  
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no:  
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—  
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say,  
Had death been French, then death had died to-day:  
Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.  

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.  
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.  

Duo  

Alarums. Excusat Soldiers, leaving the two bodies.  
Enter Charles, Alençon, Burgundy, Bastard.  
La Pucelle, and Forces.  
Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.  

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging wild,  

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FIRST PART OF

ACT V.


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus’d the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of much Christian blood,
And establish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immunities and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The earl of Armagnac, near kin to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call th’ ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice.

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge.
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece.
Great marshall to Henry, the sixth
Of all his wars within the realms of France.

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writs not so tedious a style as this,—

Lucy. Is Talbot slain? the Frenchman’s only scourge,
Your kingdom’s terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn’d,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces
O! that I could but call these dead to life.
It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Glo. But his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies that I bear them forth,
And give them burial as becometh their worth.

Puc. I think, this usurp is old Talbot’s ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God’s sake, let him have ‘em; keep them here.
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

Glo. But from their very ashes shall be rear’d
A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

Chas. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.

[Exeunt]
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness,
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [Exit.]
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I know,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey, of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or seek this country with a mutiny. [Exit. 2]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.
Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, LACÉPÈDE, LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.
Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Aen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Puc. Peace be amongst us, if they turn to us;
Else ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.
Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.
Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.
Puc. Of all base passions fear is most accurs'd.
Command the conquer. Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.
Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly—
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapt's; 2
And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [Thunder,
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north, 3
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends. 4
This speedy and quick appearance argues
Proof of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are call'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk, and speak not. 5
0! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll hop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a farther benefit.
So do ye despondent to help me now.—
[They hang their heads.
No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[They shake their heads.

1. Not in f.e. 2. Excursus: in f.e. 3. Amuletus. 4. Ziminar, one of the four principal devils invoked by witches. The others were: Wicincum, Gerson, and Gamp. Kings of the East, South, and West, all with devil marquises, dukes, princes, knights, presidents, and others under them. 5. pass. in f.e. 6. These two words are from the second Folio. 7. makes the sense 'rough' in f.e.
Suf. She’s beautiful, and therefore to be wo’d:
She is a woman, therefore to be won. [Aside.
Mar. Wi’th thou accept of ransom, yea, or no? [Aside.
Suf. Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife;
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour? [Aside.
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr’d; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. I’ll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my king: tush! that’s a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied. [Aside.
And peace established between these realms.
But there remains a scruple in that, too;
For though her father be the king of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will seem the match.
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they’re so much: [Aside.
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
Mar. What though I be enthral’d? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [Aside.
Suf. Lady, vouche safe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French,
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [Aside.
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, pray tell me!, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, ’tis but guid for quo.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not then ween?
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. A queen in bondage is more vile to me—
Than a slave in base servility,
For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England’s royal king be true.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I’ll undertake to make thee Henry’s queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry’s wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Mar. An if my father please, I give consent.
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!
And, madam, at your father’s castle walls
We’ll canvase a parley, to confer with him.
[Troops come forward.
A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the Walls.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune’s fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have wo’d and won thereto,
And this her easy-hold imprisonment
Hath gain’d thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
[Exit, from the Walls
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming down.
Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth.
To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quarterly
Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry’s, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again, in Henry’s royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith,
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kindly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methinks I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I’ll over, then, to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz’d.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes,
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Mar-

garet;
No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac’d, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
Mar. No living token to his majesty?
Reig. Yes, my good lord: a pure unsoppted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal.
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.
Suf. O worth thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly creatures, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise.
Benthink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Midst natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com’st to kneel at Henry’s feet.
Thou mayst beseare him of his wits with wonder.
[Exit
Enter YORK, WAREWICK, and others.
York. Bring forth that soroess, condemn’d to burt.
Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.
Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruel death?
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.
Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.
Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please, you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!—
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.
Puc. Peaceant, avante!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake:
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?—
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemned:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy: chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are pollute with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No: misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaclate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
Spare for no figgets, let there be enow:—
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infamy,
That warreth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homedics;
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.
York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to: we will have no bastards live,
Especially, since Charles must father it.
Puc. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
it was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel.
It dies, as if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. O! give me leave; I have declused you.
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intolerable.
York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
York. And yet forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Using no entreaty, for it is in vain.
Puc. Then lead me hence:—with whom I leave my curse,
May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode:
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes.
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal Beaufort, attended.
Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commissione from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French:
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.
York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns.
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquer'd?—
O, Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.
War. Be patient, York! if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter Charles, attended; Alençon, Bastard,
Reignier, and others.
Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peaceful truce shall be proclaimed in France,
We come to be inform'd by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.
York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my prisoner's voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.
Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace.
You shall become true liegeman to his crown.

1. miser's person 2. often put in the mouths of uneducated persons, for obstinate, by writers of the time. 3. pseu'd: in i.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

_Alen._ Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?

This mower is absurd and reasonless.

_Char._ 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallien territories,
And therein reverence'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for sake of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possiblity of all.

_York._ Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparisons?
Either accept the title thou art offer'd,
Of benefit proceeding from ourわking,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

_Reign._ My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

_Alen._ To say the truth, it is your policy

[Aside to Charles.]

To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And, therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

_War._ How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition
stand?

_Char._ It shall; only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

_York._ Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey;
Nor be rebellions to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[Charles, and his Nobles, give tokens of fealty.
So; now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still.
For here we interchange a solemn peace.

_[Exeunt._

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

_Enter King Henry, in conference with Suffolk; Gloster and Exeter following._

_K._ Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, grace'd with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

_Suff._ Tush! my good lord, this superfluous tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command:
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents.
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

_K._ Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

_Glo._ So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we, then, dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

_Suff._ As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds.
And therefore may be broke without offence.

_Glo._ Why, what, I pray, is Margaret, more than that
Her father is no better than an earl.
Although in glorious titles he excel?

_Suff._ Yes, my good lord, her father is a king.
The kind of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

_Glo._ And so the earl of Armagnac may do.
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

_Exe._ Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dowry
When Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

_Suff._ A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen.
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
The most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferri'd.
For what is wedlock force'd but a hell.
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king;
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(Not more than in women commonly is seen)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve.
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

_K._ Hen. Whether it be through force of your report
My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love.
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France:
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence.
If you do censure me by what you were
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt.]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.  

[Exeunt.]
SECOND PART

OF

KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Sixth.
Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.
Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester.
Edward and Richard, his Sons.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Suffolk.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk, and Lord Clifford, and his Son.
Earl of Salisbury.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Suf. Sir Humphrey Stafford, and his Brother.
Walter Whitmore.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Harbours. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverence bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd;
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and your lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beausous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord,
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderheevesent sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, out her grace in speech
Her words y-elad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys:
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

[FLOURISH

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
Here are the articles of contracted peace,
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles
For eighteen months, concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] "Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father."
K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And damm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [Reads,] "Item: It is farther agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry."

K. Ken. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down:
We here execute the first duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge thy grace from being regent
For the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be fall expir'd.—Thy grace, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;
We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you duke Humphrey must unfold his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receive'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaumont, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm
Studied so long, sat in the council-house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And hath his highness in his infancy
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours, and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
O peers of England! shameful is this league;
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor king Reuignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the lenness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief, that they are past recovery;
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocated
That dins the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives.
And our king Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and stay'd in France
Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.
Rancour will out; proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Lording, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

[Exit Car.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
’T is known to you he is mine enemy;
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him
Calling him “Humphrey the good Duke of Gloster;”
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
"Jesus maintain your royal excellence!"
With—“God preserve the good Duke Humphrey!”
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,
He being of age to govern of himself?

Car. Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Cor. This weighty business will not brook delay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.

Sal. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride,
And greatness of his place be grief to us,
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside:
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, wilt be protector.
Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster.
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,
More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
SECOND PART OF

As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all.
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself.
Unlike the rulcr of a common-wealth.
Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to civil discipline;
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
When thou didst reign in our sovereignty,
Have made thee feared, and honour'd of the people.
Join we together, for the public good,
In what we can tobridge and suppress
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
And as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
While they do tend to profit of the land.
War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country.
York. And so says York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost!
That Maine, which by main force did Warwick win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last.
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Except Warwick and Salisbury.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy,
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone.
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd,
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtiers,
Still revelling, like lords till all be gone;
While the poor slaves are fleeced of the goods.
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shad'ed, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own;
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own hands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the Nevil's parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,
And when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childrish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like honours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars.
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of GLOSTER'S House.

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-rip'en'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
By doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,
As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem,
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.
Put forth thy hand; reach to the glorious gold.
What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
And having both together hea'rd it up.
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
And never more abuse our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Neil! sweet Neil, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
Be my last breathing in this mortal world.
My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll
requite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge in court
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, 't was by the cardinal;
And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. Tis! this was nothing but an argument.
That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
Shall lose his head for his presumption.
But list to me, my Humphrey! my sweet duke;
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd
Where Henry, and fair Margaret, kneel'd to me,
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I elude outright.
Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
Art thou not second woman in the realm,
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
Next time I'll keep the secrets of my dreams unto myself
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

* hapless: in f. o. 2 Meleager, prince of Calydon, died in great torments, when his mother, Althea, threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.—Knight.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure, you do prepare to ride unto St. Albans, whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.

[Exit Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must: I cannot go before, while Gloster bears this base and humble mind. Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks, and smooth my way upon their headless necks: And, being a woman, I will not be shaken to play my part in fortune's pageant.—

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man, we are alone; here's none but thou, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice. Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch
And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer,
And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised; to show your
A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground, [highness]
That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions.

When from St. Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full.
Here, Hume, take this reward: make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Duchess.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold.

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume! Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum: The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
Yet have I gold flies from another coast:
I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
And from the great and new made duke of Suffolk;
Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
And buzz these conjunctions in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
Yet am I Suffolk's, and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands: and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrek,
And her attaindance will be Humphrey's fall.

So how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit Hume.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Peter, and others, with Petitions.

1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplcations in sequel.

2 Pet. Marry, the lord protect him, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him.

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him 'll be the first, sure.

2 Pet. Come back, fool! this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst any thing with me?

1 Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here? [Reads.] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."

—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exit Servants with Peter.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [Tears the petition away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.]

All. Come, let's be gone. [Exit Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
Is this the fashion in the court of England?
Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king?
What! shall kng Henry be a pupil still,
Under the surly Gloster's government?
Am I a queen in title and in style,
And must be made a subject to a duke?
I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,
I thought king Henry had resembled thee,
In courage, courtship, and proportion;
But all his mind is bent to holiness.

To number Ave-Marias on his beads:
His champions are the prophets and apostles:
His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;
His study is his tilit-yard, and his loves
Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
I would, the college of the cardinals
Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
And set the triple crown upon his head:
That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause
Your highness came to England, so will I
In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we
The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham
And grumbling York: and not the least of these,
But can do more in England than the king.
Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much.
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than duch Humphrey's wife.
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemnous base-born calf as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other day,
The very train of her worst wearing gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands.
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have him a bough for her;
And pluck'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest; and, madam, list to me,
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal.
Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we will weed all the realm,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset; Duke and
Duchess of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Buckingham,
Safford, and Warwick.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.
York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
Then let him be decry'd the regent-bip.
Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent: I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that York is the worthier.
Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.
War. A cardinal's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son! and show some reason. Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself.

To give his censure. These are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hath thou rent'd; the clergy's baks
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,
If they were known, as the suspect is great.
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her Fan.
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 'twas against her will

Duch. Against her will. Good king, look to 't in time
She'll harner thee, and dandle thee like a baby
Though in this place most master wear no breeches.
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [Aside

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds.
She's tickled now; her flame can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my cholcr being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I do duty love my king and country.
But to the matter that we have in hand—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmect of any man.
York. Well, then, Suffolk, why I am meet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me there,
Without discharge, money, or furniture.
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.
War. That can I witness: and a louder fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in Horner and Peter.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said
Nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I
Am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [Holding up his hands] he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.
York. Base dung-hill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I speak
The words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this: therefore, I beseech your majesty
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Gloster, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Falconers, hunting.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook:

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.]

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains
Than where castles imbattled stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake
Pou! flend, avoid!

[Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.]

Enter York and Buckingham hastily, with their Guardes.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash
Reldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What! madam, are you there? the king and common
We are deeply indebted for this piece of pains:
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

[Showing her the Papers.]

Away with them! let them be clapp'd up close.
And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us:
Stafford, take her to thee.—[Exit Duchess from above.]
We'll see your trinkets here are all forth-coming:

All.—Away! [Exit Guards, with Southwell, Boling., &c.
York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!—
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?—[Reads.]

"The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose:
But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just
Aio te. Etater, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?—
By water shall he die, and take his end."—
"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—
Let him shun castles:
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans,
With him the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.
York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who 'er within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!  

ACT II.

I saw not better sport these seven years' day.
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out
K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made
And what a pitch she flew above the rest

SCENE II.

an not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake,
Pray me no more! The spirit of this man prevails against me.
O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able
to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. —[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.

Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.

Hume. Come, my masters: the Duchess, I tell you,
even promises of her promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided.

Will her ladyship behold, and hear our exercisings?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of
an invincible spirit; but let it be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. —[Exit Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate,

and grovel on the earth:—John Southwell, read you,

and let us to our work.

Enter Duchess above.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To
this gear: the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times.

Deep night, dark night, and silence; of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire.
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break open their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,

We will make fast within a halow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and

make the Circle: Bolingbrooke, reads, Conjuro,
to, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power
I thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;

For till thou speakest thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had said and done!

Boling. First of the king: what shall of him become?
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty.
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well:
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.
Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.
Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.
Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?
K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.
Car. Thy heaven is on earth: thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer.
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!
Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so
peremptory?
Tantane animis calestibus tra?
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
And with such holiness you well can do it.¹
Suf. No malice, sir: no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.
Glo. As who, my lord?
Suf. Why, as you, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.
Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.
K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,
Good queen; and what not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.
Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, would it come to that?
[Aside to the Cardinal.]
Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.
[Aside.]
Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;
In thine own person answer thy abuse.
[Aside.]
Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: an if thou dar'st,
This evening on the east side of the grove.
[Aside.]
K. Hen. How now, my lords!
Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand
sword.
[Aside to Glo.]
Glo. True, uncle.
Car. Are you advis'd, the east side of the grove.
Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.²
[Aside.]
K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!
Glo. Talking of hawking: nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown
For this, or all my fence shall fail.
[Aside.]
Car. Malice teipsum:
perceptio, see to't well, protect yourself.
[Aside.]
K. Hen. The winds grow high: so do your stomachs,
lords.
How irksome is this music to my heart!
When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.
Enter one, crying, "A Miracle!"
Glo. What means this noise?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?
One. A miracle! a miracle!
Suf. Come to the king: tell him what miracle.
One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.
K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd; that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair.
Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his Brethren; and
Simpson, borne between two persons in a Chair; his
Wife and the Multitude following.
Cor. Here come the townsmen on procession.
To present your highness with the man.
K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale.
Though by his sight his sin be multiplied.
Glo. Stand by, my masters: bring him near the king.
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.
K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?
Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.
Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.
Suf. What woman is this?
Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.
Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have
better told.
K. Hen. Where wert thou born?
Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.
K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
to thee:
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.
Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here
by chance,
Of or devotion, to this holy shrine?
Simp. God knows, of pure devotion: being called
And a hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban: who said,"—Sander, come
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee."
Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.
Car. What! art thou lame?
Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!
Suf. How cam'st thou so?
Simp. A fall off of a tree.
Wife. A plum-tree, master.
Glo. How long hast thou been blind?
Simp. O! born so, master.
Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?
Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true: and bought his climbing very dear
Glo. 'Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st
venture so.
[sons.]
Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some dam-
And made me climb with danger of my life.
Glo. A subtle knife; but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now:—now open them.
In my opinion yet thou seest not well.
Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and
Saint Alban.
Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?
Simp. Red, master; red as blood.
Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my
gown of?
Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.
K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is
Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.
Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.
Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?
Simp. Alas! master, I know not.
Glo. What's his name?
Simp. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simp. No, indeed, master.

¹ With such holiness can you do it: in f.
² In the folio, this and the two preceding speeches are given to Gloster. Thenea. I made the

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SCENE II.

KING HENRY VI.

Glo. What’s thine own name?
Simp. Sander Simpeox, an if it please you, master.
Glo. Then, Sander, sit thou there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou hast been born blind,
Thou might’st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—
My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;
And would ye not think his cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs?
Simp. O, master, that you could!
Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beadle
In your towns, and things called whips?
May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.
Glo. Then send for one presently.
May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[Exit an Attendant.

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. [A stool brought out.] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save
yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and
run away.
Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:
You go about to torture me in vain.
Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.
Glo. Well, sir, we must have your legs.
Sireh beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.
Beed. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with
your doublet quietly.
Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able
sto stand.

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps
over the stool, and runs away; and the People
follow and cry, "A Miracle!"]

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?
Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.
Glo. Follow the knife; and take this drab away.
Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let them be whipped through every town market,
Till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.
[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, 

Cor. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.
Suf. True, made the lame to leap, and fly away.
Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.
A sort of naughty persons, lowly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady Eleanor, the protector’s wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis’d dangerously against your state,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact:
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of king Henry’s life and death,
And other of your highness’ privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

[Giving a paper.]
Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn’d your weapon’s edge;
’T is like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.
Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave t’ afflicth my heart.
Sorrow and grief have vanquish’d all my powers;
And, vanquish’d as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

Jones.

K. Hen. O God! what mischief work the wicked
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy soul:
And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal.
How I have lov’d my king, and commonwealth;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers’d with such
As, like to pitch, defy noblest,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour’d Gloster’s honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To lock into this business thoroughly,
And call these foul offenders to their answers;
And poise the cause in justice’s equal scales.
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

Flourish. Extant


Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England’s crown.
Suf. My lord, I long to hear it at the full.
War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.
York. Then thus:—
Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of Wales
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third.
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster.
The fifth was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester.
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son.
Who, after Edward the third’s death, reign’d as king,
Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown’d by the name of Henry the fourth.
Seized on the realm; depos’d the rightful king,
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder’d traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the very truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown. [right:
York. Which now they hold by force, and not by
For Richard, the first son’s heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign’d.
Suf. But William of Hatfield died without an heir
York. The third son, duke of Clarence, from whose
line
I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmond Mortimer, earl of March:
Edmond had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.
Suf. This Edmond, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown.
And but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity, till he died.
But to the rest.
York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown.
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmund Langley. Edward the third's eldest son, son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippa,
Solo daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeeded before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, we be the first.
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's

[Trumpets sound. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Gloucester, York, Suffolk, and Salisbury; the Duke of Gloucester, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sin
Such as by God's book is adjudged to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again;

[To Jourd., &c.

From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more notably born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duck. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—
[Exit the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloucester. Ere thou
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less than to me.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected like a child by peers;
God and king Henry govern England's helm.

Glo. Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, searce himself,
That bears so shrewd a maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banished, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour raught—there let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. To thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her proudest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man to enter lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O God's name, see the lists and all things
Here let them end it, and God defend the right! [fit
York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lord.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before him: at the other side, Peter, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of charneo.'

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Har. Let it come, I' faith, and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry. Peter, and fear not thy master fight for credit of the prejudices.
Peter. I thank you all: drink and pray for me. I pray you. For, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron: and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.
SCENE IV.
KING HENRY VI.

Sat. Come, leave your drinking both, and fall to blows.—
Sirrah, what’s thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsorth.

Sat. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump. 

Sat. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man’s instigation, to prove him a knave and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen. And therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow!

York. Dispatch: this knave’s tongue begins to double.

[Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold, I confess, I confess treason.

[Dies.

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master’s way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Hen. Go, and take hence that traitor from our sight;

For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal’d to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder’d wrongfully.—

Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds

Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—

Sirs, what’s o’clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish’d duchess:

Unearth may she endure the fitty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abroach

The abject people, gazing on thy face

With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But, soft! I think, she comes; and I’ll prepare

My tear-stain’d eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we’ll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:

See, how the giddy multitude do point,

And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.

Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;

And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,

And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks, I should not thus be led along.

Mail’d up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow’d with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender heart;

And when I start the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke? Trow’st thou, that e’er I’ll look upon the world, Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No: dark shall be my light, and night my day:

To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.

Sometime I’ll say I am Duke Humphrey’s wife,

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as sure, it shortly will;

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim’d bushes to betray thy wings;

And, fly thou how thou canst, they’ll tangle thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be shod;

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear; thou almost all away:

I must offend before I be attainted;

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any seath,

So long as I am loyal, true, and crinless.

Wouldst thou and1 rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy semblance were not wip’d away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;

I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:

These few days’ wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty’s parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne’er ask’d herein before?

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king’s commission.

Sher. An’t please your grace, here my commission

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now [stays.

To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Sten. So am I given in charge, may’t please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again;

And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her: and so, sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell.

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exit Gloster and Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone so? All comfort go with thee

For none abides with me: my joy is death;

Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid:

Because I wish’d this world’s eternity.—

Stanley, I pray thee, go, and take me hence;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

1 Some med. eds. add: "as Bevis, of Southampton, fell upon Aumerle," from the old play of the "First Part of the Contention" or which the present drama was founded. 2 Scarcely, not easily. 3 Malicious.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk, York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come: Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man. Whatever occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see, or will you not observe The strangeness of his alter'd countenance? With what a majesty he bears himself; How insolent of late he is become, How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself? We know the time since he was mild and affable; And if we did but glance a far-off look, Immediately he was upon his knee, That all the court admir'd him for submission: But meet him now, and, be it in the morn, When every one will give the time of day, He looks his brow, and shows an angry eye, And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee, Disclaiming duty that to us belongs. Small curs are not regarded when they grin, But great men tremble when the lion roars: And Humphrey is no little man in England. First note, that he is near you in descent, And should you fall, he is the next will mount. Me seemeth, then, it is no policy, Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears, And his advantage following your decease, That he should come about your royal person, Or be admitted to your highness's council. By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts, And, when he pleases to make commotion, 'Tis but to fear'd, they all will follow him. Now it is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted; Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the garden, And choke the herbs for want of husbandry. The reverend care I bear unto my lord Made me collect these dangers in the duke. If it be foul,² call it a woman's fear: Which fear if better reasons can supplant, I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke. My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York, Reprove my allegations if you can, Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke; And had I first been put to speak my mind, I think, I should have told your grace's tale. The duke by his subornation, Upon my life, began her devilish practices: Or if he were not privy to those faults, Yet, by repeating of his high descent, As next the king he was successive heir,

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharge'd.—Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet, And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet No, it will hang upon my richest robes, And show itself, attire me how I can. Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.

And such high vaunts of his nobility, Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess, By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep, And in his simple show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb: No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law, Devise strange deaths for small offences done? York. And did he not, in his protectorship, Levy great sums of money through the realm For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it? By means whereby the towns each day revolted. Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown, Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us, To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot, Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience? Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person, As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove, The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond alliance? Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd, For he's dispos'd as the hateful raven. Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him, For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf. Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit? Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all Hangs on the cutting short that furtul man. [Enter Somerset.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign! K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What's the news from France?²

Som. That all your interest in those territories Is utterly bereft you. all is lost. K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done.

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France. [Aside

As firmly as I hope for fertile England, Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud, And caterpillars eat my leaves away; But I will remedy this g?r eye long, Or sell my title for a glorious grave. [Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king! Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long. Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art

1 Sounding of trumpets. ² Foolish. ³ Folio: are—wolves. ⁴ Affair.
SCENE I.  

KING HENRY VI.  467

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet 'twould shall not see me blush.

Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldier's pay:

By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night.

Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.

That dot that ever I wrested from the king,

Or any great I boarded to my use,

Be brought against me at my trial day.

No: many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I disbursed to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, while I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;

For I should melt at an offender's tears,

And lowly words were ransom for their fault:

Unless it were a bloody murderer,

Or foul felonious thief that fleed poor passengers,

I never gave them condign punishment.

Murther, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured

Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easily, quickly answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.

I do arrest you in your highness' name;

And here commit you to my lord cardinal

To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspect:

My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;

Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life;

And if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,

I would expend it with all willingness;

But mine is made the prologue to their play.

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blos his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart;

And dagg'd York, that reaches at the moon,

Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life.—

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Situation after Henry's death.}

Men's flesh preserved so whole does seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hast thou been regent there,
Might happily have proved far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected, choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misgust to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politely done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them no:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland march a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserved so whole does seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:—
Thy fortune, York, hast thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all.

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected, choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misgust to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politely done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them no:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland march a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make connection as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill’d porcine:
And, in the end being res’ed, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco¹,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he bi his heels.
Full often, like a slag-hair’d crafty kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscouer’d come to me again,
And given me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons’ mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack’d, and tortured.
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov’d him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive, as ’t is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow’d;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, then next for me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Burx. A Room in the Palace.
Enter certain Murderers, running over the Stage.

1 Mur. Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,
We have despatch’d the duke, as he commanded.
2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent?
1 Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter Suffolk.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch’d this thing?
1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he’s dead.
Suf. Why, that’s well said. Go, get you to my house; I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?
1 Mur. ’Tis, my good lord.
Suf. Away! be gone. [Exeunt Murderers.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Somerset, Lords and others.

K. Hen. Go, call my uncle to our presence straight.
Say, we intend to try his grace today;
If he be guilty, as ’tis published.
Suf. I’ll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiger ‘gainst our uncle Gloster,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv’d in practice culpable.
Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a noble man!
Pray God may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg; these words content me much.—

Re-enter Suffolk.

How now! why look’st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what’s the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.
Q. Mar. Marry, God foreend!
Car. God’s secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

The King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, ‘ords! the king is dead.
Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go; help, help!—O, Henry, open thine eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, confor-

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven’s note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar’d words.
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent’s sting.
Thou balfeul messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thine eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight,
For in the shade of death I shall find joy.
In life, but double death, now Gloster’s dead.
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, see as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life.
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-driking sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of me?
For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg’d, I made the duke away:
So shall my name with slander’s tongue be wounded,
And princes’ courts be fill’d with my reproach.
This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy,
To be a queen, and crown’d with infamy!
K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster wretched man!
Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper! look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisons too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster’s tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne’er thy joy,
Erect his statue, then², and worship it.
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this night wretch’d upon the sea,
And twice by awkward wind from England’s baak
Drove back again unto my native eline?
What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
Did seem to say.—Suck not a scorpion’s nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore.
What did I then, but curs’d th’ ungentle gusis,
And he that loo’d them from their brazen caves:
And bade them blow towards England’s blessed shore
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet Aeolus would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee;
The pretty vaulting sea refus’d to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown’d on shore.
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness
The splitting rocks cover’d in the sinking sands

¹Morisco: A Moorish pirate.
²Suffolk: Not in folio.
³the gentle: in f. e.
SECOND PART OF

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they;
Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us back,
I stood upon the hatchets in the storm;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
took a costly jewel from my neck,—
heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
nd threw it towards thy land. The sea receive'd it,
And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
And even with this I lost fair England's view,
And bade mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of the foul inconstancy)
To sit and with' me, as Ascautus did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her, or thou not false like him?
Ah me! I can no more. Die, Margaret,
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.
Noise within. Enter WArwick and SALisbury. The Commons press to the door.

WAr. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calmd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.
K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.
WAr. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

WAr. goes into an inner Room, and
SALisbury retires.

K. Hen. O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life.
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to thee.
Fain would I go to chafe his pale lips
With twenty thousand kisses. and to rain?
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?
The Doors of an inner Chamber are thrown open, and
GLOSTER is discovered dead in his Bed: WArwick
and others standing by it.
WAr. Come hither, gracious sovereign; view this ooly.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made;
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And, seeing him, I see my life in death.
WAr. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

1 watch: in folio. 2 dran: in t. e. WAr. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue
What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?
WAr. See, how the blood is settled in his face
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for assistance the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and never returneth
To blush and benify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black, and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd,
Staring full glastly like a strangled man;
His hair up'rd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd,
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.
Look on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs were probable.
WAr. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection,
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.
WAr. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's foes,
And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:
'T is like, you would not feast him like a friend,
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.
Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.
WAr. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 't was he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.
Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk? where's your knife?
Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?
WAr. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men:
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be secured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge.—
Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, Sost., and others
WAr. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dar' him?
Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dares him twenty thousand times
WAr. Madam, be still, with reverence may I say,
For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

WAr. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern mututor'd churl, and noble stock
WAr. Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevils' noble race.
WAr. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsmen of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech.
SCENE II.

KING HENRY VI.

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K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care, And had I not been 'eit by so by them, Yet did I purpose as they do entreat; For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophecy Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means: And therefore, by his majesty I swear, Whose far unworthy deputy I am, He shall not breathe infection in this air But three days longer on the queen of death. [Exit Sat.]

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him, Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath. Had I but said, I would have kept my word, But, when I swear, it is irrevocable.— It after three days' space thou be'st found On any ground that I am ruler of, The world shall not be ransom for thy life.— Come, Warwick, come; good Warwick, go with me, I have great matters to impart to thee. [Exit K. Henry. Warwick, Lords, &c.

Q. Mar. Mischance, and sorrow, go along with you! Heart's discontent, and sour affliction, Be playfellow to keep you company. There's two of you; the devil make a third, And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps! Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these excursions, And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave. Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch! Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy? Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them? Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan, I would invent as bitter-searching terms, As cruel, as harsh, and horrible to hear, Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth, With full as many signs of deadly hate, As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave. My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words; Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint; My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract; Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban: And even now my burden'd heart would break, Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink! Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste! Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees! Their chiepest prospect, murdering basilisks! Their softest touch, as sharp as lizard's stings! Their musing, frightful as the serpent's hiss, And boding ereow-sirens to make the concert full! All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell— Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st thyself! And these dread curses, like the sun's against glass, Or like an overcharged gun, recoil, And turn the force of them upon thyself. Suf. You hate me ban, and will you bid me leave? Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from, Well could I curse away a winter's night, Though standing naked on a mountain top, Where hating cold would never let grass grow, And think it but a minute spent in sport. Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me thy hand,

1 Company. 2 "They do affymerne that this herbe cometh of the seed of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some strange things, it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did take some dogge or other strange beast unto the poete thereof with a cord, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meantime steeped their own ears for fears of the terri ble shriek and cry of this Mandrake. In which cry it doth not only die itselfe, but the fear thereof killith the dogge or beast which pains it out of the earth."—Bulstrode's "Bulstrode's Ofence against Sickness" folio, 1579; quoted by Reed. 3 smart: in s.
That I may daw it with my mornful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments
O! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal.
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'T is but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by;
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone.—
O! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Leather a hundred times to part than die.
Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished.
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
'T is not the land I care for, wert thou thence:
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not. desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought, but that thou livest.

Enter Vaux.
Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pray thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul:
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.
[Exit Vaux.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee.
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
Thiers for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows.
Now, get thee hence: the king, thou know'st, is coming:
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slander in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dugs between its lips;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth:

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corro
de.
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woeful casket
That ever did contain a thing of worth.
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.
[Exeunt, severally.


Enter King Henry, Salisbury, Warwick, and others
The Cardinal in bed: Attendants with him.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
king.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will,
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, wher'e they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess,—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes; the dust hath blinded them.—
Comh down his hair: look! look! it stands upright,
Like time-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O, thou eternal mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O! beat away the busy meditating fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if 'tis God's good pleasure to
Lord cardinal, if thou think'st at heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—Car. dies
He dies, and makes no sign.—O God, forgive him:
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.
[Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a Boot, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, Walter Whitmore, and others; with them Suffolk, disguised; and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and mournful day Is crept into the bosom of the sea, And now loud-howlings wolves arouse the jades That drag the tragic melancholy night; Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings Clipt dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize; For whilst our pinance anchors in the Downs, Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, Or with their blood stain this disorder'd shore. —Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;— And, thou that art his mine, make boot of this;— The other, [Pointing to Suffolk.] Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know. Most. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What! think you much to pay two thousand crowns, And bear the name and port of gentlemen?— Cut both the villains' threats!—for die you shall: Can't lives of those which we have lost in fight, Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum? — 1 Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize a board, And, therefore, to revenge it shall thou die;— [To Suf.] And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash: take ransom; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George: I am a gentleman.

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now! why start'st thou? what, dost death afflict?— Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death. A cunning man did calculate my birth, And told me that by water I should die: Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded; Thy name is Gaultier, being rightly sound'd.

Whit. Gaultier, or Walter, which it is, I care not; Never yet did base dishonour blur our name, But with our sword we wip'd away the blot: Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge, Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd, And I proclaim'd a coward through the world! [Leys hold on Suffolk.

Suf. Stay, Whitmore: for thy prisoner is a prince, The duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk mufled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke: Jove sometime went disguised, and why not? *

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be. Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood, The honourable blood of Lancaster, Must not be shed by such a jaded grooms.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head? How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writh in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-tong'd slave? 

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole. 

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole, lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'st at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall kiss at thee again.

And wedded be thou to the bags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgo'd With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—
Bums with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine; Under the which is writ—Invitis nubibus.
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach, and beggary,
Are crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away!—Convey him hence

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abrupt drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinance, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate. 

Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

1 Embrace. * The: in f. o. * This line, not in the folio, is from the old play of the "Contention." 4 the forlorn swan: in f. o. * These words and the following Poole, are from the "Contention." 4 The device of Edward III. "the rays of the sun dispersing themselves out of a cloud." —Camden. 7 Bargulus, Illyrian late.-Ciceronis Officin. Lib. III., c. ii.
SECOND PART OF

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith, the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter Cade, Dick the Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father.

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a caddie's of herriages.

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.

—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer.

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet.

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Cade. But, now of late, not able to travel with her forced pack, she washes books here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt ' t' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and rows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops: and I will make it feynion, to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people.—I ere shall be no money: all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me if your lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let 's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should mudo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but sell once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of 'boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. If 't as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't

Cade. Nay then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligances, and write court hand.
KING.

Tell me, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters. — 'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. — Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

[Exeunt some with the Clerk.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hand by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a.

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels.] — Rise up sir John Mortimer.

[Recess.1 Now have at him.

Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William his Brother, with Drum and Forces.

Staff. Rebellious hinds, the fifth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this grom.

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood.

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not; it is to you, good people, that I speak.

O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villain! thy father was a plasterer;

And thou thyself a sherman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this: — Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.

Married the duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

Staff. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staff. That's false.

Staff. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,

Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

Became a bricklayer when he came to age.

His son am I: deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore, he shall be king.

Smit. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,

And the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

W. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.] —

Go to, sirrah; tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went
to span-couter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason: for thereby is England naimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings. I tell you that that lord Say hath gilded the commonwealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak French and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff. O, gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this: can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

All. No, no: and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away; and, throughout every town,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade,

That those which fly before the battle ends,

May, even in their wives' and children's night,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors. — All you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords and Fores.

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me. —

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifti honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: March! forward! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two Parties enter, and fight, and both the Staffords are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee. — The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred years, lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak the truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [Putting on Stafford's armour,] and the bodies shall be dragged at my horses' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let cut the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, reading a Sephilation: the Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Say with him: at a distance, Queen Margaret mourning over Suffolk's Head.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,

[Aside.1 And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;

But where's the body that I should embrace?

1 Not in f. e 2 Care 3 Butchers were only allowed to kill in Lent, by special license 4 Not in f. e
SCENE IV.—The Same.—Wiltshire.

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat; for God forbid, so many simple souls should perish by the sword! And I myself, rather than bloody war shall cut them short, Will parley with Jack Cade their general.—But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face Ru'd like a wandering planet over me, And could it not enforce them to relent. That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head. Say, Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his. K. Hen. How now, madam! Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death? I fear me, love, if that I had been dead, Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me. Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark: fly, my lord! Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer, Descended from the duke of Clarence's house, And calls your grace usurper openly. And vows to crown himself in Westminster. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death Hath given them heart and courage to proceed. All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars, and intend their death. 

K. Hen. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Kenilworth. Say. So might your grace's person be in danger. The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. Jack Cade hath gott'n London-bridge: the Fly and forsake their houses. The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor: and they jointly swear, To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord: away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret: God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord: [To Lord Say.] trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocenc'e, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.
Enter Lord Scales, and others, walking on the Walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstood them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour: from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command. But I am troubled here with them myself: The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower. But get you to Smithfield, and gather head. And hither I will send you Matthew Gough. Fight for your king, your country, and your lives; And so farewell: rebellion never thrives. [Exit]

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.
Enter Jack Cade, and his Followers. He strikes his Staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him. Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them. But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire: and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, Cade and his Company: on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by Matthew Gough. They fight; the Citizens are routed, and Matthew Gough is slain.

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the imps of court: down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 't will be sore law, then: for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

[Aside. Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it; it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

[Aside. Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteen, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction; what canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up...
of Normandy unto monsieur Basimeau, the dauphin of
France? Be it known unto thee by these presents,
even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the
besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as
thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the
youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and
whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books
but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing
to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and
dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved
to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually
talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words
as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast
appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before
them about matters they were not able to answer:
moreover, thou hast put them in prison: and because
they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when,
indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy
to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?
Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse
wear a cloak, when honest men than go in their
hoods and doublets.
Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for
example, that am a butcher.
Say. You men of Kent,—
Dick. What say you of Kent?
Say. Nothing but this: "it is bona terra, mala gens."
Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks
Latin.
Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you
will.
Kent. In the commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When have I sought exacted at your hands.
Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof.—
Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the
field?
Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I
struck:
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
folks?
Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your
Good.
Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make
'em red again.
Say. Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
Cade. Ye shall have a hempen cauldron, then, and the
help4 of hatchet.
Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?
Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.
Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be
even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadfast
on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.
Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live.
Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but
I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so
well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar
under his tongue: he speaks not of God's name. Go,
take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently;
and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James
Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both
upon two poles hither.
All. It shall be done.
Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your
prayers,
God shall be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.
Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.
[Exeunt some with Lord Say.
The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head
on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall
not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her
maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me
in capite; and we charge and command, that their
wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.
Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and
take up commodities upon our bills?4
Cade. Marry, presently.
All. O brave !
Re-enter Rebels, with the Heads of Lord Say and his
Son-in-law.
Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one
other, for they loved well, when they were alive.
[Jest them together.] Now part them again, lest they
consult about the giving up of some more towns in
France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until
night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces,
will we ride through the streets; and at every corner
have them kiss.—Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

ALARUM. Enter Cade, and all his Rabblement.
Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill
and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[A
Parley sounded, then a Retreat.] What noise is this I
hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley,
when I command them kill?
Enter Buckingham, and Old Clifford, with Forces.
Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb
thee:
Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.
Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye repent?4
And yield to mercy, whilst it is offer'd you,
Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!4
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake the his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye so brave? — And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London Gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom; but you are all recreants, and darts, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me, — I will make shift for one: — and so — God's curse 'light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished.
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying — Villagcois! unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprize me: my sword, make way for me, for here is no staying. — In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious reasons, makes me betake me to my heels.

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and Somerset, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!
K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade, surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of Cade's Followers, with Halter about their Necks.

Cliff. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set one thy everlasting gates
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise! —

Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shou'd how well you love your prince and country
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be infortune,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertisi'd,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
And with a plentiful, and united power
Of Gallowglassers, and stout Irish kerns,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimed, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state; 'twixt Cade and York
distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him. —
I pray thee, Buckingham, then go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms?
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the tower: —
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord, I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms.
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal.
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Pie on ambition! fie on myself: that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climbed, into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather.

And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been eatt with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord! who would 've turmoiled in the court
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and 's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth that I have maintained my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a strait, for entering his fence-simple without leave.
A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds;
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt betray me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever
was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well:
I have eaten no meat these five days; yet, come thou and
thy fine men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as
a door nail, I pray God I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall never be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, squire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon.
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forsears.

\[ACT V.\]

SCENE I.—The Same. The Fields between Dartford
and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter York
attended, with Drum and Colours; his Irish Forces
at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his
right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
King bells, aloud: burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule:
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee
well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy
greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege;
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-boned clown in chimes of beef ere
thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees,
thou mayest be turned to hobnails. \[They fight. Cade
falls]\ O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath
slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me,
and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd
defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a
burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and
exhort all the world to be cowards: for I, that never
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valor.

[Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave.
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crowns to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. Searce can I speak, my choler is so great

\[As he

O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.
I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;
But I must make fair weather yet a while,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

Buckingham, I pray thee pardon me;
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armours, any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

_Buck._ York, I commend this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

_Enter King Henry attended._

_K. Hen._ Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us.
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?  
_York._ In all submission and humility.
York doth present himself unto your highness.

_K. Hen._ Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?
_York._ To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

_Enter Iden, with Cade's Head._

_Iden._ If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

_K. Hen._ The head of Cade?—Great God, how just
art thou!—
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
_Iden._ I was, an't like your majesty.

_K. Hen._ How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?
_Iden._ Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

_Buck._ So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

_K. Hen._ Iden, kneel down: [He kneels.] Rise up a knight.
We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.
_Iden._ May I den live to merit such a bounty, [Rising:]
And never live but true unto his liege.

_K. Hen._ See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

_Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset._

_Q. Mar._ For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

_York._ How now! is Somerset at liberty?

_Then._ York, unlock thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king:
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round enwrap these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler.

_Som._ O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

_York._ Wouldst thou have me kneel? first let me ask of these,*
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail:

_[Exit an Attendant._

_I know, ere they will have me go to ward.
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

_Q. Mar._ Call hither Clifford; bid him come again,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
_York._ O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy better's in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

_Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also, old Clifford and his Son._

_See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good._

_Q. Mar._ And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

_Cclf._ Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

_[Kneels._

_York._ I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

_Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford: kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

_Cclf._ This is my king, York: I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

_K. Hen._ Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.

_Cclf._ He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factions' pate of his.

_Q. Mar._ He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

_York._ Will you not, sons?

_Educ._ Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

_Rich._ And if words will not, then our weapons shall

_Cclf._ Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

_York._ Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-looking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

_Drum._ Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces

_Cclf._ Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And mamele the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

_Rich._ Oft have I seen a hot o'erweaming cur
Run back and bite, because he was witheld;
Who, having suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his held between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

_Cclf._ Hence, hence, heap of wrathful indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

_York._ Nay, we shall hunt you thoroughly anon.
_Cclf._ Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

_K. Hen._ Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

_Old Salisbury._—shame to thy silver hair,
York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bony beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.
York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York: 'tis for a crown thou
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit Warwick.

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem
But that 'tis shown ignobly, and in treason.
York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it.
Clif. My soul and body on the action both—in
York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly
Clif. La fin couronne les œuvres.

[They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art
still.
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! [Exit

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the road:
Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world end,
[Seeing his Father's body.
And the premised flames of the last day
Knit earth and heaven together!
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear rather,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age,
And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
My heart is tur'd to stone: and while 't is mine,
it shall be stony. York not our old men spare:
No more will I their babes: tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaim'd,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flux.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
I am an infant of the house of York,
Into as many goblets will I cut it:
As wild Medea young Absyrtus d' a
In cruelty will I seek out my fame,
Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house.

[Taking up the Body
As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
But then, Æneas bare a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset. Fighting

Somerset is slain.

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.  [Exit.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen
MARGARET, and others, flying.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!
K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.
Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which cannot more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we hapsly scape,
As well we may, if not through your neglect
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: uncurable discomfort
Reigns in the hearts of all our present friends.¹
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away!  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter YORK, RICHARD
PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum
and Colours.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him?

That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all bruises of time,
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
Three times besbrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body,
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to

day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard.
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath pleased him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not got that which we have
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them:
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London.
To call a present court of parliament:
Let us pursue him, ere the wirs go forth.—

What says lord Warwick? shall we after them?
War. After them? nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my hand, lords, 't was a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all:
And more such days as these to us befall.'

[Exeunt.

¹ Parts: in f. e. altered by Steevens, to party. ² Of: in f. e. ³ brush: in f. e. ⁴ bow: in f. e.
THIRD PART
OF
KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.
LEWIS XI., King of France.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF EXETER,
EARL OF OXFORD,
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
LORD CLIFFORD,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,
EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,
GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,
RICHARD, afterwards Duke of Gloucester,
DUKE OF NORFOLK,
MARQUES OF MONTAIGUE,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD STAFFORD,

Sir John Mortimer, } Uncles to the Duke of
Sir Hugh Mortimer, } York.
Henry, Earl of Richmond, a Youth.
Sir John Somerville. Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York. Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntsman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.
Bona, Sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE, during part of the Third Act, in France; during the rest of the Play in England.

ACT I.


War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north, He slyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheerd up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham, Is either slain, or wounded dangerously. I clef his beaver with a downright blow; That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody Sword.

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood.

To York, showing his.

Whom I encounter'd as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
But, is thy grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne,

This is the palace of the fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will:

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you: he, that dies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force. [They retire.

York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king,

And hastful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown? If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown? Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York; Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March. I am the son of Henry the fifth, Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop, And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. War. Talk not of France, sigh thou hast lost it all K. H. n. The lord protector lost it, and not I: When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old. Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head. Exe. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head, Mont. Good brother, [To York,] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus. [fly. Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak. War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords; And be ye silent and attentive too, For he that interrupts him shall not live. K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne, Wherin my grandire, and my father, sat? No: first shall war unpeople this my realm; Ay, and their colours—often borne in France

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,— Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords? My title's good, and better far than his. War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king. K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king. K. Hen. I know not what to say: my title's weak.— [Aside.] Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir? York. What then? K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king; For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth, Whose heir my father was, and I am his. York. He rose against him, being his sovereign, And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it uncomman'd, Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown? Exe. No: for he could not so resign his crown, But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter? Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me. York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king. K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him. North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st, Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power. Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolck, nor of Kent, Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud, Can set the duke up in despite of me. Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

**K. Hen.** O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

**York.** Henry of Lancaster, resign my crown.

**War.** Do right unto this princely duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.]

**K. Hen.** My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

**York.** Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.

**K. Hen.** I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

**Cliff.** What wrong is this unto the prince your son?

**War.** What good is this to England, and himself?

**West.** Base, base, and despairing Henry!

**Cliff.** How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

**West.** I cannot stay to hear these articles.

**North.** Nor I.

**Cliff.** Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

**West.** Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

**North.** Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

**Cliff.** In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd!

[Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and Westmoreland.]

**War.** Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

**Exe.** They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

**K. Hen.** Ah, Exeter!

**War.** Why should you sigh, my lord?

**K. Hen.** Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here entreat
The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever; [*To York.*]
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war; and whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

**York.** This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

[Coming from the Throne.]

**War.** Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

**K. Hen.** And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

**York.** Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

**Exe.** Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[Sunset. The Lords come forward.]

**York.** Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll follow to my castle.

**War.** And I shall keep London with my soldiers.

**Norf.** And I to Norfolk with my followers.

**Mont.** And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[Exeunt York, and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.]

**K. Hen.** And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

[Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.]

**Exe.** Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger;
I'll steal away.

**K. Hen.** Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*]

**Q. Mar.** Nay, not from me: I will follow thee.

**K. Hen.** Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

**Q. Mar.** Who can be patient in such extremities?

Ah, wretched man! would I had died a madman,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?

**Hudst.** Thou hast lov'd him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood.

**Princes.** Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherit the only son.

**Princes.** Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

**K. Hen.** Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforce'd me.

**Q. Mar.** Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be fore'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me.
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

**Warwick.** I entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas,
The Duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shall thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act:
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherit'd.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away:
Our army is ready: come, we'll after them.

**K. Hen.** Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

**Q. Mar.** Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

**K. Hen.** Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

**Q. Mar.** Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

**Prince.** When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.

**Q. Mar.** Come, son; a way! we may not longer thus.

[Exeunt Queen Margaret, and the Prince.]

**K. Hen.** Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!
The loss of those three lords tormenteth my heart:
I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—
Come, cousin; you shall be the messenger.

**Exe.** And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.

**SCENE II.**—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

[Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.]

**Rich.** Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave
To play the orator.

**Mont.** But I have reasons strong and forcible.

**York.** Why, how now, sons, and brother! at a strife!
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.


Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are hear, therefore enjoy it now:

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No: God forbid, your grace should be foresworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,

That hath authority over him that swears:

Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets reign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And what on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—

You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

[Enter a Messenger.]

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?

Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.

York. She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou,
that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;—
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[Exit.]

Edu. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great.
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I now have the like success?

[A ladder. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.
Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to escape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Cliff. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Cliff. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Cliff. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Cliff. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Cliff. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.
No; if I dizz'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
I could not shake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.—
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!
Cliff. Such pity as my raper's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?
Cliff. Thy father hath.

But was I ever born:
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, with God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah! let me live in prison all my days,
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Cliff. No cause?

Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[Enter. Stabs him.]

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua! [Dies.

Cliff. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with this do make me wipe off both. [Exit.
SCENE IV. THE SAME.

ALTARUM. ENTER YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field: My uncle both are slain in rescuing me; And all my followers to the eager foe Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind, Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves. My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them, But this I know,—they have demean'd themselves Like men born to renown by life or death. Three times did Richard make a lane to me, And thrice cried,—"Coward, father! fight it out?" And full as oft came Edward to my side, With purple fleansion, painted to the hilt In blood of those that had encounter'd him: And when the hardiest warriors did retire, Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of ground!" And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb! A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!" With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas! We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan With bootless labour swim against the tide, And spend her strength with over-matching waves. [A short Altarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue, And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury; And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury. The sands are number'd that make up my life; Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—roughest Northumberland,— I dare your thunderous fury to more rage, I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clift. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm With downright payment show'd unto my father. Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car, And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth A bird that will revenge upon you all: And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven, Seeming what'er you can afflict us with. Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear? Clift. So cowards fight when they can fly no farther; So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons; So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives, Breathe out invevives against the officers. York. Q. Clifford! but bethink thee once again, And in thy thought o'er-run my former time: And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face, And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice, Whose crown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clift. I will not bandy with thee word for word, But buckele with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.— Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart: What value were it, when a cur doth grin, For one to thrust his hand between his teeth, When he might spurn him with his foot: away? It is war's prize to take all vantages. And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York, who struggles.

Clift Ay, ay; so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[York is taken prisoner.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland. Come, make him stand upon this molehill here, That raught at mountains with outstretched arms, Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.— What! was it you, that would be England's king! Was't you that revell'd in our parliament, And made a preachment of your high descent? Where are your mess of sons to back you now, The wanton Edward, and the lusty George? And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy, Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice, Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies? Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland? Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point Made issue from the bosom of the boy; And, if thine eyes can water for his death, I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal. [Throwing it. Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly, I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York: What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails, That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death? Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad; And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus. Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance Thou wouldst be fied, I see, to make me sport: York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.— A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him Hold you his hands. whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king. Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair: And this is he was his adopted heir.— But how is it, that great Plantagenet Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath? As I bethink me, you should not be king, Till our king Henry had shuck hands with death. And will you pale? your head in Henry's glory; And rob his temples of the diadem, Now in his life, against your holy oath? O! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.— Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head: And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clift. That is my office for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay: let's hear the orisons he makes,

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France;

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth, How ill-beseeing is it in thy sex. To triumph, like an Amazonian trull. Upon their woes whom fortune captivates? But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging, Made impudent with use of evil deeds, I would essay, proud queen, to make thee blush: To tell thee whence thou can'st, of whom deriv'd, We were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples, Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem, Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman. Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen; Unless the adage must be verified, That beggars mounted ran their horse to death. 'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud; But, God be known, thy share thereof is small. 'T is virtue that doth make them most ador'd; The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at. 'T is government that makes them seem divine; Thou art as opposite to every good, As the antipodes are unto us, Or as the south to the septentrion. 0, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide! How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child, To bid the father wipe his eyes withal, And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible; Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless. Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish: Wouldnst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will; For raging wind blows up incessant showers, And, when the rage allays, the rain begins. These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies, And every drop cries vengeance for his death, 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman. North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so, That hardly can I check my eyes from tears. York. That face of his The hungry cannibals would not have touch'd d. Would not have stain'd the rose's lines with blood: But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, O! ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania. See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears: This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy, And I with tears do wash the blood away. Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this; And if thou tellst the heavy story right, Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears. Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears, And say,—'Alas! it was a piteous deed?'— There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse, And in thy need such comfort come to thee, As now I reap at thy too cruel hand! Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world: My soul to heaven, my body to your heads! North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin, I should not, for my life, but weep with him, To see how inly sorrow gries his soul. Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland? Think but upon the wrong he did us all, And that will quickly dry thy melting tears. Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my father's death. [Stabbing him. Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king [Stabbing him York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God! My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [Dies. Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates; So York may overlook the town of York. [Flourish. Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A March. Enter Edward and Richard, with their Power.

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father's escap'd; Or whether he be escap'd away, or no, From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit. Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news; Had he been slain, we should have heard the news; Or had he escap'd, methinks, we should have heard The happy tidings of his good escape.— How fares my brother? why is he so sad? Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd Where our right valiant father is become. I saw him in the battle range about, And watch'd him how he sing'd Clifford forth. Methought, he boro him in the thickest troop, As doth a lion in a herd of neast; Or as a hare escap'd, and ran with dogs, Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry, The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him. So far'd our father with his enemies; So fled his enemies my warlike father: Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son. See, how the morning ope her golden gates, And takes her farewell of the glorious sun: How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trim'm'd like a younger, prancing to his love! Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns! Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect,

Not separated with the racking clouds, But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky. See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss, As if they vow'd some league inviolable: Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun! In this the heavens figure some event.

Edw. 'T is wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of. I think, it cites us, brother, to the field, That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet, Each one already blazing by our needs, Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together, And over-shine the earth, as this the world. Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear Upon my target three fair shining suns. Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it; You love the breeder better than the male. Enter a Messenger in haste.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue? Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker on, When as the noble duke of York was slain, Your princely father, and my loving lord. Edw. O! speak no more, for I have heard too much. Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all. Mess. Environed he was with many foes; And stood against them, as the hope of Troy Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd. Troy But Hercules himself must yield to odds; And many strokes, though with a little axe,
SCENE 1.

KING HENRY VI.

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Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the irful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite:
Laugh'd in his face: and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scores, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! base, base Clifford! thou last slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden,
For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.

Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me are left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thouwert not his.

March. Enter Warwick and Montague, with their Army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our haleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told.
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Musterd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised.
That she was coming with a full intent
To touch our late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought,
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's risour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went:
Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards,
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen.

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, poste-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundv to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers.
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not.
'T is love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek your soul,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament:
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure.
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Vis! to London will we march again,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

---

1 Some mod. eds. insert the line:
And very well appointed, as I thought.

2 From the "True Tragedy."
And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes;
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou failest, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—vaunt Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown;
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now: what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then, it sorts: brave warriors, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with Drums and Trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my Lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;
Not willingly have I infring'd my vow.

Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do kings cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest hearth doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he kist his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest.

Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.

Were it not pity, that this godly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly3 gave away;"
Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;
And let him manly face, which promises
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferreing arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
Ah! cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft carriage2 makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Cliff. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing the Duke of York;
And, in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

Darrain your battle, for they are at hand.

Cliff. I would, your highness would depart the field
The Queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, my good lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Do it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearien those that fight in your defence.

Unsheath your sword, good father: ery, "Sain't
Georgie!"

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, will thou kneel for grace
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or hide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy
Becomes thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by now act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

1 The old play: faint'st. Malone and most eds.: fall'st. 2 Foolshy. 3 courage: in f. a. 4 The old play: Prepare, the modern meaning of the word in the text.
SCENE III.

KING HENRY VI.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners win a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd me my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death;
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair:
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight; they follow us with wings
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Borne'd with the steally point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the bellies of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood.
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whilsts the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeit acting?
Here on my knee I bow to God above. [Kneeling]
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick! I do beseech my knee with thine,
[Kneeling]
And in this vow do charm my soul to thine.
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou sett'st up and pluck'st down of kings;
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope.
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—[Rising,]
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle
Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay,
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such rewards
As victors wore at the Olympic games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life, and victory.—

Forelow3 no longer; make we hence amain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone.
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone.
This is the hand that stab'd thy father York.
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself:
And so, have at thee.

[They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his sails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Fores'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Fores'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Somedie, the foemen prevail; and then, the wind,
Now, one the better, then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conquer'd, nor conquer'd:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a h ill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times.
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeain;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece;
So minutes, hours, days, months and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His hands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with
the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body.
This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crown's;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks,
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their cruelty.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee; too for tear,
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief
Enter a Father, who has kill'd his Son, bearing the Body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For ! have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this a foeman's face?
Ah! no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah! boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise.
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and Heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems. how felt, how buthery,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,

1 Not in fo. 2 Delay. 3 Two similar lines are found in the Second part of Henry VI., Act iv., Sc. ii.
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—
O, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white arc on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale checks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

K. Hen. Take on with me, and never be satisfied?
Fadh. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?
K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances.
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?
Fadh. Was ever father so bemoan'd a son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow: mine, ten times so much.
Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

Fadh. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet:
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulture,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:
And so obsequious wilt thou father be,
Es't for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priaam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them light that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overcome with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Fadh. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a changèd bull.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go.

Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out: ay, here it dies.
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough commixtures melt,
Impeaching Henry, strengthening mis-prond York.

The common people swarm like summer-flies:
And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?
And who shives now but Henry's enemies?
O Palsam! hadst thou never given consent
That Phæton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the earth;
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York.
They never, then, had sprung like summer flies
I. and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept they chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much licence?
Bootless are plaints, and unrelentless are our wounds.
No wavy to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless, and will not pity:
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.
—
Come, York, and Richard. Warwick, and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[He faints.

Alarum and Retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard,
Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause.
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sull, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford did with them?
War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave,
And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[Clifford's corpse.

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy
leave?
A deadly groan, like life and death's departing:
See who it is.

Edw. And, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

[Clifford's corpse.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In heaving Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root.
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head.

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there,
Instead whereof, let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Soldiers bring the body forward.

War. I think his understanding is bereft —
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager\ words.
Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
[They pull him to and fro.]
Eud. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Eud. Thou pittedst Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee; Clifford: swear as thou wost.
Rich. What! not an oath? nay then, the world goes
hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might raile at him, — [blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
Stiffe the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. 'Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—


Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Cutting the principal of all the deer.
2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.
1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
[I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.
2 Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.
Enter King Henry, disguised as a churchman, with a
Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anoint'd:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?
1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king: let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.
2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtile orator,

And now to London with triumphant march.
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick ent the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these hands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dreading
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them bust, 't offending thine ears.
First, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Eud. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be
For in thy should ye do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting—
Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Gloster
For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

ACT III.
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?
2 Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.
K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of England?
2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.
K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old,
My father and my grandfather, were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me;
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?
1 Keep. No;
For we were subjects, but while you were king
K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men! you know not what you swear.
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my will when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater guet,
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded,
And be you kings: command, and I'll obey.
1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.
K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were sent to as king Edward is.
1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.
K. Hen. In God's name, lead: your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exit.

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Edward, in state, crowned; GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans' field
This lady's husband, sir John Grey, was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.
Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.
K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.
Glo. Yea; is it so? [Aside.
I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clarr. He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind! [Aside.
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.
Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall please you,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow. [Aside.
Clarr. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall. [Aside.
Glo. God forbid that, for he'll take vantage. [Aside.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me
Clarr. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.

Glo. Nay then, whelp me; he'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.
[Aside.
K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's suit.
Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOSTER and CLARENCE stand back.
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask
L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.
Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [Aside.
Clarr. As red as fire! nay then, her wax must melt.
[Aside.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task: 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That's some perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curtsey. [Aside.
K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?
L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks; my prayers;
That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why then, you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily
I. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness\(^1\) of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[Aside.

Clar. He is the bluntest woor in Christendom.

[Aside.

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable,
All her perfactions challenge sovereignty:
One way, or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that, is to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

Then art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other Sones: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shall be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

[Aside.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[Aside.

K. Edw. Brothers, you must what that we twain have

[Aside. [Gloster and Clarence come forward.]

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself?

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

No. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See. that he be conveyed unto the Tower:

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.

Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Lord.

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring, To cross me from the golden time I look for! And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,
SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, and Lady Bona, attended; the King takes his State. Then, enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, Sit down with us: it ill beths thy state, And birth, that thou shouldst sit, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve, Where kings command. I was, I must confess, Great Albion's queen in former golden days; But now mischance hath trod my title down, And with dishonour laid me on the ground, Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears, And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares. K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like thyself, And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck [Seats her by him.]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind Still ride in triumph over all mischance, Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief; It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts, And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak. Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis, That Henry, sole possessor of my love, Is of a king become a banish'd man, And forc'd to live in Scotland all forlorn, While proud ambitions Edward, duke of York, Usurps the regal title, and the seat Of England's true-anointed lawful king. This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret, With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir, Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid; And if thou fail us all our hope is done. Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help; Our people and our peers are both misled, Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight, And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm, While we bethink us a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we say, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow: And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow. [Enter Warwick, attended.]

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. The earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What brings thee to France?

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise; For this is he that moves both wind and tide. [He descends. Queen Margaret rises.]

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion, My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend, I come in kindness, and unsought love, First, to do greetings to thy royal person, And, then, to crave a league of amity; And, lastly, to confirm that amity With mutual knot, if thou vouchsafed to grant That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister, To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that so far doth. Henry's hope is done War. And, gracious madam, [To Bona.] in our king's behalf, I am commanded, with your leave and favour, Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart; Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears, Hath place'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak Before you answer Warwick. His demand Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love But from deceit, bred by necessity: For how can tyrants safely govern home? Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,— That Henry liveth still: but were he dead, Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son. Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage Thou draw not on thee! danger and dishonour; For though usurpers sway the rule awhile, Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp, And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Orf. Then, Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain; And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth, Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest; And after that wise prince, Henry the fifth, Who by his prowess conquered all France From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how lags it, in this smooth discourse. You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost All that which Henry the fifth had gotten? Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree Of three score and two years: a silly time To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Orf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege, Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years, And not bewray thy treason with a blush? War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Orf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom, My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere, Was done to death? and more than so, my father, Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years, When nature brought him to the door of death? No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm, This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford, Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heaven grant, that Warwick's words be witch him not! [They stand apart.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy own science, Is Edward your true king? for I were loath.
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.
War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine honour.
K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people’s eye?
War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.
K. Lew. Then farther, all dissimbling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.
War. Such it seems,
As may beseech a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant:
Whereof the root was fix’d in virtue’s ground,
The leaves and fruit maint’ned with beauty’s sun.
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.
K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.
Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine.—
Yet I confess, [To War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king’s desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.
K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus.—our sister shall be
Edward’s;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois’d.—
Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wile to the English king.
Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.
Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry’s friend.
K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward’s good success,
Then ’tis but reason, that I be releas’d
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand.
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.
War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better ’t were you troubled him than France.
Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings,
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, ¹ and thy lord’s false love:
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.
K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.
Enter the Post.
Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, marques Montague.—
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.
[They all read their letters.
Orf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.
Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
¹ hope all’s for the best.
K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen?,
Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoy’d
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart’s discontent,
K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forcery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
¹ Airifier. ² Frighten. ³ This word is not in 1 e.
KING HENRY VI.


Enter Gloster, Clarence, Somerset, Montague.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 'tis far from hence to France:
How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended: Lady Grey,
as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, and Hasting.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you
our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of
Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward;
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, if you offended too?
Glo. Not I.

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appear'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have joint'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth,
Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance.

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exit all but Warwick.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Hast. And how may such a man dare to be
Whom none else dare to make a stole' but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

Exit.
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief, Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:— "Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over maskers, To revel it with him and his new bride."

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter’d with mild disdain:— "Tell him, in hope he’ll prove a widower shortly, I’ll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less; She had the wrong. But what said Henry’s queen? For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done, And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to those injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty Than all the rest, discharg’d me with these words:— "Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong, And therefore I’ll uncrown him ere ’tis long."

K. Edw. Ha! disturst the traitor breathe out so proud words!

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn’d: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link’d in friendship, That young prince Edward marries Warwick’s daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger. [Aside.] Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick’s other daughter; That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself. — You, that love me and Warwick, follow me. [Exit.]

Glo. Not I. My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick! Yet am I arm’d against the worst can happen, And haste is needful in this desperate case.— Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf Go levy men, and make prepare for war; They are already, or quickly will be landed: Myself in person will straight follow you. [Exit Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague, Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest, Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him; I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends; But, if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect. Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true! Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward’s cause! K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you K. Edw. Why so; then, am I sure of victory.

Now, therefore, let us hence; and lose no hour, Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford with French and English Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all bitherto goes well: The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come! Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends? Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick And welcome, Somerset,—I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn’d an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward’s brother, Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings: But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night’s coverture, Thy brother caring endlessly encamp’d, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found the adventure very easy: That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede, With slight and manhood stole to Rheaus’ tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal seeds; So we, well cover’d with the night’s black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward’s guard, And seize himself; I say not slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.— You, that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader. [They all cry, Henry! Why, then, let’s on our way in silent sort: For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exit.

SCENE III.—Edward’s Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King’s tent.

1 Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand: The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 Watch. What, shall we not to bed? 1 Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow Never to lie and take his natural rest, Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress’d.

2 Watch. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day, If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that, That with the king here resteth in his tent? 1 Watch. ’T is the lord Hastings, the king’s chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O! is it so? But why commands the king, That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 Watch. ’T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, ’T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his parasage.
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE V. — A Park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley, Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother, Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands He hath good usage and great liberty, And often, but attended with weak guard, Comes hunting this way to deport himself. I have advertised him by secret means, That if about this hour he make this way, Under the colour of his usual game, He shall here find his friends, with horse and men, To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game. K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.— Now, brother of Gloster, Hastings, and the rest, Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer? Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste: Your horse stands ready at the park corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.


K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

SCENE IV. —London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change? Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn, What late misfortune is befallen king Edward?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner; Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard, Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares: And, as I further have to understand, Is new committed to the bishop of York, Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief, Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may: Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay; ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become? Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards Lon-
don,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley, Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither, Into this chiefest thicket of the park. Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother, Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands He hath good usage and great liberty, And often, but attended with weak guard, Comes hunting this way to deport himself. I have advertised him by secret means, That if about this hour he make this way, Under the colour of his usual game, He shall here find his friends, with horse and men, To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game. K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the hunts-

men stand.— Now, brother of Gloster, Hastings, and the rest, Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer? Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste: Your horse stands ready at the park corner. K. Edw. But whither shall we then? Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

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K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwicke's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry of Richmond, Oxford, Montagu, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys.
At our enlargment what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their soveraigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of household harmony
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chieflie therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwicke, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government;
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days.

To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents; if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath yet must I be content.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forwith that Edward be pronounce'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscate.
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.
K. Edw. Tush, man! abominations must not now
affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.
Hast. My liege, I’ll knock once more to summon
them.
[Knocks.]
Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his
Brethren.
May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom.
As being well content with that alone.
[Exeunt for a while.
[Glo. But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He’ll soon find means to make the body follow. [Aside.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?
Open the gates: we are king Henry’s friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open’d.
[Exit from above.
Glo. A wise stout captain he’s, and soon persauded.
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were
well,
So ‘t were not long of him; but, being enter’d,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brethren unto reason.
Re-enter the Mayor, and Two Aldermen, below.
K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be
shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man; but yield me up the keys,
[ Takes his Keys.
For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.
March. Enter Montgomery, and Forces.
Glo. Brother, this is sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv’d.
K. Edw. Welcome, sir John; but why come you in
arms?
Mont. To help king Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now
forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.
Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[A March begun.
’K. Edw. Nay, stay, sir John, a while; and we’ll
debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover’d.
Mont. What talk you of disputing? in few words,
If you ‘ll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I’ll leave you to your fortune, and be gone.
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we’ll make
our claim:
Till then, it is wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.
Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand:
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for it is my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself
And now will I be Edward’s champion.
Hast. Sound, trumpet! Edward shall be here pro-
claim’d.—
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[Give him a Paper. Flourish
Sold. [Reads.] “Edward the fourth, by the grace
of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ire-
lan’d.”
Mont. And whose’er gainsays king Edward’s right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[Thrown down his Gauntlet.
All. Long live Edward the fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and thank-
unto you all:
If fortune serve me, I’ll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let’s harbour here in York,
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We’ll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—
Ali, foreward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we’ll meet both thee and Warwick
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day:
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[Exeunt.
SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.
Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Clarence,
Montague, Exeter, and Oxford.
With hasty Germans, and blust Hollander,
Hath pass’d in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let’s levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out.
Which, being suffer’d, rivers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends.
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent.
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicester, shalt find
Men well inclin’d to hear what thou command’st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wond’rous well belov’d
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens.
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.
K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy’s true
hope.
Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness’ hand.
K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.
Mont. Comfort, my lord:—and so I take my leave.
Oxf. And thus [Kissing Henry’s hand] I seal my
truth, and bid adieu.
K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, sweet lords: let’s meet at Coventry.

1 Not in f. e. 2 This word is not in f. e. 3 Some mod. eds. have needlessly transferred this speech to Oxford.
SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter upon the walls, Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, Two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somerville.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how-might Clarence now?

Som. At Southampton I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

[Drum heard.

War. Then Clarence is at hand. I hear his drum.

Som. It is not bis, my lord; here Southampton lies;

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces, [parle.

K. Edu. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a

Glo. See, how the early Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbend spire! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair? [gates?

K. Edu. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city.

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,

And he shall pardon thee those outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent.

And thou shalt still remain—the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king:

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give.

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edu. Why then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for a great a weight:

And, weaking, Warwick takes his gift again;

And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edu. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this;

What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whilst he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was silly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edu. 'T is even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other dicing it at thy face,

Than beer so low a sail to stake to thee.

K. Edu. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whilst thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood.

'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with Drum and Colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.


[Oxford and his Forces enter the City.

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edu. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again, and bid us battle.

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly raise the traitors in the same.

War. O! welcome Oxford, for we want thy help.

[Enter Montague, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[he and his forces enter the City.

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason.

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edu. The harder match'd, the greater victory.

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

[Enter Somerset, with Drum and Colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[he and his forces enter the City.
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world;
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who diste smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my mansions that I had,
Even now forsake me: and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Warwick! Wert thou as we are not?
We might recover all our loss again.
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly?
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague!
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That gins my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,
And said—'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said; and more he spoke
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
Oh, farewell Warwick!—
War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[Disc.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[Execut, bearing off Warwick's Body.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Clarence, Gloster, and the rest.

K. Edu. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grace'd with wreaths of victory.
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easy western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arrive'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, file to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assure'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edu. We are advertised by our loving friends,
That they do hold their course toward Towsbury,
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness ride way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away.

[Flourish. Execut]
SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewkesbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wai their loss.

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

What thoughtful the most be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood,
Yet lives our pilot still: 'is not meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whilest in his mean the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?

Ah! what a shame! ah! what a fault were this.

Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tackles?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge?

We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreack.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you can swim; alas! 'tis but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Beside the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you fanish; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infect his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, as tall, foil a man at arms.

I speak not this, as doubting any here:
For, did but I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away belimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame.—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Not in 1.6.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd: we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness
Oxf. Here pitch our battle: hence we will not budge
Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Clarence,
Gloster, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wit, ye blaze to burn them out.

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I
should say,

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.

Therefore, no more but this.—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel'd, and his treasure sween,
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both Armies.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Retreat.

Then enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster,
and Forces; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and
Somerset. Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hamme's castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I: but stoop with patience to my fortune,

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds
Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

K. Edw. Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

G. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

[2. Edw. sits.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York,
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop tinkle in a winter's night;

Hus curricular riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive soild.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back,
rather.

K. Edw. Peace! wiltful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
SCENE VI._London. A Room in the Tower.  

**KING HENRY is discovered reading.** Enter GLOSTER and the Lieutenant.

**Glo.** Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?  
**K. Hen.** Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:

'T is sin to flatter; good was little better:  
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,  
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.  
**Glo.** Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.  

[Exit Lieutenant.]

**K. Hen.** So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—  
What scene of death hath Rescius now to act?  
**Glo.** Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.  
**K. Hen.** The bird, that hath been lined in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;  
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd d  
**Glo.** Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl?  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.  
**K. Hen.** I, Daddanes; my poor boy, Icarus,  
Thy father, Mimes, that denied our course;  
The sun, that sord'd the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother Edward: and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?  
**Glo.** Think'st thou I am an executioner?  
**K. Hen.** A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.  
**Glo.** Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.  
**K. Hen.** Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;  
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's;  
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—  
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',  
Orphans for their parents' timeless death,  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign:  
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees  
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,  
And chattering pies in dismal disorders sung.  
Thy mother feit more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;  
To wit,—an indigent deform'd lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,  
To signify, thou canst not bite the world:  
Ano, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou canst—

**Glo.** I'll hear no more.—Die, prophet, in thy speech.  

[Stabs him.]

**K. Hen.** Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee.  

[Dies]
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be always shed!
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither,
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say.
I came into the world with my legs forward.

I had no reason, think ye, to make haste.
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
"O, Jesus bless us! he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have sharpen'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware: thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry in thy day of doom.

[Exit with the Body.

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

King Edward is discovered sitting on his Throne.1
Queen Elizabeth; a Nurse with the Infant Prince,
Clarence, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
throne.
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and redoubt'd2 champions:

Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men;
Ne'er spur'd their courser's at the trumpet's sound.
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Mowbray,
That in their chains fetter'd the kindly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Enter Gloster behind.3
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.—

[Aside.

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back.—

Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. [Kissing it.]

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st, [Kissing the infant.]
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[Aside. To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margare,
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem.
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. A way with her, and wait her hence to
France—
And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as beft the pleasure of the court?
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy;
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Exeunt.

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1 The rest of this stage direction is thus given in f. o.: "Queen Elizabeth with the infant Prince, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings," &c.
2 Emphatic: in f. o. * * * Not in f. o.
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Edward the Fourth.
Edward, Prince of Wales; | Sons to the King.
Richard, Duke of York; | George, Duke of Clarence; | Brothers to the
Richard, Duke of Gloster; | King.
A young Son of Clarence.
Henry, Earl of Richmond.
Thomas Rotheram, Archbishop of York.
John Morton, Bishop of Ely.
Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Norfolk: Earl of Surrey, his Son.
Earl Rivers, Brother to King Edward's Queen:
Marguer of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.
Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers.
Ghost, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun¹ of York;
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barb'd² steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capes nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.³

But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curst; I'd thus of fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and un-fashionably,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophesies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here Clarence comes

Enter Clarence, guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George

Glo. Alack! my lord, that fault is none of yours:
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.

¹ The cognizance of Edward IV., consisted of three suns.
² Caparisoned.
³ I.e., in quartos.
⁴ curtail'd of this: in f. e. ⁵ spy; in quarto.
KING RICHARD III.  
ACT I. 

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long; I will deliver you, or else lie for you. [Embracing him.]

Clar. I must protest: farewell.

[Glo: Glo: Go, troth, the path that thou shalt never return, Simple, plain Clarence—do love thee so, That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven, If heaven will take the present at our hands. But who comes here? the new-delivered Hastings? 

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain.

Well are you welcome to this open air. How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment? 

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must. But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks, That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too, For they that were your enemies are his, And have prevail'd as much on him as you. 

Hast. More pity, that the eagles should be mew'd, While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home:— The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul!, that news is bad indeed! O! he hath kept an evil diet long, And over-much consum'd his royal person: 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon. Where is he? in his bed? 

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you. 

[Exit HASTINGS.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die, Till George be pack'd with posthaste up to heaven I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence, With lies well stow'd with weighty arguments; And, if I fail not in my deep intent, Clarence hath not another day to live: Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy, And leave the world for me to battle in, For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter. What though I kill'd her husband, and her father? The readiest way to make the wench amends, Is to become her husband, and her father: The which will I; not all so much for love, As for another secret close intent, By marrying her which I must reach unto. But yet I run before my horse to market: Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns When they are gone, then must I count my gains. 

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street. 
Enter the Corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen, bearing Halberds, to guard it, and Lady ANNE as mourner. 

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load, If honour may be shrouded in a hearse, Whilst I a while obsequiously lament Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster— Poor king-cold figure of a holy king! Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster! Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood, Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost, To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Scene II.  King Richard III.  511

Glo.  More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne.  Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne.  Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst
make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo.  By such despair I should accuse myself.
Anne.  And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excuse a
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo.  Say, that I slew them not?

Anne.  Then they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo.  I did not kill your husband.
Anne.  Why, then he is alive
Glo.  Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne.  In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous' falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo.  I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders,

Anne.  Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo.  I grant ye.

Anne.  Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo.  The fitter* for the King of heaven that hath him
Anne.  He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo.  Let him thank me, that holp to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne.  And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo.  Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.
Anne.  Some dungeon.

Glo.  Your bed-chamber.

Anne.  Ill rest beside the chamber where thou liest
Glo.  So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne.  I hope so.

Glo.  I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something* into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameless as the executioner?

Anne.  Thou wast the cause, and most accur'd effect
Glo.  Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live* one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne.  If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo.  These eyes could not endure that beauty
wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne.  Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

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1 fatal: in quartos.  3 These lines are not in the quartos.  4 as: in quartos.  6 Why, then, they are not dead: in quartos.  7 blood: in quartos.  9 better: in folio.  9 somewhat: in quartos.  10 rest: in quartos 11 never: in quartos 12 sweet: in quartos.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

Glo. Curse not thyself; fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that beares thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.
Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.
Glo. He lives that loves you better than he could.
Anne. Name him.
Glo. Plantagenet.
Anne. Why, that was he.
Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.
Anne. Where is he?
Glo. Here: [She spits at him.] Why
dost thou spit at me?
Anne. 'T were it mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected me.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York, and Edward wept
To hear the piteous mean that Rutland made,
When black-fae'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twice times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their checks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did seern an humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart stirs, and prompts my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adorest thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his Breast open: she offers at it with his Sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry:
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despach; 'twas I that stabbed young Edward:
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the Sword.
Take up the sword again, or take me up.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
[Taking up the Sword.
Anne. I have already.
That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word.
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me, both are false.
Glo. Then, never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope? [She puts on his Sword.
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give. [She puts on the Ring
Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant5 may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most10 cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place,
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears)
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressell, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve.
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressell, and Berkley.
Gent.12 Towards Chertsey, noble lord?
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming
[Exeunt the rest, with the Corse.

Was ever woman in this humour wold?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extreme hate?
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my13 hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends44 to back my suit with!14,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she foretold already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Pained in the prodigality of nature,
Yeung, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford:
And will she yet abuse44 her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:

1 slew; in quartos. 2 This and the eleven preceding lines, are
't was I that kill'd your husband; in quartos. 4 kill'd; in quartos.
3 previous. 10 The quartos insert: Glo. Take up the come, sir. 12
3 debase; in quartos.
4 not in the quartos. 5 soothing; in quartos. 6 bosom; in quartos.
6 Not in f. a. 7 servant; in f. a. 10 more; in quartos. 11 Ed-
8 her; in quartos. 12 not in quartos. 13 her; in quartos. 14 nothing; in quartos.
SCENE III. —The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth, Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there’s no doubt, his majesty
Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you break it ill, it makes him worse:
Therefore, for God’s sake, entertain good comfort.
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.
Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son.
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Grey,
A man that loves me not, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?
Q. Eliz. It is determin’d, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!
Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet Stanley, notwithstanding she’s your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur’d,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The even slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus’d on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?
Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I.
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence: be:

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! — But that will never
I fear, our happiness is at the height.  

Enter Gloster, stamping angrily, with Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair.
Smile in men’s faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a recreant enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus’d
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur’d thee? when done thee wrong?
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of thy faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!) Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok’d by any suitor else,
Aiming, belieke, at your inferior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself.
Aim not against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; — the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There’s many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you
Our brother is imprison’d by your means;
Myself disgrac’d, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble

Q. Eliz. By him that raise’d me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy’d,
I never did incease his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence: but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean’st
Of my lord Hastings’ late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord: —
Glo. She may, lord Rivers, — why, who knows not so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may, — ay, marry, may she.

Riv. What, marry, may she?
Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king.
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis, her grandam had a worsrer match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur’d
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen. with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn’d, and bated at.

Small joy have I in being England’s queen.

* 770: in folio.  2 Dent: in old copies.  3 With: in quartos.  4 highest: in quarto.  5 The words "stamping angrily": are in
6 Wicked.  7 The rest of the line is not in the folio.  8 The quartos of 1602, and later: may.  9 fair: in quarto.  10 castor: is
11 So all the quartos; folio: so bated, scorn’d and stormed at.
Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And less'en'd be that small, God, I beseech him!

[Aside.] Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat ye me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said,

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them too well:

[Aside.]

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends:

To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

[Aside.]

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster:

And, Rivers, so were you. — Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A mur'drous villain, and so still thou art.

[Aside.]

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and foreswore himself,—which Jesu pardon! —

Q. Mar. Which God revenge! 

[Aside.]

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God, my heart were sint like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hic thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cæcadian! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,

Which here ye urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;

So should we, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a yealdar.

Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me,

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof; [Aside.

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.—

[Coming forward. They all start.

Hear me, ye wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

[sigh]

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but do I find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—

And thou, a kingdom,—all of you, allegiance

This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gave'st the duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Doom'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee,

And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent

Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,

And the most merciless, that era was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came.

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my vilest banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?

— Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses! —

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales.

For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's death

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days, before thy death;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers by,

And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son

Was stab'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age,

But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Hast thou the charm, then hateful widdershag

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou

shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the trouble of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affects thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The stains of nature, and the scorn of hell!

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!
SCENE III.

KING RICHARD III.

515

Glo. Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think.
That thou hadst call’d me all these bitter names.
Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look’d for no reply.
O! let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. ’Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.
Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath’d your curse against
yourself.
Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune; Why strew’st thou sugar on that bottle? spider,
Whose deadly web encraseth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet’st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me.
To help thee curse this pois’ned bunch-back’d toad.
Host. False-boasting woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.
Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov’d
mine.
Ric. Were you well serv’d; you would be taught
your duty.
Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.
Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.
Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are mala-
pert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What ‘t were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.
Glo. Good counsel, marry—learn it, learn it, mar-
quess.
Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.
Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorrs the sun.
Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your eyry buildeth in our eyry’s nest.—
O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!
Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.
Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher’d.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow’s rage!
Buck. Have done, have done.
Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I’ll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now, fair beafl thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood.
Nor them within the compass of my curse.
Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.
Q. Mar. I will not think, but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God’s gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:
Look, when he fawns, he bites: and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.
Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophets.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God’s! 
[Exeunt
Host. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.
Riv. And so doth mine. I muse, why she’s at
liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God’s holy mother
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her! 
Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.
Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid:
He is frank’d up to safety for his pains:—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!
Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, being well advis’d;
For had I curs’d now, I had curs’d myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.—
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with
me?
Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloster.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others,
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, ’t is the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng’d on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture.
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old end old stoln thrt of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others,
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them, ’t is the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
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With old end old stoln thrt of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution.
Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Mard. Tut, tut! my lord; we will not stand u
prate:
Talkers are no good doers: be assur’d,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears.
I like you, lad:—about your business? straight;
Go, go, despateh.
1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.


Edw. CLARENCE and BRACKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. 0! I have pass’d a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights;* That, as I am a Christian faithful man, would not spend another such a night,
Though ’t were to buy a world of happy days. So full of dismal terror was the time.
Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark’d to cross to Burgundii;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk.
Upon the hatches: thence we look’d toward England,
And cight up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befell’ us. As we pace’d along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,*
Struck me (that thought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly* death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw’d upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter’d in the bottom of the sea;*
Some lay in dead man’s skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were erect
(As ’twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That wood the dismal bottom of the deep,
And mock’d the dead bones that lay scatter’d by.

Brak. Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost;* but still the furious flood
Stop’d in my soul, and would not let it forth;
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smoother’d it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch in the sea.
Brak. Awak’d you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no: my dream was lengthen’d after life.
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass’d, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour* ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul.
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried* aloud.—*What seargour for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish’d. Then, came wandering
By a shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Daub’d in blood; and he shriek’d out aloud,—
"Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur’d Clarence,—
That stabb’d me in the field by Tewksbury,—
Seize on him, lads! torture him unto torment!"

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Envir’d me, and howl’d in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
I trembling walk’d, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keep, keep, keep! I have done these things:
That now give* evidence against my soul.
For Edward’s sake; and, see, how he requires me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng’d on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
Keeper, I pr’ythee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

[Setting down.] 1 Murd. Ho! who’s here?
Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam’st thou hither?
1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence; and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?
2 Murd. ’T is better, sir, than to be tedious.—
Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

[A Paper delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it:]
—Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning:
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I’ll to the king, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign’d to you my charge.
1 Murd. You may, sir; ’tis a point of wisdom
Fare you well. [Exit.]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?
1 Murd. No; he’ll say, ’t was done cowardly, when
he wakes.
2 Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 Murd. Why, then he’ll say, we stabb’d him sleeping.
2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.
1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?
2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to
be damn’d for killing him, from which no warrant
can defend me.
1 Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute. 25
2 Murd. So I am; to let him live.
1 Murd. I’ll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.
2 Murd. Nay, I pr’ythee, stay a little: I hope, this compassionate honour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

* A common proverb. 2 drop: in quarto. 3 line: in quarto. 4 ugly sights of death: in quarto. 5 This line is not in the quarto. 6 The line from, “had,” not in the quarto. 7 kept: in quarto. 8 seek: in quarto. 9 with: in quarto. 10 grim: in quarto. 11 spake: in folio. 12 the: in quarto. 13 Amen: in quarto. 14 I am afraid: in quarto. 15 hear: in quarto. 16 This and the three preceding lines, are not in the quarto. 17 Not a s f s 18 CLARENCE crosseth himself on a chair: in f. e. 19 This and the next line, not in the quarto. 20 passionate: in f e
SCENE III.

KING RICHARD III.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?
2 Murd. Faith, some certain drops of conscience are yet within me.
1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed’s done.
2 Murd. Sounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.
1 Murd. Where’s thy conscience now?
2 Murd. O! in the duke of Gloster’s purse.
1 Murd. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.
2 Murd. ‘Tis no matter; let it go: there’s few or none, will entertain it.
1 Murd. What, if it come to thee again?
2 Murd. I’ll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accustoms him; but a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour’s wife, but it detects him: it is a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man’s bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found: it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.
1 Murd. Sounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.
2 Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.
1 Murd. I am strong-fram’d; he cannot prevail with me.
2 Murd. Spoke like a tall man, that respects his reputation: Come, shall we fall to work?
1 Murd. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.
2 Murd. O, excellent device! and make a sop of him.
1 Murd. Soft! he wakes.
2 Murd. Strike.
1 Murd. No; we’ll reason with him.
1 Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.
Clar. In God’s name, what art thou?
1 Murd. A man, as you are.
Clar. But not, as I run, royal.
1 Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.
Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.
1 Murd. My voice is now the king’s, my looks mine own.
Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak.
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?
Both Murd. To, to, to—
Clar. To murder me?
Both Murd. Ay, Ay.
Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?
1 Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.
Clar. I shall be reconcil’d to him again.
2 Murd. Never, my lord: therefore, prepare to die.
Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men, To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the evidence that doth accuse me? What lawful quest have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc’d The bitter sentence of poor Clarence’ death?
Before I be convict by course of law, To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ’s dear blood shed for our grievous sins, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you undertake is damnable.
1 Murd. What we will do, we do upon command
2 Murd. And he, that hath commanded, is our king
Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings Hath in the table of his law commanded That thou shalt do no murder: will you then, Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man’s? Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand To hurl upon their heads that break his law
2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.
For false forswearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.
1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God, Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade Unripp’dst the bowels of thy sovereign’s son.
2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.
1 Murd. How canst thou urge God’s dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?
Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed.
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly.
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.
1 Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet.
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?
Clar. My brother’s love, the devil, and my rage.
1 Murd. Thy brother’s love, our duty, and thy faults;
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.
Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir’d for meed, go back again.
And I will send you to my brother Gloster Who shall reward you better for my life.
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.
2 Murd. You are deceiv’d: your brother Gloster hates you.
Clar. O! no: he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.
Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York Bless’d his three sons with his victorious arm, And charg’d us from his soul to love each other, He little thought of this divided friendship: Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.
1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he less’n’d us to weep.
Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.
1 Murd. Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;
’Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.
Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune, And hugg’d me in his arms, and swore, with oaths, That he would labour my delivery.
1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you From this earth’s thrall to the joys of heaven
2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls, To counsel me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your own souls so blind, That you will war with God by murder ing me?—O! sirs, consider, they that set you on To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, Being pent from liberty, as I am now, If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, Would not entreat for life? As you would beg Were you in my distress, so pity me.

1 Murd. Relent? no: it is cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me.

A beguine prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

1 Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do

[Stabs him.]

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[Exit with the Body.]

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done.

[Exeunt first Murderer.]  

1 Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother.

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,

For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[Exit.]

1 Murd. So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my meed, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

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ACT II.


Enter King Edward, led in sick. Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more at peace^ my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Host. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he that is the supreme king of kings,

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Host. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love.

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart.

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,

Nor you, son Dorset.—Buckingham, nor you:—

You have been factious one against the other:

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.


Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Host. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace, [To the Queen.] but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love.

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven,

When I am cold in love^ to you, or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!—

K. Edw. Good, indeed, as we have spent the day.—

Gloster, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord—

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have sought committed that is hardly borne

To any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service:

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;

Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset,

That all without desert have frown'd on me;

Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you:

The words "so pity me," are not in f. a. This and the four previous lines, are not in the quartos. * The folio has: Of this most grie

1 The words "so pity me," are not in f. a. This and the four previous lines, are not in the quartos. * The folio has: Of this most grie

saying order. 1 law m: in quartos. 4 seal: in quartos. 5 perfect: in quartos.
SCENE II

KING RICHARD III.

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know that Engishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night.
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
to take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer’d love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Ezz. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and man in the presence.
But his red colour hath forsak’d his cheeks.

K. Ezz. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers’d,

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a wing’d Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried.
God grant, that some, less noble, and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood.
Desire not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

Kneels.

K. Ezz. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Ezz. Then say at once, what is it thou requestest.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant’s life;
Whose slew to-day a rious gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Ezz. Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death, And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill’d no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sue’d to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel’d at my feet, and bade me be advis’d?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu’d me,
And said, “Dear brother, live, and be a king?”
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lay me ever in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance bruis’d wrath
Swallow’d pluck’d, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
But when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defeas’d
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself.
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—
Come, Hastings, prithee help me to my closet.

Ah, poor Clarence!

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset and Grey.

SCENE II. — London.

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so? and oft beat your breast:
And cry—“O Clarence, my unhappy son!”

Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father’s death.
It were lost sorrow to wait one that’s lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children. peace! the king doth love you well.
Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus’d your father’s death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok’d to it by the queen,
Devil’s impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss’d my cheek;
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. — Hark! what noise is this!

Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly; Rivers and Dorset, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I’ll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impertinence?
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king’s;

1 Not in f. 2 son: in quarto. 3 Not in f. e. 4 the same: in quarto. 5 placed: in quarto. 6 This word is not in f. o. 7 wretches: in quarto. 8 much: in quarto. 9 lost labour: to weep for: in quarto. 10 gullc: in quarto. 11 now the root is wither’d: in quarto. 12 the sap being gone: in quarto.
KING RICHARD III.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Cit. Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?
2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself. Hear you the news abroad?

1 Cit. Yes; that the king is dead.
2 Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady; seldom comes the better: I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed!
1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.
3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?
2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while. 3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublesome world.
1 Cit. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.
3 Cit. Wee to that land that's govern'd by a child.

Glo. Amen; [Aside.] and make me die a good old man—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing, 
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers, 
That bear this heavy mutual load of woe, 
Now cheer each other in each other's love: 
Though we have spent our harvest of this king, 
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-sworn hates, 
But lately splinter'd, knit, and joint'd together, 
Must gently be preserve'd, cherish'd, and kept: 
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train, 
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be sent 
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude, 
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out, 
Which would be so much the more dangerous, 
By how much the estate is green, and yet unguard'd. 
Where every horse bears his commanding rein, 
And may direct his course as please himself, 
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, 
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us; 
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all: 
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put 
To no apparent likelihood of breach, 
Which, haply, by such company might be urg'd: 
Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham, 
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine 
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow. 
Madam,—and you my sister,—will you go 
To give your censures in this business?

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince, 
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home; 
For by the way I'll sort occasion. 
As index to the story we late talk'd of, 
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory, 
My oracle, my prophet—My dear cousin, 
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. 

[Exeunt."

1 night: in folio. 2 lament: in quarto. 3 moans: in quarto. 4 This line is not in the folio. 5 This and the eleven preceding lines are only in the folio. 6 Madam: in quarto. 7 Not in folio. 8 hearts: in quarto. 9 This and the seventeen preceding lines, are only in the folio. 10 Select. 11 Introduction. 12 troubles: in quarto.
SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford, and at Northampton they do rest to-night;
To-morrow or next day, they will be here.

Duch I sang with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no: they say, my son of York
Forthwith avouched in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother. 

Duch. More than my uncle Gloster.

Q. Eliz. Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow space.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast.
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith,' 'good faith,' the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretch'dst thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely.

That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is: but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast.
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news with you?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have discover'd:
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet.
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
Too often up and down my sons were stroll.
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self:—O! preposterous
And frantic outrage, and thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Duch. Farewell, Madam.

Q. Eliz. Stay, I will go with you.

Arch. My gracious lady, go. [To the Queen.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep: and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.

Go; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of Wales, Gloster, Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts’ sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy: I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years Hath not yet div’d into the world’s deceit: No more can you distinguish of a man, Than of his outward show; which, God he knows, Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart. Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous; Your grace attended to their sugar’d words, But look’d not on the poison of their hearts: God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all. — [Exit Mayor, &c.

thought my mother, and my brother York. Would long ere this have met us on the way: Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not To tell us whether they will come or no. — Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the swelling lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary: the tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers. — Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him. And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land, Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too strict and abstinent, my lord, Too ceremonious, and traditional: Weigh it but with the goodness of his age, You break not sanctuary in seizing him. The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserved the place, And those who have the wit to claim the place.

This prince hath neither claim’d it, nor deserv’d it; Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence, that is not there. You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men, But sanctuary children, ne’er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o’er-rule my mind for once — Come on, lord Hastings; will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. — [Exit Cardinal and Hastings.

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two, Your highness shall repose you at the Tower Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit: For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. — Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. It is upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register’d, Methinks, the truth should live from age to age, As ‘t were retail’d to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne’er live long. — [Aside

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say without characters fame lives long. Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live: Death makes no conquest of his conqueror, For now he lives in fame, though not in life. — I’ll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man, I’ll win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I liv’d a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. — [Aside

Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread’ lord; so must I call you now. — Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours. Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord, You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord, York.

And therefore is he idle? —

Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

1 Camera Regis, a title of London. 2 in f. o. senseless-obstinate. 3 grossness : in f. o. 4 this : in f. o. 5 A character in all the old English Moralitys. 6 Usually. 7 dear : in quarto, 1602, and folio.
SCENE II. KING RICHARD III. 522

Glo. He in my command me as my sovereign,
But you have power o'er me as a kinsman.
York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.
York. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.
Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.
York. O! then, I see, you'll part with light gifts:
In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.
York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.
Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?
York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.
York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother inocks both you and me: Because that I am little, like an ape, He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders. Back. With what a sharply pointed wit he reasons: To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle, He pretty and aptly taunts himself. So cunning, and so young, is wonderful. Glo. My lord, wilt you please your grace to pass along? Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham, Will to your mother, to entreat of her To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you. York. What? will you go unto the Tower, my lord? Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so. York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower. Glo. Why, what should you fear?

Back. Think you, my lord, this little prating York Was not incensed by his subtle mother To taunt and scorn you thus approbromously? Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O! 'tis a perilsboy. Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable: He's all the mother's from the top to toe. Back. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby. Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend. As closely to conceal what we impart. Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:— What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter To make William lord Hastings of our mind, For the instaunl of this noble duke In the seat royal of this famous isle? Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince, That he will not be won to aught against him. Back. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will he not he?
Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.
Back. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby, And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose; And summon him to-morrow to the Tower, To sit about the coronation. If thou dost find him tractable to us, Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons: If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling, Be thou so too, and so break off the talk, And give us notice of his inclination: For we to-morrow hold divided councils, Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.
Glo. Command me to lord William: tell him, Catesby, His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle; And bid my lord, for joy of this good news, Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.
Back. Good Catesby, go: effect this business soundly.
Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can. Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep? Cate. You shall, my lord.
Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both. [Exit Catesby.

Back. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive Lord Hastings will not yield to our complets?
Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, where I am king, claim thou of me The carildom of Hereford, and all the moveables Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.
Back. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.
Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness. Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards We may digest our complets in some form. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before Lord Hastings' House.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord! my lord!—[Knocking at the door]
Hast. [Within]—Who knocks?
Mess. One from the lord Stanley.
Hast. [Within] What is it o'clock?
Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?
Mess. So it appears by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble self. Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm: Besides, he says, there are two councils kept; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th' other. Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure.— If you will presently take horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north, To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go; return unto thy lord. Bid him not fear the separated council: His honour and myself are at the one, And at the other is my good friend Catesby; Whereby nothing can proceed that toucheth us, Whereof I shall not have intelligence. Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance. And for his dreams—f I wonder he's so simple To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers. To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, Were to incense the boar to follow us, And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

1 sharp provided: in t. e. 2 This and the previous line, are not in the quartos. 3 Private. 4 willingness: in quartos. 5 So it should seem in quartos; fond: in quart.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower, Where, he shall see, the bear will use us kindly. 

Mess. I' ll go, my lord, and I'll tell him what you say. [Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord! 

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring. 

What news, what news, in this our tottering state? 

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord; And, I believe, will never stand upright. 

Till Richard wear the garnal of the realm. 

Hast. How? wear the garnal! dost thou mean the crown? 

Cate. Ay, my good lord. 

Hast. I' ll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders, Before I' ll see the crown so foul misplac'd. 

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? 

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward Upon his party for the gain thereof: 

And thereupon he sends you this good news,— That this same very day your enemies, 

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 

Hast. Indeed, I am no mounter for that news, Because they have been still my adversaries. 

But, that I' ll give my voice on Richard's side, To bar my master's heirs in true descent, God knows, I will not do it, to the death. 

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind. 

Hast. But I shall laugh at this time a twelve-month hence, That they which brought me in my master's hate, I live to look upon their tragedy. 

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me elder, I' ll send some packing that yet think not on't. 

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord, When men are unprepared, and look not for it. 

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so he will do With some men else, who think themselves as safe As thou, and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear To princely Richard, and to Buckingham. 

Cate. The princes both make high account of you; For they account his head upon the bridge. [Aside. 

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it. 

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your bear-spear, man? Fear you the bear, and go so unprovided? 

Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby,— 

You may jest on; but, by the holy rood, I do not like these several councils, I. 

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours; And never, in my days, I do protest, Was it so precious to me as 'tis now. 

Think you, but that I know our state secure, I would be so triumphant as I am? 

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London, Were jeocund, and suppose'd their states were sure, And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust: But yet, you see, how soon the day dier cast. 

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt: 

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! 

What, shall we go toward the Tower? the day is spent. 

Hast. Come, come, have with you.— Wet you what, my lord? —

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded. 

Stan. They for their truth might better wear their heads. 

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats. 

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow [Exit Stanley and Catesby] 

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee? 

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask 

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now, Than when thou met' st me last, where now we meet. 

Then, was I going prisoner to the Tower, By the suggestion of the queen's allies; 

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself) 

This day those enemies are put to death, 

And I in better state than ere I was. 

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good content. 

Hast. Gramery, fellow. There, drink that for me [Throwing his Purse. 

Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain? Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest: 

Your honour hath no sparing work in hand. 

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man, 

The men ye talk of came into my mind. 

What, go ye toward the Tower? 

Buck. I do, my lord: but long I cannot stay there: I shall return before your lordship thence. 

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there. 

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not [Aside. 

Come, will you go? 

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle. Enter Ratcliff, with a Guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, to execution. 

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:— 

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die 

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. 

Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you! 

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers. 

Vaug. You live, that shall ery woe for this hereafter. 

Rat. Despatch! the limit of your lives is out. 

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O, thou bloody priest, 

Fatal and ominous to noble peers! 

Within the guilty closure of thy walls, Richard the Second here was hack'd to death. 

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat, 

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink. 

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads. 

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and me, 

For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son. 

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Bucking- 

ham, 

Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God, 

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!
KING RICHARD III.

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SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Buckingham. Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely, Catesby. Lovel, and others, sitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.

Host. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?

Stan. They are: and want but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge? a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward 1 with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts, He knows no more of mine. than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and I are near in love.

Host. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But for his purpose in the coronation, I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my honourable 1 lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice.

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow, I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust, My absence doth neglect no great design.

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your ear, my lord, William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part, I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[Exit Ely.

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham. a word with you.

[Taking him aside.

Catesby hath sound'd Hastings in our business, And finds the testy gentleman so hot, That he will lose his head, ere give consent, His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it, Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile: I'll go with you.

[Exit Gloster and Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided, As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries.

Host. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning:

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's never a man in Christendom Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face?

By any livelihood 1 he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offender.

For we were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom the offenders: whose'er they be,

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil—

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

Consort'd with that harlot, strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor.

Oft with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear.

I will not dine until I see the same—

Lovel, and Ratcliff, look that it be done:

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exit Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.

Host. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me:

For I, too fond, might have prevented this,

Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;

And I did scorn it, and disdained to fly:

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started when he lock'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O! now I need the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, low mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come: despatch, the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shift; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O, momentary grace of mortal men.

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch: it is bootless to exclaim

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.

Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head.

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower Walls.

Enter Gloster and Buckingham, in rusty armour,

miserable ill-favoured, and in haste.

Glo. Come, cousin, cast thou quoit, and change thy colour,

Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thouwert distraught, and mad with terror?  

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.  

But to that end we wish'd your lordship here  
To avoid the censures of the earing world.  

And to that end we wish'd your lordship here  
To avoid the censures of the earing world.  

But since you come too late of our intent.  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.  

[Exit Lord Mayor]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall lies him in all post:  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the hastardly of Edward's children:  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives  
Even where his raging' eye, or savage heart,  
Without control lust to make a prey.  
Nay, for your need, thus far come near my person:  
Tell them, when that my mother went, with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France:  
And by true computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.  

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator  
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.  
Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle,  
Where you shall find me well accompanied,  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.  
Buck. I go: and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.  

[Exit Buckingham]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw:  
Go thou [To Car.] to friar Penker:—bid them both  
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.  

[Exit Lovel and Catesby]

Now will I go, to take some privy order,  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;  
And to give order, that no manner person  
Have any time recourse unto the princes  

SCENE VI.—A Street  
Enter a Scrivener, with a writing.  
Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord  
Hastings;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's:  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.  
The precedent was full as long a doing;  
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device?  
Yet who so bold, but says he sees it not?  
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought.  
When such ill dealing must be seen or thought.  

1 Tut! fear not me: in quartos.  
2 This line is not in the quartos.  
3 Pretending.  
4 death: in quartos.  
5 Insult: in f.s.  
6 Thus and the two previous lines, are not in the quartos.  
7 The rest of this direction is not in f. s.  
8 blind: in quartos.  
9 in: in f.s.
Enter Gloucester at one Door, and Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens? Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord, The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children? Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy, And his contract by deputy in France. Th'insatiate greediness of his desires, And his enforcement of the city wives: His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, As being got, your father then in France; And dis-resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments, Being the right idea of your father, Both in your form and nobleness of mind: Laid open all your victories in Scotland. Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse: And, when my oratory drew toward end, I bade them that did love their country's good, Cry,—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale. Which when I saw, I reprehended them, And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence? His answer was, the people were not us'd To be spoke to, but by the recorder. Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again — "This saith the duke, thus hath the duke infer'd;" But nothing spoke in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At lower end of the hall, hur'd up their caps, And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!" And thus I took the vantage of those few,—

"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I; "This general applause, and cheerful shout. Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;" And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear; Be not you spake with, but by mighty suit; And look you get a prayer-book in your hand, And stand between two churchmen, good my lord; For on that ground I'll make a holy descent; And be not easily won to our requests; Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it. Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them, As I can say nay to thee for myself, No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

[Banging heard.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here; I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter from the Castle, Catesby.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord, To visit him to-morrow, or next day. He is within, with two right reverend fathers, Divinely bent to meditation; And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd, To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen, In deep designs, in matter of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his grace. Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exeunt

Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward He is not biling on a lewd love-bed; But on his knees at meditation:

Not dallying with a brace of courtizans, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping to engross his idle body, But praying to enrich his watchful soul. Happy were England, would this virtuous prince Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof; But sore I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay! Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again —

Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to come to him: His grace not being warn'd thereof before, He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him. Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men Are at their beads, 'tis much to draw them thence; So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter Gloucester, with a book, in a Gallery above, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-men!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity; And, see, a book of prayer in his hand; True ornament to know a holy man.—

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lend favourable ear to our requests, And pardon us the interruption Of thy devotion, and right-Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology; I do beseech your grace to pardon me, Who, earnest in the service of my God, Defer'd the visitation of my friends. But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above And all good men of this universe'd else. Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence, That seems disgrac'd in the city's eye; And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might pleaseth your grace, On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land? Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestical, The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth, 1
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle cloth want her proper limbs;
Her face deface'd with scars of infancy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark 2 forgetfulness, and deep 3 oblivion.
Which to resecure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
Andingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause came I to move your grace.
Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproach.
Rest fettle my degrees or your condition:
If, not to answer, — you might haply think.
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded,
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitely thus I answer you. 4
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unequal, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the 5 ripe revenue and due of 6 birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,
Being a bawd to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me:
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will we come to see in need of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars:
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace,
But the respect thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to lady Lucy;
Your mother lives a witness to his vow:
And afterward by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distress'd widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase 7 of his wanton eye,
Seduce'd the pitch and height of his degree 8
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our mammers call the prince
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This prov'rd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this prov'rd love •
Cate. O! make them joyful; grant their lawful suit
Glo. Alas! why would you have this care on me?
I am unfit for state and majesty. 10
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, not I will not, yield to you.
Buck. If you refuse it, — as in love and zeal,
Loot to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates.
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.

Zounds, 11 citizens! we will entreat no more.

Glo. O! do not swear, my cousin Buckingham. 12

[Exit Buckingham.

Cate. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit.
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call him again: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [Exit Catesby
Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham. 14

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you now buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-face reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your more enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, 15 and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Loud live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd? 16
Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.
Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace:
And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work 18 again.

[To the Bishops

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell gentle friends.

[Exeunt

1 This line is not in the quartos. 2 blind: in quartos. 3 dark: in quartos. 4 This and the nine preceding lines, are not in the quartos.
5 my: in quartos 6 by: in quartos. 8 Booty. 9 all his thoughts: in quartos. 10 This line is not in the quartos. 11 dignity: in quartos.
12 Come: in i.e. 13 This line is only found in the quartos. (it there reads, "my lord of Buckingham," and is not given in med. eda
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen Elizabeth, Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset: on the other, Anne, Duchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence’s young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet.

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester!

Now, for my life, she’s wandering to the Tower,
In pure heart’s love, to greet the tender prince.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we’ll enter all together:

[Enter Brakenbury.]

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave.

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience, I may not suffer you to visit them.

The king hath strictly charg’d the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who’s that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect me from that kingly title! Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father’s mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother: Then, bring me to their sights; ’tis I’ll hear thy blame, And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so: I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Brakenbury.]

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, And I’ll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.— Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[To the Duchess of Gloucester.]

There to be crowned Richard’s royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder, That my pent heart may have some scope to beat, Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despightful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone! Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels: Thy mother’s name is ominous to her children. If thou wilt outright death, go cross the seas, And live with Richmond from the reach of hell. Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house, Lest thou increase the number of the dead, And make me die the thrall of Margaret’s curse,— Nor mother, wife, nor England’s counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.— Take all the swift advantage of the hours:

You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:—

Be not ta’en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispensing wind of misery!—

O, my accursed womb, the bed of death! A cockatrice hast thou hatch’d to the world,

Whose unavoidable eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O! would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain! Anointed let me be with deadly venom; And die, ere men can say—God save the queen.

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory, To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm. [now

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband Came to me, as I follow’d Henry’s core: When scarce the blood was well wash’d from his hands,

Which issu’d from my other angel husband, And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow’d: O! when, I say, I look’d on Richard’s face, This was my wish,—"Be thou,” quoth I, "accurs’d, For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou wak’dst, let sorrow haunt thy bed; And be thy wife (if any be so mad)

More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord’s death!"

Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time my woman’s heart Grossly grew captive to his honey words, And prov’d the subject of mine own soul’s curse: Which hitherto had held mine eyes from rest; For never yet one hour in his bed Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak’d. Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick; And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeeful welcome of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak’st thy leave of it.

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[To Dorset.]

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

[To Queen Elizabeth.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighth odd years of sorrow have I seen, And each hour’s joy wicked with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, ye ancient stones, those tender babes, Whom envy hath immur’d within your walls; Rough cradle for such little pretty ones! Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow For tender princes, use my babies well! So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exit ann.
SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Richard, crowned upon his Throne; Buckingham, Catesby, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!
Buck. My gracious sovereign.
K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice.

[Trumpets sound.] And thy assistance, is king Richard seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?
Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!
K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—
Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.
Buck. Say on, my loving lord.
Buck. Why, so you are, my three-tenoned lord.
K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.
Buck. True, noble prince.
K. Rich. O bitter consequence!
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—
Cousin, thou was't not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;
And I would have it suddenly perform'd,
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly: be brief.
Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.
K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindless freezes.
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?
Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this;
I will resolve you heretofore*.

Catesby. The king is angry: see, he gnaws* his lip.

[Aside.]
K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
[Descends from his Throne.]

And unrespective boys: none are for me,
That look into me with considerate eyes.
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!—

Page. My lord.
K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?
Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.
K. Rich. What is his name?
Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

[Exit Page.]

The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsellors.
Hath he so long held out with me until'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news with you?
Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.
K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentle
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him,—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me—

[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will speak out sin.
Fear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.
K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.
K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.
K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Fees to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbing,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrel. I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon 'll rid you from the fear of them. [Kneeling.]
K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
Tyrrel;

Go by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

[Tyrrel rises, and Richard whispers *]

There is no more but so—say, it is done.
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despacht it straight. [Exit.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son—well look unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith are pawn'd;
Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth
Did prophecy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started.

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

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1 Not in f. e. 2 honours: in quartos. 3 Immediately. 4 bids: in quartos. 5 Would: in quartos. 6 mean-born: in quartos. 7 Not in f. e. 8 f. e. have only "Whisperer." 9 thee: too: in quartos. 10 demand: in quartos. 11 The lines from this to "the giving coin to-day," are cut in the quarto.
K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?  
Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.  
K. Rich. Well, let it strike.  
Buck. Why, let it strike?  
K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keepest the stroke  
Betwixt thy begg'ring and my meditation.  
I am not in the giving vein to-day.  
Buck. Why then resolve me whether you will or no.  
K. Rich. Thou troubl'est me: I am in the vein.  
Exeunt King Richard angrily, and his Train.  
Buck. And is it thus? repro's he my deep service  
With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same.  
Enter TYRREL.  
TYR. The tyrannous and bloody act is done:  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, blooded dogs,  
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Went like two children in their death's sad story.  
"O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes."—  
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms:  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once, quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my But, O! the devil!"—there the villain stopp'd;  
When Dighton thus told on,—"we smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."  
Hence both are gone: with conscience and remorse,  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.  
Exeunt King Richard.  
And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!  
K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?  
TYR. If to have done the thing you gave in charge  
Betog your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.  
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?  
TYR. I did, my lord.  
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?  
TYR. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them:  
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.  
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,  
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.  
Mean time but think how I may do thee good,  
And be inheritor of thy desire.  
Farewell, till then.  
TYR. I humbly take my leave.  
[Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I sent up hence  
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage:  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.  
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richard aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.  
Enter CATESBY, in haste.  
Cat. My lord!—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?  
CATE. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Rich mond;  
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,  
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.  
K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near  
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.  
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting  
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;  
Delay leads impotent and snail-pace'd beggary:  
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,  
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.—  
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield:  
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.  
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. Before the Palace.  
Enter QUEEN MARGARET.  
Q. MAR. So, now, prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines still have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France: hoping, the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?  
[She stands back.  
Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York.  
Q. ELIZ. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation.  
Q. MAR. Hover about her; say, that right for right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.  
[Aside.  
Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.  
Edward Plantagenet! why art thou dead?  
Q. MAR. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet; [Aside.  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.  
Q. ELIZ. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle lambs,  
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was done?  
Q. MAR. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.  
[Aside.  
Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,  
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd  
Brief abstract and record of tedious days.  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,  
[Sitting down  
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood:  
Q. ELIZ. Ah! that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave  
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
Ah! who hath any cause to mourn, but we?  
[Aside.  
Q. MAR. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
[Coming forward.  
Give mine the benefit of seniory;  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand,  
If sorrow can admit society  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;  

---

1 The figure that struck the hours in the old clocks.  
2 May it please you to resolve me in my suit; in folio.  
3 This word is not in f. e.  
4 bloody i. in f. e.  
5 io: in f. e.  
6 But how, or in what place: in quarto.  
7 o'er: in quarto.  
8 army: in quarto.  
9 adversaries: in quarto.  
10 Not in f. e.  
11 This and the four preceding lines, are not in the quarto.  
12 These lines are not in the quarto.
KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV.

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him.


from forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-born'd, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his tooth before his eyes;
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth;
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal ear
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' mien!—

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes,
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Un timely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence,
Only resv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Enews his pieces and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, flames roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, the dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy; the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottle spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattener index of a direful pageant,
One head'd o' high, to be hurst down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sucs, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatten'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For one being sned to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caittif crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fear'd for one;
For one commanding all, obayed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wast
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance:
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O! thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day
Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he that slew them fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse:
Revolution this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woe's will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[Exit Queen MARGARET.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smoother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[A Trumpet heard.

The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclamis.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.
K. Rich. Who interprets me in my expedition?

Duch. O! she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where't should be branded, if that right were right,
For slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence.

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rall on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say!—

[Flourish. Alarums.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself
Duch. Then patiently hear! my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O! let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste
Duch. Art thou so hasty? I once* stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

---

Duck. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well;
Thou canst on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thine infancy:
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever grace'd me with thy company?
K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd thy grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgraceful in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum!
Duck. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.
Duck. Hear me a word;
For I shall never speak to thee again.
Duck. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;
Which in the day of battle tire thee more,
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st.
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.[Exit.
Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit
to curse
Anodes in me: I say amen to her.
[Going.
K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must talk a word with you.
Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to slaughter²; for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.
K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.
Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.
K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.
Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.
K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.
Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.
K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.
Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.
K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.
Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death.
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life,
K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.
Q. Eliz. Cousin's, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life,
Whose hands sweeter lanel'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
I'll fill it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To reveal in the entails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rent,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.
K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprises,
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven.
To be discover'd that can do me good?
K. Rich. Th'l advancement of your children gentle
lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of honour.
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of these wrongs,
Which thou supposest, I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindless
Last longer telling than thy kindless' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So, from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love do I thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter;
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What! thou?
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.
Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?
K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Q. Eliz. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrav'd
Edward and York; then, haply will she weep;
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Soul her a letter of thy noble deeds;²
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne
K. Rich. You mock me, madam: this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hast done all this.

¹ more behold: in folio. ² murder: in quartos. ³ of royal blood: in quartos. ⁴ This and the preceding speech we only in the folio mighty: in quartos. ⁵ fortune: in folio. ⁶ a story of thy noble acts: in quartos.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee.

Haring bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended.
Men shall call unadvisedly sometimes, Which after hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother.
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen:
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Treads' discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! have we many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall be again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother: to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her cars to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sob'reignty: acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chas'd
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.
Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make soin pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting
war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.
K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
Q. Eliz. To wait the title, as her mother doth.
K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?
Scene IV.

KING RICHARD III.

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It cannot be avoided, but by this; It will not be avoided, but by this. Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so) Be the attorney of my love to her. Please what I will be, not what I have been; Not my deserts, but what I will deserve; Urge the necessity of state and times; And be not peevish, fond in great designs. Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus? K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good. Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself? K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself. Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children. K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I'll bury them: Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed Selves of themselves, to your recomforture. Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will? K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed. Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me Richard, very shortly, And you shall understand from me her mind. K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. [Kissing her. Exit Q. ELIZABETH.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman! — How now! what news?

Enter Ratcliff in haste; Catesby following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back. 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral: And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore. K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of Norfolk: — Ratcliff, thyself; — or Catesby; where is he? Cate. Here, my good lord. K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke. Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste. K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury: When thou com'st thither, — dull, unmindful villain, [To CATESBY. Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke? Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure, What from your grace I shall deliver to him. K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby. — Bid him levy straight The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at Salisbury. Cate. I go. [Exit. Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury? K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go? Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before. [Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd. — Stanley; what news with you? Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing; Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad? What need'st thou run so many miles about. When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way? Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas. K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him. White-liver'd runagate! what doth he there? Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess. K. Rich. Well, as you guess? Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton He makes for England, here, to claim the crown. K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsaw'd? Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd? What heir of York is there alive, but we, And who is England's king, but great York's heir? Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas? Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess. K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege, You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes. Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear. Stan. No, my good lord; therefore, mistrust me not K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back? Where be thy tenants, and thy followers? Are they not now upon the western shore, Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships? Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north. K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north, When they should serve their sovereign in the west? Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king Pleadeth your majesty to give me leave, I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace. Where, and what time, your majesty shall please. K. Rich. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond: But I'll not trust thee. Stan. Most mighty sovereign. You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful. I never was, nor never will be false. K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men; but leave behind Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm, Or else his head's assurance is but frail. Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit STANLEY. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshe, As I by friends am well advertised, Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate, Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother, With many more confederates, are in arms. Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms And every hour more competitors Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong. Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham— K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death? [He strikes him There, take thou that, till thou bring better news. 3 Mess. The news I have to tell thy majesty Kneeling. Is that by sudden floods and fall of waters, Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd; And he himself wander'd away alone, No man knows whither. K. Rich. I ever thee mercy There is my purse, to eure that blow of thine. Rising. Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed Reward to him that brings the traitor in? 3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord
Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquess Dorset, 't is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms; But this good comfort bring to your highness,— The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest. Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks, If they were his assistants, yea, or no: Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham Upon his party: he, mistrusting them, Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms; If not to fight with foreign enemies, Yet to boat down these rebels here at home. Enter GATESBY.

Gates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken; That is the best news: that the earl of Richmond Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, Is colder news, but yet they must be told. K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here, A royal battle might be won and lost.— Some one take order, Buckingham be brought To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM led to Execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him? Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient. Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers, Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my destruction!— This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? Sher. It is.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday. This is the day, which, in king Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found. False to his children, or his wife's allies: This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted: This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs, That high All-Secr, which I dailied with, Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth he forse the swords of wicked men To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms. Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck. —"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow, Remember Margaret was a prophetess." — Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the duce of blame. [Exeunt Buckingham and Officers.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK

STAN. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me. — That, in the sty of the most bloody boar, My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold: If I revolt, off goes young George's head: The fear of that holds off my present aid. So, get thee gone: command me to thy lord. Urs. Oh, that the queen hath heartily consented, He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter. But, tell me, where is principely Richmond now? Chris. At Pembroke, or at Harfurd-west, is Wales STAN. What men of name and mark? resort to him? Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier; Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley; Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt, And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew, And many other of great name and worth; And towards London do they bend their power, If by the way they be not fought withal... STAN. Well, lie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand; My letter will resolve him of my mind. Farewell. [Giving Papers to Sir Christopher. Exeunt

SCENE II.—A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends, Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment; And here receive we from our father Stanley. [Shewing a Paper

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The reckless, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful vines, Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine Is? how now? even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march. In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends, To reap the harvest of perpetual peace By this one bloody trial of sharp war. Orf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men, To fight against this guilty homicide. Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us. Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for Which in his dearest need will fly from him. [Fare Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name march True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings, Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [Exeunt

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth field.—
KING RICHARD III.

Scene III.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.
K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—
Nor. Here, most gracious liege.
K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; in! must we not?
Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.
K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;
Soldiers begin to set up the King's Tent.

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that. —
Who hath described the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account: 
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground. —
Call for some men of sound direction. —
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay,
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter, on the other side of the Field, 
Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and other Officers.
Some of the Soldiers pitch Richard's Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a godly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall hear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent: 
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me. 

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent. —
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me: Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mist'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least, 
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, 
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it: 
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night. 

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. — Come, 
gentlemen.
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent, the dew is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter, to his Tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, 
and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock.
Cate. It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.

Give me some ink and paper.—

What is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege: and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, his thee to thy charge.

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Ratcliff! 

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night. —
Fill me a bowl of wine. — Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow. —
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself, Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to naye. —

[Exeunt Lords, &c., with Stanley.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law! 
Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother, Who prays continually for Richard's good: So much for that.—The silent hours steal on, 
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning; 
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement 
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.

I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms: 
But on thy side I may not be too forward, 
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George, 
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time 
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love, 
And ample interchange of sweet discourse, 
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon,
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap.

Least laden slumber pease me down to-morrow; 
When I should mount with wings of victory,
Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[Exeunt Lords, &c., with Stanley.

O! Thou, whose captain I account myself, [Kneeling.] 
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 
That they may crush down with a heavy fall Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!

Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory! 
[rising.
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy powerless arm. 4  Despair, and die.
   Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
[To Richmond]

Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of Buckingham rises.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown;

[To King Richard]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.
   I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richmond]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd;
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richmond fall in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish. King Richmond starts out of his dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind up my wounds!—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight,
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
   Is there a murderer here? No:—yes; I am:
Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason: why?
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale;
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, foul perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murther, stern murder, in the direst degree:
All several sins, all we'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
   I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threaten
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My lord.—
K. Rich.* Who's there?—
Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.
K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—

What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true?—
Rat. No doubt, my lord.*
K. Rich. —O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear—
Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.
K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

1 Nat in folio. 2 Not in f. e. 4 and : in f. e. 8 So the quarto, 1597; the other old copies: laid. 6 edgeless sword: in f. e. 9 per-
cy: in f. e. 8 Zounds, who's there : in quarto. 9 This and the previous speech, are not in the folio.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.

Enter Oxford and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, [Waking.] and watchful gentlemen,
That you have taken a tardy sluggard here.
Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart! is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream,
How far into the morning is it, lords?
Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction—
[He advances to the Troops.

More than I have said. Loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wounded souls.
Like high-ree'd bulwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, whose whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath.
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do swear to put a tyrant down.
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fate shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives.
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children1 quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.
K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.
K. Rich. He was 'tis the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[Clock strikes.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.

[Calendar brought.

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine: for, by the book,
He should have bra'y'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me?
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle.—Comparison my horse.—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward1 shall be drawn out in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst,
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow them
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a paper.

K. Rich. "Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,

[Revels.

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
For conscience is a sword that cowards use,
Devise'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords on law
March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell,
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell—
What shall I say more than I have inferred?—
Remember who you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would disfrain the one, distract the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow, Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost; A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weaning rags of France,
These faminis'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rascals, had hang'd themselves
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us.
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers-
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood:

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George’s head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass’d the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets!  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I’ll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!  [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; and exclaim, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais’d, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquir thee.

Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty,

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck’d off, to grace thy brows withal:

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all! —

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ‘en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red: —

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown’d upon their calamity! —

What traitor hears me, and says not, amen?

England hath long been mad, and scar’d herself,

The brother blindly shed the brother’s blood,

The father rashly slaughter’d his own son;

The son, compell’d, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided in their dire division. 4

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true successors of each royal house,

By God’s fair ordinance conjoin together;

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Rebate 5 the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood.

Let them not live to taste this land’s increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land’s peace;

Now civil wounds are stopp’d, peace lives again:

That she may long live here, God say, amen!

[Exeunt.
KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.
CRANNER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster; once, at Kimbolton.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow;
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it: such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too: those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shining
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded\(^1\) with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
To make that only true we now intend.
Will we never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town.
Be sad as we would make ye; think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there

Buck. An untimely age

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arden.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde.
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung,
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what fans of their eyes could have

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

\(^{1}\) Bordered.
The view of earthly glory; men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married.
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last.
Made former wonders it's: to-day the French
All cliquants, all gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gift: the madams, too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
'T was said, they saw but one: and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they praise 'em) by their heralds challenge'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compasse; that former fabulous story,
Being now seem possible enough, got credit,
That Bevies was believe'd.

**Buck.**
O! you go far.

**Nor.**
As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tractive of every thing
Would by a good discouerer lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view.

**Buck.**
The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

**Nor.**
One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

**Buck.**
I pray you, who, my lord?

**Nor.**
All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

**Buck.**
The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can, with his very bulk,
Take up the rays of the beneficent sun,
And keep it from the earth.

**Nor.**
Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not prop'd by ancestry, whose grace
Charls successors their way, nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, 'spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he's gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A girt that heaven gives him, and which buys
A place next to the king.

**Aber.**
I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him: let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a naggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

**Buck.**
Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
(Without the privy o' the king) t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

**Aber.**
I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

**Buck.**
O! many
Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister the consummation of
A most poor issue?

**Nor.**
Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

**Buck.**
Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden breach on 't.

**Nor.**
Which is bud'd out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

**Aber.**
Is it therefore
Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

**Nor.**
Marry, is't.

**Aber.**
A proper title of peace, and purchase'd
At a superfluous rate.

**Buck.**
Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

**Nor.**
Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his poteny
Together: to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful: and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock.
That I advise your shunning.

**Enter Cardinal Wolsey (the Purse borne before him)**
certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye
on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full
of disdain.

**Wol.**
The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

**1 Secr.**
Here, so please you.

**Wol.**
Is he in person ready?

**1 Secr.**
Ay, please your grace.

**Wol.**
Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [Exercise Wolsey, and Train
Buck. This butcher's ear is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's brood
Out-worths a noble's blood.

**Nor.**
What, are you chaf'd?

**Aber.**
Ask God for temperance; that's thy appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

---

1 Of Southampton, the hero of an old romance.
2 This sentence is assigned to Norfolk, in f. e.
3 A ball of fat, rolled up by butchers.
4 0: in folio. Steevens made the change.
5 To: in folio; which Knight retains.
6 minister communication: in f. e.
7 book: in f. e.
Buck. I read 'in's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' the king:
'Il follow, and out-stare him
Nor.

Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choleric question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-nettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour, quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do sing yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Nor. Say not, trea'sonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say 't, and make my vouch
As strong
As shore of rock. Attend: this holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infesting one another, yeas, reciprocally)
Only to show his pomp, as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king, our master,
To this last costly treaty, th' interview
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the riming.

Nor. Faith. and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew;
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,
As give a crust i' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation;
His fears were; that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.
Buck. No, no; not a syllable:
I do pronounce him in that very shape,
He shall appear in proof.

Enter Brandon; a Sergeant at Armes before him, and
Two or three of the Guard.
Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir, my lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo, you, my lord! The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocencce; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of
Be done in this and all things.—I obey.—
O! my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
[To Abergavenny]
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot.—No more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?
Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is span'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

ESCUTCHEON.

Buck. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir
Thomas Lovell, Officers, Secretary.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that shok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council
occupy their several Places: the Cardinal places himself under the King's Feet on his right Side.

A Noise within, exclaiming Room for the Queen! Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk: she kneels. The King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses her, and places her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us.—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, theyvent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as puffer-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
Whose honour heaven shield from soil! even he escapes not
Languish unmanfully; yea, such which breaks
The ties of royalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compel'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring ih' event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!

Wherein, and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in ought
Pertain's to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things, that are known, belike, which are not wholesome.

To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereignty would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The bark is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Alienage in them, their curses now,
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
Their tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.4

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing: let me say,
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stem
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hititing a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here, where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a preceedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trebling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.  Two the Secretary
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grie'd common
Hardly conceive of me: let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Farrther in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is one in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing, once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd amongst wonder, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if beseech'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what
you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the king
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberg'ny, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poulney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confessor's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued.—Neither the king, nor 's heir,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, but the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that it was dangerous
From this to ruminate on it so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answered, "Tush!
It can do me no damage?" adding farther,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd.
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah. ha!
There's mischief in this man.—Caust thou say farther?
Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich.
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him.—But on: what hence?
Surv. If, quo't he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
'Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made snit to come in 's presence, which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom
And this man out of prison?

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee
What say'st?
Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes.
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To shenthe his knife in us.—He is attach'd.
Call him to present trial; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none.
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He is a daring traitor to the height.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nor, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: on
would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin,
Or sprunghalt reign'd among them.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.—How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Low. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?
KING HENRY VIII.
ACT I.

Louv The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Louv. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining therunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it
They may, cum privilegio, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be lang'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities.

Louv. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle have no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting of them: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r-lady,
He'll current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands:
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?

Louv. To the cardinal's.

Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O! 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Louv. That charwoman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine,
Men of his sway should be most liberal;
They are sent for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be.
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal,
a longer Table for the Guests; then enter Anne Bul-}

len, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, as
Guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry
Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As, first, good company; good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y' are tardy.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas
Lovell.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Louv. O! that your lordship were but now consoled
To one or two of those.

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Louv. Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side. I'll take the charge of this.
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze.

Two women plaid together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking.
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[Sent himself between Anne Bullen and another Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, give me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad: in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her.

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and
takes his State.

Wol. Y' are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble;
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine must first rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry ganster,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing.—

Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace how they would talk anon.
[Drum and Trumpets within; Chambers discharged.
Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [Exit a Servant.
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE I. KING HENRY VIII.

Wol. What warlike voice, sir, and to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not; all the laws of war 'r privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is 't? Serv. A noble troop of strangers. For so they seem: they've left their barges, and landed; and his lordship is as great ambassadors from foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain, go, and pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them into our presence, where this heaven of beauty shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him: [Exeunt Chamberlain attended. All arise, and Tables removed.

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it. A good digestion to you all: and, once more, I shower a welcome on ye. Welcome all. 

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me. To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame of this so noble and so fair assembly, this night to meet here, they could do no less, out of the great respect they bear to beauty, but leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct, crave leave to view these ladies, and entertain an hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, they have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them a thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures. 

[Enter the King.


Wol. My lord!—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me. There should be one amongst them, by his person, more worthy this place than myself; to whom, if I but knew him, with my love and duty I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord. [Cham. whispers the Maskers, and returns. 

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess there is, indeed: which they would have your grace find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see them. [Comes from his State. By your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make my royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal. [Unmasking. You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord; you are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal, I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad, your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain, pray, be hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An I please your grace, sir Thomas Bulfin's daughter.

The viscount Rochford,—one of her highness' women. K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart I was unmanly to take you out, and not to kiss you. [Kisses her.] A health, gentleman. Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready? I pray the chamber. 

Louv. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace.

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much. 

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord in the next chamber. K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry: [party.

Good my lord cardinal! I have half a dozen healths to drink to these fair ladies, and a measure To lead them once again; and then let's dream Who's best in favour. [Let the music knock it. [Exeunt, with Trumpets.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. Whither away so fast? 2 Gent. Ay, sir, to the hall, to hear what shall become Of the great Duke of Buckingham. 

1 Gent. I'll save you that labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there? 1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I. 2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happen'd. 1 Gent. You may guess quickly what. 2 Gent. Is he found guilty? 1 Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it. 2 Gent. I am sorry for't. 1 Gent. So are a number more. 2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke came to the bar; where, to his accusations He pleaded still not guilty, and allege'd Many sharp reasons to defeat the law. The king's attorney, on the contrary, Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions Of divers witnesses, which the duke desire'd To have brought, vindicate, to his face: At which appeared against him, his surveyor; Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, Confessor to him; with that devil-monk, Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he, That led him with his prophecies? 1 Gent. The same. All these accuse'd him strongly; which he faint Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not And so his peers, upon this evidence, Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in, or forgotten.
2 Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His kneel rung out. his judgment, he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.
1 Gent. Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gent. Certainly.
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 Gent. 'Tis likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 Gent. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally;—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.
2 Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
1 Gent. Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment; Tipstaves before him: the Axe with the edge towards him; Halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common People.

2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done upon the premises but justice;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them,
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him. only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any faith in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake.
Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be:
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace,
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there!
The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun
Yet I am richer than my base successors,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will one day make them groan for;
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the eighth. life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes.—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me.
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when! they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me.

[Exeunt Buckingham, &c.]

1 Gent. O! this is full of pity. —Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!

What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir
2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gent. Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 Gent. I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have out of malice
To the good queen possess'd him with a scrape,
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
As all think, for this business.

1 Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purport'd.

2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but 'tis not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fail.

1 Gent. 'Tis woful,
We are too open here to argue this; —
Let's think in private more.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and
of the best breed in the north. When they were
ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by command and main power, took them from me;
with this reason.—his master would be served
before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped
our mouths, sir?"

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your grace.

Suff. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Fall of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suff. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so,
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suff. Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and desairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these, to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her,
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true,
These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for it. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that have so long slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie as one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please: his curses and his blessings
Tone me alike: they're breath I not believe in.
I know him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in,
And with some other business put the king,
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
My lord, you'll hear us company? [him.—

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.

Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Curtain drawn: the King is discovered sitting, and
reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha!

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves
Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.

Go to: I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

[raising his book.

Enter Wolsey and Campellius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome.

To Campellius.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

To Wolsey:

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[To Norfolk and Suffolk.

[1 Not in 2°.
Nor. They have given a precedent of wisdom above all princes, in committing freely our sample to the voice of Christendom. Who can be angry now? what envy reach you? The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, Must now confess, if they have any goodness, The trial just and noble. All the clerks, I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment, Invited by your noble self, hath sent One general tongue unto us, this good man, This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius; Whom once more I present unto your highness. K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome, And thank the holy conclave for their loves: They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for. Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves, You are so noble. To your highness' hand [Kneeling and rising again.] I tender my commission; by whose virtue, [The court of Rome commanding] you, my lord Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant, In the unpartial judging of this business. K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquain'ted Forthwith for what you came. — Where's Gardiner? Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her So dear in heart, not to deny her that A woman of less place might ask by law, Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her. K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal, Prythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner. Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you; You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They walk and whisper.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Place a this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then, of you or self, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him; And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous, Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him, That he ran mad, and died. Wol. Heaven's peace be with him! That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers There's places of rebuke. He was a fool, For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
SCENE IV.

KING HENRY VIII.

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an embalming? I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes
here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth
to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand: it values not your asking.
Our mistresses' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-
ings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marches of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender:
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and
wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham. Lady, I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit.
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well: [Aside.
Beauty and honour in her are mingled.
That they have caught the king; and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gen
To lighten all this isle?—[To her.] I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honoured lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courier beggarly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here, (hie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once: (t is an old story)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt—have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchese of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect;

No other obligation. By my life,
That promises more thousands: honour's train
Is lonzer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess.—Say,
Are you no stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this elate² my blood a jot; it raints me.
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars

Trumpets. Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers,
with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in
the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of
Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lin-
coln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next
them, with some small distance, follow a Gentleman
bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Car-
dinal's Hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver
Cross; then a Gentleman-Usker bare-handed, accom-
panied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver
Mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver
Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals
Wolsey and Campeius; two Noblemen with the
Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the
cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as
judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from
the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side
the court, in manner of a consistory: below them, the
Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of
the Attendants stand in convenient order about the
stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the
court.


K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the
court.


[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair,
goes about the court, comes to the King, and
kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas! sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off.
Take and you good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yes, subject to your censure: glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour

---

² Referring to the ball, one of the royal insignia. ³ approve: in f. e. ⁴ salute: in f. e.
i ever contradicted your desire, 
Or made it not mine too? or which of your friends 
Have I not strove to love, although I know 
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, 
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I 
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice 
He was from thence discharge'd. Sir, call to mind 
That I have been your wife, in the obedience, 
Upward of twenty years; and have been blesst 
With many children by you: if in the course 
And process of this time you can report, 
And prove it too, against mine honour aught, 
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, 
Against your sacred person, in God's name, 
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt 
Shut door upon me, and so give me up 
To the sharpest knife of justice. Please you, sir, 
The king, your father, was reputed for 
A prince most prudent, of an excellent 
An unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand, 
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one 
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many 
A year before: it is not to be question'd 
That they had gather'd a wise counsel to them 
Of every realm, that did debate this business, 
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly 
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may 
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel 
I will implore: if not, I, the name of God, 
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. 
You have here, lady, 
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men 
Of singular integrity and learning, 
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled 
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless, 
That longer you defer the court, as well 
For your own quiet, as to rectify 
What is unsettled in the king. 

Cam. 
His grace 
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam, 
It's fit this royal session do proceed, 
And that, without delay, their arguments 
Be now produce'd and heard. 

Q. Kath. 
To you I speak. 

Wol. 
Your pleasure, madam? 

Q. Kath. 
Sir, 
I am about to weep; but, thinking that 
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so) certain 
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears 
I'll turn to sparks of fire. 

Wol. 
Be patient yet. 

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before, 
Or God will punish me. I do believe, 
judge'd by potent circumstances, that 
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge 
You shall not be my judge; for it is you 
Have blown this coal betwixt your lord and me, 
Which God's due quench. Therefore, I say again, 
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, 
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more, 
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not 
At all a friend to truth. 

Wol. 
I do profess, 
You speak not like yourself: who ever yet 
Have stood to charity, and display'd thi' effects 
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom 
Overtopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong: 
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice

For you, or any: how far I have proceed, 
Or how far farther shall, is warranted 
By a commission from the consistory, 
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me, 
That I have found this coal: I do deny it. 
The king is present: if it be known to him, 
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound, 
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much 
As you have done my truth. If he know 
That I am free of your report, he knows, 
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him 
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to 
Remove these thoughts from you: the which, before 
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech 
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, 
And to say so no more. 

Q. Kath. 
My lord, my lord, 
I am a simple woman, much too weak 
To oppose your cunning. Ye are meek and humble-mouth'd; 
You sign your place and calling in full seeming, 
With meekness and humility; but your heart 
Is clam'd with arroganacy, spleen, and pride. 
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours, 
Gone slightly over low steps, and now are mounted 
Where powers are your retainers; and your words, 
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 'tis please 
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, 
You tender more your person's honour, than 
Your high profession spiritual; that again 
I do refuse you for my judge, and here, 
Before you all, appeal unto the pope, 
To bring my whole cause before his holiness, 
And to be judged by him. 

[She curtsies to the king, and offers to depart] 

Cam. 
The queen is obstinate, 
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and 
Disblainful to be tried by 't: it is not well. 
She's going away. 

K. Hen. 
Call her again. 

Crier. 
Katharine, queen of England, come into the court. 

Gent. Us? Madam, you are call'd back. 

Q. Kath. 
What need ye you note it? pray you, keep 
your way; 
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help! 
They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on. 
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more, 
Upon this business, my appearance make 
In any of their courts. 

[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants] 

K. Hen. 
Go thy ways, Kate: That man i' the world who shall report he has 
A better wife, let him be wondrous trusted, 
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone 
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness, 
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government, 
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out) 
The queen of earthly queens. She's nobly born; 
And, like her true nobility, she has 
Carried herself towards me 

Wol. 
Most gracious sir, In humblest manner I require your highness, 
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing 
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound, 
There must I be unloos'd, although not there 
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I 
Did broach this business to your highness, or 

1 kind in f. e desire: in f. e. 2 In some mod. eds. this speech is given, without warrant, to Griffith.
SCENE I. — The Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and her Women, as at work

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wenches: my soul grows sad with troubles;

Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working,

song,

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Brow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had made a lasting spring.

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning three. Thus, huzzing! in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, wherein we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverence fathers of the land,
And doctors learned. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln: you remember
How under my oppression I did seek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.
K. Hen. I have spoke long: be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring's counsel which I had to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury: and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on,
For no dislike it the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward,
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [Aside.
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory solace, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach. I know,
My comfort comes along. [Aloud.]—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the seas,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art.
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!
Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?
Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their grace
To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business?
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness,
Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There’s nothing I have done yet, o’ my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Eavy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even. If your business
Sack me out, and that way I am wise in,
but with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina sere-
nissima.—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv’d in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
picious:
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress’ sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willingst sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv’d in English.

Wol. Noble lady, I am sorry; my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour ever good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Can. Most honour’d madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offer, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [Aside.
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; (pray God, ye prove so!) But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a part of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king’s love with the
fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England, But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel? Or be a known friend, (against his highness’ pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest) And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king’s pro-
tection;
He’s loving, and most gracious: ’twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o’ertake you,
You’ll part away disgrac’d.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet: there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Can. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men! thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-
fort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh’d at, scorn’d?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn’d ye:
Take heed, for heaven’s sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distinction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen’s habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish’d me his bedside already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Can. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv’d thus long,—let me speak
myself.
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov’d him next heaven? obey’d
him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? ’tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne’er dream’d a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty, To give up willingly that noble title. Your master wed me to: nothing but death Shall ever divorce my dignities.

Wal. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grew upon it! Ye have angels’ faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady? Am I the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes! To Her Women.

Shipwreck’d upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, Almost no grave allow’d me.—Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field and flourish’d,
I’ll hang my head, and perish.

Wal. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You’d feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady, Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them:
For goodness sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king’s acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms,
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you’ll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak woman’s fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it: not for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost study in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me.
If I have us’d myself unmanfully:
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seamy answer to such persons.
Pray do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers.
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers:
Bestow your counsels on me: she bow he:
That little thought, when she set touting here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King’s Apartment.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constancy, the cardinal Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time. I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke.
To be reveng’d on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontrovertibly gone by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,

Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures
What he deserves of you and me. I know,
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in’s tongue.

Nor. 0! fear him not,
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he’s settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Nor. O! how? how?

Suf. The cardinal’s letter to the pope mis-carried,
And came to the eye of the king; wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entertain that holiness
To stay the judgment of the divorce; for if
It did take place, “I do,” quoth he, “perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen’s, lady Anne Bullen.”

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient’s death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord:
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now may all joy!

Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to’t.

Nor. All men’s.

Suf. There’s order given for her coronation.
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ear uncounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz’d.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal’s?

The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be more wasps than buzz about his nose.
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta’en no leave.
Has left the cause of the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried, he! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him
And let him cry ha! louder.

Nor. But, my lord.

When returns Cranmer?
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III.

Suf. He is return'd in his opinions, which have satisfied the king for his divorce, together with all famous colleges. Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe, his second marriage shall be publish'd, and his coronation. Katharine no more shall he call'd queen, but princess dowager, and widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain in the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him for it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

The cardinal

[They stand back.]

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

Nor. Observe, observe; he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber. Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently.

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd, he did it with a serious mind; a heed was in his countenance: you he bade attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile. [Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon, the French king's sister; he shall marry her.—Anne Bullen? No: I'll no Anne Bullen for him: there's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen! Now we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish to hear from Rome. —The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king does what his anger to him. Suf. Sharp enough, Lord! for thy justice.

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter, to be her mistress: mistress! the queen's queen! —This candle burns not clear; 't is must smit him; then, out it goes.—What though I knew her virtuous, and well deserving, yet I know her for a spleeny Lutheran: and not wholesome to our cause, that she should lie in' the bosom of our hard-ru'd king. Again, there is sprung up an heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one Hath crawled into the favour of the king, and is his oracle. [Retires, musing.]

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string.

The master-chord on his heart.

[Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovell.]

Suf. The king, the king!

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated, to his own portion! and what expense by the hour seems to flow from him! How, 't is the name of thrift, does he raise this together? —Now, my lords: saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have [Coming forward.]

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts. Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground. Then lays his finger on his temple: straight, springs out into fast gait; then, stops again, strikes his breast hard: and anon he casts his eye against the moon. —In most strange postures we have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning papers of state he sent me to peruse, as I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found there, on my conscience, put unwittingly? Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—The several parcels of his plate, his treasure, rich stuffs, and ornaments of household: which I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will:

Some spirit put this paper in the packet, to bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think his contemplation were above the earth, and fix'd on spiritual object, he should still dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid, his thinkings are below the moon, not worth his serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]

Wol. Heaven forgive me! [Amazedly]

Ever God bless your highness.

K. Hen. Good my lord, you are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory of your best graces in your mind, the which you were now running o'er: you have scarce time to steal from spiritual labour a brief span, to keep your earthly audit. Sure, In that I deem you an ill husband, and am glad To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir, for holy offices I have a time; a time to think upon the part of business, which I bear in the state; and nature does require her times of preservation, which, performe, I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal, must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together, as I will lend you cause, my doing well with my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again; and this is a kind of good deed to say well: and yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you: he said he did, and with his deed did crown his word upon you: since I had my office, I have kept you next my heart; have not alone Employ'd you where high profits might come home, but par'd my present havings, to bestow my bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean? [Aside]

K. Hen. The Lord increase this business! [Aside]

Nor. Have I not made you the prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me, if what I now pronounce you have found true; and, if you may confess it, say withal, if you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal grace, Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could my studied purposes require; which went beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours have ever come too short of my desires, yet fill'd with my abilities. Mine own ends have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
I'the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Head'd upon me, poor under sewer, I
Can nothing render but allegate thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing;
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as I the contrary,
The founlness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd I love, my person rain'd honour, more
On you than any, so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open't. —Read over this:
[Giving him Papers, And, after this, and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the
Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntman that has gall'd him,
Ther,' makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
[Opens the Paper and reads, trembling.]
This paper has undone me! —'Tis th'account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by. —What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
Now no device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this?—'To the
Pope?'
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
And from that ful: meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.
[Sinks in a chair.
Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the
Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.
Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal, who
commands you
To render up the great seal presently

Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol. Stay: |Rising.'
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it.
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy;
As if it fed ye: and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your curious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king.
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness.
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest.
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy thickest parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my eredit,
Answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth.
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou shouldst feel
My sword: the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You write to the pope, against the king; your goodness
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk.—as you are true noble
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despid'd w[ill], our issues,
(Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen)
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life—I'll startle you
Worse than the saering bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But, that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
But, this much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much farther,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of those articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
it is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head. Have at you,—
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrote to be a legate; & the which power
You mutinied the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you write to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, Ego et Rex nus
Was still inscrib'd: in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or counsel, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalius, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Sur. That out of mere ambition you have cans'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stances,
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere' undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord!
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue,
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.


Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a pretium,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[Exeunt all but Wolsey.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost:
And, when he heeds, good easy man, full sure;
His greatness is a ripening.—Nips his root.
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me.
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world. I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pause and fears than wars or women have.
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amaz'd.

Why, how now, Cromwell
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd?
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from those shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars. out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O! 'tis a burden. Cromwell, 'tis a burden.
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
Use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far.
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience: that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears went on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Install'd lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour.
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?

Thou art the man!—cherish those hearts that hate the
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Crom-
well!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.
Serve the king: and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny: 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell.
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have lett me naked to mine enemies,
Crom. Good sir; have patience.

Wol. So I have. — Farew—
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.  

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You're well met once again.
2 Gent. So are you.

1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
behold
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 Gent. "Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial;
1 Gent. "Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 Gent. "Tis well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds:
As, let'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of that day with shows,
Paintings, and sights of honour.

1 Gent. Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward: next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 Gent. I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have beheld to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katherine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
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Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

 Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay: to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late seruile, by the main aspect
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton.
Where she remains, now, sick.

2 Gent. Alas, good lady!—

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[Trumpets.]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of Trumpets.

1. Then, two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.
3. Choristers singing.

[Music.

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter
   in his coat of arms; and on his head he wore a gilt
copper crown.

5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold: on his
   head a demi-coronial of gold. With him the Earl
   of Surrey, bearing the rest of silver with the dove:
crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.

6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on
   his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-
steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the
   rod of marshallship: a coronet on his head.
   Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it,
   the Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned
with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the
Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold,
worshipped, with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circles of
gold without flowers.
2 Gent. A royal train, believe me.—These I know:
Who's that, that bears the sceptre?
1 Gent. Marquess Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 Gent. A bold brave gentleman. That should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 Gent. 'Tis the same: high-steward.
2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 Gent. Yes.
2 Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady,
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 Gent. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.
2 Gent. Those men are happy; and so are all, are
near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And sometimes falling ones.
1 Gent. [Exit Procession, with a great flourish of
Trumpets.
[Enter a third Gentleman.
God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 Gent. Among the crowd 'tis the abbey where a
finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 Gent. You saw the ceremony?
3 Gent. That I did.
1 Gent. How was it?
2 Gent. Well worth the seeing.
3 Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.
3 Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream,
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrunds make at sea in a stiffest tempest
As loud, and to as many times: hats, cloaks,
[Doublets, I think] flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2 Gent. But, what follow'd?
3 Gent. At length her grace arose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung To Dewm. So she parted,
And with the same full state pale'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 Gent. Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.
3 Gent. I know it
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of Winclester,
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary;
The other, London.
2 Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 Gent. All the land knows that,
However, yet there's no great breach, when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 Gent. Who may that be, I pray you?
3 Gent. Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king has made him
Master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 Gent. He will deserve more.
3 Gent. Yes, without all doubt
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk theither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.
[Enter Katharine, Dowager, sick; led between Grif
fith and Patience.
Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death.
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.—
[Sits down
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to it.
Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died?
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam.
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man.
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester; Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot, With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him; To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness Pursu'd him still: and three nights after this, About the hour of eight, which himself Foretold should be his last, full of repentance, Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie lightly on him: Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity,—He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play; His own opinion was his law: 'tis the presence He would say untruths, and he ever double, Both in his words and meaning. He was never, But where he meant to run, pitiful: His promises were, as he then was, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing. Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam, Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water. May it please your highness To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith; I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal, Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one; Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading: Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer: And though he were unsatisfied in getting, (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely. Ever witness for him Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you. Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good man² did it: The other, though unfinished, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little: And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me. With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!— Patience. be near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith, Cause the musicians play me that sad note I sam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to.

For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden wands on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first converge unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spere garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverent curstses: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,

Waking.

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! saw you not, even now, a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis'd me eternal happiness, And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me.

[Music ceases. Pat. Do you note, How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden? How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks, And of an earthy coldness?² Mark her eyes! Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her! Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—Kath. You are a saucy fellow

Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon. [Kneeling]

My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger. Re-enter Griffith, with Capaclus. If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew; and your name Capaclus.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord! The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady, First, mine own service to your grace; the next, The king's request that I would visit you; Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me Sends you his princely commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O! my good lord, that comfort comes too late: ’Tis like a pardon after execution.
That gentle phrase, given in time, had cur’d me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish’d the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,
I can’t you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam. [Giving it to Katharine.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,
I hope, she will deserve well: and a little
To love her for her mother’s sake, that lov’d him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long,
Have follow’d both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one. I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty, and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men:—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me:—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleas’d to have given me longer life,
And able means, I had not part’d thus.
These are the whole contents:—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed.
Stand these poor people’s friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless’d him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us’d with honour: strow me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave. Embalm me;
Then lay me forth: although unqueen’d, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — [Execut, leading Katharine

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.
Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a
Torch before him; met by Sir Thomas Lovell.
Gar. It’s one o’clock, boy, is’t not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas;
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed, I’ll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What’s the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to ’t, give your friend
Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen’s is
In labour;
They say, in great extremity, and fear’d,
She’ll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb’d up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could

1 is: in folio. Theobald made the change. 2 Summoned.
LEO. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant.

[Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night: My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles,
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou, ha! To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady! Let God safely quit her of her burden
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles: Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone,
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

SUF. I wish your highness
A quiet night; and my good mistresses will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.— [Exit Suffolk.]

Enter Sir Anthony Denney.

SIR ANTHONY DENNEY. Well, sir, what follows?

DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

DEN. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denney?

DEN. He attends your highness' pleasure.


Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:
As I am happily come hither.

Re-enter Denney, with Cranmer.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery. [Lovell seems to stay.]

Lov. Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—[Exeunt Lovell and Denney.

Cran. I am fearful.—Wherefore frowns he thus?

K. Hen. It is my duty [Kneeling.]

'T is his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty [Kneeling.]

'T attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand,
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: to a brother of us,
It fits me thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness
And am right glad to catch this good occasion

[To Cranmer.]

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my staff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calamitous tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up.

[To Canterbury.]

Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without insurance, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The ground I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands in the world, with the whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth of the question carries
The due of the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves, as corrupt,
To swear against you: such things have been done:
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Wecu you of better luck,
I mean in perjur'd witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd:
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precept of no leap of danger,
And woe your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to,
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps.
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [Exit Cranmer.] He has
Strangled his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady, in haste.

GENT. [Within.] Come back: what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels

1 Not in f. e. 2 you: in f. e. 3 Not in f. e. 4 good: in f. e.
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege; And of a lovely boy; the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Re-enter LOVELL. Give her an hundred marks I'll to the queen.
[Exit King.

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment:
I will have more, or seold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unmay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle- man
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast! what means this? Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord; But y'et I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.
[Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad, [Aside I came this way so happily: the king
Shall understand it presently. [Exeunt BUTTS.

Cran. 'Tis Butts, The king's physician. As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me. 
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain, This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice) To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor
Mong boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter The King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day. K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury; Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants, Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed. Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I had thought, They had parted so much honesty among 'em, (At least good manners) as not thus to suffer A man of his place, and so near our favour, To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon.—[Exeunt.

ACT V.

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, Gardiner, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CRON- WELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Cham. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours, The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Nor. Yes.

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop; And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Cham. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

Cranmer approaches the Council-table: Cham. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry To sit here at this present, and behold That chair stand empty; but we all are men, In our own natures frail, and culpable; Of our flesh; few are angels; out of which frailty, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misleadem'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains (For so we are inform'd) with new opinions, Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity To one man's honour, this contagious sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitted in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress, Both of my life and office, I have laboured, And with no little study, that my teaching, And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely: and the end Was ever, to do well: nor is there living (I speak it with a single heart, my lords,) A man, that more detests, more strives against Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of the public peace, than I do. Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, That in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face. And freely urge against me.

Suff. Nay, my lord. That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
KING HENRY VIII.

SCENE II.

And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment, We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure, And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower: Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you; You are always my good friend: if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, You are so merciful. I see your end; 'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition: Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience In doing daily wrongs. I could say more: But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary: That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers, To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been: 't is a cruelty, To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest; Man's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much:

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner: There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords? All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome. Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Cran. Must I go like a traitor thither?

Enter Guard.

Gar. Receive him, and see him safe in the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords; I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords: By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripe of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester; but know, I come not To hear such flattering now, and in my presence: They are too thin and base to hide offences. To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure, Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody,— Good man, [To CRANMER.] sit down. Now, let me see the proudest, [CRANMER sits.] He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee: By all that's holy, he had better starve, Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me I had thought, I had had men of some understanding And wisdom of my council; but I find none. Was it discretion, lords, to let this man, This good man, (few of you deserve that title) This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy At chamber door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power, as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a grooms. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have the while I live.

Chan. Thus far My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him: Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it. I will say thus much for him: if a prince May be beholding to a subject, I Am, for his love and service, so to him. Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:

[They embrace him: GARDNER last. Be friends, for shame, my lords — My lord of Canterbury.}
I have a suit which you must not deny me; That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism, You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory In such an honour; how may I deserve it, That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons.1 You shall have two noble partners with you; The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset: Will these please you? Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you, mbrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart, And brother's love, I do it. [Embrace again.] Cran. And let heaven Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation. K. Hen. Good man! those joyous tears show thy The common voice, I see, is verified [true heart. If thee, which says thus, 'Do my lord of Canterbury A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—] Ceme, lords, we trifle time away; I long To have this young one made a Christian. As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; So I grow stronger. you more honour gain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and Tumult within. Enter Porter and his Mon.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder. Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged. You rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—[I] will scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals? [Tumult within.]

Mon. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, 'tis to make 'em sleep. On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's. as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Mon. Alas, I know not: how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot. (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Mon. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand, To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any, That had a head to hit, either young or old, He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, Let me n'er hope to see a queen* again; And that I would not for a crown,* God save her. [Within.] Do you hear, master Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Mon. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozes? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great toll come to court, the women so besiege us? [Noise.] Bless me, what a cry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Mon. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog days now reign in his nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake2 did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharge'd against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a harb'dasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer* fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, claps!3 when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on: I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me: I defam'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was among 'em, I think surely. [Shouts.] Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play house, and fight for bitten apples: that no audience but the Tribulation4 of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse5, their dear brothers, are able to endure. have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come. [Tumult and Shouts.]

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knives?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done? An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly, and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect. Y' are lazy knives: And here ye lie baiting of bombards,12 when [Trumpets.] Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound; They're come already from the christening, Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months. Port. Make way there for the princess.

Mon. You great fellow, [Tumult and confusion.] Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache. Port. You 't' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck you o'er the pole10 else. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts, then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the 1 A custom is here referred to, of sponsors presenting spoons to a child at baptism. They were called Apostles spoons, from the figure carved at the top of their handles. 2 These words are not in f. e. 3 A bear-garden on the Bank-side: also used for dramatic performances 4 These words are not in f. e. 5 chine: in f. e. 6 cow: in f. e. 7 Not in f. e. 8 A trump: also, a kind of firework. 9 Cap: no shaped 10 The usual city cry. 11 Not in f. e. 12 A reference to some Puritan set, or place of assembly. 13 Not in f. e. 14 Large beaker vessels for holding liquor. 15 Not in f. e. 16 pales: in f. e. ACT V.
child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other gotmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Cran. Heaven, From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth! 

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen.

[Kneeling.]

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—

All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop.

What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth. 

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. [Cran. rises.]

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee! 
Into whose hand I give thy life. [Kissing the child.

Cran. 

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant.—heaven still move about her!—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her; she shall be lov'd, and fear'd; her own shall bless her.

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.

in her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phantax,
Her ashes now create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;—
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [New]
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders. Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England.

An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deal to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die:
She must; the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unsnapped lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren. I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence.
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords.—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exit]

EPILOGUE.

This is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their case,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abuse'd extremely, and to cry.—"that's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,

All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we should 'em. If they smile.
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours: for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.  
Hector,  
Troilus,  
Paris,  
Deiphobus,  
Helenus,  
Aeneas,  
Antenor,  
Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.  
Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.  
Margareton, a Bastard Son of Priam.  
Agamemnon, the Grecian General.  
Menelaus, his Brother.  

Achilles,  
Ajax,  
Ulysses,  
Nestor,  
Diomedes,  
Patroclus,  
Thersites, a deformed and senrilious Grecian.  
Alexander, Servant to Cressida.  
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.  
Helen, Wife to Menelaus.  
Andromache, Wife to Hector.  
Cassandra, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.  
Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.  

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.  

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

THE PROLOGUE 

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,  
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that were  
Their crowneis regal, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris asleep; and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedes they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there digorge  
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,  

And Antenorides, with massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Sperr'd up the sons of Troy.  
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard.—And lother am I come  
A Prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence  
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,—  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt* and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away  
To what may be digested in a play.  
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now, good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet*: I'll unarm again;  
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?  
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,  
Let him to the field; Troilus, alas! hath none.  
Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?  
Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

UTTERED

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.  
Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part,  
I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that  
will have a cake out of the wheat must tar the grinding.  
Tro. Have I not tarried?  
Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarrey the bolting.  
Tro. Have I not tarried?

---

* First printed in the folio.  

** The words in parenthesis are not in the folio.  

* Stir: in folio.  

Theobald made the change to sperr, or tarrey.
Pan. Ay, the boiling; but you must marry the leavenging.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavenging: but here's yet, in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be, Doth lesser bleanch at suffrance than I do. At Priam's royal table do I sit; And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,— So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart, As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain, Lest Hector or my father should perceive me, I have (as when the sun doth light a storm) Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile; But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness, Is like that nirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her, —but I would somewhat had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,— When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd; Reply not in how many fathom's deep They lie indreche'd, I tell thee, I am mad In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair; Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice; Handiest in thy discourse, O! that her hand, In whose comparison all whites are ink; Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me, As true thou tell'st me, when I say,—I love her; But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus! Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me? Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind in her father's: let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in't the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there end. [Exit Pan. An Alarum.]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair;
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus!—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
And she is stubborn-cluste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl.
Between our Ilmias, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts; 1
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: it is but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus's horn. [Alarum.]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if I might, "were may."—

But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come; we go, then, together. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Heeuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower Whose height commands as subject all the vale, To see the battle. Hector, whose patience Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd: He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer; And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light, And to the field goes he; where every flower Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, thus: there is among the Greeks A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector; They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attendant but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every

1 Is setting.
thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a
gouty Brionus, many hands and no use; or purblind
Argus, all eyes and no sight.
Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?
Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the
battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame
whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and
sinking.

Enter Pandarus.
Cres. Who comes here?
Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.
Cres. Hector's a gallant man.
Alex. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What's that? What's that?
Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you
talk of—Good morrow, Alexander. How do you,
cousin? When were you at Ilium?
Cres. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere you came to Ilium?
Helen was not up, was she?
Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.
Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.
That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cres. So he says, here.
Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too. He'll
lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's
Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take
need of Troilus, I can tell them that too.
Cres. What, is he angry too?
Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of
the two.
Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.
Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do
you know a man if you see him?
Cres. Ay: if I ever saw him before, and knew him.
Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.
Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is
not Hector.
Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.
Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.
Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he
were—
Cres. So he is.
Pan. —Condition. I had gone bare-foot to India.
Cres. He is not Hector.
Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. Would 'a
were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must
friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well— I would, my
heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better
man than Troilus.
Cres. Excuse me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. Th' other's not come to 't; you shall tell me
another tale, when th' other's come to 't. Hector shall
not have his wit this year.
Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.
Pan. Nor his qualities.
Cres. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beauty.
Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself
swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour,
(for so 't is, I must confess)—not brown neither—
Cres. No, but brown.

1 The palace of Priam was so called by the romance writers. 2 Bow-window. 3 Thief.
scene ii.  

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

husband?” “The forked one,” quoth he; “pluck’t out, and give it him.” But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. Let it now set, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on’t.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I’ll be sworn, it is true: he will weep you, an’t were a man born in April.

Cres. And I’ll spring up in his tears, an’t were a bottle against May.

[retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilion? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here’s an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I’ll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ANAEAS passes over the Stage.

Pan. That’s Anaeas. Is not that a brave man? he’s one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who’s that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That’s Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he’s a man good enough: he’s one of the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of his person.—When comes Troilus?—I’ll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That’s Hector: that, that, look you, that; there’s a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There’s a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there’s a countenance. Is’t not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is’t not? It does a man’s heart good—Look you what hackles are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There’s no jesting: there’s laying on, take’t off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing. he cares not; an the devil come to him, it’s all one: by god’s lid, it does one’s heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is’t not a gallant man too, is’t not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he’s not hurt: why, this will do Helen’s heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who’s that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That’s Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is.

That’s Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That’s Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he’ll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What speaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that’s Deiphobus.—‘Tis Troilus! there’s a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack’d than Hector’s: and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne’er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye’s worth to boot.

Soldiers pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die if the eyes of Troilus. Ne’er look, ne’er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a dryman, a porter, a very canel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like*, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a miniced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man’s date’s out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; upon my mask, to defend my beauty; and upon you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I’ll watch you for that; and that’s one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it’s past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

[Enter TROILUS’ Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house*; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I’ll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[Exit PANDARUS

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love’s full sacrifice, He offers in another’s enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see, Than in the glass of Pandar’s praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, woe’s;
Things won are done, joy’s soul lies in the doing;— That she belov’d knows nought, that knows not this,— Men prize the thing ungain’d more than it is:— That she was never yet, that ever knew Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.

* so forth; * money; in folio.  * The rest of the line a not in the folio.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achieved men still command;* ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.


Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infest the sound pine, and divert his grain;
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us;
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surprised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with checks abash'd behold our wrecks;* and call* them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persitance constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all afin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad* and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk:
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thea, and, anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Both valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,*
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flits fleed under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent 'tis in self-same key,
Replies* to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation.
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway.—

[To Agamemnon]

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life.—

[To Nestor]

I give to both your speeches, which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As Venerable Nestor, hatch'd* in silver,
Should with a boul of air (strong and the axletree
On which heaven rides) knot all the Grecian ships
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both.
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of seas expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master.
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworacthest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre.
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and erack, rend and deraecinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets*
In mere oppugnacy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly secound with will and power;

* Achievement is command; in f. e. 2 works; in f. e. 3 think: in folio. 4 loud: in folio. 5 Gadfly. 6 Returns: in f. e. A change by Pope. of "retires," in the old copies. 7 Ornamented. 8 This speech is not in the quarto. 9 melia: in quarto.
TROILUS

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war,
That thou shalt know; Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Enc. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of note, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'et of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did couple in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Greek that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retireth,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas:
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a more reccant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantage put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Hector shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.]

Ulyss. Nester!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis.

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity grown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Why, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off.
If not Achilles? Though 'tis a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dearst repute
With their finest plate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our reputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supp'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed;
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share' with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,
And by device let bleekish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites! Thou bitch-ville's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. ['Strikes him.]

Thersites. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou viney'dden leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Thersites. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Thersites. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation.—Thou art proclaimed a fool. I think.

Thersites. Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in thy impertinent soliloquies, thou strik'st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—Thou grumblous and raillery every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barest at him.


Thersites. Cuff!—He would pun' thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! ['Beating him.]

Thersites. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Thersites. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an ass'ego* may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. Thou dog!

Thersites. Thou scurvy lord!

Ajax. Thou cur! ['Beating him.]

Thersites. Mar's idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achilles. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this?


To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.

Two ears shall tame each other: pride alone

Must tarret the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II.

ACHIL. There's for you, Patroclus.

THER. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I
some any more to your tents: I will keep where there
is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

POT. A good riddance.

ACHIL. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our
host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt his tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

ACHIL. I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.

AJAX. O! meaning you. I will go learn more of it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam’s Palace.

ENTER PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

PRIAM. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—

' tis Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, temp'rance, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this coromant war,—
Shall be stricken off?—’tis Hector, what say you to’t?

HECT. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—’Who knows what follows?’
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call’d
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, ‘most many thousand dusies’,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit’s in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

TRO. Fie, fie! my brother
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king.
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As tears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

HEL. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons.
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

TRO. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest:
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your rea-
sons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a sword employ’d is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if lie do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-or’bd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let’s shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honou
Should have bare hearts, would they but fast their thoughts
With this cramm’d reason: reason and respect
Make liver pale, and lusthooirendject.

HECT. Brother, she is n’t worth what she doth cost
The holding.

TRO. What is aught, but as it is valued?

HECT. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein ’tis precious of itself,
As in the prizer. ’Tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable2
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th’ affected merit.

TRO. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots ‘twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it electeth,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench3 from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have sold them; nor the remainder viand
We do not throw in unrespective sieve.
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;
Your breath of fumes, which once he beat his nose;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a true.
And did him service; he touch’d the ports desir’d;
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and fresh
ness
Wrinkles Apollo’s, and makes pale4 the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keeps our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch’d above a thousand ships,
And turn’d crown’d kings to merchants.
If you’ll avouch ’t was wisdom Paris went,
As you must need, for you all cry’d—’Go, go;’
If you’ll confess, he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp’d your hands,
And cry’d—’Inestimable!’ why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did.
Beggar the estimation which you priz’d
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

CAS. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRIAM. What noise? what shrill is this?

TRO. ’Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

CAS. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

HECT. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

CAS. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECT. Peace, sister, peace!

CAS. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears
Trojans must not be, nor goodly Ilioon stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burn us all.

Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence;  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation.  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory,  
If Helen, then, be Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extremates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth: yet, nevertheless,  
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form, it;  
Nor once deject the courage of our minds.  
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures  
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel.  
Which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest speckle  
To fight for, and maintain.

Par. Else might the world convince of levity,  
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;  
But, I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project:  
For what, alas! can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and eminence of those  
This quarrel would exite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to poise the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:  
You have the honey still, but these the gall.  
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wield'd off in honourable keeping her,  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up.  
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,  
That so degenerate a strain as this,  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?  
There's not the meancist spirit on our party,  
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,  
Whose life were ill bestowed, or death unim'd,  
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,  
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well:  
And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glog'd,—but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.  
The reasons you allege do more conducde  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure, and revenge,  
Have ears more deat than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision. Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? if this law

Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds, of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation.  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory,  
If Helen, then, be Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud  
To have her back return'd: thus to persist  
In doing wrong extremates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth: yet, nevertheless,  
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design  
Were it not glory that we more affected,  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown;  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes.  
And fame in time to come canonize us:  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,  
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—  
I have a roasting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks.  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept:  
This, I presume, will wake him.

[Exeunt]


Enter Thersites.

Thers. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spirituous excursions. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves.  

Kneels.] O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods: and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have: which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy iron and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache: for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a pittance. [Rises.] I have said my prayers, and devil, envy, say Amen What, ho! my lord Achilles!  

Enter Patroclus.


Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, then wouldst not have slipped out of my contempla.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II.

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Thers. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Thers. Thy commander, Achilles. Then, tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Thers. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell, that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Thers. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. Art thou rascal?

Thers. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Thers. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as nofo said, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come.

Thers. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Thers. Make that demand of thy Creator.1—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites.

[Exit.

Thers. Here is such patchery; such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulate factions, and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpico on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here. We sent our messengers; and we lay by our appertaiments of visiting him:

Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why? why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Taking Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to hay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument, that has his argument. Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: but it was a strong composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily unite. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, if any thing more than your sport and pleasure did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you. Patroclus. We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, wise'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfry our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld. Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot mutated. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: and you shall not sin If you do say, we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worship that Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, [himself Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His petish lucus; his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him: but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report— Bring action hither, this cannot go to war. A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.

[Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Scene III.

Troilus and Cressida.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.

Ajax. 'A should not bear it so,

Nest. 'A should eat swords first: shall, pride carry it'

Ajax. An 't would, you 'd carry half.

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. [Aside

Nest. I will knead him; I will make him supple.

Agam. He's not yet thorough warm; force him with praises.

Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [Aside.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Ajax.  You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 't is before his face;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Nest. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!

Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-afflicted?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure:

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half; and for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rude'd by him, lord Ajax

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the gart Achilles

Keeps thicket.—Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war:

Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cuff their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council: let Achilles sleep.

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.  [Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend you; pray you, a word. Do not you
follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must
needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the lord Pan-
darus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Music within.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship
are my titles.—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.


Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I
am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose
request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the
request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with
him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's
invisible soul—

Pan. Who? my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir; Helen: could you not find out that by
her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen
the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the
prince Troilus: I will make a complaisant assualt
upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business: there's a stewed phrase; indeed.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair
company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide
them; especially to you, fair queen: fair thoughts be
your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out
with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of
harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My
lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear
you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me
But, marry, thus, my lord—My dear lord, and most
esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himsel,
most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not box us out of our melody: if
you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet
queen,—'tis faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour
offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn: that shall
it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words:
no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king
call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very
sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to
night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will
tall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my dispraise? Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come,
your dispraise is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse. *

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say
Cressida? no, your poor dispraise's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me
an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you
have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my
lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain
Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them
three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll
sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet
lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us
all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!—

Pan. Love? ay, that it shall! it faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good truth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!—
For, oh! loves bow
Shoots back and doe:
That shaft confound,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems a wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha! ha!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!—
Hey ho!
TROILUS. honey-sweet
Praise build she what now Enter harder where and must fear my Here's to shall is fee-farm* the our [Exit long am It I in part devise Come expectation that do Thills, death, conduct vowing ' proud Perpetuity. may the...
shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, sl. I be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Pan. What! blushing still? have you not done asking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he Finch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooded, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. But how comes this to me now, and brings me heart.

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever — Pardon me,— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much But I might master it. In faith, I lie: My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools! Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us, When we are so unsecret to ourselves?— But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not; And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man, Or that we women had men's privilege Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue; For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence, Cunn'd in dummness, from my weaknes draws My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues hence.

[Stops kissing her.]

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me; 'T were not my purpose thus to beg a kiss, I am ashamed: — O heavens! what have I done? — For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try. I have a kind self* that resides with you; But an unkind self, that itself will leave To be another's fool. I would be gone.— Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love And fell so roundly to a large confusion, To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise, Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love. Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman, (As, if it can, I will presume in you) To feed for eye her lamp and flame of love; To keep her constancy in plight and youth, Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind That doth renew swifter than blood decays: Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me, That my integrity and truth to you Might be arioint with the match and weight Of such a woman'd purity in love; How were I then uplifted! but, alas! I am as true as truth's simplicity; And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O, virtuous fight When right with right wars who shall be most right. True swains in love shall, in the world to come, Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes, Full of protest, of oath, and bad compare, Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,— As true as steel, as plantage to the moon, As sun to day, as turtle to her mate, As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,— Yet, after all comparisons of truth, As truth's authentic author to be cited, As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse, And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be! If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth, When time is old and hath forgot itself, When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy, And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up, And mighty states characterless are grated To dusty nothing; yet let memory, From false to false among false maids in love, Uphold my falsehood. When they have said—as false As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth, As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son. Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood, As false as Cressid.

[To Troilus kisses her.]

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness. —Here I hold your hand: here, my cousin's: if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! [Exit.* And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidsens here, Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [Exit.*

1 Coming: in old copies. Pope made the change. 2 My soul of counsel from me: in folio. 3 Not in e. 4 kind of self: in e. 5 In folio. Where is my wit? I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

6 The poor husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone makes plants fruitfull, so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decreasing in the wane; and in the conjunction, do allerlie wither and vade. —Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft, 1584 7 Not in e. 8 Ezzeant: in e.
SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Col. Now, princes, for the service I have done you, I'll advantage of the time prompts me, aloud
To call for recompense. Appeal 1 to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things above ,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incur'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted :
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.


Col. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest 2 in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage: and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last: 't is like, he'll question me,
Why such unpleasive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him?
If so, I have discretion medicinal,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord: and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Achil. The better. [Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor

Achil. Good day, good day.


Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajas. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit Ajax

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not

Chilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely; they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What! am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

[Looking up from his book]

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted?
How much in having, or without in.—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself.
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travel'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,

[Appeas in f. s. 2 To Jove: in f. e. A tuner of musical instruments.—Douce. Not in f. e. * Endowed. * This and the next lines are not in the folio. 7 married: in f. e.
Fronting the sun, receiveth and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use:
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renowned. O heavens! what some men do,
While some men leave to do.
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the hubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shriving!
Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,
As mincers do by beggars, neither gave to me,
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts aims for oblivion:
A great-sized monster of ingratiations;
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then, the path
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or edge aside from the direct fortight,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you windmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'er top yours;
For time is like a fashionable bost,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasp in the corner: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More land than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion quicklier catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wou'dst, not entomb thyself alive,
And ease thy reputation in thy cot;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous musions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my priv'cy;
Of this my private;
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical.
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Paim's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps pace' with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb crudities.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it Achilles much
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him;)
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak:
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you?
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And you great love to me, restrains you thus.
Swift, raise yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air!
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.
Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly ger'd.
Patr. O! then beware:
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.
Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
'T invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarmed. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ever to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector
And is so prophetically proud of a heroic outgilding
that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
SCENE I. Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Aeneas, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with Torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Di. It is the lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person?

Par. I so good occasion to lie long.

Aeneas, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Di. That's my mind too. — Good morrow, lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas, take his hand,
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Di. The one and other Diomed embraces.

Aene. Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my fierce pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy: now, by Achilles' life,
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort.
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

A'CT IV.

Diocles. We sympathize. — Jove, let Aeneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Ene. We know each other well.

Diocles. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of. —
What business, lord, so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you. 'Tis to bring this
To Calchas' house, and there to render him, [Greek
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressida.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid born of Troy.

Par. There is no help;

The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed: 'faith, tell me true
Even in the soul of sound, good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best;
Myself, or Menelaus?
Do. Both alike:  
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her  
Not making any scruple of her solitude,  
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;  
And you as well to keep her, that defend her  
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.  
He, like a poling cuckold, would drink up  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;  
You, like a lecher, out of whorish eyes  
Are pleased to brood out your inheritors;  
Both merits poiss’d, each weighs no less nor more;  
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.  
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.  
Do. She’s bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:—  
For every false drop in her bawdy veins  
A Greek’s life hath sunk; for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,  
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,  
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer’d death.  
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispance the thing that you desire to buy;  
But we in silence hold this virtue well.—  
We’ll not commend what we intend not sell.  
Here lies our way. [Exit.  

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court before the House of Pandarus.  

Enter Trojan and Cressida.  
Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.  
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I’ll call mine uncle down;  
He shall unbolt the gates.  
Tro. Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed: sleep kill these pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,  
As infants’ empty of all thought!  
Cres. Good morrow, then.  
Tro. Pr’ythee now, to bed.  
Cres. Are you awear of me?  
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Waked by the lark, hath rous’d the rambler crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.  
Cres. Night hath been too brief.  
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,  
As tedious as hell; but flies the graces of love,  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.  
Cres. Pr’ythee, tarry.  
You men will never tarry,  
O foolish Cressida!—I might have still held off,  
nd, then, you would have tarried. Hark! there’s one up.  
Pan. [Within.] What! are all the doors open here?  
Tro. It is your uncle.  

Enter Pandarus.  
Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:  
I shall have such a life.—  
Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—  
Here, you maid! where’s my cousin Cressida?  
Cres. God help yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!  
You bring me to do.—and then you dote too.  
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—  
what have I brought you to do?  
Cres. Come, come: beshrew your heart! you’ll ne’er be good,  
Nor suffer others.

\[Footnotes: 1 the: in f.e. 2 eyes: in folio. 3 hideously: in folio. 4 Dost. 5 Not in f.e. 6 the secrets of: in f.e.\]
thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his
feast; 't will be his bane; he cannot hear it.

Cres. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my life
Is as the very centre of the earth.

Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart.
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Pandarus' House.
Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor,
and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house,
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in Pandarus'
House.
Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And vehement in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temperize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross,
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!


Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me
embrace too. O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—
O heart, O heart, O heavy heart!

Whither sli g st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By silence nor by speaking

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away
nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse:
we see it, we see it.—How now, lamb's!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strained a purity,
That the bless'd gods—are angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from these.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay: 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejudgement, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangulates our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievry up, he knows not how
As many farewells as he stars in heaven.

With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into one loose adieu:—
And scants us with a single fanfash'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Pan. [Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius is
Cres. Come! to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind
or my heart will be blown up by the root!

[Exit Pand.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—
Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.

I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll go friend with danger. Wear the
sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love,
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of goodly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor feel the high lavish', nor sweeten talk.
Nor play at subtle games;—fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.

But I can tell, that in each grace of these:

1 And no less: in folio. The word is found in Fuller and Latimer. 2 cres: in folio. 3 friendship: in f. e. 4 strange: in folio.
There lurks a still and dumb-discourseful devil,
That tempers most cunningly. But be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No;
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their chafeful1 potency.

Æsc. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch more simplicity:
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Diomed, and Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,
As Prian is in Hell.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring e'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll out thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be privil'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
I'll answer to thy last; and know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say,—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour.—no.

Tro. Come to the port.—I'll tell thee. Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
"O our own selves bend we our needful task.
[Exeunt Tro., Cres. and Diom. Trumpet sounded.
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
him.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with
Dr. Let us make ready straight.
Æne. Yea, with a bridgroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[Exeunt.


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair
Anticipating time. With startling courage
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combattant,
And hate him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe.
Blow, villain, till thy spreded bias cheek
Out-swell the cull of puff'd Aquilon.
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

[Trumpet sounds
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'T is he, I kcan the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
[ kissing her.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtely counsel: I'll begin.—
[ kissing her.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
Achilles bids you welcome.

[ kissing her.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now.
[ Putting him back.

For thus peep'd Paris in his hardheart.
And parted thus you and your argument.8 [Kissing her
Ulyss. O! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
[ kissing her again.10
Men. O! this is trim.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

[Exeunt.

Cres. In kissing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live.
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man: give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your father.

[Diomed leads out Cressida.

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her! There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out At every joint and motive of her body. O! these encounterers, so glib of tongue. That give occasion¹ welcome ere it comes, And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts To every tickling² reader, set them down For slutish spoils of opportunity,

[Trumpet within.

And daughters of the game. All. The 'Trojans' trumpet. Agam. Yonder comes the troop. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants. Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! What shall be done To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose, A victor shall be known? will you, the knights Shall to the edge of all extremity Pursue each other: or shall be divided By any voice or order of the field? Hector made ask: Agam. Which way would Hector have it? Æne. He cares not: he'll obey conditions. Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done, A little prudily, and great deal misprizing The knight oppos'd. Æne. If not Achilles, sir, What is your name? Achil. If not Achilles, nothing. Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this: In the extremity of great and little, Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector; The one almost as infinite as all, The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well, And that which looks like pride is courtesy. This Ajax is half-made of Hector's blood: In love whereof half Hector stays at home; Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek. Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O! I perceive you. Re-enter Diomed. Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight, Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas Consent upon the order of their fight, So he it: either to the utterance; Or else a breach: the combatants being kin, Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[Ajax and Hector enter the lists. Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy? Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight; Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word, Speaking in deeds, and deadless in his tongue; Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calmd: His heart and hand both open, and both free: For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows; Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty, Nor dignifies an impure* thought with breath. Manly as Hector, but more dangerous; For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects; but he, in heat of action, is more vindicative than jealous love. They call him Troilus; and on him erect A second hope, as fairly built as Hector. Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth, Even to his inches, and with private leisure

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own. Tvo. Hector; thou sleep'st


Hect. Why then, will I no more.—Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son. A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids A gory emulation 'twixt us twain. Were thy communion Greek and Trojan so. That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all. And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg All Greek and, this all Troy; my mother's blood Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister. Bondaising in my father's"? by Jove multipotent, Thou shouldn't hear from me a Greekish member Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother. My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax.— By him that thunder's, thou hast lusty arms. Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee! [They embrace.

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector. Thou art too gentle, and too free a man. I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyez Cries, 'This is he!'' could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector. Æne. There is expectation here from both the sides, What farther you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it; The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell. Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success, As said I have the chance, I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector. Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me: And signify this loving interview To the expecters of our Trojan part: Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin: I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here. Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name. But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size. Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such an enemy. But that's no welcome; understand more clear. What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks And formless ruin of oblivion; But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawling, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon. Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you. [To Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Axem. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath:
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove;
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O! pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Grecian youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Persians, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despairing many aottle and subduents,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life,"
And I have seen thee peace, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Axem. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us,
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir! there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Grecian embassy.
Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophecy is but half his journey yet:
For yonder walls, that partly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wonton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time.
Will one day end it.
Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, then.—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee
And toast thee wearning: in folio. * Noted the: in folio. 4 A stib is an awill. 5 Petty. 6 you: in folio.

Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time.
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O! like a book of sport thou 'tread me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of thy body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, the a, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to predominate in ample conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithed Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Greeks, pardon me this brag.
His insolence draws folly from my lips:
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't;
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had petting wars, since you refuse'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent,
There in the cool of night we'll adjudge,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[Except all but TROILUS and ULYSSES]
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulys. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulys. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there?
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir! so such as boasting show their scars
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd; she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth [Except]
ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Grecian wine to-night, Which with my semicait I'll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Pair. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.


Achil. From whence, fragment? Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy. Pair. Who keeps the tent now? Ther. The surgeon's box: or the patient's wound. Pair. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks? Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Pair. Male varlet, thou rogue! what's that.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, raptures, cartharks, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold pailsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of unposthumous, septic, lime-kils i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discolourers!

Pair. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pair. Why no, you ruinous but, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immanent skellion of slave' silk, thou green saracen tag for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Pair. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My! this Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks, fall fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [Exit Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a cummer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the godly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of eneckolds, a thifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a her-
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may find her key; 1 if he can
take her elf, 2 she's noted.
 Dio. Will you remember?
 Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be
coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Requerry?
 Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what—
 Dio. Pho! pho! come tell, a pin; you are forsworn—
Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
 Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
 Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience! 3
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed!—
 Dio. No, no; good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, my good lord, go off:
You know to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come,
Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's terminits,
I will not speak a word.
 Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
 Dio. I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
 Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Ulyss. She strikes his cheek!
Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience.—Stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and
potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
 Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, lord? never trust me else.
Ulyss. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
 Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.
Re-enter Cresida.
Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!
SCENE III.  
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

An esperance so obstinately strong,  
That doth invert th' attrest of eyes and ears;  
As if those organs had deceptive functions,  
Created only to calumniate.  

Was Cressid here?  

Ulyss.  I cannot conjure, Trojan.  
Tro. She was not, sure.  

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.  
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.  
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord; Cressid was here but now.  
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!  
Think no more: do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics—opt, without a theme.  
For depravation—to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.  

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil  
our mothers?  

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.  
Ther. Will he swagger himself out on his own eyes?  

Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.  
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimon'y,  
If sanctimon'y be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,  
This is not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself!  
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable  
Divides more widely than the sky and earth;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no office for a point, as subtle  
As Arscine's broken woof, to enter.  

Instance? O instance! strong as Pluto's gates,  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:  
Instance? O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;  
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics  
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given to Diomed.  

Ulyss. May worthy, Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?  

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well  
In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflamm'd with Venus: never did young man fancy  
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.  
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.  
That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm:  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,  
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,  
Which shipsmen do the hurricane call,  
Constrin'd in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more emolour Neptune's ear  
In his descent, than shall my pointed sword  

Falling on Diomed.  

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupis.  

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.  

Ulyss. Think!  

Your passion draws ears hither.  

Enter Æneas.  

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.  

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:  
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.  

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord,  
adieu.  

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,  
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!  

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.  

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.  

[Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, AND ULYSSES.  

Ther. [Coming forward.] Would, I could meet that  
rogue Diomed. I would crouch like a raven; I would  
hold, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything  
for the intelligence of this where: the parrot will  
do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.  
Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else  
holds fashion. A burning devil take them!  

[Exit.  


Enter Hector and Andromache.  

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.  

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:  
By all! the everlasting gods, I'll go.  
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.  

Hect. No more, I say.  

Enter Cassandra.  

Cas. Where is my brother Hector.  

And. Here, sister: arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me in loud and dear petition:  
Pursue me him on knees; for I have dream'd  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.  

Cas. O! it is true.  

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.  

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother  
Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear  
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.  

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful  
For us to give much count to violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.  
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.  
Unarm, sweet Hector.  

Hect. Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious than life.—  

Enter Troilus.  

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?  

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.  

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness youth;  
I am to-day in the vein of chivalry.  
Let grow thy sinews till thy knots be strong,  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.  
Unarm thee; go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,  
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.  

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,  
Which better fits a lion than a man.  

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it  

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  

2 thyself: in folio.  
3 bound: in folio.  
4 gone: in folio.  
6 Folio: a. The folio: "For we would count give man to as violent thefts." The line has been variously arranged by modern editors.  
7 one of the best.
You bid them rise, and live.

Hec. O! 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now! how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods, let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers, and when we have our armour buckled on, the venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords; spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars.

Beckoning with fiery truncheons my retire;

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;

Nor thou, my brother, with your true sword drawn, oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way.

But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay, thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back.

Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions, Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself am like a prophet suddenly enrap't, to tell thee that this day is ominous:

Therefore, come back.

Hec. Aeneas is a field;

And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, even in the faith of valour, to appear this morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hec. I must not break my faith.

You know me dutiful: therefore, dear sir,

Let me not shame respect, but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.

And.

Do not, dear father.

Hec. Andromache, I am offended with you:

Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!

Look, how thou diest! look, how thine eye turns pale!

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!

How poor Andromache shirks her dolorous path!

Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell. Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Hec. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclam.

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exit severally Priam and Hector. Actumns.

Tro. They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose mine arm, or win my sleeve.

[Going

Pan. Why, but hear you?

Tro. Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame,

Pursue thy life, and live at ease with thy name.

As they occur again near the close of the play, they are omitted in this place, by most med. ed. th' other. * Not in f. e. sleeve: [2]

† f. e. * Not in f. e.
SCENE VIII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter Diomedes and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid. Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Again. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath beat down Menor: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the pash'd corpses of the kings Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Theos, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles, And bid his snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.— There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now, here he fights on Galate's horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like sealed sculls! Before the belching whale: then, is he yonder, And there the stravied Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath. Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes; Dexterity so obeying appetite, That what he will, he does: and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulysses. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles Is arm'd, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance, Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangle Myrmidons. That noiseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him. Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day Mad and fantastic execution, Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that luck, in very spite of cunning, Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.


Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achilles. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-quereller, shew thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head! [Exit Diomedes.


Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Tny goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day’s work done; I’ll take good breath:
Hest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Putting off his Helmet, and lays down his Sword

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set:
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail* and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector’s life is done.

Hect. I am unarmed; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.

[Hector is slain.

So, lion, fall thou next!* now, Troy, sink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[A Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retire* upon our Grecian part.

Mur. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o’erspares the earth,
And, stickler* like, the armies separates.
My half-sup’d sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pica’d with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

Sheathes his Sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse’s tail;—
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[Exit.

SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Dido-
medes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[Voices within]

Achilles! Hector’s slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector’s slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exit, marching.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Æneas and Trojan Forces.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.

Never go home: here starve we out the night.

[Exit Troilus.

Troc. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Troc. He’s dead; and at the murderer’s horse’s tail,
In beastly sort dragged through the shameful field.—

Frown on, ye heavens, effect your rage with speed:—
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!—
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!—

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all immiince, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call’d,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector’s dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Nikes of the maidens and wives.
Cold* statues of the youth: and, in a word,
Searc Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pigt’ upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titian rise as early as he dare,
I’ll through and through you!—And, thou great-size’d coward,
No space of earth shall suffer our two hates:—
I’ll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy’s thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exit Æneas and Trojan forces.

As Troy is going out, enter, from the other side,

Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!—

Troc. Hence, brothel-lackey!* ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!—

Æne. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones:—
[Left alone, let him say this by way of Epilogue.*]

O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised.
O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a
work, and how ill required! why should our endeavour
be so loved,* and the performance so loathed? what
verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey a sweet note together fail."—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths—

As many as be here of Pandar’s Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar’s fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester* would hiss.
Till then I’ll sweat, and seek about for easies;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.
CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, \\ Generals against the Volscians.
TULLUS AUFIDUS, General of the Volscians.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antitans.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 Cit. Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.
All. Speak.

1 Cit. You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?
All. Resolved, resolved.

1 Cit. First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
All. We know t': we know t'.

1 Cit. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?
All. No more talking on't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 Cit. One word, good citizens—

1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it was wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leaness that afflicts us, the abjectness of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

1 object: in f. e 2 All. : in folio.
2 Cit. Care for us?—True, indeed!—They never cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome statute established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must confess yourselves wondrous malicious, or be accused of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think To fob off our disgraces with a tale;
But, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:— That only like a Gulf it did remain I't the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still envoys meeting the viand, never hearing Like labour with the rest; where't other instruments Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually partake, did minister Unto the appetite, and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered.—

2 Cit. Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus, (For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak) it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

2 Cit. The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier. Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?

2 Cit. Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

Men. Who is the sink o' the body.—

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd.

Men. Well, what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you, If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little) Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Y' are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend; our most grave belly was deliberate, Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:— "True is it, my incorporeal friends," quoth he, "That I receive the general food at first, Which you do live upon; and fit it is, Because I am the store-house, and the shop Of the whole body: but if you do remember, I send it through the rivers of your blood, Even to the court, the heart, the senate, brain; And through the ranks and offices of man: The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins, From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live. And though that all at once, You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me.—

2 Cit. Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each, Yet I can make my audit up, that all From me do back receive the flour of all, And leave me but the bran." What say you to't?

2 Cit. It was an answer. How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly, And you the mutinous members: for examine Their counsels, and their cares; digest things right; Touching the weakness of the common, you shall find, No public benefit which you receive, But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you, And no way from yourselves.—What do you think, You, the great toe of this assembly?—

2 Cit. I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one of the lowest, basest, poorest, Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost: Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run, Lead'st first to win some vantage.— But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs, Rome and her rats are at the point of battle; The one side must have bane. — Hail, noble Marcus! 

Enter Caius Marsius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentsious rogues, That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to ye, will flatter Beneath aborning.—What would you have, you curs, That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you, The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you, Where he should find you lions, finds you hares; Where foxes, geese: you are nourer, no; Than is the coal of fire upon the ice, Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is To make him worthy, whose offence suddens him, And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness, Deserves your hate: and your affections are A sick man's appetite, who desires most that Which would increase his evil. He that depends Upon your favours swins with fins of lead. And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye? With every minute you do change your mind, And call him noble, that was now your hate, Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter, That in these several places of the city You cry against the noble senate, who, Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else Would feel on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say The city is well stord.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say?

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise, Who thrives, and who declines; sides factions, and y'e out Conjectural marriages; making parties strong, And feeling such as stand not in their liking Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough? Would the nobility lay aside their rath, And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high As I could pick' my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most thoroughly persuaded; For though abundantly they lack distortion, Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
Coriolanus

Aufidius, pray, he that the Sen.
They are dissolved. Hang 'em! They said, they were un-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat; That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not Corn for the rich men only. With these shreds They vented their complaining; which being answer'd, and a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity.
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps As they would hang them on the horns of the moon, Shouting their exultation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdom, Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—Sicath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marius?

Mar. Here. What is the matter?
Mess. The news is, sir, the Volscians are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't; then, we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.

1 Sen. Marius, 'tis true that you have lately told us; The Volscians are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to it. I sin in envying his nobility,
And, were I any thing but what I am,
Would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th'ears, and he
Upon my party, 'tis revol't, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st'st out?

Tlt. No, Caius Marius; I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tlt. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Marius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes! be gone.

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow.

The Volscians have much corn: take these rats thither, To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.


Sir. Was ever man so proud as this Marius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sir. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sir. Nay, but his taunts

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods

Sir. Bemock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sir. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well gain'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marius, "O, if he
Had borne the business?"

Sir. Besides, if things go well.

Opinion, that so sticks on Marius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marius,
Though Marius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sir. Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt]

Scene II. Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, and Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard these; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:—

[Reads

"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for cast, or east. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you,
Consider of it.""

1 Sen. Our army's in the field.

We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatch,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius.

Take your commission; lie you to your bands. [Giving u
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

_Auf._ O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more:
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

_All._ The gods assist you!
_Auf._ And keep your honours safe!
_Vol._ Farewell. 2 Sen. Farewell. _[Exit._


_Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia._ They sit down on two low Stools, and see.

_Vol._ I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freer rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day or two’s entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; 1—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

_Vir._ But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

_Vol._ Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

_Enter a Gentlewoman._

_Gent._ Madam, the lady Valerina is come to visit you.

_Vir._ Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

_Vol._ Indeed, you shall not.

_Methinks, I hear hither your husband’s drum,
See him pluck Aurelius down by the hair;
As children from a bear the Volscus shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
“Come on, ye cowards! you were got in fear,
Though others were born in Rome.” His bloody brow
With his mail’d hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that’s task’d to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

_Vir._ His bloody brow? O Jupiter! no blood.

_Vol._ Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than girt his trophy: the breasts of Heeuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look’d not lovelier
Than Hector’s forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending. —Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome._ [Exit Gent._

_Vir._ Heavens-bless my lord from fell Aurelius!

Vol._ He’ll beat Aurelius’ head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

_Re-enter Gentlewoman, with Valeria and her Usher._

Vol._ My ladies both, good day to you.

_Vir._ Sweet madam.

_Vir._ I am glad to see your ladyship.

Vol._ How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

_Vir._ I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol._ He had rather see swords, and hear a drum,
And look upon his school-master.

Vol._ O’ my word, the father’s son: I’ll swear, ’t is a very pretty boy. O’ my troth, I looked upon him o’ Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how ’t was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it! 0! I warrant, how he mummacked it!

Vol._ One of his father’s moulds.

_Vol._ Indeed la, ’t is a noble child.

_Vir._ A crack, madam.

_Vol._ Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

_Vir._ No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

_Vol._ Not out of doors?

_Vir._ She shall, she shall.

_Vir._ Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

_Vol._ Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

_Vir._ I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

_Vol._ Why, I pray you?

_Vir._ ’T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

_Vol._ You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses’ absence did but fill ithaca full of notion. Come; I would, your Cambrie were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

_Vir._ No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

_Vol._ In truth, la, go with me; and I’ll tell you excellent news of your husband.

_Vir._ O! good madam, there can be none yet.

_Vir._ Verily, I do not jest with you, there came news from him last night.

_Vir._ Indeed, madam?

_Vol._ In earnest, it’s true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscus have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone; with one part of our Roman power; your lord, and Titus Labritus, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

_Vir._ Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

_Vol._ Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

_Vol._ In truth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr’ythee, Virginia turn thy solemnness out o’ door, and go along with us.

_Vir._ No, at a word, madam: indeed, I must no
I wish you much mirth.

_Vol._ Well then, farewell._ [Exit._
Scene IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Marcius, Titus Lartius, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. ’Tis done. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I’ll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I’ll not sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half. Mar. Then shall we hear the slamour, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr’ythee, make us quick in work,

That we with smoking swords may march from hence,

To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That’s lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums after off.

Are bringing forth our youth: we’ll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn’d with rushes;
They’ll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Alarum after off.

There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes

Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it.

Lart. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

The Volsces enter, and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.

Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight

With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus.

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my He that retires, I’ll take him for a Volsce, [follows:

And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and extant Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter Marcius enraged.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shameless of Rome! Unheard-of boils and plagues
Plaster you o’er, that you may be abio’d
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With fright and ruined fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I’ll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to’t: come on,
If you stand fast, we’ll beat them to their wives,
As they us to their trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Coriolis, and Marcius follows them to the Gates.

So, now the gates are open:—now prove good seconds.
’Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the Gates, and is shut in.

---

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I.
2 Sol. Nor:
3 Sol. See, they have shut him in. [Alarum continues

All. To the port! I warrant him

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp’d to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato’s wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes: but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad’st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

The Gates open. Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted

by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir! Let’s fetch him off, or make remain alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Scene V.—Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to Rome.
2 Rom. And I this.
3 Rom. A murrain on’t! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still after off.

Enter Marcius, and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prizze their hours
At a crack’d dramlin! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Iron of a dot, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!
There is the man of my soul’s hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed’st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm’d me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers’ swords! Bold gentleman,
Proceed, be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest. So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—[Exit Marcius.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [Exeunt

Scene VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat.

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg’d again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends:—ye, Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering
May give you thankful sacrifice [——.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcus battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak’st truth, Methinks, thou speakest not well. How long is’t since?
Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. ’Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forc’d to wheel.
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Marcus.

Com. Who’s yonder, That does appear as he were flay’d? O gods! He has the stamp of Marcus, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcus’ tongue
From every meancr man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo’d; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn’d to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is’t with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli, in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip to will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he?—Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them?)
The mouse ne’er shun’d the cat, as they did dudge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail’d you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think it.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o’ the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcus, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purposes.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac’d their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcus,
Those bands i’ the wayward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o’er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope,

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath.
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it was sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear’d: if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outwights bad life,
And that his country’s dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcus.

[They all shout, and wave their Swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their Cops
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey’d. Please you, March before;
And I shall quickly draw out my command;
Which men are best inclin’d.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

Titus Lartius, having set a Guard upon Corioli, going
with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius and Caius
Marcus, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers,
and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the posts be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman
and the Volscian Camps.

Awarum. Enter Marcus and Aufidius.

Mar. I’ll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame P envy. Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first butcher die the other’s slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcus,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullius,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas’d. ’T is not my blood
Wherein thou soest me mask’d: for thy revenge,
SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his Arm in a Starf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work, Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll report it, Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles, Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug, I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be fretted, And, gladly quak'd, hear more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours, Shall say, against their hearts,—

"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!"—

Yet canst thou to a morSEL of this feast, Having fully dined before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general, here is the steed, we the caparison:

Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,

Who has a charter to extol her blood.

When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,

As you have done; that's what I can; induce'd

As you have been; what for my country:

He that has but effect'd his good will

Hath ovet'a'n mine act.

Com. You shall not be

The grave of your deserving; Rome must know

The value of her own: it were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,

What's to the spire and top of praises vouched,

Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,

In sign of what you are, not to reward

What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not, Well might they faster 'gainst ingratitude,

And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,

(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all

The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,

We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,

At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general; But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;

And stand upon my common part with those

That have beheld the doing.

[Long flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS! MARCIUS! cast up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand here.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,

Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall I the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing:

When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,

Let it be made a coverture for the wars.

No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd

My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,

Which without note here's many else have done,

You shou'd me forth

In exclamations hyperbolical;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:

More cruel to your good report, than grateful

To us that give you truly. By your patience,

It 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you

(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles

Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius

Wears this war's garland: in token of the which

My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,

With all his trim belonging: and, from this time,

For what he did before Corioli, call him,

With all th' applause and clamour of the host,

Caius Marcius Coriolanus,

Bear the addition nobly ever!

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums all. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!"

Cor. I will go wash:

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—

I mean to stride your steed: and, at all times,

To undercress your good addition

To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write

To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,

Must to Coriolus back: send us to Rome

The best, with whom we may articulate,

For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg

Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: it is yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,

At a poor man's house: he us'd me kindly:

He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;

But then Aufidius was within my view,

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you

To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well-begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should

Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent.

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time

It should be look'd to. Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volscs.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en.

Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,

Being a Volsc, be that I am.—Condition! What good condition can a treaty find

I the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements, if e'er again I meet him beard to beard, He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where I thought to crush him in an equal force, True sword to sword, I 'll potch' at him some way, or wrath, or craft, may get him. 

1 Sold. He's the devil. 

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's poison'd.

With only suffering stain by him; for him 'T shall fly out of itself; nor sleep, nor sanctuary, Being naked, sick; nor fame, nor Capitol, The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,

Embrages all of fury, shall lift up Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst My hate to Marcus. Where I find him, were it At home, upon my brother's guard, even there, Against the hospitable canon, would I Wash my fierce hand in's heart.—Go you to the city Learn, how 't is held; and what they are, that must be hostages for Rome.

1 Sold. Will not you go? 

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you, (T is south the city walls,) bring me word thither How the world goes, that to the pace of it I may spur on my journey.

1 Sold. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.}

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place. 
Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus. 

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news tonight. 

Bru. Good, or bad? 

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcus. 

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends. 

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love? 

Sic. The lamb. 

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcus. 

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that bears like a bear. 

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you. 

Both Trib. Well, sir. 

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor in, that you two have not in abundance? 

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all. 

Sic. Especially in pride. 

Bru. And topping all others in boasting. 

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us the right-hand file? Do you? 

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured? 

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry? 

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well. 

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcus for being proud? 

Bru. We do it not alone, sir. 

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could! 

Bru. What then, sir? 

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome. 

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too. 

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, without a drop of

1 Thrust at with a pointed instrument. 2 Embarrages. 3 with not: in f. e. 4 first: in f. e. 5 Blind. 6 rejoin: in f. e. 7 bleed: in f. e.
Within Corioli’s gates: where he hath been.
With fame; a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.
All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.
Com.
Look, sir, your mother.—
Cor. O!
Vol. You have, I know, petition’d all the gods
For my prosperity.
[Knell Vol.
Nay, my good soldier, up;—
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By doel-achieving honour newly nam’d,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O! thy wife—
Cor. My gracious silence, hail! [Rising.’
Wouldst thou have laug’d, had I come offic’d home,
That weep’d to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men.
Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, parden
[To Valeria.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home,
And welcome, general—and you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root an’ heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should date on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be graft’d to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com.
Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor.
Your hand,—and yours.
[To His Wife and Mother.
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv’d, not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:
Only there’s one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
But our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good mother,
I shall rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com.
On, to the Capitol!
[Flourish. Cornets., Exeunt in state, as before.
The Tribunes remain.
Brut. All tongues speak of him, and the blear’d sights
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture *lets her baby cry
While she cheers *him: the kitchen milkkin’ pins
Her richest lookram *bent her reechy *neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stools, bulks, windows,
Are smother’d up, leads fill’d, and ridges hord
With variable complexxions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: said-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throns, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil’d dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gauled cheeks, to the wanton spoil

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1 Not in f. e. * Is but empiric: in f. e.; empericklyquatique: in folio. 2 * Not in f. e. * Flit. * chat: in f. e. * The diminutive of Moll or Mary—used as “wench.” It also means a mop, a clout. 3 A kind of cheap linen. 4 Smoky, dirty.
SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter Two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 Off. Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Cornioianus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow; but he's thought of vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 Off. 'Tis faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who never loved them: and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Cornioianus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition: and out of his noble careless, lets them plainly see 't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he would indifferently twixt them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover his opposition. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 Off. He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deal to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury, to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 Off. No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Scen. Enter, with Liports before them, Cominius the Consul, Menenius, Cornioianus, many other Senators, Sicinius and Brutus. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volscers, and to send for Titus Lartius, it remains, as the main point of this our after-meeting, to gratify his noble service that hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you most reverend and grave elders, to desire the present consul, and last general in our well-found successes, to report a little of that worthy work performed by Caius Marcus Cornioianus; whom we meet here, both to thank, and to remember with honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius.

Leve nothing out for length, and make us think, rather our state's defective for requital, than we to stretch it out.—Masters of the people, we do request your kindest ears; and, after, your loving motion toward the common body, to yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convened upon a pleasing treatise; and have hearts inclined to honour and advance the theme of our assembly.

bru. Which the rather we shall be previ to do, if he remember a kinder value of the people, than
COEIO LANUS.

I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour’s pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench’d you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I died from words.
You sooth’d not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i’ the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear nothings monster’d.

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That’s thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on’s ears to hear it.—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter’d feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois’d. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrode
An o’er-pressed Roman, and j’ the consul’s view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin’s self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day’s feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov’d best man i’ the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter’d thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch’d all swords of the garland. For this last
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp’d the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey’d,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death’s stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tuned with crying. Alone he enter’d
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With Thun’s distress, aimless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all’s his;
When by and by the din of war ‘gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quieten’d what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run o’er the lives of men, as if they
‘T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call’d
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick’d at;
And look’d upon things precious, as they were
The common muck of the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He’s right noble:
Let him be called for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIO LANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas’d
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o’erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them.
For my wounds’ sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to’t,
Pray you, go sit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? [To Sicinius.

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;
Show them th’ unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv’d them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon’t.—We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose:—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Exeunt Senators.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive its intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we’ll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him

2 Cit. We may, sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: for if he show
us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if
he tells us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our
noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous,
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a

1 Gained by an easy victory. 2 timed: in f. e. 3 Not in f e
monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 Cit. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

2 Cit. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to burst out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all he points o' the compass.

2 Cit. Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 Cit. Nay, your wit will not so soon out another man's will: 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him, where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [Exeunt.

Men. O sir! you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir.—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. —Look, sir,—my wounds;— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roarr'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all:

I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean. —So, here comes a brace. —
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desert.

1 Cit. How! got your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

[Exeunt Citizens.

Cor. Kindly?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Sir, I pray, let me ha' t: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha' t, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—

There is in all two worthy voices beggars.

I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter. [Exeunt the two Citizens.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country,
And you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies,
you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will not, sir, flatter my sworn brothers, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 'tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitley: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not stale your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this woolless' toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—

What custom wills, in all things should we 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer. —Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through.
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.

Your voices; for indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. [Exeunt Citizens.

God save thee, noble consul! — Worthy voices!
Scene III.

Coriolanus.

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in't official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people to admit you: and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.—[Exit Coriol. and Menenius.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at 's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 Cit. He has our voices, sir.

Brut. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Cit. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice, He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Cit. Certainly, he flout'd us down-right.

1 Cit. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

2 Cit. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says, He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 Cit. He said, he had wounds, which he could show
In private;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn, "I would be consil,"] says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore? When we granted that, Here was.—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices, I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see it, Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Brut. Could you not have told him,
As you were less'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway if the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fust foes to the plebeians, your voices might
Excurses to yourselves. You should have said, That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-adviz'd, had touch'd his spirit, And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,

Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage
You should have taken the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unheeded.

Brut. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves, and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,
Or him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 Cit. He's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

2 Cit. And will deny him:
'I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Cit. Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;

And on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weeds,
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most glibly, ungravelly, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Brut. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Brut. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How younly he began to serve his country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house of the Marcians: from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numia's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither,
And Censorinus, darling of the people?

And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descend'd,
That hath beside well in his person won't
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Brut. Say, you no'er had done't.

(Harp on that still) but by our putting on
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election.

[Exeunt Citizens]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Titus Aufidius, then, had made new head? Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volscæs stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so, That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me: and did curse Against the Volscæs, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what? How often had he met you, sword to sword; That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.

[To LARTIUS.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people. The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them, For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble suffersance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter.

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incensed against him.

Sic. Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?— Must these have voices, that can yield them now, And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices? You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth? Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot, To curb the will of the nobility: Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule, Nor ever will be rul'd.

Sic. The vantage of his anger.

Men. To the Capitol:

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Sic. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them?

Com. You are like to do such business.

Men. Not unlike, Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds, Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that, For which the people stir. If you will pass To where you are bound, you must inquire your way, Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit; Or never be so noble a consul, Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abused: set on.—This paltering Becomes not Rome; nor has Corioli

Deserv'd this so dishonest' rub, laid falsely I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

Men. This was my speech, and I will speak't again—

Men. Not now, not now. Not in this heat, sir, now Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends, I crave their pardons:— For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them Regard me as I do not flatter, and Therein behold themselves. I say again, In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition, Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd, By mingling with us the honour'd number; Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

Men. As for my country I have shed my blood, Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs Coin words till they decay against those meazels, Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,

Men. As if you were a god to punish, not A man of their indifference.

Sic. 'T were well, We let the people know 't.

Men. What, what? his chol're?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is;
Not poison any farther. Cor.

Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall"?

Com. "T was from the canon.

Shall!"

O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra 1st to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your importance; if none, revoke* Your dangerous bounty. If you are learned,
Re not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have eulogies by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less.
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall."
His popular "shall," against a graver bench.

Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the counsellors base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas used
Sometimes in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not their* recompense, resting well assured,
They ne'er did service for. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being 'tis the war;
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' ascension
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive* Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bison? multitude? digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which in time will break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with ease, the other
Result without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while.
To unstable slightness. Purpose so hard'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump* a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multidinous tongue: let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which both control it.

Bru. He has said enough

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite overwhelm thee!—

What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom, depending, their obedience falls
To the greater bench. In a rebellion
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The AEdiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an AEdile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit AEdile.] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obev, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the AEdile, with others, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, AEdiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him! [Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons!

[They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me! people, peace!

Cit. Let 's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie! This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sc. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True;
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
Andbury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part of the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcus is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcus, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here. [Drawing his Sword.
There's some among you that beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw
a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcus, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Cit. Down with him! down with him!
[In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and
the People, are beat in.
Men. Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
2 Sen. Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I pray thee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,
You cannot Tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not,
Though cal'd i' the porch of the Capitol!
Men. Go be;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself.
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd folly, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
by many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country; 
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Wore to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end of the world.

Sic. This is clean kam. 

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country, 
It honour'd him. 

Men. The service of the foot. 
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected 
For what before it was. 

Bru. We'll hear no more.— 
Purse him to his house, and pluck him thence, 
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 
Spread farther. 

Men. One word more, one word. 
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find 
The harm of unscan'd swiftness, will, too late, 
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process; 
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out, 
And sack great Rome with Romans. 

If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk? 
Have we not had a taste of his obedience? 
Our Aediles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come!—

Men. Consider this:—he has been bred 't the wars 
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd 
In boulted language; meal and bran together 
He throws without distinction. Give me leave, 
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace 
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form, 
In peace, to his utmost peril. 

Noble tribunes, 
It is the humane way: the other course 
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it 
Unknown to the beginning. 

Noble Menenius, 
Be you, then, as the people's officer. 
Masters, lay down your weapons. 

Go not home. 

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there: 
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed 
In our first way. 

Men. I'll bring him to you. 
Let me desire your company. [To the Senators.] He must come, 
Or what is worst will follow. 

Pray you, let's to him. [Exeunt. 

SCENE II.—A Room in Coriolanus's House. 

Enter Coriolanus, and Patricians. 

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me 
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels; 
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock. 
That the precipitation might down stretch 
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still 
Be true to them. 

You do the noblest. 

Cor. I muse my mother 
Does not approve me farther, who was wont 
To call them woollen vassals: things created 
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads 
In congregations, to yaw, be still, and wonder, 
When one but of my ordinance stood up 
To speak of peace, or war. 

Enter Volumnia. 

I talk of you: 
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me 
False to my nature? Rather say, I play 
The man I am. 

Vol. O, son, son, son! I would have had you put your power well on, 
Before you had worn it out. 

Cor. Let go. 

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are 
With striving less to be so: lesser had been 
The thwartings of your dispositions, if 
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd, 
Ere they lack'd power to cross you. 

Cor. Let them hang. 

Vol. Ay, and burn too. 

Enter Menenius, and Senators. 

Men. Come, come: you have been too rough, some-thing 
too rough: 
You must return, and mend it. 

There's no remedy; 

Unless, by not so doing, our good city 
Cleave in the midst, and perish. 

Pray, be counsel'd I have a heart as little apt as yours 
To brook control without the use of anger, 
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger 
To better vantage. 

Men. Well said, noble woman! 
Before he should thus stop o' the heart, but that 
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic 
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on, 
Which I can scarcely bear. 

What must I do? 

Men. Return to the tribunes. 

Cor. Well, what then? what then? 

Men. Repent what you have spoke. 

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods; 
Must I then do't to them? 

You are too absolute; 

Though therein you can never be too noble, 
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say, 
Honour and policy, like never'st friends, 
I the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me. 
In peace what each of them by th' other lose, 
That they combine not there? 

Tush, tush! 

Men. A good demand 

Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem 
The same you are not. (which for your best ends 
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse, 
That it shall hold companionship in peace 
With honour, as in war, since that to both 
It stands in like request? 

Why force you this? 

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak 
To the people: not by your own instruction, 
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you, 
But with such words that are but roset'd in 
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables 
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth. 
Now, this no more dishonours you at all. 
Than to take in a town with gentle words, 
Which else would put you to your fortune, and 
The hazard of much blood.— 
I would dissemble with my nature, where, 
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd 
I should do so in honour: I am in this, 
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles; 
And you will rather show our general botes 
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretched it. (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
Whence often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now's humble as the ripen mulberry
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in brols,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarred seence?
Must I with my base tonge give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
Thus mould of Marcus, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind.—To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Cor. That be, we'll prompt you at.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't.

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That baby's humbles! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,
Lest I surcase to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To be or of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than they of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valianstaff was mine, thou suck'dst it from me.
But ow'st' thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mounteaback their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home below'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit.

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you; arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly,—pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home; that he affect
Tyraanical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Adile.

What will he come?

Adil. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Adil. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sec. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Adil. I have; 't is ready.

Sec. Have you collected them by tribes?

Adil. I have.

Sec. Assembly presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
I' the right and strength of the commons" be it either
for death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry; "fine"; if death, cry "death";
Judging on their old prerogative
And power 't the truth o' the cause.

Adil. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Adil. Very well.

Sec. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go; about it. [Exit Adile.

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth
Of contradiction: being once chaft'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Senators, and
Patricians.

Sec. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you

\[note: 1. owe: in f. e 2. Hated: in f. e. 3. worth: in f. e.]\
Cor. Ay, as an eserler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Thro' our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
I Sen.
Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Ed. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say,—Peace, ho!

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo! citizens! he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider:
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well; no more.

Cor. What is the matter.
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd. that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical:
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people?
Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribunal,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions. in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unt to thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you thin, people?

Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace! We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defy ing
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know.

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no farther.

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to finger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my carriage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, good morrow.

For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name of the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more.
To enter our Rome gates. I, the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.

He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common

Men, his sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Sic. Let me speak
I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said: but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reck o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length.
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators, and Patricians.

Edil. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo
[The People shout, and throw up their Caps.

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—The beast.

With many heads butt me away.—Nay, mother, Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd To say, extremity was the trier of spirits: That common chances common men could bear; That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle minded' craves A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman.—

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what! I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had been the wife of Hercules.

Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd Your husband so much sweat.—Cominus, Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother! I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius, Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's.

And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general, I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women, T is fond to wail inevitable strokes.

As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well, My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe 't not lightly, though I go alone, Like to a lovely dragon, that his fain Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son Will or exceed the common, or be caught With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son, Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominian With thee a while: determine on some course More than a wild exposure to each chance, That startis' the way before thee.

Cor. I'll follow thee a month; devise with thee Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us, And we of thee: so, if the time trust forth A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send O'er the vast world to seek a single man, And lose advantage, which doth ever cool, 't the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:

That's worthily As any ear can hear.—Come; let's not weep.—

If I could shake off but one seven years From these old arms and legs, by the good gods, I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. —

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter Sicinius, Brutus, and an Edile.

Sic. Bid them all home: he's gone, and we'll ne farther. —

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided in his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power, Let us seem humbler after it is done, Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Say, their great enemy is gone, and they Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. {Exit Edile

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have taken note of us: keep on your way, Vol. O! 't are well met. The hoarded plague of the gods Requite your love! Peace, peace! be not so loud. Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear, Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone? {To Brutus

Vir. You shall stay too. [To Sicinius,] I would, I had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool. Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foreshow To banish him that struck more blows for Rome, Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O, blessed heavens! Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words. And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what:—yet go: Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him, His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all. —

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome! Men. Come, come: peace! Sic. I would be had continued to his country, As he began; and not mknit himself The noble knot he made. Brutus. I would he had. Vol. I would he had. 'T was you ineens'd the rabble. Curs, that can judge as fitfully of his worth, As I can of those mysteries, which heaven Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go. Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone: You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this. As far as doth the Capitol exceed The meanest house in Rome, so far my son.
This lady's husband here, this, do you see, Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.  
Brut. Well, well; we'll leave you.  
Serv. Why stay we to be baited With one that wants her wife?  
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—[Exeunt Tribunes.  
I would the gods had nothing else to do, But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em But once a day, it would unclose my heart.  
Of what lies heavy to 't.  
Men. You have told them home, And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?  
Vol. Anger's my meat: I sup upon myself, And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go. Leave this faint piling, and lament as I do, In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.  
Men. Fie, fie, fie!  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.  

Enter a Roman and a Volsc. meeting.  
Rom. I know you well, sir; and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.  
Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.  
Rom. I am a Roman: and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?  
Rom. The same, sir.  
Vol. You had more heard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well sav'd me a day's journey.  
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.  
Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.  
Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.  
Vol. Coriolanus banished?  
Rom. Banished, sir.  
Vol. You will 'be welcome with this intelligence, Niecanor.  
Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullius Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.  
Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.  
Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?  
Vol. A most royal one: the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.  
Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.  
Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.  
Rom. Well, let us go together.  
[Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus, in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.  
Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—Cit.  
Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me not, Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones.  
[Enter a Citizen.  
In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.  
Cit. And you.  
Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?  
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state At his house this night.  
Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?  
Cit. This, here before you.  
Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell. [Exit Citizen.  
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn, Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart, Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise, Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love Unseparable, shall within this hour, On a dissonance of a deal, break out, To bitterest enmity: so, fallest foes, Whose passions and whose plots have broken their sleep To take the one the other, by some chance. Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends, And interjoin their issues. So with me:—My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me, He does fair justice; if he give me way, I'll do his country service.  
[Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.  

Music within.  
Enter a Servant.  
Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here? I think our fellows are asleep.  
[Exit.  
Enter a second Servant.  
Serv. Where's Cotonus? My master calls for him.—  
Cotonus!  
[Exit.  

Enter Coriolanus.  
Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I Appear not like a guest.  
Re-enter the first Servant.  
Serv. What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door.  
Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, In being Coriolanus.  
Re-enter second Servant.  
Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.  
Cor. Away!  
Serv. Away! Get you away.  
Cor. Now, th'art troublesome.  
Serv. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.  
[Enter a third Servant: the first meets him.  
3 Serv. What fellow's this?  
1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pry'thee, call my master to him.  
3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.  
Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth  
3 Serv. What are you?  
Cor. A gentleman.
3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.
Cor. True, so I am.
3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid some.
Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batt'ned on cold bits. [Pushes him away.
3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell me your master what a strange guest he has here.
2 Serv. And I shall.
3 Serv. Where dwell'st thou? Cor. Under the canopy.
3 Serv. Under the canopy? Cor. Ay.
3 Serv. Where's that? Cor. It the city of kites and crows.
3 Serv. If the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwelwest with daws too?
Cor. No: I serve not thy master.
3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master? Cor. Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou art' st, and prat' st; serve with thy treacher. Hence! [Beats him.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?
2 Serv. Here, sir. I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou?
Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?
Cor. If, Tullius, [Unmuffling.
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire. Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians
Great hurt and mischief; thereunto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles. who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me, the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those mains
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my country's country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate
Drawn tunn of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcus, Marcus!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud speak divine things,
And say, 'T is true,' I would not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcus.—Let me twine
Nine arns about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke.
And would I the mane with spilter's! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sighed truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bostride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brow,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fasting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcus.
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art hence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'er-bear.' O! come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenge, take
Til' one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say, 'tis to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcus, that was much. Thy hand: most welcome!
[Exit Coriolanus and Auffidius.

2 Serv. [Advancing] Here's a strange alteration!

1 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

2 Serv. What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Serv. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some
thing in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
I cannot tell how to term it.
1 Serv. He had so; looking as it were,—Would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him
than I could think.
2 Serv. So did I, I'll be sworn. He is simply the
rarest man i' the world.
1 Serv. I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he,
you wot one.
2 Serv. Who? my master?
1 Serv. Nay, it's no matter for that.
2 Serv. Worth six on him.
1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
the greater soldier.
2 Serv. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say
that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.
1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.
Re-enter third Servant.
3 Serv. O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you ras-
3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I
had as lieve be a condemned man.
1. 2. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?
3 Serv. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack
our general,—Caits Marcius.
1 Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?
3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he
was always good enough for him.
2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was
ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.
1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the
truth on 't: before Coriole, he scotched him and thocht
him like a carbondot.
2 Serv. An he had been cannibally given, he might
have broiled9 and eaten him too.
1 Serv. But, more of thy news?
3 Serv. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he
were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the
both, a question asked him by any of the senators,
but they stand bald before him. Our general himself
makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand,
and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse.
But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the
middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for
the other has half by the entray of the grant of the
whole table. He'll go he says, and sowall the porter
of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all over
him, and leave his passage polled.
2 Serv. And he's as like to do 't, as any man I can
imagine.
3 Serv. Do 't! he will do 't; for, (look you, sir) he
has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as
it were) durst not (look you, sir) now themselves (as
we term it) his friends, whilst he's in dejectitude.
1 Serv. Dejectitude! what's that?
3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up
again, and the man in blood, they will out of their
nerves, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.
1 Serv. But when goes this forward?
3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day: presently. You shall
have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were,
aparl of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe
their lips.
2 Serv. Why, then we shall have a stirring world
again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase
tailors, and breed bale-makers.
1 Serv. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace,
as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible,
and full of vaunt.' Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy
mudled, deaf, sleepy, inusible; a getter of more bas
tard children, than wars a destroyer of men.
2 Serv. 'Tis so: and as wars in some sort may be
said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace
is a great maker of eneckolds.
1 Serv. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.
3 Serv. Reason; because they then less need one
another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see
Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they
are rising.
All. In, in, in, in. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.
His remedies are tamed by the present peace.
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Discreetious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their function friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?
Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O! he is grown much kind
Of late.—Hail, sir! Men.

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much mis'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much bet-
ter, if
He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, 'bear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselvus, our wives, and children, on our knees.

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive.

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Corio
Had lov'd you as we did.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caits Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent.
O'ercome with pride, ambitious and thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Editor.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the Volscian with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;

1 A piece of meat cut and hacked for broiling
2 boiled: in folio.
3 Pull out.
4 Cleared.
5 directitude: in l. a.
6 vent: in f. e.
And with the deepest malice of the war
Dostroy what lies before them.

MEN. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcus' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world:
Which were incurreth when Marcus stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you
Of Marcus?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volscet dare break with us.

MEN. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

SIC. I know, this cannot be.

BRU. Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate house; some news is come in,
That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'Tis this slave.
Go whip him before the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

MESS. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful?

MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcus,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power against Rome,
And vows revenge as spaceous, as between
The youngst and eldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely!

BRU. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God! Marcus home again.

SIC. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more alone,
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

MESS. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcus,
Associated with Aufidius, races
Upon our territories; and have already
Debarred their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

COM. O! you have made good work.

MEN. What news? what news?

COM. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates:
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

MEN. What's the news? what's the news?

COM. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

MEN. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcus should be join'd with Volscetians,—

COM. He is their god, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

MEN. You have made good work.

COM. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Herecles
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work

BRU. But is this true, sir?

COM. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

MEN. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

MEN. 'Tis true: If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease!'—You have made fair
You, and your handy crafts have crafted fair, [hands,

COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

TRI. Say not, we brought it.

MEN. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out of the city.

COM. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullius Aufidius,
The second name of men, obey's his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

MEN. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxeoms,
As you throw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

CIT. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 CIT. For mine own part;

When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 CIT. And so did I.

3 CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best:
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

COM. Y are goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made
Good work, you and your cry.—Shall's to the Capitol?

Sir. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:
These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
let's home. I ever said, we were't the wrong, when
we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.

Br. I do not like this news.

Sir. Nor I.

Br. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a he! 

Sir. Pray, let us go. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance from
Rome.

Enter Aufidius, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
in that's no changing, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too.
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them, but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fall in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace.
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controul'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Live in the interpretation of the time,
And power, in itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a cheer
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights suffer, strengths by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away.—When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, and
others.

Men. No, I'll not go; you hear what he hath said
To one sometime his general: who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father,
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he co'yd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbade all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes, that have wreck'd 'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon

When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well: could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too; we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sir. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so never-needed help, yet do not
Uphold 's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?
BRU. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome towards Marcusius.

MEN. Well; and say that Marcus
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard, what then?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? say't be so?

SIC. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

MEN. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me. He was not taken well; he had not dined;
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We put upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like haste; therefore, I'll watch him
 Till he be dicted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.
BRU. You know the very road into his kindess,
And cannot lose your way.

MEN. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

CORN. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

CORN. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome, and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise," dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exit.

SCENE II. —The Volscian Camp before Rome. The Guards at their Sations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 G. Stand! Whence are you?
2 G. Stand, and go back.

MEN. You guard like men: 'tis well; but, by your leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
to speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

MEN. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass; you must return: our general
Will no more hear from hence.
2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it's lots to blanks,
I name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

MEN. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalleled, haply, amplifled;
For I have ever magnifid my friends,
Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subite ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous
to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Pir'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius,
always factionary on the party of your general.
2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say
you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined. Canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?
MEN. I am, as thy general is.
1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out your gates the very
defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, think to front his re-
venges with the queasy groans of old women, the virginal
palms of your daughters, or with the palsied interces-
sion of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can
you think to blow out the intended fire your city
ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No,
you are deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and pre-
pare for your execution. You are condemned, our
general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he
would use me with estimation.

2 G. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

1 G. My general cares not for you. Back, I say:
go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—
that's the utmost of your having:—back.

MEN. Nay, but fellow, fellow.—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDUS.

COR. What's the matter?

MEN. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you:
you shall know now that I am in estimation; you
shall perceive that a Jack guardian cannot office me
from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertain-
ment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of
handing, or of some death more long in spectatorship,
and crueler in suffering: behold now presently, and
sworn for what's to come upon thee,—The glorious
 gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular pro-
sperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father
Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art pre-
paring fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it:
I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured,
none but myself could move thee, I have been blown
out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee to
pardon Rome, and thy petitioner countrymen. The
good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it
upon this varlet here; this, who, like a bleak, hath
denied my access to thee.

COR. Away!

MEN. How? away?

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar.
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee.
SCENE III.

CORSIANUS.

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [Gives a Paper.] And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak. —This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou beholdest—

AUS. You keep a constant temper. [Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

1 G. Now, sir, is your name Menenius?
2 G. 'Tis a spell, ye see, of much power. You know the way home again.

1 G. Do you know how we are shent¹ for keeping your greatness back?
2 G. What causes do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to away!

1 G. A noble fellow. I warrant him.
2 G. The worthy fellow is our general: he is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Tent of Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. —My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

AUS. Only their ends You have respected: stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose own love, I have (Though I show'd so shortly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept. to grace him only That thought he could do more. A very little I have yielded, too: fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. —Ha! what shott² this is? [Shout within. Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

[Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUSIUS, leading young MARCUS, VALERIA, and ATTENDANTS. My wife comes foremost: then, the honour'd mould Whereto this trunk was framed; and in her hand The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate. —What is that curt'ly worth? or these doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn? —I melt, and am not Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows, As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod; and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volscian Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

VIR. My lord and husband! 

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd, Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor, now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O! a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virg'd it e'er since. —You gods! I pray, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsalted. Sink, my knee, if the earth; [Kneels. Of thy deep duty more impresson show Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee, and improperly Show duty, as mistaking³ all this while Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this? Your knees to me? to your corrected son? Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds Strike the proud eddars against the fiery sun, Mur'dring impossibility, to make What cannot be slight work. [Rising and raising her Vol. Then art my warrior I help² to frame thee. Do you know this lady? —Cor. The noble sister of Publius.

The moon of Rome; chase as the icicle, That's er'deld by the frost from purest snow, And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria! 

Cor. This is a poor epitome of yours, Which, by the interpretation of full time, May show like all yourself. 

Cor. Why, the god of soldiers, With the consent of supreme Jove, inform Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah. 

Cor. That's my brave boy? 

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself, Are suitors to you. 

Cor. I beseech you, peace; Or, if you'd ask, remember this before: The things I have forsworn to grant may never Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my soldiers, or capitate Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not To allay my rages and revenges with Your colder reasons. 

Vol. O! no more, no more! You have said, you will not grant us any thing For we have nothing else to ask, but that Which you deny already: yet we will ask: That, if we fail in our request, the blame May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us. 

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscius, mark; for we'll Hear nought from Rome in private. [Takes his seat. 

—Your request? 

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment And state of bodies, would bewray what life We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself, How more unfortunate than all living women

¹ Rejected
² pray: in folio. Theobald made the change.
³ mistaken: in f. 6. Not in f. 6. hope: in folio. Corrected by Per-
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comfort,
Constrains them weep, and shake with tear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out; and so poor we,
Thine enemies most capital.1 Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we.
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereof we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereof we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,  [Aside.
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.  [Rising.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, whereby to destroy
The Volscians whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volscians
May say, "This mercy we have shew'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give all the-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose reputation shall be dought'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ. — "The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To each ensuing age abhor'd."  [Aside.  I speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the grace of the gods;
To bear with thunder the wide checks of the air,
And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? — Daughter, speak you;
He cares not for your weeping. — Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to 's mother: yet here he lets me prate
Like one? the stocks. — Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;

When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaded with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs. — He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

[All kneel.]
To his surname, Coriolanus. "Longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last. — We will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours. — Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't. Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance. — Yet give us our despatch,
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.  [struggling.

[He holds Volumnia by the hand, long, and self.

Cor. O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. — O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son, believe it, O! believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevailed,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. — Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Cor. I was mov'd withal.

Auf. I dare be sworn, you were
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. — O mother! wife!

Auf. [Aside.] I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy
And thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.

Cor. Aye, by and by;

[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. *

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond' eigion o' the Capitol; yond', corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him; but I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

1 f. e. have:
That an enemy's most capital.
1 Not in f. e.

* He holds Volumnia by the hand, silent. in i. 8
Sic. Is’t possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcus is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he’s more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tautness of his face soon ripes grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corset with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hem is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them, and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you’d save your life, fly to your house. The plebeians have got your fellow-troubler, and hate him up and down: all swearing, if the Roman ladies bring not comfort home, they’ll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What’s the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have prevented the Volscians are dislodg’d, and Marcus gone. [vail’d, A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you luck’d, that you make doubt of it? Ne’er through an arch so hurried the blow tine, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you! [Shouts, Trumpets and Haultboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together. The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes, Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans, Make the sun dance. Hark you! [Shouting again.

Men. This is good news.

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians, A city full: of tribunes, such as you, A sea and land-full. You have pray’d well to-day: This morning for ten thousand of your throats I’d not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! [Shouting and Music.

Sic. First, the gods bless you for the tidings: next, Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them.

And help the joy. [Going.

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome! Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,

And make triumphant fires: strewn flowers before them Unshout the noise that banish’d Marcus; Repeal him with the welcome of his mother Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome! All. Welcome, ladies. Welcome! [A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am hero. Deliver them this paper: having read it, Bid them repair to the market-place: where I, Even in theirs and in the commons’ ears, Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse The city ports by this hath enter’d, and Intends t’ appear before the people, hoping [Attendents To purge himself with words. Despatch. [Exeunt Enter Conspirators of Aufidius’ Faction. Most welcome!

1 Con. How is it with your general?

Auf. Even so, As with a man by his own alms empoison’d, And with his charity slain.

2 Con. Most noble sir, If you do hold the same intent, wherein You wish’d us parties, we’ll deliver you Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell: We must proceed, as we do find the people. 3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst ’Twixt you there ’s difference; but the fall of other Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it; And my pretext to strike at him admits A good construction. I rais’d him, and I pawn’d Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten’d, He water’d his new plants with dews of flattery, Seducing my friends; and to this end He bow’d his nature, never known before But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

3 Con. Sir, his stunness, When he did stand for consul, which he lost By lack of stooping,— That I would have spoke of Being banish’d for ’t, he came unto my heart; Presented to my knife his throat: I took him; Made him joint-servant with me: gave him way In all his own desires; nay, let him choose Out of my files, his projects to accomplish, My best and freshest men; serv’d his dispositions In mine own person; holp to reap the fame Which he did ear all his; and took some pride To do myself this wrong: till, at the last, I seem’d his follower, not partner; and He wager’d me with his countenance, as if I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord; The army marvel’d at it; and, in the last, When he had carry’d Rome, and that we look’d For no less spoil, than glory,— There was it; For which my sinews shall be stretch’d upon him At a few drops of women’s rheum, which are As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour Of our great action: therefore shall he die, And I’ll renew me in his fall. But, hark! [Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.
2 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,  
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,  
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,  
Whose children he hath slain, their base threats tear  
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,  
Ere he express himself, or move the people  
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounce'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.

Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd  
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,  
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,  
Where he was to begin, and give away  
The benefit of our levies, answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with Drums and Colours; a crowd  
of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;  
No more infect'd with my country's love,  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command. You are to know,  
That prosperously I have attempted, and  
With bloody passage led your wars, even to  
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,  
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,  
The charges of the action. We have made peace,  
With no less honour to the Antines,  
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,  
Together with the seal of the senate, what  
We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;  
But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius.  
Cor. Marcius!  
AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think  
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name  
Coriolanus in Coriol?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business, and given up  
For certain drops of salt your city, Rome;  
I say your city, to his wife and mother,  
Breaking his oath and resolution, like  
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting  
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears  
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,  
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?  
AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.  
Cor.  
AUF. No more

The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
Young Lucius, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

Sons to Titus Andronicus.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,

DEMETRIUS, Sons to Tamora

CHIRON.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Capitol. Enter, below.

SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords. I am the first-born son, of him the last. That wore the imperial diadem of Rome: Then, let my father’s honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bus. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right, If ever Bassianus, Caesar’s son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not honour to approach Th’ imperial seat, to virtue consecrate, To justice, conscience,1 and nobility, But let desert in pure election shine: And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends, Ambitiously for rule and empery, Knw. that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have by common voice In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius, For many good and great deserts to Rome: A nobler man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls. He by the senate is acci2 home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths, That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,

1 i.e. conscience 2 Sent for. 3 Confiade

Hath yok’d a nation strong, train’d up in arms. Ten years are spent since first he undertook This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms Our enemies’ pride: five times he hath return’d Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In coffins from the field; And now at last, laden with honour’s spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat,—by honour of his name, Whom worthily you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate’s right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore,— That you withdraw you, and abate your strength: Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts

Bus. Marcus Andronicus, so do I aff2 In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome’s rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people’s favour, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh’d.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you all and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.— Open the brazen gates, and let me in.

Bus. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Sat. and Bus. go into the Capitol; and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.

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SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans! make way! The good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion.
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour, and with fortune, is return'd,
From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter Martius and Demetrius; after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, with Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following.

The Bearers set down the Coffin.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning woods! Lo! as the bark that hath discharge'd her fraught Returns with previous lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage, Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Threes of true joy for his return to Rome
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to shroud my sword,
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
—Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, stain in thy country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so their shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distrest queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
I think my son to be as dear to me.
Suffice not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were plying them, it is in these,
Andronicus, slain not thy tomb with blood,
Wilt thou draw near nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
SCENE II.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor’s sons.

Be candidus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,

Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I dion this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose with acclamations to-day;

To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country’s strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms.
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome’s emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipp’d to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people’s hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people’s hearts, and weaken them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankfully; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable need.

Tit. People of Rome, and people’s tribunes, here
I ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome.

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor’s eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titian’s rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-wealth:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—“Long live our emperor!”

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome’s great emperor,
And say,—“Long live our Emperor Saturnine!”

[AMong FLOURISH. Shouts.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome’s royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her spouse.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour’d of thy grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our common-wealth,
The wide world’s emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;

Present well worthy Rome’s imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour’s ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The feast of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor,

[To TAMORA.

To him that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers

Sat. A good lady, trust me; of the hue

[Aside. That I would choose, were I to choose anew.

[To her.] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,

Thou com’st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas’d with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:

Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest, then, my lord?

Bas. Ay, noble Titus: and resolv’d withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

[The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show;

Mar. SuaM cuncta is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avante! Where is the emperor’s guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris’d.

Sat. Surpris’d! By whom?

Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his brothe’d from all the world away.

[Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I’ll keep this door safe.

[Exeunt LUCIUS, QUINTUS, AND MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I’ll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy?

Bar’st me my way in Rome? [Titus kills MUTIUS Mut.

Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another’s lawful promis’d love.

Exeit Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not.
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
That trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thence never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Wsh was there none else in Rome to make a state;
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said’st, I begg’d the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to handly with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phoebus 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant's dames of Rome,
1 then be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Peak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advances the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Panthecon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[Exeunt Saturninus and his Followers; Tamora,
and her sons; Aaron and Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when first thou wert to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?
Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hast dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes:
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in bravels,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall! What villain was it spoke that word?
Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despi'te?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast stuck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wound'd:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mar. He is not himself; let us withdraw awhile.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[Exeunt Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,
Quin. Father; and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The smallest' st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[ Mutius is put into the Tomb.

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advance'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell,
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him renumerant.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, Saturninus, attended,
Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron: at the other side, Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bus. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more.
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bus. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while, I am possess'd of that I mean.

Sat. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bus. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer must, and shall do with my life:
Only thus much I give your grace to know.
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine.
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds.
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all:
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome foreordain
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all.
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be you at last; [Aside to Sat.]
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so suppliant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reposes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all.
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus.—

[Aloud.]

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my emperor hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her. my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcile'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness
That what we did was mildly, as we might. [They kneel.]—

Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcius, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit those young men's heinous faults.

[They stand up.]

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[Trumpets. Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloof,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advance'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having girt the ocean with his beams,
Gallop the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And over looks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—

Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than was Prometheus tied to Caucassus.
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pear and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nympha,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grace'd,
And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,

And so in this, to bear me down with braves,
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to: have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [They draw

Aar. Why, how now, lords,
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame! put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing da'st perform.
Aar Away, I say!  
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jest upon a prince's right?
What! Lavinia then become so loose,
or Bassianus so degenerate?
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choices:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aor. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aor. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woe'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wot the miller of; and easy 'tis
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aor. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

Dem. Then, why should he be despair, that knows
to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aor. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aor. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed? *

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aor. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier laugh than bearing languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To vilify and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and cars:
The woods are ruthless, dastardly, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry
of Hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c. Marcus
Licius, Quintus, and Martinus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are wide.

Uneouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And resew the prince, and sing a hunter's round.
That all the court may echo with the sound.  

Sons, let it be your charge, and so will I,  
To attend the emperor's person carefully:—
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day brought comfort and delight.  

[Horns wind.  
They sing.  
"The hunt is up."

Enter Saturninus, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—

I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?  
Lav.  
I say, no;
I have been abroad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.  

[To Tamara
Mar.  
I have dogs, my lord,
Will runse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontor's top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows over the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.  

[Extant.

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter Aaron, with a Bag of Gold.

Aor. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To buy so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that think of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.

[Hides the Gold

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou so
When every thing doth make a gleeing boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies coiled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave.—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden stumper;
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Agr. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Agr. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Agr. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-be-seeing troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her;
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tum. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are single forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, destitute, and abominable.
Why are you soquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white prudely steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her jot her raven-coloured love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bus. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good kin's! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious
mother?
Why dost thou thy highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forebode and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds.
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes.
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many trebins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal barely hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

Stab Bassianus.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[Stabbing him likewise]

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous Ta-
more;
For none fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her:
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted shape she braves your might:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wap outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistresse, now perforce, we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou hast a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak: away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entertain her hear me but a word

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'st; from her, did turn to marble;
Even at her seat thou had'st thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.
Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard?
Law. 'Tis true: the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard. O, could I find it now!
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children.
The whilst their own birds fasten in their nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her!
Law. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake.
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate. O, thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better love'd of me.
Law. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen. [Kneeling.
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long.
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. [go.
Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond' woman, let me
Law. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some lostsome pit.
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Confusion fall.—
Chi. Nay, then. I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou
her husband: [Dragging off Lavinia.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt.
Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to see my lovely Moor.
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Martius.
Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the lonesome pit,
Where I esp'y'd the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you: 'tis not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[Quin. and Martius falls into the Pit.
Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood.
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak: brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. [Under the stage.] O, brother! with the dis-
mill of abject hurt.
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aar. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to fit
them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[Exit Aar.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart.
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone: and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The whereat it trembles by surmise.
O! tell me how? it is: for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lighten's all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus.
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—
It fear hath made thee faint; as me it hath,—
Oft of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coetyus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more: I will not lose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—
Thou canst not come to me, I came to thee. [Falls in
Enter Saturnines and Aaron.
Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately did descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour.
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest
He and his lady both are at the lodze,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus
and Lucius.
Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ.

The complott of this timeless tragedy;
SCENE I.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An't were my case, I should go hang myself
Dem. If thou hast hands to help thee knit the cord.

[Execut DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Wind Horns. Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: where is your husband?
If I do dream, 'twould all my wealth would wake me.
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in
And might not gain so great a happiness.
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy roseate lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath desloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titon's face
Blushing to be encountered with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to eindore where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a hute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life,
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thraean poet's feet.
Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee
O, could our mourning case thy misery!

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAEVINA, ravished;
her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was cut out thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrawl.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with
MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the Place
of Execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In danger's wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd,
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as it is thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:

1 scowl: in folio. 2 them: in old copies. Rome made the change. 3 their: in old copies; Hamner's correction. 4 Not in folio. which adds "within" to the end of the line. 5 These two words are not in f, e.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.]

My heart's deep anguish in my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears staunch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush. [Exit Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth! I will befriend thee with more rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,1
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou mayst drink my dear son's blood.

[Enter Lucius, with his Sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! thou lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead—

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.2

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribune,
For that they will not interject my tale. [Rising.

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

[Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged3 eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee helpless in thy father's sight?

What foal hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest,
And now, like Nilus, it distaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woel in feuding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,4
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Ridiculous notes, enchanting old and young.

Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O! thus I found her straying in the park
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrequiring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead.
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some curious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul,—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy living body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease,
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our checks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we eat away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry those eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O! what a sympathy is this!
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send my hand to him.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine.
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you.
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And wear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle: let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such with'rd herb as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.
Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use it. [Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron: I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest. [Aside.
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I'll deceive you in another sort, and
That you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[He cuts off Titus's Hand with his Sword.

Re-enter Lucius with an Axe, and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your stripes; what shall be is de-
spatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go. Andronicus; and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.—

[Aside.] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

[Fr casquelet, a close helmet. * the words, "with an Axe," are not in f. e.
And make them blind with tributary tears;  
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,  
And threaten, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about,  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take one head;  
And in this hand the other will I bear:  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.  
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;  
And, if you love me, as I think 'tis true,  
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.  
[Exit Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]  

Luc. Farewell, Androicous, my noble father;  
The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.  
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,  
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;  
O, would thou wert as thou 'stofore hast been!  
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,  
And make proud Saturnine, and his empress,  
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.  
[Exit.]


Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit: and look, you eat no more  
Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wracken knot:  
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;  
And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
Then, thus I thump it down.  
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,  
[To Lavinia.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with greans;  
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,  
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
Drown the lamenting foot in sea-salt tears.  

Marcus, fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay  
Such violent hands upon her tender life.  

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?  
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  

What violent hands can she lay on her life?  
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?  
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?  
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,  
Lest we remember still, that we have none.  
Fie, fie! how frantically I square my talk!  
As if we should forget we had no hands,  
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—  
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this!—  
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;  
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:  
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—  
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;  
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
As begging hormits in their holy prayers:  
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,  
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.  

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deet  
Laments:  
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.  

Marcus. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.  
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears.  
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—  
[Marcus strikes the Dish with a Knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?  

Marcus. At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.  

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'dst my heart:  
Mine eyes are cloud'd with view of tyranny;  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
 Becomes not Titus's brother. Get thee gone;  
I see, thou art not for my company.  

Marcus. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.  

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?  
Poor harmless fly!  
That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him  

Marcus. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favour'd fly.  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.  

Tit. O, O, O!  

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou hast done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor  
Come hither purposely to poison me.  
For 'tis for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah!  
Yet I think we are not brought so low,  
But that between us we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.  

Marcus. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him  
He takes false shadows for true substances.  

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy; and go with me: thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.  
[Exit]
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before Titus's House.

Enter Titus and Marcus. Then enter young Lucius,
Lavinia running after him.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy; too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she pites thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ram mad through sorrow: that made me to fear.
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeth, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lucius turns over the books which Lucius had let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?

Some book there is that she desires to see,—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.

What book? Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she posseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis:
My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragick tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And I, fear, I was, root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomel was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See. see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)

* No. in the quarto * Not in F. * Companion. * Not in F.
Lucius, I’ll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress’ sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou’lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I’ll teach another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I’ll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we’ll be waited on.
[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy.
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men’s marks upon his batter’d shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron, at one Door;
at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant,
with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.
Chi. Demetrius, here’s the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the hollowness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus:—
[Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What’s the news?
Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher’d, that’s the news.

For villains mark’d with rape. [To them.] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis’d, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [Aside.] like bloody villains.

[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What’s here? A scroll, and written round
Let’s see:—

 İnter leges, secerisque purus,
Non egens Matris jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O ! ’Tis a verse in Horace. I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

[Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass here!
Here’s no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them2 weapons wrapp’d about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus’ conceit:
But let her rest in her uneas’t awhile.—

To them.] And now, young lords, was’t not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother’s hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Hath he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thousand, Roman dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.

[Trumpets sound

Dem. Why do the emperor’s trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, holding a Black-a-moore Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne’er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!

Now help, or we bestrive the more evermore.

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from heaven’s eye,
Our empress’ shame, and stately Rome’s disgrace.
She is deliver’d; lords; she is deliver’d.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she’s brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?


Aar. Why, then she’s the devil’s dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as last as it was [Showing it] amongst the fairest burdens of our emlne.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger’s point.

Aar. Zounds! ye whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet blows, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn’d her loathed choice!

Accurs’d the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I’ll broach the tadpole on my rapier’s point.

Nurse, give it me: my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderess villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shin’d so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar’s sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir,
I tell you, younglings, not Eneas,
With all his threatening band of Typhon’s brood,
Nor great Aeneas, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father’s hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limb’d vails! ye alkeno painted signs!
Cele-black is better than another hue,
In that it shorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan’s black legs to white,
Although she have them hourly in the flood.

3 Not in f. o. 4 breeders: in f. o. 5 Not in folio. 6 limb’d: in old couples. Steevens made the change
Tell the empress from me, I am a man [To the Nurse.]
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer,
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.
Nur. The emperor in his rage will doon her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie! treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprisoned'red,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by theurer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[They sit at a distance.
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brace the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Contemn the midwife, and myself:
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away.
Go to the empress; tell her, this I said.—
[Stabbing her: she screams.
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore dost not
Aar. O lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy. [thou this?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Muli lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are;
Go pack* with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advance'd
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court,
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given you physic.
[Pointing to the Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her funeral:
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you make no long delays.
But send the midwife presently to me:
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then, let the ladiesattle what they may.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter Titus, bearing Arrows, with Letters on the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.

Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.

Terros Astraea reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea,
Yet there's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thusly tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distracted?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;

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1 Not in e. 2 Stein, or complexion. 3 Not far, one Maliteus lives: in e. 4 Contrive, agree. 5 take no longer days: is it.
Vest wrong with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, silt no justice is in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[He gives them the Arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, ad Apollinem:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury.
To Saturn, Cenus, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect:
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.
Mar. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, she should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes; God give his* lordship joy.
Enter the Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be
hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir! I know not Jupiter: I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Nay, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir! I never came there,
God forbid, I should be bold to press to heaven
in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl be-
twixt my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the
emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold: mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel;
then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons, and
then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see
you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Well done. 

Your: in quarto, 1611, and folio. 
as do the mighty gods: in f. e. 
Not in f. s.
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure stilt their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronics.  
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not entertain his son for us.  
Tam. If Tamora entertain him. then he will;  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf.  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before; be our ambassador: [To Æmilius  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronics.  
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.  
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit Æmilius

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronics,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.  
Sat. Then go successfully, and plead 'fore him

[Exit

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs.  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slay, sprung from the great Andronics,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt.  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.  
Luc. I humbly thank him, and thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?  
Enter, Goths, leading Aaron, with his Child in his Arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall,  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:—  
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!"

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white.  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe.—  
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake;"  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither.  
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,  
That robb'd Andronics of his good hand:  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye.  
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
Say, wall-cy'd slave, whether wouldst thou convey  
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? no, not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl.  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
Get me a ladder.  

[A Ladder brought

Aar. Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius.

[Speaking on the Ladder!]
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Comploids of mischief, treason, villainies.
Ruthful to hear, dispietiously, perfidiously:
And this shall all be buried in my death.
Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then will I begin.
Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do no not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee. called conscience,
With twenty populous tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore, thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soever it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up.
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee, I will.
Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most inordinate, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
Cut her—hands off, andtrimmed her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, detestable villain! I call st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed. I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast came to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

[Exeunt]
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson
lines:
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well.
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wanton vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confest with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detected rape,
Can cough for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder stand;
Now, give some assurance that thou art Revenge;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels.
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide two proper palliars, black as jet,
To hide thy vengeful waggon swift away;
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy ear is leaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rape and Murder there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are;
And you, the empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embrace will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit Titus above.
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
What'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speecches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son,
And, whi's? I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See! here he comes, and I must ply my theme.
[Enter Titus, below.
Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeeful house.—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too—
How like the empress and her sons you are!—
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor:
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?
Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?
Dom. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong
And I will be revenged on them all.
Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a rascible.
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.
Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son.
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?
Tit. Marcus, my brother,—it is sad Titus calls.
[Enter Marcus.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him enempaugh his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.
Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.
Tam. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. [Aside to them.] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have governed our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.
Tit. [Aside.] I know them all, though they sup
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.
Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a compot to betray thy foes.
[Exit.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we employ'd?
Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do—
Publius, come hither. Caius, and Valentine!
[Enter Publius, and others.
Pub. What's your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The empress' sons.

I take them; Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fig, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oh have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit.]

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Caius. Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

[Re-enter Titus Andronicus with Lavinia; she bearing a Bassoon, and he a Knife.]

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud:
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault.
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.

You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shamefull heads;
And bid that stumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Lick to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia come,

[He eats their Throats, and she catches the Blood.]
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it:
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd. —

Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother's home.

[Exit, beheading the dead Bodies.]

SCENE III. — The Same. A Pavillion, with Tables, &c.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths; with Aaron, Prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Mo
terous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave! —
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. —

[Exeunt.]

[Trumpeis sound.]

The trumpets sound the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more sons than one?
Luc. What boats thee tele to call thyself a sun?
Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the peace;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome.
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.

Enter Titus, dressed like a Cook, Lavinia, veiled young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen:
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; and welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflower'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like. —

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[He kills Lavinia.]
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow flee.

Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage: — and it is now done. *

Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your high-
ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not t; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius.
They ravish'd her, and eat away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother dauntly hath fed, 2
SCENE III

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred
Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[Killing Tamora.

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

[Killing Titus.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's need for meed, death for a deadly deed.


Mar. You sad-faced men, people, and sons of Rome,
By uproot sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, who mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.

If by my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Didio's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surprise'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Simon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in.
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even 'tis the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditor, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister,
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despit'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drouth'd their enmy in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the 2 turn'd-dorth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And, as he is, to witness this is true.

Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Sat. Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans:
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all heart-long east us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.

Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe.
But, gentle people, give me an ear while,
For nature puts me to a heavy style.

Luc. Stand all aloof,—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this bier.

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses Titus.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face.
These last duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:

O! were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us,
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine intancy:
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring
Because kind nature doth require it so:

Luc. Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Did him farewell? expound him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, all that he can have.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so did live again.

Luc. Enter Attendants, with Aaron.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him,
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieve, or pity him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Luc. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,

* The rest of this speech is usually given to a Roman lord. 2 Not in the folio. 3 and take leave of him: in f. o.
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
    And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
    Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
    No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds
    No mournful bell shall wring her burial:

But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey
    Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
    By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
    That like events may ne'er it ruinate.
ROmEO AND JUliET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two hostile Houses.
CAPULET, }
Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to
ROMEO.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to
ROMEO.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, in Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

TWO households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remit:
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

Enter Sampson and Gregory, armed with Swords and Bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.¹
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw,
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to
stand;² therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand,
I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest
goes to the wall.
Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore,

¹ This was regarded as a low, degrading office.
² stand to it: therefore (of my word) if thou be mov'd, then 'tis run away: in quarto 1597
³ civil: in f. s.
⁴ Only in quarto, 1597.
⁵ Salted and dried fish. ⁶ Only in the quarto, 1597.

I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust
his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us
their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant:
when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel³ with
the maids; I will cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-
heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gre. They must take it in a sense, that feel it.
Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand;
and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hast, thou
hadst been poor John.⁴ Draw thy tool; here come
two⁵ of the house of the Montagues.

Enter Abram and Balthasar.
Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back
thee.
Gre How! turn thy back, and run?
Have three disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave besoming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd Hate.\footnote{11}
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:\footnote{11}
For this time all the rest depart away.\footnote{12}
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men\footnote{14} depart.
\footnote{\textit{Exeunt the Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, CITIZENS, and SERVANTS}}

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroad?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?—
Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.\footnote{18}
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ear,
He swung and cut the wind, and out the wind,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging threats and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

\textit{Le. Mon.} O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peep'd forth\footnote{16} the golden windows of the east,
A troubled\footnote{19} mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring\footnote{20} his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,\footnote{20}
Being one too many by my weary self,\footnote{20}
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more cloaths with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?\footnote{Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.}
Mon. Have you importun'd him by any means?\footnote{Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends; But he, his own affection's counsellor, Is to himself—I will not say, how true—}
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with the envious worm,
Scene II.  Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd.
From love's weak childish bow she lives enchant'd.10
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bred th' encounter of assailing eyes,13
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:12
O! she is rich in beauty: only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.16

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chastel.

Romeo. She hath and in that sparing makes huge waste
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Aruuld by me; forget to think of her.

Rome. O! teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.

Rome. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

Scene II.—A Street.

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit? Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world.
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made
Cap. And too soon married are those so early married.

Earth up hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.

This night I hold an old acoustum'd feast,
Whereunto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love: and you, among the store,
One more most welcome makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter trends, even such delight

same: in old copies. Thee had made the change. 4 hopes: in quarto, 1597. 5 lows give pathways to our: in quarto, 1597. 6 create in quarto, 1597. 7 best-seeing things: in quarto, 1597. Other quartos, and first folio; well-seeing forms. 8 Fa'd: in quarto, 1597. 9 made: in the same word. 10 Hind'me in quarto, 1597. 11 whom she is you: in quarto, 1597. 12 So the quarto, 1597. Other old copies omit: bid 13 right: in quarto, 1597. 14 shamed: in quarto, 1597. 15 Against Cupid's childish how she lives enchant'd: in quarto, 1597. 16 Not in quarto, 1597. 17 The rest of this, and first speech of next scene, not in quarto, 1597. 18 Not in folio. 19 made: in f. e. 20 Not in f. e. 21 This and the preceding line, are not in the quarto, 1597. 22 This and previous line, are not in quarto, 1597.
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
[ Giving a Paper.]

My house and welcome on their pleasant stay.
[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?
It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with
his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with
his pen, and the painter with his nets: but I am sent
to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and
can never find what names the writing person hath
here writ. I must to the learned— in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learnt it without book; but,
I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly. REST you merry. [Going.
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read.  

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
Countess Anselme, and his beautious sisters; the lady
widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely
nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece
Rosaline; Liv a; Signior Placentio, and his cousin
Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master
is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house
of Montagues, I pray, come and crush' a cup of wine.
Rest you merry.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world began.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by;
Herself poised with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scent show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn
But to rejoice in splendid of mine own. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve years old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird?—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet?

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here:

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a while.
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll say fourteen of my teeth.

And yet to my teen' be it spoken I have but four.
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she.—God rest all Christian souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she, marry? I remember it well,

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wond'—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dog,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua—

Nay, I do bear a brain—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tether, and fall out with the dog!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone*; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man*—took up the child:

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay.

To see, now, what a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not Jule? quoth he
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave revealing, and say—"Ay." And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A perils knock; and it cried bitterly.
"Yea, quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?"
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jul? It stinted, and said—"Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace! I have done. God mark thee to his grace.
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd: An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. March, that marry is the very theme I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count.
I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentle-man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:—
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one an other lends content;
And what beauty's in this fair volume lies,
Fond written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking like move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up,
you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse curs'd in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six
Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others, preceded by a
Drum.

Rom. What, shall this speech he spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such proximity;
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Seeming the ladies like a crow-keeper1;
Nor without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance; 4
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling
Beguiling heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance
Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes.
Withumble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stales me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,10
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enupierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers: and so11 bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Ben. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love
Prick love for prickling, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in;

[Putting on a Mask

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote15 deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wanton, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes16 with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grand sire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's14 the nuisance, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire16
Of this save-reverenced15 love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho!

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment hits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

1 This and the next speech, not in the quarto, 1607. 3 This and the following lines to JULIET's speech, are not in the quarto, 1597. 4 Several: in quarto, 1600, and folio. 5 engage: in quarto, 1597. 6 The rest of this direction is not in f.s. 7 Like a person set to scare crows. 8 This and the previous line, are only in the quarto, 1597. 9 He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good clothes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing.—Ducker's Westward Hoe, 1607; quoted by Steevens. 10 This and the eleven lines following, are not in the quarto, 1607. 11 to: in folio. 12 Observe. 13 The ordinary covering for floors. 14 A phrase often met with; it may mean, "dumb as a mouse." 15 Dun is in the mire," is a game which consists in seeing who can 'fit a heavy log of wood.—Griffard 16 From single reverence, an old apologetic form of expression. 17 by night: in quarto, 1597.
Merc. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies’ midwife; and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone.

On the fore-finger of an alderman.

Drawn with a team of little atomies;

Over men’s noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners’ legs;

The cover, of the wines of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider’s web;

The collars, of the moonshine’s watery beams.*

Her whip, of cricket’s bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Pick’d from the lazy finger of a milkmaid.*

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made in the joiner’squiring, or old grub.

Time out of the fairies’ bowl-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lovers’ brains, and then they dream of love:

On courtiers’ knees, that dream on court’sies straight:

O’er lawyers’ fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O’er ladies’ lips, who straight kiss dream; which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues, Because their breaths with sweet-smells tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o’er a counsellor’s nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometime comes she with a tighe-pig’s tail, Tickling a person’s nose as ‘a lies asleep;

Then he dreams of another benefice.

Sometime she driveth o’er a soldier’s neck,* And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats.

Of breaches, ambushadoes, Spanish blades, Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes; And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two, And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,

That plucks the manes of horses in the night;

And makes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs, Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hang, when maids lie on their backs, That presses them, and leaves them first to learn, Making them women of good carriage.

This, is she—•

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!

Thou talk’st of nothing.

Merc. True, I talk of dreams,

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air,

And more inconstant than the wind, who woeis

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

And, being anger’d, puffs away from thence,•

Turning his tide• to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,

Shall bitterly begin his fearful date

With this night’s revels: and expire the term

Of a despised life, clos’d in my breath.

By some vile forfeit of uneven death:

But he, that hath the steerage of my course,

Direct my sail.—Oh, hasty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET’S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where’s Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trowcher! he scrape a trowcher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men’s hands, and they unwashed too; ’tis a foul thing.

1 Serv. A way with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!•

2 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

1 Serv. You are look’d for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cereely, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire.

Enter²²  Capulet, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes Unplugged with corns, will have a bout²² with you.—

Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I’ll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now? You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor, and could tell [To ROMEO, &c.,²²]

A whispering tale in a fair lady’s ear,

Such as would please.—’t is gone, ’t is gone, ’t is gone. You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.²²

[Music plays, and they dance.

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah! sirrah, this unlook’d-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,

For you and I are past our dancing²² days:

How long is ’t now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask?²²

2 Cap. By ’r lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! ’t is not so much, ’t is not so much.

’Tis since the union of Lucentio,

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask’d.

2 Cap. ’Tis more, ’t is more: his son is elder, sir.

His son is thirty.

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?²³

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight? [Pointing to JULIET.]

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth-teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she²³ hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear;

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shows a snowy dove²³ troping with crows,

As yonder lady or her fellows shows.

The measure done, I’ll watch her place of stand.
And, touching hers, make blessed! my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
never saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—[Exit Boy.] What! dares
the slave
Come hither, cover’d with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn on our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm
you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn on our solemnity this night.
1 Cap. Young Romeo is it?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz: let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern’d youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-becoming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him.
1 Cap. He shall be endur’d:
What, goodman boy*!—I say, he shall:—go to;
Go to: am I the master here, or you?
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among our guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop: you'll be the man.
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy.—Is’t so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to seath you.—I know what
You must contrive me! marry, 'tis time:
Well said, my hearts.—You are a prince; go be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame! I'll make you quiet: What?—Cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choleric meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [Exit.
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[To Juliet.

This holy shrine, the gentle fine! this is,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this ;
For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch,*
And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, they grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer’s effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg’d. [Kissing her.
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg’d! Give me my sin again.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
[Juliet retires. 
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs’d her daughter, that you talk’d withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O, dear account! my life is my foe’s debt.11
Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.11[Going
1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it o’en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let’s to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late; I’ll to my rest. [Exit.
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is your gentleman?
[The Guests retire severely.
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What’s he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What’s he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague:
[Going and returning.1
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late! Prodigies of birth love it is to me,
That I must love a leathen enemy. [Exeunt all Guests.
Nurse. What’s this? what’s this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn’d even now
Of one I dance’d withal. [One calls within, Juliet:
Nurse. Anon, anon.—
Come, let’s away: the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt
Enter Chorus.18
Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan’d for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match’d, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is below’d, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos’d he must complain,
And she steal love’s sweet balm from fearful hooks:
Being hold a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear:
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet.
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit
SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining CAPULET's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise, and, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!—

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! I pronounce! but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her pureblood son and heir,
Young Adam's Cupid, he that shot so true,

When king Cepheus lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees.
To be consort'd with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—

O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open at easter, thou a poppin pear!
Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [Exit.

SCENE II.—CAPULET's Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—

[Juliet appears above, at a window.]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—

Aris, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but white and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.——
It is my lady; O! it is my love:
O, that she knew what I am!——

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye disourses, I will answer it.—

I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks;
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame these stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leaseth her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

Jul. Ah me! She speaks

Romeo, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-urned wand'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, 'tis not thy name: call thee Montague
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.

What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name it would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. — Romeo, dost thou
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself?

Rom. I take thee at thy word. —

[Starting forward.]

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus beseechin' in night,
So stumblist on my counsel?

Rom. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, 18 yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.

1 Best thou hear? He, &c. in quarto, 1597. 2 comply: in folio (Closeup). 3 Abraham: in old copies. The allusion is supposed to be to the ballad of King Cepheus and the Beggar-maid. Dyce says the word is " corruption of odoam." or abode. 4 trim: in quarto, 1597. 5 He hears me not: in quarto, 1597; the rest of this and the next line, wanting. 4 trac: in folio, 1597. 7 fashion: in quarto, 1597. 8 ypp, daisy, earth: in folio, 1597. 9 e. 4 This and the previous line, are not in quarto, 1597. 10 aye: in later quarto and folio. 11 kie: in quarto, 1597. 12 lazy-saving: in folio, 1597. 13 though, not: in folio. 14 word: in later quarto and folio. 15 the divine: in quarto, 1597. 16 part: in quarto, 1597. 17 quarto, 1597. 18 Net in f. 16 thy tongue's utterance: in later quarto and folio.
Jul. How canst thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee there.

Rom. With love’s light wings did I o’erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night’s o’erwatch, and is come to thine eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life was better ended by their hate,
Than death protracted, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found’st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash’d with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know’st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush beat up my cheek,
For which that thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fair, fair deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment.
Dost thou love me? I know thou’lt will say—Ay:
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swearst,
Thou mayst prove false: at lovers’ perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, proclaim it faithfully;
Or if thou think’st I am too quickly won,
I’ll frown, and be severe; and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I’ll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard’st, ere I was ware,
My true love’s passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tip with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

Jul. O! swear not by the moon, th’ inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious elf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I’ll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart’s dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis’d, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer’s ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as within that my breath!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Thy exchange of thy love’s faithful vow for mine,
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more! I give thee.
The more I have, for both are infinite. [Nurse calls within
Jul. I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [Exit
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I’ll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I’ll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [Within] Madam! Juliet. I come, anon.—But if thou mean’st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [Within] Madam! Juliet. By and by; I come.—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief;
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night. [Exit
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books:
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Going

Re-enter Juliet above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer’s voice.
To lure this terrorsome gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy voice more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo’s name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers’ tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear!—
Jul. At what o’clock to-morrow shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: ’tis twenty years till then.
I have not forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I will still stay, to have thee still forget.
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. ’Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton’s bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,  
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,  
So loving-jalous of his liberty.  
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.  
Jull. Sweet, so would I:  
Yet should I kill thee with much cherishing.  
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.  
[Exit.  
Rom. Sleep well until thine eyes, peace in thy breast.  
Jull. Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!  
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell:  
His help to crave, and my good hope to tell.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morose smiles on the frowning night,  
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.  
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.  
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb:  
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;  
And from her womb children of divers kind  
We seek on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,  
None but some, and yet all different.  
O! miracle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:  
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live  
But to the earth some special good doth give;  
Nor sought so good, but strain'd from that fair use,  
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;  
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,  
And vice sometime's by action dignified.  
Within the infant rind of this weak flower  
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:  
For this, being smelt, with that act cheers each part;  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.  
Two such opposed kings encamp them still  
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;  
And where the worse is predominant,  
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite!  
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—  
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye  
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;  
But where unbusied youth, with unstiff'd brain,  
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.  
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,  
Thou art up-round by some distemper:  
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—  
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?  
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;  
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.  
I have been feasting with mine enemy;  
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,  
That's by me wounded: both our remedies  
Within thy help and holy physic lies:  
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!  
My intercession likewise stands my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and lonely in thy dryst  
Riddling confession finds but riddling shift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set  
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:  
As mine on hers, so here is set on mine;  
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine  
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,  
We met, we wou'd, and made exchange of vow,  
I'll tell thee, as we pass: but this I pray,  
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!  
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies  
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sights from heaven clears,  
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,  
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then—  
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doing, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,  
To lay one in, another out to have.  
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now  
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:  
The other did not so.

Fri. O! she knew well,  
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.  
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,  
In one respect I'll thy assistant be,  
For this alliance may so happy prove,  
To turn your households' ramour to pure love.

Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow: they stumble that run fast.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?  
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,  
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,  
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life  
Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.  
Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stab-
bed with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt- shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?  

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?  

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O! he is a courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing pricket-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto rivero! the hay!—

Ben. The what?  

Mer. The pox of such ane, lispings, affecting fantastiscions, these new turners of accents!—By Jeau, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand- sire, that we should be afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these pardonnez-moi; who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bawds, their bawds!  

Enter Romeo.  

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.  

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—merry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, holdings; Thisebe, a grey eye, or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo. bon jour! there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.  

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?  

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?  

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.  

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hands.  

Rom. Meaning—courtesy.  

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.  

Rom. A most courteous exposition.  

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.  

Rom. Pink for flower.  

Mer. Right.  

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.  

Mer. Well said: I'll follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.  

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.  

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.  

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.  

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?  

Rom. Thou wast never with me for the goose, when thou wast not there for the goose.  

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.  

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.  

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.  

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?  

Mer. O! here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.  

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.  

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable. now art thou Romeo: now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs rolling up and down to hide his baulbe in a hole.  

Ben. Stop there, stop there.  

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.  

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.  

Mer. O! thou art deceived. I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.  

Rom. Here's goodly gear!  

Enter Nurse and Peter.  

Mer. A sail, a sail!  

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.  

Nurse. Peter, p'rythee give me my fan.  

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairier of the two.  

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.  

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.  

Nurse. Is it good den?  

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the pricket of noon.  

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.  

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.  

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?  

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.  

Nurse. You say well.  

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, I' faith; wisely, wisely.  

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.  

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.  

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!  

Rom. What hast thou found?  

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.  

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,[Singing.] Is very good meat in lent:  

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,  

When it hoars ere it be spent.—  

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.  

Rom. I will follow you.  

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady;  

Farewell, lady, lady, lady,[Singing.]  

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.  

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1 The CGR by which the target was attached.  
2 The cat, in the old story of Reynard the Fox, is called, Tybert.  
3 Music by note.  
4 So the endadate quarto; the other old copies: Pardon-mec.  
5 A low person.  
6 Often used for a fine, blue eye.  
7 Loose breeches.  
8 A counterfeite piece of money, was often so called.  
9 This and the previous speech, are not in quarto, 1597.  
10 The shoe-ribbons were cut: the flow-ers.  
11 Bare wit: in later quarto, and folio.  
12 Faint: in later quarto, and folio.  
13 Name of an apple.  
14 Kid skin.  
15 A broad goose: in quarto.  
16 Thysell: in quarto, 1597.  
18 Merc. Good Peter, to hide her face! For her fan's the fairier face.  
19 No. in later quarto, and folio.  
20 Conference: in quarto, 1597.  
21 Not in f. e.  
22 This was favorite tone.  
23 Not in f. e.
ROMEO and JULIET.  
ACT II.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery? 

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month. 

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were luster than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Sourvy knife! I am none of his flint-gills: I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure? 

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. 

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. — Sourvy knife! — Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked dealing. 

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, — Nurse. Good heart! and, if faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman. 

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me. 

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer. 

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon; And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains. 

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny. 

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [Giving her money.] 

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there. Rom. And stay; good nurse, behind the abbey-wall: Within this hour my man shall be with thee, And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair; Which to the top-gallant of my joy Must be my convey in the secret night. Farewell! — Be trusty, and I'll 'quite thy pains. Farewell! — Commend me to thy mistress. 

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee! — Hark you, sir. 

Rom. What sayst thou, my dear nurse? 

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say, Two may keep counsel, putting one away? 

Rom. I warrant thee; my man is true as steel. 

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady— Lord, lord! —when 'twas a little prating thing, —O! There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife abroad; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsel world. Both not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter. 

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R. 

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for thee? no. I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it. 

Rom. Command me to thy lady. 

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times — Peter! 

Pet. Anon? 

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exit. 

SCENE V. — CAPULET'S Garden. 

Enter Juliet. 

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse; In half an hour she promis'd to return. Perchance, she cannot meet him: that's not so. — O! she is lame, 's love's heralds should be thought, Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams Driving black shadows over lowering hills: Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love, And therefore hath the wind-sift Cupid wings. Now is the sun upon the highest hill Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve Is three long hours.—yet she is not come. Had she affections, and warm youthful blood, She'd be as swift in motion as a ball; My words would bandy her to my sweet love, And his to me: but old folks, seem as dead; Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead. 

Enter Nurse and Peter. 

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news? Hast thou met with him?* Send thy man away. 

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter. 

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse.—O lord! why look'st thou sad? Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily; If good, thou shalt's the music of sweet news By playing it to me with so sour a face. 

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave awhile.— Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had! Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news: Nay, come, I pray thee, speak—good, good nurse, speak. 

Nurse. Jut, what haste! can you not stay awhile? Do you not see, that I am out of breath? Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath To say to me—that thou art out of breath? The excuse that thou dost make in this delay Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse. Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that; Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance. Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad? 

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face he better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, — but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wenches: serve God. What, have you dined at home? 

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that? 

Nurse. Lord, how my head ache! what a head have I: 

* This word was often used as a contemptuous term, as distinguished from "gentleman." 
1 roperies: in quarto, 1597; both words mean, regency. 
2 weak: in the e. 
3 Tell her, I protest: in quarto, 1597. 
4 The quarto, 1597, has in place of this speech: — Bid her get leave to-morrow morning. 
5 Come to shrift at friar Lawrence's cell; 
6 And omit all to, "And stay." 
7 Not in fac. 
8 The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Commend me," &c. 
9 * R, in the dog's letter and hireth is the sound. — Ben Jonson's Eng. Grammar. 
10 Old copies read: " R is for the!" which Warburton changed to "thee." Some mod. eds. 
11 read, with Tyrwhitt: " R is for the dog." 
12 lazy: in quarto, 1597. 
13 The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the next twelve lines: 
14 And run more swift, than hasty powder'll fed. 
15 Both hurt by the fearless cannon's mouth.

The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "I am awry!"
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaining up and down.
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well. 
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou repli'st;
'Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?'
Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coe!—Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They'll be in scarlet straightway at my news. 
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.
Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, Page, and Servants.
Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not beare a brawl:
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.
Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a fellow?
Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.
Ben. And what to?
Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye,

1 In place of this question, the quarto, 1597, has:
Nay stay, sweet nurse; I do entreat thee, now,
What says my love, my lord, my Romeo?
2 straight: in i.e. 3 any: in i.e. 4 This scene was entirely reformed in the quarto, 1599. It may be found as it appears in the quarto, 1597, in the notes to Verplanck's edition. 5 sum up some: in folio. Stevens made the change. 6 This and the previous line, are not in quarto, 1597. 7 This and the next speech, are not in the quarto, 1597.

but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat:
and yet thy head hath been beaten asaddle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Dost thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!
Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.
Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!
Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.
Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.
Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.
Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.
Merc. Could you not take some occasion without giving?  

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—  

Mer. Consort! what! dest thou make minstrels?  
an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but  
discords: here's my fiddlstick; here's that shall make  
you dance. 'Zounds, consort! [Striking his hilt.]  

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men;  
Either withdraw unto some private place,  
And reason coldly of your grievances,  
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.  

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them  
gaze:  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.  

Enter Romeo.  

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my  
man.  

Mer. But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:  
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;  
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.  

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford  
No better term than this—thou art a villain.  

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
Doth much exceed the appertaining rage  
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;  
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.  

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.  

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;  
But love thee better than thou canst devise,  
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:  
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender  
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.  

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
A la stocata carries it away.  

[Drews as Tybalt is going.  

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?  
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your  
ineyes; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as  
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the  
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pocketh  
by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears  
erie it be out.  

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.  

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapiers up.  

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [They fight.  

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;  

Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame,  
Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—  
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying  
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!  

[Exit Tybalt and his Partisans.  

Mer. I am hurt: [Romeo supports Merc.  

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—  
Is he gone, and hath nothing?  

Ben. What! art thou hurt?  

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis  
enough.—  

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.  

[Exit Page.  

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.  

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as  
a church'd door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for  
me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.  
I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o'  
both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a  
cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a  
villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why,  
the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under  
your arm.  

Rom. I thought all for the best.  

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,  
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses:  
They have made worms' meat of me:  
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!  

[Exit Mercutio and Benvolio.  

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,  
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt  
in my behalf;—my reputation stain'd  
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour  
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet!  
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,  
And in my temer way to vulture's steel.  

Re-enter Benvolio.  

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;  
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth  
depend;  
This but begins the woeful others must end.  

Re-enter Tybalt.  

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.  

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!  
Away to heaven, respective livery,  
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—  
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,  
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul  
Is but a little way above our heads,  
Staying for thine to keep him company:  
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.  

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst conspire  
here,  

Shall with him hence.  

Rom. This shall determine that.  

[They fight; Tybalt falls.  

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!  
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—  
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,  
If thou art taken.—Hence!—be gone!—away!  
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.  

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit Romeo  

Enter Citizens, &c.  

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?  
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?  

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.  

1 Cit. You, sir,—go with me.  
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.  

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their  
Wives, and others.  

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?  

Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all  
The unluckie manage of this fatal brawl:  
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,  
That slew the kinman, brave Mercutio.  
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!  
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spild'p  
Of my dear kinman!—Prince, as thou art true,  
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.  
O cousin, cousin!  

Prin. Who began this bloody fray?  

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand dislay  

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice! the quarrel was; and urg’d withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow’d,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he its
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio’s breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point.
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
’t back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Rectoris it home. Romeo he cries aloud.
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his
Husband arm beats down their fatal points,
And ‘twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo.
Who had but newly entertain’d revenge,
And to’t they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Bevuolio die.

La. Capulet. He is a kinsman to the Montague.
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him; he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio’s friend:
This fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offense,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate’s proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding:
But I’ll ancore you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses.
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste.
Else, when he’s found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet’s House.

Enter Juliet.

Juliet. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus’ mansion: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That enemies’ eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk’d of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black;
And learn me how to lose a winning match.
Play’d for a pair of stainless maidenheads:
Hood my unnam’d blood, batting’t in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle: till strange love, grown bold,
Think true rove acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou night in day;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night.

Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back.—
Come, gentle night; come, lovely, black-brow’d night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars.
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess’d it: and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy’d. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes.
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with a Ladder of Cords.

And she brings news; and ev’y tongue, that speaks
But Romeo’s name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the

cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [Throws them down.

Juliet. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy

hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he’s dead, he’s dead, he’s dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he’s gone. he’s kill’d, he’s dead!

Juliet. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—
What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roard in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I. And
That barest voice, I, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, I.
If he be slain, say,—; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine or my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse:
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub’d in blood,
All in gore blood!—I swooned at the sight.

Juliet. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne’er look on liberty:
Yile earth, to earth resign; end motion here.
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!—

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had
Of courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Juliet. What storm is this that blows so contrary?

Nurse. Is Romeo slaughter’d? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear lov’d cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Thou, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Romeo. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
Romeo, that kill’d him, he is banished.

Juliet. O God!—did Romeo’s hand shed Tybalt’s

blood?—

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Juliet. O serpent heart, did with a flowering face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather’d raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!
Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.  [Exeunt

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentle judgment parted from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then, banish'd
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives: and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more tourist lives
In carrión flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banished.

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar! the dammed used that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mingle me with that word—banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word
Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more
Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [Falling.
Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.
[Nocking within.
Rom. Not I: unless the breath of heart-sick groans.
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Nocking.
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—who's there?
—Romeo; arise;
Thon wilt be taken.—Stand a while.—Stand up:
[Nocking.
Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [Nocking.
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [Within.] Let me come in and you shall know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.
Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.
Fri. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand. an you be a man;
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? [Romeo groans.
Rom. Nurse. [Rising suddenly.
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceall'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Dost my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast;
Un-seemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-seeming beast, in seeming both!
Thea hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rais't thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three did meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose,
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound's in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should be deck'd thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt: there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array:
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou poust'st upon thy fortune and thy love,
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was agreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir,
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence. Good night: and here stands all
Either be gone before the watch be set, [your state:—
Or by the break of day disquist'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand: 'tis late: farewell; good night
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.
Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die —
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. These times of woe afford no time to woe.—
Ma'am, good night; commend me to your daughter.
Lc. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To night she's mew'd up in her heaviness.
Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love; I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; say more, I doubt it not.
Vie, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her, [soon;]
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, you 'll have some half a dozen friends.
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—
Adieu; it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear.
Nighly she sings on yon pomegranate tree
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn.
No nightingale: look, love, what envious stroaks
Do fill the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yo' light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou needst not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be taken, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so,
I'll say, you grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow,3
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaunted heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome: Juliet willeth it so —
How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; be hence, be gone, away! It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes; O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag and baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bles'd
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hiding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossip's; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot,

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,

Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair descemees, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining marmet, in her fortunate tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed!"—"I cannot love."

I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me."

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Grave where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die! in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

Trust to't, both think you: I'll not be forsworn. [Exit.

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that diminutive where Tyrball lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [Exit.

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—

What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 'tis. Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; 
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth, 
I think it best you married with the county.
O! he's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo's a dishevet to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye, 
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Juliet. Speak not thus to my heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Juliet.
Amen!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris.

Friar. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Friar. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much way,
And in his wisdom hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Friar. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. 

[Aside.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife.
Juliet. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Juliet. What must be shall be.

Friar. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Juliet. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny him that you love me.
Juliet. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Juliet. If I do so, it will be of more price.

Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Juliet. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake to it my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Juliet. It may be so, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Friar. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [Exit Paris.

Juliet. O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!

Friar. O Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It straitens me past the compass of my wits;
I hear thou must, and nothing must prologue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.

Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hast ear'd of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently. [Show ing it.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experience'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
Twixt my extremities and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die. [Offers to strike
If what thou speakest speak not of remedy.
Friar. Hold, daughter! I do say a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou wast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to elude away this shame,
That cop'd with death himself to scape from it,
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Juliet. O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thiefish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with rearing bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
Over-throw'd with dead men's rattling bones,
With weary shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will’d harlotry it is.
  Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shift with merry
look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn’d me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin’d
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [Kneeling.
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever mild by you.

Cap. Send for the County: go tell him of this.

I’ll have this knot knitt up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence’s cell:
And gave him what becoming? love I might,
Not stepping o’er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on’t; this is well,—stand up:
This is as ’tis should be.—Let me see the County;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No. not till Thursday: there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We’ll to church to-
morrow.
  [Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
’t is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, my
faith, and that to Juliet; help to deck up her:
I’ll not to bed to-night,—let me alone;
I’ll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!

They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is won’t drowsy light,
Since this same wayward girl is so relain’d.
  [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—JULIET’S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best;—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know’st, is cross and full of sin.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, lady? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam: we have e’er such necessary
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed and rest; for thou hast need.
  [Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet
again.

* Or lay me in a tomb with one new dead: in quarto, 1597: the undated quarto has t abroad: the folio: grave.

* To keep myself a faithful, untrained wife: To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo: in quarto, 1597.

* A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize, Each vital spirit: for no pulse shall keep His natural progress, but succumb to death: in quarto, 1597. So be the undated quarto: and, and folio: many.

* Forward, wilful: in quarto, 1597. Not in f. e. became: w e f

[1.597.]

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

What if I should be sitted in the tomb?

Awaite an hour before the appointed time.

Ah! then I fear I shall be lunatic.

And playing with my dead forsworn’s bones,

Dish out my frantic brains. Methinks I see

My cousin Tybalt, watering in his blood,

Seeking for Romeo: stay, Tybalt, stay,—

Romeo, I some, this do I drink to the—
have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial,—
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no,—this shall forbid it,—ie thou there.
[Leaving down a Dagger.
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lost in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
Now if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place.—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort:
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mantrades' torn out of the earth.
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forfathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! Romeo! Romeo!—here's drink—I drink to thee.
[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold; take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-queue, go.
Get you to bed: 'tis faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your
But I will watch you from such watching now. [Exit; time;

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.

Cop. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow
What's there?
Enter Servants, with Spits, Logs, and Baskets.
1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cop. Make haste, make haste. [Exit 1 Serv.]
Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter.
[Exeit.
Cop. 'Mass, and well said; a merry whorehouse, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! it is day:
The Country will be here with music straight,'

[Music within
For so he said he would.—I hear him near.—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet; go, and trim her up:
I'll go and chat with Paris,—He, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already.
Make haste, I say.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber; Juliet on the Bed

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—is, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What! not a word?—You take your pennyworths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the County take you in your bed:
He'll fright you up, if faith,—Will it not be?—
What, drest! and in your clothes! and dawn again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady, lady!—
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vite, ho!—my lord! my lady!—

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noise is here?—
Nurse.

La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse.

Look, look! O heavy day!—
La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd: she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold!—
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. A shameful day!—

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence and Paris, with Musician.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
O son! the night before thy wedding day
Romeo deats lain with thy wife: there she lies,
Flower as she was, delivered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face?
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
Lat. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe, O woeful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day;
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!
Par. Beggild, divorc'd, wrong'd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despair'd, distressed, hated, martyred, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's curse lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long,
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason'serriment.
Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast:
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, you go in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.]
1 Mus. 'Tis faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up,
For, well ye know, this is a pitiful case. [Exit Nurse]
1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.
Enter Peter.
Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease."
Heart's ease: O! an you will have me live, play—
"Heart's ease."
1 Mus. Why "Heart's ease?"
Pet. O, musicians! because my heart itself plays
"My heart is full of woe." O! play me some merry
dump, to comfort me.
2 Mus. Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not, then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.
1 Mus. What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.
1 Mus. Then, will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you,
I'll fa you. Do you note me? [Drawing his Dagger.]
1 Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.
2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.
—Answer me like men:
When wringing grief the heart doth wound,
And dolotiful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;
Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"
What say you, Simon Catling?
1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Thou pratest:—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
2 Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Thou pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?
3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound,"
because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.
[Exit

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same.
2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here:
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death of sleep, My dreams presage some joyous news at hand. My bosom’s lord sits lightly in his throne; And, all this day, an unaccustomed spring Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts. I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead; Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think, And breathe’d such life with kisses in my lips, That I reviv’d, and was an emperor. Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess’d! When but love’s shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar? Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? How dost my lady? Is my father well? How fares my Juliet? That I ask again; For nothing can be ill if she be well. Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill: Her body sleeps in Capulet’s monument, And her immortal part with angel lives. I saw her laid low in her kindred’s vault, And presently took post to tell it you. O pardon me for bringing these ill news, Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then, I defy you, stars! Thou know’st my lodging: get me ink and paper, And hire post horses; I will hence to-night. Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience: Your looks are pale and wild, and do import Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv’d Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do. Hast thou no letters to me from the friar? Bal. No, my good lord. And hire those horses: I’ll be with thee straight. [Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night. Let’s see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift! To enter in the thoughts of desperate men. I do remember an apothecary, And her shop dwells, I think late I noted In tatter’d weeds, with overwhelming brows, Culling of simples: meagre were his looks, Sharp misery had worn him to the bones: And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, An alligator stuff’d, and other skins Of ill-shap’d fishes: and about his shelves A beggarly account of empty boxes, Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds, Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses, Were thinly strew’d to make up a show. Noting this penury, to myself I said—An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua, Here lives a calif’r wretch would sell it him. O! this same thought did but forerun my need, And this same needy man must sell it me. As I remember, this should be the house: Being holiday, the beggar’s shop is shut.— What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man,—I see, that thou art poor. Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have A dram of poison; such soon-spreading ger As will dispense itself through all the veins, That the life-weary taker may fall dead; And that the trunk may be di斯harg’d of breath As violently, as nasty powder’d. Doth hurry from the fatal cannon’s womb. Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua’s law Is death to any he that utters them. Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness? And fear’st to die? famine is in thy cheeks, Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes, Contempt and beggary hang on thy back, The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law: The world affords no law to make thee rich; Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this. Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

[Exit and returns.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will, And drink it off: and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men’s souls, Doing more murders in this loathsome world, Than these poor compounds that thou may’st not sell: I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none. Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.— Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me To Juliet’s grave, for there must I use thee. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar John.


Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.— Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo? Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter. John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out, One of our order, to associate me, Here in this city visiting the sick, And finding him, the searchers of the town, Suspecting that we both were in a house Where the infectious pestilence did reign, Seald’ up the doors, and would not let us forth; So that my speed to Mantua there was stay’d. Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

John. I could not send it,—here it is again.—[Giving it.] Nor get a messenger to bring it thee, So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood, The letter was not nice, but full of charge Of dear import; and the neglecting it May do much danger. Friar John, go hence; Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it. [Exit.

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone. Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake; She will beshrew me much, that Romeo Hath had no notice of these accidents; But I will write again to Mantua, And keep her at my cell till Romeo come: Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it the Monument of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [aloud.— Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along, Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground; So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread. Being loose, uniform with digging up of graves, But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me, As signal that thou hear'st something approach. Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go. [Giving a basket. Page. I am almost afraid to stay alone Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [Retires. Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones, [strewed. Which with sweet water nightly I will dew, Or wanting that with tears distill'd by morns: The obsequies, that I for thee will keep, Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. [The Boy whistles. The boy gives warning something doth approach. What cursed foot wanders this way to-night, To truss my obsequies, and true love's rite? What! with a torch?—mingle me, night, a while. [Retires.

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a Torch, Mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron. Hold, take this letter: early in the morning See thou deliver it to my lord and father. Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee, Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof, And do not interrupt me in my course. Why I descend into this bed of death Is partly to behold my lady's face; But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger A precious ring, a ring that I must use In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone: But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry In what I farther shall intend to do, By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint, And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs. The time and my intents are savage, wild: More fierce, and more inexorable far, Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take then that: [Giving his Purse Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here about: His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [Exit

Rom. Thou dostetabish maw, thou wond of death, Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open. [Breaking open the Monument

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food! Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague, That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief, 'Tis supposed, the fair creature died. And here is come to do some villainous shame To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him:— [Advancing

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague! Can vengeance be pursued farther than death? Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee: Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.— Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man:Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone; Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth, Put not another sin upon my head, By urging me to fury.—O! be gone.

By heaven, I love thee better than myself, For I come hither arm'd against myself. Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say— A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy commissation, And apprehend thee for a felon here. Rom. Will thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy. [They fight. Pag. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [Exit Page. Par. O! I am slain. [Falls.—If thou be merciful, Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [Dies Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!— What said my man when my betoss'd soul Did not attend him as we rode? I think He told me, Paris should have married Juliet: Said he not so? or did I dream it so? Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand; Toking it 

One writ with me in sour misfortune's book! I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,— A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth, For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes This vault a feasting presence full of light. Death, lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd. [Laying Paris in the Monument. How oft, when men are at the point of death, Have they been merry, which their keepers call A lightning before death: O! how may I Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife! 1

1 Not in f. e. * A trifling matter. * a spade and mattock: in quarto, 1597. 2 Not in f. e. 3 stand: in f. e. 4 Th.: quarto, 1597. gives instead of these lines: Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain, The perfect model of eternity, Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain, The next two lines, not in quarto, 1597. 6 Not in f. e. 7 Retires: in f. e. 8 This and the next three lines, not in quarto, 1597. 9 A spade and mattock: in quarto, 1597. 10 By shedding of thy blood: in quarto, 1597. 11 This and the next line, not in quarto, 1597. 12 Thy coronet none (entirely): in quarto, 1597. 13 The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the six following lines: But I will satisfy thy last request, For thou hast prov'd thy love above thy life.
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, 
L Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet 
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Thy Youth, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee, 
Than with that hand that e'er thou youth in twain, 
To sunder his that was thine enemy? 
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet, 
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe 
That unsubstantial death is amorous; 
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 
Thee here in dark to be his paramour. 
For fear of that I still will stay with thee, 
And never from this palace of dim night 
Depart again: here, here will I remain 
With worms that are thy chamber-muds; O! here 
Will I set up my everlasting rest. 
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars 
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last 
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you! 
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss 
A deathless bargain to ingrossing death.— 
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide! 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. 
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary! 
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. 

[Dies near JULIET.] 

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade, and BALTHASAR following. 

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there? 
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. 
Fri. Bless be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, 
What torch is yon?—That vainly lends his light 
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 
It burneth in the Capulets' monument. 
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master, 
One that you love. 
Fri. Who is it? 
Bal. Romeo. 
Fri. How long hath he been there? 
Bal. Full half an hour. 
Fri. Go with me to the vault. 
Bal. I dare not, sir. 
My master knows not, but I am gone hence; 
And fearfully did menace me with death, 
If I did stay to look on his intents. 
Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me; 
O! much I fear some ill unfirthing thing. 
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him. 
[Exit.] 

Fri. Is Romeo!—[Advancing. 
Alack! alack! what blood is this, which stains 
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?— 
What mean these masterless and gory swords 
To lie discouer'd by this place of peace! 
[Entering the Monument. 
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else?—what, Paris too? 
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an undkind hour 
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. 

Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord? 
I do remember well where I should be, 
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [Noise within. 
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come, from that nest 
Of death, contageon, and unnatural sleep. 
A greater power than we can contradict 
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away. 
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead; 
And Paris too: come, I will dispose of thee 
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns. 
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; 
Come, go, good Juliet.—[Noise again.] I dare no longer stay. 
[Exit.] 

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. 
What's here? a cup, else'd in my true love's hand? 
Poison, I see, hath been his endless end. 
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop, 
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips; 
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them. 
To make me die with a restorative. 
[Drinks.] 

Thy lips are warm! 

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—which way? 
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dag 
gar! 

[Snatching ROMEO'S Dogger. 
This is thy sheath: [Stabs herself] there rest; 

and let me die. 

[Dies.] 

Enter Watch, with the Page of Paris. 

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 

1 Watch. The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard. 
Go, some of you; whose'er you find, attach. [Exeunt some 

Putful sight! here lies the County slain:— 
And Juliet bleeding: warm, and newly dead, 
Who here hath lain these two days buried. 
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets, 

Raise up the Montagues, some others search. 

[Exeunt other Watchmen. 

We see the ground whercen those woes do lie: 
But the true ground of all these piteous woes 

We cannot without circumstance descry. 

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR. 

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard. 

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither. 

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence. 

3 Watch. Here's a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps; 
We took this mattock and this spade from him, 
As he was coming from this churchyard side. 

1 Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too. 

Enter the Prince and Attendants. 

Prince. What misadventure is so early up, 
That calls our person from our morning rest? 

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others. 

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad. 

La. Cap. O! the people in the street cry Romeo, 
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run 

With open outcry toward our monument. 

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears? 

1 This and the four previous lines, are not in quarto, 1597. 
2 Dies: in f. e. 
3 The rest of this stage direction, is not in f. e. 
4 Alone adds, from quarto, 1597, (which has the line after BALTHASAR'S speech): Who is it that so late consorts the dead? 
5 unlucky: is late-quarto, and folio. 
6 Not in f. e. 
7 In quarto, 1593: what unlucky hour 

Is necessary to so foul a sin? 

8, 10 These lines and the rest of the speech, are not in quarto, 1597. 
9 rest: in all but quarto, 1597. 
11 In quarto, 1597:


**SCENE III.**


1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain; And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,

Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek and know how this foul murder comes,

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open

These dead men's tombs.

Cop. 0, heaven! — O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath miss'neer, for, lo! his house is empty on the back of Montague, And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cop. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

Grief of my son's exile has stop'd her breath.

What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untainted! what manners is in this.

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outcry for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,

And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,

Yet most suspected, as the time and place

Do make against me, of this direful murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:

I married them; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death

Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd:

You, to remove that siege of grief from her,

Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To county Paris: then, comes she to me,

And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means

To rid her from this second marriage,

Or in my cell there would she kill herself.

Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)

A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death. Meantime, I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come, as this dire night,

To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,

Being the time the potion's force should cease:

But he which bore my letter, friar John,

Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight

Return'd his letter back. Then, all alone,

At the prefixed hour of her waking,

Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,

Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,

Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time)

Of her awakening) here untimely lay

The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.

She wak'd; and I entreated her come forth,

And bear this work of heaven with patience:

But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,

And she, too desperate, would not go with me,

But, (as it seems) did violence on herself.

All this I know, and to the marriage

Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this

Miscarried by my fault, let my old life

Be sacrificed some hour before the time,

Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man —

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,

And then in post he came from Mantua.

To this same place, to this same monument.

This letter he early bid me give his father;

And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it —

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?

Sire, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to wear his lady's grave:

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.

Anon, comes one with light to open the tomb,

And, by and by, my master drew on him;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison

Of a poor potter; and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet —

Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,

That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:

This is my daughter's jointure; for no more

[They shake hands.

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;

For I will raise her statue in pure gold,

That, while Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set,

As that of fair and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;

Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[Exeunt.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you’re well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that’s well known; but what particular rarity? what strange, Which manifold record not matches? See, Magic of bounty! All these spirits thy power Hath conjur’d to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th’ other’s a jeweller.

Mer. O! ’tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that’s most fix’d.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath’d, as it were, To an uniritable and continuant goodness:

He passes.²

Jew. I have a jewel here— [Showing it.³

Mer. O! pray, let’s see ’t. For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—

Poet. When we for recompense have prais’d the vile, It stains the glory in that happy verse Which aptly sings the good.⁴

Mer. ’Tis a good form.

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

Pain. You are rapt, sir; in some work, some dedication.

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp’d idly from me.

Our poets are as gum, which issues.² From whence ’tis nourish’d: the fire if the flint Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

Let’s see your piece.

Pain. ’Tis a good piece. [Showing it.⁴

Poet. So ’tis: this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable! How this grace Speaks his own standing; what a mental power This eye shoots forth: how big imagination Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life, Here is a touch; is’t good?

Poet. I’ll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, who pass over the Stage.

Pain. How this lord is follow’d!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have in this rough work shap’d out a man,

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug With ampest entertainment: my free drift Halts not particularly, but moves itself In a wide sea of verse: ’tis no level’d malice Infects one comma in the course I hold,

But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,

Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I will unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,

(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as

Inured by practice. ² Excels. ³ Not in f. e. ⁴ gown: in folio. Pope made the change. ⁵ oozes: in f. e. ⁶ Not in f. e. ⁷ wax: in f. e. ⁸
Of grave and austere quality: tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging;
Dissuas, and properties to his love and tendance,
All sorts of hearts: yes, from the glass'ed flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things does better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount,
To clumb his happiness, would be well express'd
in our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides: his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip'd down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that; mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant of
VENTIDIUS talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Vен. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait;
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Vен. Serv. Your lordship ever bounds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Vен. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

[Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [creature

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift.
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther

Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
it must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt;
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future all
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Fawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to th'; mine honour on your promise
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune to me in my keeping,
Which is not o'w'd to yo'

[Exit Lucilius and old Athenian.

Poet. Your labour, and long life your lordship.

Tim. I th. you; you shall hear from me anon.

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these penurious figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you.

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand:
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel,
Hath suffered under praise.

Jew. What, my lord, dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay for it as 'tis extoll'd,
it would unclaw me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

TIMON. Things of like value, differing in the owners, Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord, You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

TIMON. Well mock'd, then, shall that Flavius.

MERCHANT. No, my good lord; he speaks the common

Which all men speak with him. 

TIMON. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll hear, with your lordship.

MERCHANT. He'll spare none.

TIMON. Good Morrow to thee, gentle Apeamantus.

APEMANTUS. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knives honest.

TIMON. Why dost thou call them knives? thou know'st

not.

APEMANTUS. Are they not Athenians?

TIMON. Yes.

APEMANTUS. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apeamantus.

APEMANTUS. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

TIMON. Thou art proud, Apeamantus.

APEMANTUS. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like

Timon. Whither art going?

APEMANTUS. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

TIMON. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

APEMANTUS. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

TIMON. How likest thou this picture, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. The best, for the innocence.

TIMON. Wrought he not well that painted it?

APEMANTUS. He wrought better that made the painter;

And yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

PAIN. 'V' are a dog.

APEMANTUS. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she,

If I be a dog?

TIMON. Wilt dine with me, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. No; I eat not lords.

TIMON. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

APEMANTUS. O! they eat lords; so they come by great

betimes.

TIMON. That's a lascivious apprehension.

APEMANTUS. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

TIMON. How dost thou like this jewel, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not

cast a man a dot.

TIMON. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

APEMANTUS. Not worth my thinking. — How now, poet?

POET. Now, now, philosopher!

APEMANTUS. Thouliest.

POET. Art not one?

APEMANTUS. Yes.

POET. Then, I lie not.

APEMANTUS. Art not a poet?

POET. Yes.

APEMANTUS. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where

thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

POET. That's not feign'd; he is so.

APEMANTUS. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee

for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy

of the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

TIMON. What wouldst do then, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. Even as Apeamantus does now, hate a lord

with my heart.

TIMON. What, thyself?

APEMANTUS. Ay.

TIMON. Wherefore?

APEMANTUS. That I had so hung a wish to be a lord —

Art not thou a merchant?

MER. Ay, Apeamantus.

APEMANTUS. Traffic confound thee, if the gods do not!

MER. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

APEMANTUS. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Timon. What trumpet's that?

SERV. It is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Timon. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

You must needs dine with me. — Go not you hence,

Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done

Show me this piece. — I am joyful of your sights.

[Exeunt Alcibiades, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

APEMANTUS. So, so, there —

Aches contract and starve your supple joints! —

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet

knaves,

And all this courtesy. The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

ALCIB. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungerly on your sight.

TIMON. Right welcome, sir: Ere we depart, we 'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

APEMANTUS. The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

APEMANTUS. Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine heat

fools.

2 Lord. Fare thee well; fare thee well.

APEMANTUS. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apeamantus?

APEMANTUS. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean
to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

APEMANTUS. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unappeasable dog, or I'll spur thee hence.

APEMANTUS. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the one. [Exit.]

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in?

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Pluto, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed but he repays

Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,

That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — The Same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attendants: then, enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius, whom Timon redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, Apeamantus, discontentedly like himself.

VEN. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember

1 That I had no angry wit: in the 2 Merit.
SCENE II.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and hath left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!

Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devisor'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Reckoning goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me.

[They sit.

1 Lord. My lord, we always have confessed it.

Apem. Ho! ho! confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apeamanus!—you are welcome.

Apem. You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie! thou'rt a churl: you have got a humour
Does not become a man: 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, Ļora furor brevis est,
But yond' man is ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apert[ure], Timon:
I come to observe: I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power;
pray thee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat: 't would choke me, for I
should not be flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves
me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood;
and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives.

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next
him now, par's bread with him, and pells the breath
of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill
him: it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I
should fear to drink at meals,

Lost they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 Lord. Let it how this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps
his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy
state look ill, Timon.

Here's that, which is too weak to be a fire,

Honest water, which ne'er left man if the mine:
This and my food are equals, there's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apeamanus' Grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself.

Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;

Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[Eds and drinks

Much good do'thy good heart, Apeamanus!

Tim. Captain Alebiades, your heart's in the field
now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies
than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding now, my lord, there's
no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such
a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em
I Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord,
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might
express some part of our zeal, we should think our
selves for ever perfect.

Tim. O! no doubt, my good friends: but the gods
themselves have provided that I should have much help
from you: how had you been my friends else? why
have you that charitable title from thousands, did you
not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of
you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in
your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you
gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we
should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most
needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use
for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments
hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might
come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and
what better or proper can we call our own, than the
riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort
it is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one
another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere 't can
be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks:

to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes.

And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [Tocket sound'd.

Tim. What means that trumpet?—How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies
most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,
which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon: and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell, please'ry from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all. Let them have kind
admittance:

Music. Make their welcome.

[Exit Cupid

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how amply y' are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as
Amazon, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and
playing.
Timon. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance: they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root. We make ourselves fools, to dispast ourselves; And spend our flatters, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves? Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves Of their friends' gift? I should fear, those, that dance before me now, Would one day stamp upon me: 'tis has been done. Men shut their doors against the setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease. Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies. Set a fair fashion on our entertainment, Which was not half so beautiful and kind: You have added worth unto 't, and lustre, And entertain'd me with mine own device; I am to thank you for it. 1 Lady. My lord, you take us ever at the best. Apen. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me. Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves. All Lord. Most thankfully, my lord. 1 Lord. Where be our men? Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness. 2 Lord. Our horses! Tim. O, my friends! I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord, I must entreat you, honour me so much, As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it, Kind my lord. 1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts. All. So are we all. Enter a Servant. Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you. Tim. They are fairly welcome. Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near. Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee: I pr'ythee, let's be provided to show them entertainment. Flav. I scarce know how. Enter another Servant. 2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver. Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents Enter a third Servant. Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

Apen. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucius, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds. Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd Not without fair reward. Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, And all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this, To show him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wishes good. His promises fly so beyond his state, That what he speaks is all in debt: he owes For every word: he is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books. Well, would I were gently put out of office, Before I were for'd out! Happier is he that has no friend to feed Than such as do even enemies exceed. I bleed before my lord. Tim. You do yourselves Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love. 2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it. 3 Lord. O! he's the very soul of bounty. Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave Good words the ether day of a bay courser I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it. 2 Lord. O! I beseech you, pardon me! my lord, in that. Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man Can justly praise, but what he does affect: I weigh my friend's affection with mine own; I'll tell you true. I 'll call to you. All Lords. O! none so welcome Tim. I take all, and your several visitsations. So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give: Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends, And 'er be weary.—Alcibiades, Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich: It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living is amongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast Lio in a pitch'd field. Aleib. Ay, de'il'd land, my lord. 1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,— And so Am I to you. 2 Lord. So infinitely endear'd,— Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights! 1 Lord. The best of happiness, Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon. Tim. Ready for his friends. [Exit Alcibiades, Lords, &c. Apen. What a coil's here Serving of beers, and putting out of buns! I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs. Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs. Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies. Tim. Now, Apenantus, if thou wert not sullen, I 'd be good to thee. Apen. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be hrib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'est so long. Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, poms, and vain glories?
Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.

—Thou shalt not then; I'll look thy heaven from thee.

O, that men's ears should be

to counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[Exit.

[Scene II. — The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop; so senseless of expense, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account How things go from him; no reserve; no care; What is to continue. Never mind Was surely so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done? He will not hear, till I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting. Fie. fie. fie. fie!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caphis. Good even, Varro. What! You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is. — And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. Would we were all discharge'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c., as from hunting.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.

My Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off.

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd great occasion To call upon his own, and humbly prays you, That with your other noble parts you'll suit, In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, my good lord.

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, good my lord.

Isid. Serv. From Isidore.

He humbly prays your speedy payment.—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeit, my lord, six weeks, And past. —

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord; And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath. —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

To Alcibiades and Lords.

I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither; pray you, To Flavius.

How goes the world, that I am thus encountered With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds, And the detention of long-ripe due debts, Against my honour?

Flavius. Please you, gentlemen, The time is disagreeable to this business: Your importunity cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends, See them well entertained

Flavius. Pray, draw near.

[Exit Timon. Flavius. Enter Apeamantus and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay: here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

—Come; in f. e. Theobald made the change. * nor remains no care, f. e. in f. e. $ Was to be so unwise: it; in f. e. % Plume The rest of this stage direction, is not in f. e. * Malone changes to "date-broken."
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT II.

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee. 

Apen. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [To the Fool.

Isid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apen. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apen. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apen. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apen. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's 'len setting on water to seed such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apen. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, now how, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apen. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apen. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apen. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alebiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou'rt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast welphed a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone. [Exit Page.

Apen. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apen. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us.

Apen. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hungman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apen. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave: which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster. fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes; and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stoues more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much too-logy as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apen. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside! here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apen. Come, with me, fool: come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus, and Fool after him.

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[Exeunt Serv.

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me, That I might so have rated my expense As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me:

At many leases I propos'd. 

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantage you took, When my indisposition put you back; And that unaptness made you then, Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. 'O, my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts. Laid them before you: you would throw them off; And say, you found them in mine honesty. When for some trifling present you had bid me return so much, I have shook my head, and wept; Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did endure Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate, And your great flow of debts. My loved lord, Though you hear now, yet now is a time too late, The greatest of your having lacks a half To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone; And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues. The future comes apace; What shall defend the interim? and at length

How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedaemon did my land extend.

Flav. 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?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehod, Call me before th' exactest auditors, And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me, When all our offices have been oppress'd With riotous feeders: when our vaults have wept With drunken spilth of wine; when every room Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy, I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook; And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord? How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants, This night enl ought! Who is not Timon's? What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's? Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's? Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise, The breath is gone whereof this praise is made: Feast-woon, fast-lost; one cloud of winter shower, These flies are couched.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther. No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart; Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given;

Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack.
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart, if I would break the vessels of my love, and try the argument of hearts by borrowing, men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use, as I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd, that I account them blessings; for by these shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends. Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius! Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally. —You, to lord Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord:

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus, humph! —

Tim. Go you, sir, to another serv. to the senators, (Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have deserved this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant a thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold, (For that I knew it the most general way) to them to use your signet, and your name; but they do shake their heads, and I am here no richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice, that now they are at full, want treasure, cannot do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable;—but yet they could have wish'd—they know not—something hath been amiss—a noble nature may catch a wrench—would all were well—it is pity—and so, intending other serious matters, after distasteful looks, and these hard fractions, with certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, they froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them—

Pr'ythee, man, look cheery; these old fellows have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is cold, it is cold, it seldom flows;

'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind, and nature, as it grows again toward earth, is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.

Go to Ventidius,—[To a serv.]

Pr'ythee, [To Flam.], be not sad;

Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously I speak. No blame belongs to thee.—[To serv.] Ventidius lately barried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd into a great estate: when he was poor, imprisoned; and in scarcity of friends, I clear'd him with five talents: grant him from me; but him suppose some good necessity. Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd with these five talents:—that had, [To Flam.] give it these fellows to whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think, that Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; that thought is bounty's foe:

Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

Flaminius waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucullus. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night. —Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectably welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. —[Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucullus. I am right glad that his health is well, sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius? —

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucullus. Ha, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could not get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucullus. Flaminius, I have noted thee always were here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucullus. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit. —Give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee. —Get you gone, sirrah —[To the Servant, who exit.] —Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three soldiers for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ, and we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, to him that worships thee. —[Throwing the money away.]

Lucullus. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. —[Exit Lucullus.]

Flam. May these add to the number that may scold thee? Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto his humour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison? O! may diseases only work on't,
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumour: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely on't, and showed what necessity belonged to it, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requiring your lordship to supply his instant use with five hundred talents.¹

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me: He cannot want five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast I, I say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me countifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—[Exit Servilius.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed; and he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[Exit Lucius.

1. Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2. Stran. Ay, too well.

1. Stran. Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's port.² Who can call him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!) he
does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.


1. Stran. For mine own part
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same.—A Room in Sempronius' House.

Enter Sempronius, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't, humph! 'bove all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three! humph! It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians
Thrive⁴ give him over; must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrace'd me in't: I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for't,
But his occasions might have wo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll require it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of this, the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake

¹ with so many talents: in s. e ² spirit: in s. e; changed from s. sport, of the folio. ³ Thrive: in folio. Johnson made the change
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their faint reply to this answer join; Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit. Serv. Excellent! Your lordship is a goodly villain. The devil know not what he did, when he made man politic; for he crossed himself by 't; and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villains of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copes to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled, Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead, Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their master: And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit.}

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius. meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon’s Creditors, waiting his coming out. Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. Hor. Lucius? What, do we meet together? Luc. Serv. Ay; and I think, One business does command us all, for mine Is money. Tit. So is theirs, and ours. Enter Philotus. Luc. Serv. And, sir, Philotus too! Phi. Good day at once. Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour? Phi. Labouring for mine. Luc. Serv. So much? Phi. I wonder not; he was wont to shine at seven. Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him: You must consider, that a prodigal course Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable. I fear 'tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little. Phi. I am of your fear for that. Tit. I'll show you how 't observe a strange event. Your lord sends now for money. Hor. Most true, he does. Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift, For which I wait for money. Hor. It is against my heart. Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e'vex as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money 'em. Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness: I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth. 1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns; what 's yours? Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 1 Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the str

Your master's confidence was above mine; Else, surely, his had equal'd. Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth? Flan. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much Flan. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit Flaminius

Enter Flavius in a Cloak, muffled.


If money were as certain as your waiting, 't were sure enough. Why then prefer'd you not Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate Of my lord's meat? Then, they could smile, and fawn Upon his debts, and take down the interest Into their glutonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly: Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end I have no more to reckon, he to spend. Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve. Flav. 'T will not serve, 'T is not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit. 1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship matter? 2 Var. Serv. No matter what: he's poor, and that a revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. O! here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from't, for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsaken him he's much out of health, and keeps his chamber. Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick And if he be so far beyond his health, Me thinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods! Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir. Flan. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord! Enter Timon, in a rage; Flaminides, following. Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my god? The place which I have feasted, does it now Like all mankind, show me an iron heart? Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus. Tit. My lord, here is my bill. Luc. Serv. Here's mine. Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord. Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord. Phi. All our bills. Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle! Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,— Tim. Cut my heart in sums Tit. Mine. fifty talents

'A bill was also a weapon
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT III.

Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?
1 Var. Serv. My lord,—
2 Var. Serv. My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [Exit.

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.
Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors?—devils!
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward.
Flav. Here, my lord.
Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again.
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius: all:
I'll once more teach the rascals.
Flav. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be't not in thy care: go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.
[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-House.
The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, attended.
1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's bloody; 't is necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.
2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 Sen. Now, captain?
Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath step'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unmooted passion
He did reprove his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but mov'd an argument.
1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they laboured
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valor; which, indeed,
Is valor misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—
1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge.
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who can condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by merci, 't is most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 Sen. You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedaemon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
Sen. What's that?
Alcib. Why, say'st my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plentiful wounds:
2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a sworn rister: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, that were itself enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'Tis infer and to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time.
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
1 Sen. We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be.
My lords.
I do beseech you, know me.
2 Sen. How! 
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 Sen. What!
Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me,
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.
1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?
TIMON

t is in few words, but specious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

_Alab._ Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit.

He shall be executed presently. [Exit Senators.

_Alab._ Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you.

I am worse than mad: I have kept back their feet,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usurping senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay1 for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in Timon's House.

_Musick._ Tables set out; Servants attending. Enter
divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honour-
able lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring2 when
we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as
he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his
new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond
them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my import-
unate business, but he would not hear my excuse.
I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my
provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand
how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he
have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

3 Lord. He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.

_E enter Timon, and Attendants._

_Tim._ With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how
fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lord-
ship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more wil-
lingly, than we your lordship.

_Tirn._ [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men. [To them.] Gentlemen,
our dinner will not compensate this long stay; feast
your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so
harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your
lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O! sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

_Tim._ Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[The Banquet brought in

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am even sick of
shame that, when your lordship this other day sent
me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

_Tim._ Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before.—

_Tim._ Let it not cumber your better remembrance—
Come, bring in all together. [To the Servants.]

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades isbanished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so; be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? now?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

_Tim._ My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 Lord. It does; but time will show.

3 Lord. I do conceive.

_Tim._ Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be
all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the
meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit,
sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves
praised; but reserve still to give, lest your deities be
despised. Lead to each man enough, that one need
not lend to another; for, were your godheads to bor-
row of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the
meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it.

Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of vil-
lains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a
dozens of them be—as they are. The rest of your
foes.4 O gods! the senators of Athens, together with
the common tag5 of people,—what is amiss in them,
you gods make suitable for destruction. For these,
my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in
nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.6

Unlover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

_Some speak._ What does his lordship mean?

_Some other._ I know not.

_Tim._ May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and Luke-warm
water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd and long;
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies.
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Cruzt you quite o'er.—What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—

[Throwes the Dishes at them, and drives them out
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

---

1 Lay out. To tire on, is to fasten on, like a bird of prey on its victim. Z. Jackson reads: stirring.
2 Not in f. 3 Some in f. 4 Peg. in f. 5 Altered from leg, in folio.
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Thou, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee; O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dine in the earth,
And hence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Sow the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! I' th' general fills
A devoted green virility!

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

I am as poor as you. 1 Serv. Such a house broke!

SCENE II.—A Room in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward! where's our master?

And now he has beat it out of my hat;—did you see my jewel?

2 Serv. Did you see my cap?

3 Serv. Here's my gown.

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.

4 Serv. Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

1 LORD. Did you see my cap?

2 LORD. Here's my gown.

3 LORD. I feel it upon my bones.

4 LORD. Let's make no stay.

[Exit.
SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter Timon, with a Spade.

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb Infect the air. Twin'n a brother of one womb, Whose procreation, residence, and birth, Scarcely is dividend, touch them with several fortunes, The greater seerns the lesser: not nature, (To whom all sor's lay siege) can bear great fortune, But by contempt of nature. Raise me this bagger, and decline that lord; The senator shall bear contempt hereditary; The bagger native honour. It is the pasture lards the rother's sides. The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares, In purity of mankind stand upright, And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be, So are they all; for every grise of fortune Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique; There's nothing level in our cursed natures, But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhor'd All feats, societies, and throns of me! His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains: Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [Digging.

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate With thy most operant poison—What is here? [Finding gold.

Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods, I am no idol votarist. Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this will make black, white: foul, fair; Wrong; right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant. Ha! you gods, why this? What this? You gods! why, this Will lug your priests and servants from your sides, Pluck Stout men's pillows from below their heads! This yellow slave. Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd; Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves, And give them title, knee, and approbation, With senators on the bench: this is it, That makes the wappen'd widow wed again: She, whom the sitous-house, and ulcerous sores Would cast the gorge at, this embalm and spices To the April day again. Come, dammed earth, Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds Among the rest of nations, I will make thee Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha! a drum?—Thou'rt quick, But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong thief, When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.— Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Reserving some gold. Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner; and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.


Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart, For showing me again the eyes of man! Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee That art thyself a man? Tim. I am misanthropos, and hate mankind. For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog, That I might love thee something. Alcib. I know thee well; But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee. I not desire to know. Follow thy drum; With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules: Religious canons, civil laws are cruel: Then what should war be? This fell whereby of thine Hath in her more destruction than thy sword, For all her cherubic looks. Phry. Thy lips rot off! Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns To thine own lips again. Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change? Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give But then, renew, I could not, like the moon; There were no suns to borrow of. Alcib. Noble Timon, What friendship may I do thee? Tim. None, but to Maintain my opinion. Alcib. What is it, Timon? Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man! Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries. Tim. Thou sav'rt them, when I had prosperity. Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time. Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harriets Timon. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully? Tim. Art thou Timandra? Timon. Yes. Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee: Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth To the tub.-fast, and the diet. Timon. Hang thee, monster! Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— I have had but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereby doth daily make revolt In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd, How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, But for thy sword and fortune, tread upon them,— Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone. Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon. Tim. How dost thou pity him; whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone. Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it. I cannot eat it

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,— Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest. And thee after, when thou last conquered:

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains Thou wast born to conquer my country. Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on; Be as a planetary plague, when love Will o'er some high-vied city hang his poison In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one. Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurper. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from foals exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse; swear against abstracts,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not: be gone.
Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse
Upon thee?
Phr. & Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon:
Hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whose forswear her trade,
And to make whose abhor'd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong studders, and to heavenly auge,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whose still,
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whose, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turneats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thathez your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd.
No matter,—wear them, betray with them; whose still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A box of wrinkles!
Phry. & Timon. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quiv'lets shrilly: hear the flam'men,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to force,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bold;
And let the unsca'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all aperation. There's more gold:
[Throwing it.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!
Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.
Tim. More where, more mischief first: I have given
you earnest.
Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Fare
well, Timon:
| If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. |
| Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more. |
| Alcib. I never did thee harm. |
| Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me. |
| Alcib. Call'st thou that harm? |
| Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, |
| And take thy bangles with thee. |
| Alcib. We but offend him. |

Strike!

[Drum beats. Enter Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[Digging.
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder bite,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below erip heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plantes bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceived womb;
Let it no more bring out ingratitude man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above.
Never presented!—O! a root:—dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadow's vines, and plough-torn leas
Whereof ingratitude man, with liquorous drafts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips.—

Enter Apemantus. More man? Plague! plague! Plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Their dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like taggers that bade welcome,
To knives, and all approchers; it is most just,
That thou turn rascal! hast thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook
Candid with ice, candle thy morning taste,
To eure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked naturals live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them fatter thee;
O thou shalt find—


Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou fatter'st misery.
Apem. I fatter not, but say thou art a catiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou dost put this soured habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it enforc'dly: thou'st courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Oultives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete:
The other, at high wish, best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.
Thou shouldst not be, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive dugs1 of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fall from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows:—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
They should desire to die in suffrance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never fatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag.
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compass'd thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hast not been born the worst of men,
Thou hast not been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [Eating a root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So shall I mend mine own, by the lack of thee.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell thou there I have gold: look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best, and truest
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knowest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Do'st hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hast hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldest have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hast some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to: If thouwert the lion, the fox would beggar thee: if thouwert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thouwert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wast accused by the ass: if thouwert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livest but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thouwert the wolf, thy greediness would afflicthe thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wilt thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wilt thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wilt thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wilt thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear it


caten it, and give way. When I know not what else
do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog,
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.
Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.
Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.
Tim. If I name thee,—
'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.
Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off.
Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee.

[Throwing a stone at him.]

Tim. Beast!

Apem. Slave! Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going,
I am sick of this false world, and will live nought
But even the mere necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorcee

[Looking on the gold.
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate woorer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That soldier's close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch'd of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 't were so;
But not till I am dead.—I'll say, thou best gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Thry back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit=

[Exit APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter BANDIT.

1 Band. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder.
The mere want of gold, and the falling from him of
his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Band. It is noisy, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Band. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care
not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously
reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 Band. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 Band. Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 Band. 'Tis his description.

3 Band. He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

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Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both two; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots.

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 Band. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water.

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and

fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not.

In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape.

[Throwing gold.]

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't.

Like workmen: I'll example you with thievry:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob's the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compostrate stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd their'fath: love not yourselves, away;

Rob one another. There's more gold: cut throats.

[Throwing it.]

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen

[Timon retires to his Cave.]

3 Band. He has almost charmed me from my profiss
sion, by persuading me to it.

1 Band. 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thu
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 Band. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.

1 Band. Let us first see peace in Athens; there is
no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

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Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yond? despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd! 

What an alteration of honour has desperate want made?

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends

Who can bring nobiest minds to basest ends?

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischiefe me, than those that do

He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

Timon comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Scene I. — The Same. Before Timon's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Acielidases reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purses: with what we travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time: it opens the eyes of expectation; performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the planer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true;
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
Is't not a usurping kindness as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast
Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so.—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery [Giving gold,]
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debits wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

If thou hast'st
Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.  
[Exit Flavius; and Timon into his Cave.]

Act V.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits! What! to you,

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:

You, that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What can we do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold:

I am sure you have; speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll make it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Both. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,

That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:

Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me

'I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two is com-

Each man apart, all single and alone. [pany:

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

To the Pointer.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold; ye name for gold, ye slaves

You have done' work for me, there's payment: hence!

You are an alchemist, make gold of that.

Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating them out.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flavius. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon.

For he is set so only to himself,

That nothing but himself, which looks like man,

Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,

To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same. 'T is time, and griefs,

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him. Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

Flavius. Here is his cave.

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends. 'Th' Athenians,

By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:

Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister; and each false

Be as a cautery to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming it with speaking:

1 Sen. Worthy Timon—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O! forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie

For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;

Which now the public body, which doth seldom

Play the recantor, feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;

And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompense, more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it:

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,

And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us

And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take

The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,

Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name

Live with authority:—so, soon we shall drive back

Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;

Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up

His country's peace.

[im in f.e. * Not in folio * Added by Malone.
Scene V.

Timon of Athens.

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2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,
if Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not.
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have threats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in th' unruled camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st threat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: all's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow! My long sickness
Health, and my life begins to mend.
And nothing brings me all things: Go: live still
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common brut doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.
Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen.—
1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.
2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them;
And tell them, that to case them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their rages of love, and other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain.
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I'll teach them to prevent wits Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well: he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to eat down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his halter.
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe.
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall crown: 'tis here come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let your words go by, and language end:
What is mine plague, plague and infection mend:
Graves only bear man's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.

And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear^ peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot. [Exeunt

Scene III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter Two Senators, and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as they report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not
Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship to the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

[Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful securing
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

Scene IV.—The Woods.

Timon's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter an Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstript his span.
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit

Scene V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, and Forces

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [A Parley sound'ed

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our suffrance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When erouch'ing marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more!" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rage's balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promises' means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

All have not offended;
For those that were, is't not severe to take,
On those that are, revenge? crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and call th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers.
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Then, there's my glove
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to stone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the Gates]

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem of the sea;
And on his grave-stone this inscription, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left! Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate. Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait." These well express in thee thy later spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Seem'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike.

Exeunt.
JULIUS ĖSÆR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Ėsær.
Octavius Ėsær.
Marcus Ėntius, M. Ėmil, Lepidus.
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lēna; Senators.
Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, Flavius and Mārellus, Tribunes.

Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.
A Soothsayer.
Cinna, a Poet. Another Poet.
Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, young Cato, Volumnius; Friends to Brutus and Cassius.
Varro, Cīlus, Claudius, Strato, Luclius, Dārius; Servants to Brutus.
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.
Calphurnia, Wife to Ėsær.
Portia, Wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome: afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippis.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Mārellus, and a Body of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Ėt. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?— You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Ėt. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.


2 Ėt. A trade, sir; that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Ėt. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Ėt. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Ėt. Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl; I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neate-leather have gone upon my handywork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Ėt. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Ėsær, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. What conquest brings me home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms, and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now pull out a holiday?

And do you now stretch flowers in his way, That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, Pray to the gods to intermit the plague That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort:

Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Exeunt Citizens

See, wh'er their basest metal be not mov'd; They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol; This way will I. Disrobe the images, If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so? You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

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Be lung with Caesar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Caesar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter, in Procession, with Trumpets and other Music. Caesar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero. Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a Soothsayer, and a crowd following them.

Cas. Calphurnia.—


Cal. Here, my lord.

Cas. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Caesar, my lord.

Cas. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their stolid curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cas. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Music. Sooth. Caesar!

Sooth. Caesar! Ha! who calls?

Cas. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again! [Music ceases.

Cas. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Caesar! Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. What man is that?

Brut. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Sooth. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Casar.

Cas. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass. [Scene. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go to see the order of the course?

Brut. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Brut. I am not game some; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

* * * * *

Cas. Then Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brut. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Caesar) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear.

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself, which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughter, or did use
To state with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting,
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Cas. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Caesar for their king.

Brut. What do you fear it?

Then, must I think you would not have it so.

Brut. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.

Well, honour is the subject of my story,—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
Cassius said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accorded as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd.
Cassius cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" I,
as JEnaeas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books!
Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout, Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout! I do believe that these applause are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus: and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham’d:
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam’d with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk’d of Rome,
That her wide walls1 encompass’d but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook’d
Th’ eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov’d. What you have said,
will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to gratulate himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but this much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.

Re-enter Caesar, and his Train.

Cas As they pass by pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow,
And all the rest look like a children train.
Calphurnia’s cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross’d in conference by some senators.
Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Ant. Caesar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights.
You’ll Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he’s not dangerous
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cas. ’Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much,
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit.
That could be mov’d to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease,
Whilest they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d,
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think’st of him.

[Execute Caesar and his Train. Casca stays behind.

Casca. You purl’d me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day.

That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what hath chanc’d.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and,
Being offer’d him, he put it by with the back of his hand,
thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer’d him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was’t, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting
by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer’d him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw
Mark Antony offer him a crown:—yet ’t was not a

1. walks: i. e. 2 these: i. e.
I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Caesar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you, and I, and honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Caesar fell down. If the rag-tag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell amongst the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenchers, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Caesar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Casca. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news, too: Marullus and Flavins, for pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit Casca.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be. He was quick netted when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution: Of any bold or noble enterprise, However he puts on this tardy form. This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, Which gives men stomach to digest his words With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world. [Exit Brutus.

[As if they came from several citizens, Writing, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at: And after this, let Caesar set him sure, For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca. Brought you Caesar home? Why are you breathless, and why stare you so? Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero! I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threatening clouds; But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven, Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Inseems them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful? Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscor'd.) Besides, (I have not since put up my sword) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by, Without annoying me; and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghostly women, Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets, And yesterday the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies Do so conjointly meet, let not men say, "These are their seasons,—they are natural;" For, I believe, they are portentous things Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time: But men may construe things after their fashion, Clean from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow? Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow. Cic. Good night then, Caesar: this disturbed sky Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Cassca, by your voice Casca. Your ear is good. Cassins, what night is this? Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men. Cassia. Who ever knew the heavens menace so? Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults For my part, have walk'd about the streets, Submitting me unto the perilous night; And, thus unbraided, Cassia, as you see, Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone: And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open The breast of heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life,
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these glowing ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Then natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightenings, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange irritations are.
Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have threescore and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and suffrance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeating:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak strawds: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what o'faff, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar?—But, O grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no feeing tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Cassia, I have move'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable, dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.
Cinna. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste
Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cinna. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber.
Cas. No, it is Cassia; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cinna. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this:
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cinna. Yes, you are.
Cas. O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper.
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair.
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done.
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?
Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[Exit Cinna.

Come, Cassia, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: there parts of him
Is ours already: and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.
Casca. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him
You have right well conceived. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.
[Exeunt.

ACT II.
Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part, I know no personal cause to spur him; but for the general, he would be crown'd: how that might change his nature, there's the question. It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that; and then, I grant, we put a sting in him, that at his will he may do danger with. This abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Caesar, I have not known when his affections sway'd more than his reason. But 'tis a common proof, that lowliness is young ambition's ladder, Whereon the climber-upward turns his face; But when he once attains the upmost round, He then unto the ladder turns his back. Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees By which he did ascend. So Caesar may:

Then, lest he may, prevent: and, since the quarrel Will bear no colour for the thing he is, Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented, Would run to these, and those extremities; And therefore think him as a serpent's egg, Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous, And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. Searching the window for a flint, I found This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure, It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Give him the paper. Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day. Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit. Brutus. The exhalations, whizzing in the air, Give so much light that I may read by them.

"Brutus, thou sleepest: awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! Brutus, thou sleepest: awake!—Such instigations have been often dropp'd Where I have took them up. "Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out; Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome? My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. 'Speak, strike, redress!'—An I entreated To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise, If the redress will follow, then receiv'st Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!"

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knocking within.

Brutus. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks. [Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar, I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing, And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream: The Genius, and the mortal instruments, Are then in council; and the state of a man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour.

Brutus. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius

They are the faction. O conspiracy! Shall we杜thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, When evils are most free? O! then, by day— Where will thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy, Hide it in smiles, and affability: For if thou put'st thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Brutus. I have been up this hour; awake, all night. Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here, But honours you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself, Which every noble Roman bears of you, This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Cassius; this Cinna;
And this Metellus Cimber.

They are all welcome. What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [They whisper. Decius. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casius. No. Cinna. O, I pardon, sir, it doth; and yond' grey lines, That rest the clouds, are messengers of day. Cassius. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence, up higher toward the north He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one. [He takes their hands.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution. Brutus. No, not an oath: if not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, To prick us to redress? what other sound Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? what other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd? That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

1 st. in folio. Theobald made the change. 2 fifteen: in old copies. Theobald made the change. 3 Some mod. eds. omit a. 4 Walk so used by Dryden. 5 Not in f. e.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Scene I.

Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious, Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor th' insuppressible metre of our spirits, To think that, or our cause, or our performance, Did need an oath, when every drop of blood, That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands; Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O! name him not; let us not break with him, For he will never follow any thing That other men begin.

Cas. Then, leave him out.

Cas. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only Caesar? Cas. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet, Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius, To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs, Like wrath in death, and envy' afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar. Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Cassius. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas! Caesar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's crave him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds. And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide 'em. This shall mark* Our purpose necessary, and not envious; Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him, For he can do no more than Caesar's arm, When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him: For in the ingraven love he bears to Caesar—

Bru. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him. If he love Caesar, all that he can do Is to himself: take thought, and die for Caesar; And that were much he should: for he is given To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die, For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet.

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no; For he is superstitious grown of late, Quite from the main opinion he held once Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies. It may be, these apparent prodigies, The unaccustomed terror of this night, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resold'd, I can oversway him; for he loves to hear, That unicorns may be betrayed with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers; But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers. He says, he does, being then most flattered. Let me work; For I can give his humour the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey: I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him. He loves me well, and I have given him reasons, Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you Brutus— And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans. 

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merry. Let not our looks put on our purposes; But bear it as our Roman actors do, With undr'd spirits, and formal constancy: And so, good-morrow to you every one.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep. [Exeunt all but Brutus. Enjoy the heavy honey-dew^ of slumber: Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies, Which busy care draws in the brains of men; Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now? It is not for your health thus to commit Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper, You suddenly arose, and walk'd about, Musing and sighing with your arms across; And when I ask'd you what the matter was, You stared upon me with ungentle looks. I urg'd you farther; then, you scratch'd your head, And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot: Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not; But, with an angry wak'fure of your hand, Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did, Fearing to strengthen that impatience. Which seem'd too much entwined: and, withal, Hoping it was but an effect of humour, Which sometime hath his hour with every man. It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep; And, could it work so much upon your shape, As it hath much prevait'd on your condition, I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all
Brave son, deriv’d from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur’d up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What’s to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-ri’d I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Caesar’s Palace
Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caesar, in his Night-gown.

Cas. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! They murder Caesar!”—Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

Cas. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
Cas. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten’d me,
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cas. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d, and yield’d up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cas. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpose’d by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Caesar.

Cal. When beggars die there are no comets seen
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes
Cas. Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cas. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear
Enter Publius. Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Cas. Welcome, Publius:—

What, Brutus. are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Caesar.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Brut. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cas. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that reveals long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cas. Bid them prepare within.

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius:—

I have an hour's talk in store for you.

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius. Caesar, I will:—and so near will I be, [Aside]

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cas. Good friends, go in; and taste some wine with me,

And, we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brut. That every like is not the same. O Cæsar!! [Aside]

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artémidorus, reading a Paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Cæsar; have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal; look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,"

"Artémidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this,

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit."

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house:—

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again.

 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy! be strong upon my side:

Set a huge mountain 'twixt my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else,

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.

For he went sickly forth:— and take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.  
Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIMUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILSUS, PUBlius, and others.

CAESAR. The ide of March are come.  
Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, his humble suit.

Art. O. Caesar! read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Caesar nearer. Read it, great Caesar.

CASCA. That touches us? ourself shall be last serv'd.  
Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

Cas. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Caesar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Caesar: mark him.

Cas. Cassius, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Caesar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exit Antony and Trebonius. Caesar and the Senators take their Seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Cas. Cassius, you are the first that rears your hand.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

Of senators, of preators, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in. — Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is. O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure, the boy heard me: — Brutus hath a suit,

That Caesar will not grant. — O! I grow faint.

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

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Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exit

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cas. What is now amiss?

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart.— [Kneeling

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber

These crouchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With which meltest fools; I mean, sweet words

Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Caesar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice, more worthy than my own,

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,

For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;

Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cas. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon;

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cas. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the world: 'tis furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,

Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd.
E.L. Davenport.
JULIUS CAESAR.

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And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cesar!—

Ces. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Ces. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Cas. Speak, hands, for me.

[Caesar stabs Caesar in the Neck. Caesar catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.

Cas. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Caesar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpit, and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still,—ambition's debt is paid.

Cas. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,

But we, the doors.

Re-enter Trobius.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures,—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood

Up to the eyebrows, and besmear our swords;

Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,

Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be act'd over,

In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport,

Then now on Pompey's basis lies alone,

No worthier than the dust?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,

So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;—

Kneeling.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down,

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

But, oh! I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolve'd,

How Caesar hath deserve'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead;

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this untro'd state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony. [Rises

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman.

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend,

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much, and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

Kneeling over the Body.

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Rising.

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death hour:—nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do rack and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die;

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;

And pity to the general wrongs of Rome

[As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity]

Hath done this deed on Caesar. 'For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony.

Our arms, in strength of welcome, and our hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appear'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

[One after the other.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours:—now yours, Metellus:—

Yours, Cinna:—and, my valiant Cassia, yours:—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Caesar! 'Tis true:

[Turning to the Body, and bending over it.]

It, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius! Here was thou bay'd, brave

hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie?

Cas. Mark Antony!

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.

Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.


That Antony speak in his funeral,
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Caesar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say, you do't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit where I am going,
After my speech in ended.

Ant. I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.  [Exeunt all but Antony

Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I proplyse.
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the loins of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall swell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,——

O Cæsar!  [Seeing the Body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion. I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-morrow within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath

chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
His hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.  [Exeunt, with Caesar's Body

SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter Bruts and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends——

Cassius, you go into the other street,
And part the numbers——

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens

Bru. Brutus goes into the Rostrum.

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my
cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me for
mine honour, and have respect to mine honour; that
you may believe. censure me in your wisdom, and
awake your senses that you may the better judge. If
there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of
Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was
no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why
Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer,—not
that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As
Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate,
I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but,
as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for
his love; joy for his Fortune; honour for his valour;
and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that
would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I
offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a
Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
Who is here so vile, that will not love his country?
If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a
reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brut. Then, none have I offended. I have done no
more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The
question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his
glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his
offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's Body.
Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who,
though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the
benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as
which of you shall not? With this I depart; that,
as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. I have the
same dagger for myself, when it shall please my coun-
try to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!
1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.
1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and
clamours.

Brut. My countrymen,—

2 Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Cit. Peace, ho!

Brut. Good countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.
1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair:
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 Cit. 'Twas best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.
2 Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your
ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, (For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?—
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept,
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown.
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art flid to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 Cit. Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear, there will a worse come in his place.
4 Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
crown:
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dare abide it.
2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.
3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.
4 Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory.
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We'll mutiny.
1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Cit. Away then I come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me. countrymen: yet hear me speak
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas! you know not:—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true;—the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 Cit. Most noble Caesar!—we'll revenge his death
3 Cit. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?
1 Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
2 Cit. Go, fetch fire.
3 Cit. Pluck down benches.
4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[Enter Citizens, with the Body
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow:
Enter a Servant.
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house,
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. I heard them say. Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exit
SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Cinna, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar, and things unlikely charge my fancy. I have no will to wander forth of doors, yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 Cit. What is your name?
2 Cit. Whither are you going?
3 Cit. Where do you dwell?
4 Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 Cit. Answer every man directly.
1 Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4 Cit. Ay, and wisely.
3 Cit. Ay, and truly; you were best.
Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly, wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Cit. That’s as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you’ll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar’s funeral.
1 Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
2 Cit. That matter is answered directly.
4 Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 Cit. Tear him to pieces: he’s a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna, the poet; I am Cinna, the poet.
4 Cit. Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
2 Cit. It is no matter; his name’s Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come: brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius’ house, and some to Casca’s; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [Exeunt; forcing out Cinna]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Antony’s House.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a Table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.
Oct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, who is your sister’s son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar’s house; fetch the will hither, and we will determine how to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit Lepidus.
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man. Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, the threefold world divided, he should stand one of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him; and took his voice who should be pricked to die in our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you: and though we lay these honours on this man, to ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, he shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, to groan and sweat under the business, either led or driven, as we point the way; and having brought our treasure where we will, then take we down his load, and turn him off, like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, and graze on commons.
Oct. You may do your will; but he’s a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that I do appoint him store of provender; it is a creature that I teach to fight, to wind, to stop, to run directly on, his corporal motion govern’d by my spirit:

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train’d, and bid go forth.
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds on objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and stale by other men,
Begin his fashion; do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius,
Are levyng powers: we must straight make head;
Therefore, let our alliance be combin’d,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch’d;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos’d,
And open perils surest answered.
Oct. Let us do so, for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt]

SCENE II.—Before Brutus’ Tent, in the Camp near
Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers
Tittinius and Pindarus meet them.

Brut. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Brut. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[Exit Lucius with a Letter to Brutus.

Brut. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone; but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Brut. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv’d you let me be resolv’d.
Luc. With courtesy and with respect enough;

1 unlucky: in f. e. ² The rest of this direction is not in f. e. ³ So the folio, 1632; first folio gives the line: "You, best friends made, our"
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

_Brutus._ Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

_Luc._ They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

_Brutus._ Hark! he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

_Enter Cassius and Soldiers._

_Caesar._ Stand, ho!

_Brutus._ Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand. [One after the other, and fainter!—

_Caesar._ Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

_Brutus._ Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

_Caesar._ Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

_Brutus._ Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

_Caesar._ Pindarus.
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

_Brutus._ Lucilius, do you the like: and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Within the Tent of Brutus.

_Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it._

_Enter Brutus and Cassius._

_Caesar._ That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

_Brutus._ You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
_Caesar._ In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

_Brutus._ Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

_Caesar._ I an itching palm? You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or by the gods this speech were else your last.

_Brutus._ The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

_Caesar._ Chastisement!

_Brutus._ Remember March, the idea of March remember,
Did not great Julius bleed for justice's sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

_Caesar._ Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself;
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself.
To make conditions.

_Brutus._ Go to; you are not, Cassius
_Caesar._ I am.

_Brutus._ I say, you are not.
_Caesar._ Urge me no more, I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

_Brutus._ Away, slight man!

_Caesar._ Is't possible?

_Brutus._ Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash cholers?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman sates?
_Caesar._ O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

_Brutus._ All this? ay, more. Fret, till your proud
heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are wagsplish.

_Caesar._ Is it come to this?

_Brutus._ You say, you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.

_Caesar._ You wrong me every way; you wrong me,

_Brutus._ I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say? better?

_Brutus._ If you did, I care not.

_Caesar._ When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have

_Brutus._ Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him

_Caesar._ I durst not?

_Brutus._ No.

_Caesar._ What! durst not tempt him?

_Brutus._ For your life you durst not.

_Caesar._ Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

_Brutus._ You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts.

Scene III.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool.

That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart:

A friend should bear his friend’s iniquities,

But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flattering would not, though they did appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony; and young Octavius, come;

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,

For Cassius is a vaery of the world:

Hated by one he loves; brav’d by his brother;

Cheek’d like a bondman; all his faults observ’d,

Set in a note-book, learn’d, and count’d by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes.—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:

If that thou be’st a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold will give my heart.

Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov’dst him better

Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger.

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be honour.

O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv’d

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper’d, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper’d too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too. O Brutus!—

Cas. What’s the matter?

Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He’ll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Enter Lucilius and Titinius.]

Enter Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How escap’d killing, when I cross’d you so?—

O, unsupported and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,

And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong—for with her death

That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!—

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine;

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o’erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love.

[Drinks.

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

Come down upon us with a mighty power;

Bending their expedition toward Philippa.

Mrs. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mrs. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree:

Mine speak of seventy senators, that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mrs. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mrs. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?


Mrs. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mrs. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mrs. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.

With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

Mrs. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This is.

It is better, that the enemy seek us;
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a fore'd affection,
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-hearted, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off;
If at Philippi we do race him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note besides,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends.
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day:
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now aboard;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night has crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more.—Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.]—Farewell,
good Messala:

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O! my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

TX. Mrs. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mrs.]

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What! thou speakest drowsily?
Poor knife, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Cassius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Cassius!

Enter Varro and Cassius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so.
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants lie down]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an' please you.

Bru. It does, my boy
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy night:
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long; if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music, and a Song.]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber!

[Lucius falls asleep.]

Lay'st thou thy laden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see: is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down to read.]

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
That whispers this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.]—

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanisher:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!—

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so eriedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!—

Fellow thou: awake!—

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [Exit]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered. You said, the enemy would not come down, but keep the hills and upper regions; it proves not so: their battles are at hand; they mean to warn us at Philippi here, answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places; and come down With fearful bravery, thinking by this face To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals; The enemy comes on in gallant show: Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March. Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others. Brut. They stand, and would have parley. Cass. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk. Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle? Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth: the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do. Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Cas. Antony, The posture of your blows is yet unknown; But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingleas, too.

Brut. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers Hacked one another in the sides of Caesar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
While we, as Caesar, like a fear, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank you yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; I draw sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the word of traitor;

Brut. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Brut. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Event Octavius, Antony, and their Army

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim

bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [Brutus and Lucilius talk apart

Cas. Messala!

Mes. What says the general?

Cas. This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;

Be thou my witness, that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now, I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do pressage.

Coming from Sardis, in our forward ensign

Two mighty eagles fell: and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here escorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, Lucilius. [Lucilius stands back

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly! that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age:

But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befal.
If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:

What are you then determined to do?

Brut. Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself. I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The term of life,—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of those high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
Enter Pindarus.

Come hither, sirrah.
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts:
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd.
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

[Dies]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been.
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit
Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius
Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living.—O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set:
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone:
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed
O hateful error! melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error! soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth.
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. He yeow, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst not thou hear their
shouts?
Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing,
But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow:
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [Dies
Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mourning it

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar! thou art mighty yet:
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low Alarum.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud Alarum.

Let them set on at once: for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look! the villains fly.
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord; fly farther off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly farther.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may jest assur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy,

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill:
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[Exeunt Pindarus.

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end:
My life is run his compass.—SIRRah, what news?

Pin. [Above.] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him.
Now, Titinius!—now some 'light:—O! he 'lights too:
Is't soon; and, hark! [Shout.] they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down: behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!
Cato.  Brave Titinius!  
Look, where he has not crown’d dead Cassius!  
Brut. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp.  
Lest it discomfit us.—Lucilius, come:—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on!—  
'Tis three o'clock: and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.  
Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then  
Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.  
Brut. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads,  
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field,—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country’s friend.  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [Charges the Enemy.  
Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus; I:  
Brutus, my country’s friend: know me for Brutus.  
[Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato is overpowered,  
and falls.  
Luc. O, young and noble Cato! art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
And may’st be honour’d being Cato’s son.  
1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.  
Luc. Only I yield to die.  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.  
[Offering money.
Kill Brutus, and be honour’d in his death.  
1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!  
2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta’en.  
1 Sold. I’ll tell the news:—Here comes the general.—  
[Enter Antony.  
Brutus is ta’en, Brutus is ta’en, my lord.  
Ant. Where is he?  
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself  
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see where Brutus be alive, or dead,  
And bring us word unto Octavius’ tent.  
How every thing is chanced.  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.  
Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and  
Volumnius.  
Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.  
Clit. Statilius show’d the torch-light; but, my lord,  
He came not back: he is or ta’en, or slain.  
Brut. Sit thee down, Clitus; saying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus, —  
[Whispering.
Clit. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.  
Brut Peace then: no words.

Clt. I’ll rather kill myself  
Dor. Shall I do such a deed?  
Clit. O, Dardanius!  
Dor. O, Clitus!  
Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?  
Dor. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.  
Clit. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.  
Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.  
Vol. What says my lord?  
Brut. Why, this, Volumnius  
The ghost of Caesar hath appear’d to me  
Two several times by night: at Sardis once;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi’ fields.  
I know my hour is come.  
Vol. Not so, my lord.  
Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:  
[Low Alarum.  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves.  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know’st that we two went to school together.  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it  
Vol. That’s not an office for a friend, my lord.  
[Alarum still.  
Clit. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.  
Brut. Farewell to you:—and you, and you, Volumnius.  
[Shaking hands severally.  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day.  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus’ tongue  
Hath almost ended his life’s history.  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest  
That have but laboured to attain this hour  
[Alarum.  
Cry within: Fly, fly, fly  
Clit. Fly, my lord, fly!  
Brut. Hence: I will follow.  
[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius  
I pr’ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect:  
Thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it:  
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?  
Strat. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord  
Brut. Farewell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be still:  
I kill’d not thee with half so good a will.  
[He runs on his Sword, and dies.  
Oct. What man is that?  
Mess. My master’s man.—Strato, where is thy master?  
Strat. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:  
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
For Brutus only overcame himself,  
And no man else hath honour by his death.  
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee  
Brutus. That thou hast prov’d Lucilius’ saying true.  
Oct. All that serv’d Brutus I will entertain  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?  
Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.  
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a generous' honest thought
Of a common good to all, made one of them

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix’d in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, “This was a man!”

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order’d honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let’s away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt.
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, his Sons.
DONALBAIN, Macbeth, Banquo, Macduff, Lenox, Rosse,
Menteith, Angus, Cathness;
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
Young Siward, his Son.
SETTYON, an Officer attending Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth
HECATE, and Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers,
The Ghost of Banquo, and other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, in England: through the rest of the Play, in Scotland

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurlyburly's done, the battle's won.
Which is the strange effect of sun, moon, and stars?
1 Witch. Where shall we meet? Upon the heath:
2 Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
1 Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
All. Paddock* calls,—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair;—
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Fores.

Sennet within. Enter King Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
Gainst my captivity,—Hail, brave friend!—
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of Kerns and Gallowglasses² is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel² smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak.
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, car'd out his passage,
Till he face'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him.
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fi'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark—
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kerns to trust their heels.
But the Norwegan lord, surveying vantage,
With furth'sh'd arms, and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes,

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks:
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:

1 A name intimating the sound of that it signifies, as hurly burly, for an uproar and tumultuous storm.—Peacham's Garden of Eloquence, 1577.
2 A toad.
They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Soldier, attended.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mol. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes!

So should he look, that comes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norwegians bann'd thou the sky
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict,
Till that Bellona's bridgesome, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm against arm,
Curbing his invish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us:—Great happiness!

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

SCENE III.—A Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?


3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap.

And morn'd, and morn'd, and morn'd: 'Give me,'</p>

 Exeunt.

Posters of the sea and land,

Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.

Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Fores?—What are there,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants of the earth.

And yet are on't? Live ye or are ye aught?

That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her chappy finger laying

Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can.—What are ye?

1 Witch. All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner

You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow, and which will not.

Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,

Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and to be king

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,

And these are of them.—Whither have they vanished?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted

As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things heard, as we do speak about,

Or have we eaten on the insane root,

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,

The news of thy success; and when he read

Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,

His wonders and his praises do contend,
SCENE IV.  

MACBETH.  

Which should be thine, or his. Silene'd with that, 
In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day, 
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks. 
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make, 
Strange images of death. As thick as tale, 
Came post with post; and every one did bear 
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, 
And pour'd them down before him. 

Ang.  

To give thee from our royal master thanks; 
Only to herald thee into his sight, 
Not pay thee. 

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour, 
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor: 
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane, 
For it is thine. 

Ban.  

What! can the devil speak true? 

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you 
In borrow'd robes? 

Ang.  

Who was the thane, lives yet; 
But under heavy judgment bears that life 
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd 
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel 
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both 
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not; 
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd, 
Have overthrown him. 

Macb.  

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor: 
The greatest is behind. [Aside.] Thanks for your pains.— 
Do you not hope your children shall be kings, 
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me, 
Promis'd no less to them? 

Ban.  

That, thrust'd home, 
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown. 
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But it is strange: 
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm, 
The instruments of darkness tell us truths; 
Win us with honest tristles, to betray us 
In deepest consequence.— 

Consins, a word, I pray you. 

Two truths are told, 

Macb.  

As happy prologues to the swelling act 
Of the imperial theme. [Aside.] I thank you, gentle- 

men.— 

This supernatural soliciting 

Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—if ill, 

Why hath it given me earnest of success, 

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor: 
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion, 

Whose horrid image doth unfixed my hair, 

And make my seced heart knock at my ribs, 

Against the use of nature? Present fears 

Are less than horrible imaginings. 

My thought, where murder yet is but fantastical, 
Shakes so my single state of man, that function 

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is, 

But what is not. 

Ban.  

Look, how our partner's rapt. 

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance 

may crown me, 

Without my stir. 

Ban.  

New honours come upon him, 
Like our strange garments, clevate not to their mould, 

With the aid of use. 

Macb.  

Come what come may, 

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. 

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure. 

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was 

With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains 
Are register'd where every day I turn 
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.— 
[To Banquo.] Think upon what hath chanc'd: and at 
more time, 
The interim having weight'd it, let us speak 
Our free hearts each to other. 

Ban.  

Very gladly. 

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt] 

SCENE IV.—Forees. A Room in the Palace. 

Flourish. Enter Duncan, MacIom, Donalsbain, 
Lenox, and attendants. 

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not 
Those in commission yet return'd? 

Mat.  

My liege, 
They are not yet come back; but I have spoke 
With one that saw him die, who did report, 
That very thrantly he confess'd his treasons, 
Implord his highness' pardon, and set forth 
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life 

Because him like the leaving it: he died 
As one that had been studied in his death, 
To throw away the dearest thing he owd, 
As 't were a careless trifle. 

Dun.  

There's no art 
To find the mind's construction in the face: 
He was a gentleman on whom I built 
An absolute trust.— 

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus. 

O worthiest cousin! [Embrace] 

The sin of my ingratitude even now 

Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before, 

That swiftest wind of recompense is slow 
To overtake thee: would thou hadst less disabled 
That the proportion both of thanks and payment 

Might have been more! only I have left to say, 
More is thy duce than more than all can pay. 

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe, 
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part 
Is to receive our duties: and our duties 

Are to your throne and state, children, and servants: 
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing 
Safe toward your love and honour. 

Dun.  

Welcome hither: 

I have begun to plant thee. and will labour 
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo, 

That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known 
No less to have done so: let me infold thee. 

And hold thee to my heart. [Embrace. 

Ban.  

There if I grow, 
The harvest is your own. 

Dun.  

My plenteous joys, 
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves 

In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, 
And you whose places are the nearest, know, 
We will establish our estate upon 

Our eldest, Malcolm: whom we name hereafter 
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must 

Not, unaccompanied, invest him only, 

But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine 

On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness, 

And bind us farther to you. 

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not end for you 

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful 
The hearing of my wife with your approach; 

So, humbly take my leave. 

Dun.  

My worthy Cawdor! 

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

Den. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a letter.

Lady M. [Reads.] "They met me in the day of success;
and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have
more in them than mortal knowledge. When I
burned in desire to question them farther, they made
themselves air, into which they vanished. While I
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title,
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and
referred me to the coming on of time, with, 'Hail,
thou that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou
most not lose the dutes of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell." [Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promised. Yet I do fear thy nature:
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great; Art
not without ambition; but without the
Illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false.
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.' He thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd wilt. —
[Enter an Attendant."
 What is your tidings?

Att. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Att. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending: he bears great news. [Exit Attendant.] The raven
himself is hoarse,
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsheath me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty: make thick my blood
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse;
That no compunction visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and 't. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances

[Aside.] You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blankness1 of the dark
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'—

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

[They embrace."

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes...ence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never Shall sun that morrow see.

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despach,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady M. Only look up clear:

To alter favour ever is to fear,
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat: the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his low'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells woefully here: no jutty in the breezes,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procerant cradle;
Where they much' breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth."

[Aside.] See, see! our honour'd hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for you: trouble.

Lady M. All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to content.
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits."

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We course'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in comp.
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.  

MACBETH.  
Art we would, with e.  
dare d have no that Was have so We this I merciful take have He 

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Castle.  
Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage,  
a Serv'is and divers Servants with dishes and service.  
Then, enter MACBETH.  

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 't were well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surer case success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.  
But here upon this rank and shoul'd of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teaceh  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague th' inventor: thus even-handed justice  
Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject;  
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vanitie ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.  

Enter Lady MACBETH.  
How now! what news?  

Lady M. He has almost supp'd. Why have you left  
The chamber?  

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?  

Lady M.  

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.  

Lady M.  

Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since,  
And waketh it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life  
And live a coward in thine own esteem.  
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?  

Macb.  

Pr'ythee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.  

Lady M.  

What beast was't, thin?  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man:  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.  

Macb.  

If we should fail?  

Lady M.  

We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
(Wheroeto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassell so convince;  
That memory, the warden of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbock only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?  

Macb.  

Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
That they have done't?  

Lady M.  

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?  

Macb.  

I am settled; and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  

[Exit]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Court within the Castle.  
Enter BANQUO, and FLAMANCE, with a torch before him.  
Ban. How goes the night, boy?  
Fl. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.  
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.  
Fl.  
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry in heaven;  

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature  
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—  

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.  
Who's there?  

Macb. A friend.  
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed

* An officer who placed and removed dishes.  
1 schooie: in folio.  
2 Thee had made the change.  
3 this: in f. e.  
4 "The cat loves fish,  
5 doth not wet her feet."  
6 no: in folio.  
7 Some eds. place an exclamation, or comma, in place of the interrogation  
8 put forth, Dyce informs us, was Mrs. Siddons' delivery of the passage—as if we fail, was the conclusion of M'laure's report
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he giveth your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar’d
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should have free wrou’t.

Ban. All’s well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they show’d some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
I: you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kindlest leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when’t is,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis’d, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel’d.

Macb. Good repose, the while.

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you.

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou nothing but a dream within my soul,
Or art thou some spirit that walk’st with Melchior?
Thou hast made me a better man than I was.
I am more than what I am when I am not.
My mere imaginings, my dreams, are true
And their reality sets me to thinking,
Which then, being thought upon, appear true.

What’s the business?

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath
made me bold:
[Peace!]
What hath quench’d them hath given me fire.—Hark!—

It was the owl that shriek’d, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it.
The doors are open; and the servile grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg’d then
posses;
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.

Macb. [Within.] Who’s there?—what, ho!
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak’d,
And’t is not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them. Had he not resemble
My father as he slept, I had done’t.—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear
a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl screech, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Lady M. When?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—

Who lies’t the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Shewing his hands
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.

Lady M. There’s one did laugh in’s sleep, and one
cried, "murder!"

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addres’d them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg’d together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen," the
other.

As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Sneak in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no
more!"

Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell’d sleave of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labour’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Lady M. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the
house:

"Glamis hath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainstirck of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I’l go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on’t again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

1 Root of box-wood, of which dagger handles were made.  
2 sleep: in f. e.  
3 sides: in folio.  
4 4 juror.
Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.—Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?—
How is 't with me when every noise appeals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes,
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.  

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [Knock] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[Knock.] Hark! more
knocking.

Get on your nightgown, last occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.  

Wake Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst not!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same.  

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key.

[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, for the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a farmer, the hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for. [Knock] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, in the other devil's name?—Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O! come in equivocator. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there?—Faith, here's an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose; come in tailor; here you may roast your goose. [Knocking] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther; I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon: I pray you, re-member the porter.  

[Opens the gate.]

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macc. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?  

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macc. What three things doth drink especially provoke?  

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Leechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with leechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and dishearts him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him a-sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macc. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir; 't the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macc. Is thy master stirring?—

Enter Macbeth, in his night-gown.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.

Macc. Good-morrow, both.

Macc. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?  

Len. Not yet.

Macc. He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macc. I'll bring you to him.  

Macc. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 't is one,

Macc. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macc. I'll make so bold to call.

For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?  

Macc. He does:—he did appoint so
Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard 't the air; strange sacrements of death
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the fifelone night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macc. 'T was a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.  

Re-enter Macduff.

Macc. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart.
Cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macc. Len. What is the matter?  

Macc. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life of the building.

Macc. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macc. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:
See, and then speak yourselves. —Awake! awake!—

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the alarum-bell! Murder, and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbin! Malcolm, awake!
Shake o'er this doomy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself: up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!—
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell! [Bell rings—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business, that such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak, speak!

Macc. O, gentle lady
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  

Enter Banquo unready.

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!  

What! in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,

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And say, it is not so.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blessed time, for from this instant There's nothing serious in mortality; All is but toys: renown and grace are dead; The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't; The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd. Macd. Your royal father's murder'd. Mal. O! by whom? Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done it. Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood; So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted. No man's life was to be trusted with. Macb. O! yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so? Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man: The expedition of my violent love Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood: And his gash'd stabbs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly break'd with gore. Who could restrain, That had a heart to love, and in that heart Courage to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho!

Lady M. Look to the lady. [Lady Macbeth swoons.]

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues, That most may claim this argument for ours? Don. What should be spoken Here, where our fate, hid in an auger-hole, May rush, and seize us? Let's away: our tears Are not yet brev'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.—[Lady Mecb. is borne out. And when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work, To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undivul'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, and meet i' the hall together.

AK. Well contented. [Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England. Don. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune Shall keep us both the safer, where we are, There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood, The nearer bloody.

Mcb. This murderous shaft that's shot Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way Is to avoid the aim; therefore, to home; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away. There's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt]

SCENE IV.—Without the Castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old M. Three score and ten I can remember well; Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful, and things strange, but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah! good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp. Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, A falcon, towering in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd. Rosse. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain), Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending against obedience, as they would Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'T is said, they eat each other. Rosse. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes, That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff.—[Enter Macduff.]

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macb. Why, see you not? Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed? Macb. Those that Macbeth hath slain. Rosse. Alas, the day! What good could they pretend?

Macb. They were suborn'd. Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons, Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still: Thrillless ambition, that will ravin up Thine own life's means!—Then, 't is most like, The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macb. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone To be invested. Rosse. Where is Duncan's body? Macb. Carried to Colme-kill; The sacred store-house of his predecessors, And guardian of their bones. Rosse. Will you to Scone? Macb. No, cousin; I'll to Fife. Rosse. Well, I will thither— Macb. Well, may you see things well done there:—adieu—Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! Rosse. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those, That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [Exeunt]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis’d: and I fear,
Thou play’st most foully for’t: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches show)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Senet. Enter Macbeth as King; Lady Macbeth,
as Queen; Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and
Attendants.

Macb. Here’s our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I’ll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness.

Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knelt.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir’d your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day’s council; but we’ll take to-morrow.
Is’t far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time.

‘Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become the borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow’d
In England, and in Ireland: not confessing
Their cruel paraside, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu.
Till you return at night. Goes Flence with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord, our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—[Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves
Till supper time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men.
Our pleasure?

Attent. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Attent.] To be
thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus,—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear’d: ’tis much he dares:
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear, and under him

My genius is rebuk’d, as it is said,
Mark Antony’s was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail’d him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac’d a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my grasp,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. It’s to be so,
For Banquo’s issue have I hid my mind,
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man.

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list.

And champion me to the utterance?—Who’s there?
Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now have you consider’d of my speeches?
Know, that it was he, in the times past, who held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass’d in probation with you.
How you were borne in hand; how cross’d; the instru-
ments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz’d,
Say, “Thus did Banquo.”

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so: and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature.
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel’d
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow’d you to the grave,
And beggar’d yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, eurs.
Shongs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos’d, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the quill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i’ the worst rank of mankind, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples to your heart and love of us.
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege.

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens’d, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,

So wearied with disasters, tuss’d with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on’t.

_Macb._

Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 _Mur._

True, my lord.

_Macb._

So is he mine; and in such bloody distance, That every minute of his being thrusts Against my near’st of life. And though I could With bare-fac’d power sweep him from my sight, And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, For certain friends that are both he and mine, Whose love I may not drop, but wait his fall Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is, That I to your assistance do make love, Masking the business from the common eye For sundry weighty reasons.

2 _Mur._

We shall, my lord, Perform what you command us.

1 _Mur._

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour, at most, will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o’ the time, The moment on’t; for’t must be done to-night, And something from the palace: always thought, That I require a clearness: and with him, (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work) Fleance his son, that keeps him company, Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father’s, must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: I’ll come to you anon.

2 _Mur._

We are resolv’d, my lord, _Macb._ I’ll call upon you straight: abide within. (Exeunt Murderers.)

if it be concluded: Banquo, thy soul’s flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.) _Exit._

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

_Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant._

2 _Mur._

But who did but thee join with us?

1 _Mur._

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck

Till thou applaud the deed. Come, see, sleeping night, Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,

And with thy bloody and invisible hand,

Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow Makes wing to the rocky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,

Whiles night’s black agents to their preys do rouse.

Thou marvell’st at my words; but hold thee still:

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.

So, pr’ythee, go with me. _Exeunt._

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

_Enter three Murderers._

2 _Mur._

He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers our offices, and what we have to do,

To thy direction just.

1 _Mur._

Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day,

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,

To gain the timely inn; and here approaches The subject of our watch.

3 _Mur._

Hark! I hear horses._Ban._ [Within.] Give us a light there, ho!

2 _Mur._

Then, ’tis he: the rest That are within the note of expectation, Already are i’ the court.

1 _Mur._

His horses go about.

3 _Mur._

Almost a mile: but he does usually, So all men do, from hence to the palace gate

Make it their walk.

_Enter Banquo and Fleance with a torch._

2 _Mur._

A light, a light!

3 _Mur._

’Tis he.

1 _Mur._

Stand to’t._Ban._ It will be rain to-night.

1 _Mur._

Let it come down. _Strikes Banquo._

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly! Thou may’st revenge—O slave! _Dies._

Fle._ Escapes._

3 _Mur._

Who did strike out the light?

1 _Mur._

Was not the way?

3 _Mur._

There’s but one down: the son is fled.

2 _Mur._

We have lost best half of our affair.

1 _Mur._

Well, let’s away, and say how much is done.

_Exit._

1 Scalp winged 2 Blinding 3 near: in t e.
SCENE IV. — A Room in State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first and last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society, and play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time we will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends; for my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.

Both sides are even: here I'll sit in the midst.

Be large in mirth: anon, we'll drink a measure.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

The table round. — There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him within.

Mur. Your lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of the cut-throats; yet he is good, that didst like for Fleance: if thou didst it, thou art the unpard.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been whole as the marble, founded as the rock, [pierced; as broad and general as the casing air; but not, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to sauce doubts and fears. — But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides, with twenty trench'd gashes on his head. The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.

There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled, Hath nature in that time will venom breed, No teeth for the present. — Get thee gone: to-morrow We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold, That is not often vouch'd the while 'tis making: 'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home; From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony; Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrance!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both.

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we our country's honour roof'd, Were the grav'd person of our Banquo present; Who may I rather challenge for unkindness, Than pity for miscarriage!

Rosse. His absence, sir,

Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

[Painting to the Ghost?

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say; I did it: never shake My gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus, And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat. The fit is momentary; upon a thought He will again be well. If much you note him, You shall offend him, and extend his passion; Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a man? [Coming to Macbeth: aside to him

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O, proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear: This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said, Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts, (Impostors to true fear) would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire. Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done, You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst not speak too,— If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [Exit Ghost.


Lady M. Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' olden time. Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal; Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd Too terrible for the ear: the times have been. That when the brains were out the man would die, And there an end: but now, they rise again With twenty mortal murders on their crowns, And push us from our stools. This is more strange Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord, [Going back to her state 

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all: Then, I'll sit down. — Give me some wine: fill full. — I drink to the general joy of the whole table, And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:

Re-enter Ghost.

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight. Let the earth hide thee! Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes, Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger: Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or, be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I exhibit, then protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! [Exit Ghost.

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so — being gone.
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac’d the mirth, broke the good meeting.

With most admir’d disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer’s cloud, without our special wonder? You make me strange, even to the disposition that I owe, when now I think you can behold such sights, and keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, when mine are blanch’d with fear.

Ros. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not: he grows worse and worse.

Ouestion arranges him. At once, good night: stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health attend his majesty.

Lady M. A kind good night to all! [Exit Lords and Attendants.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Stones have been moved to move, and trees to speak; augurs, and understood relations, have by magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth the secret’st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say’st thou, that Macduff denies his person.

At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.

There’s not one of them, but in his house
I’ll keep a servant fee’d. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.

Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scan’d.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiating, that wants hard use;
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are, saucy and over-bold? How did you dare to traffic and traffic with Macbeth,
in riddles, and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
the sole contriver of all harms,
was never call’d to bear my part,
or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done hath been but for a wayward son,
spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
and at the pit of Acheron
meet me in the morning: thither he
will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air: this night I’ll spend
unto a dismal and a fatal end:
great business must be wrought ere moon.
Upon the corner of the moon
there hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I’ll catch it ere it come to ground:
and that, distill’d by magic sleights,
shall raise such artificial sprites,
as by the strength of their illusion,
shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
his hopes ’bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
and, you all know, security
is most of a chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.

Hark! I am call’d: my little spirit, see,
sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit Hecate.

1 Witch. Come, let’s make haste: she’ll soon be back again.

[Exeunt Witches.

SCENE VI.—Fore’s. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts.

Which can interpret farther: only, I say,

Things have been strangely borne. The gracious

Duncan,

Was piti’d of Macbeth—marry, he was dead;

And the right valiant Banquo walk’d too late;

Whom, you may say, if’t please you, Fleance kill’d,

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalban,

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep;

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;

For ‘t would have anger’d any heart alive,

To hear the men deny ‘t. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well; and I do think,

That had he Duncan’s sons under his key,

(As, an’t please heaven, he shall not) they should find

What ‘t were to kill a father; so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and ‘cause he fail’d

His presence at the tyrant’s feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court; and is receiv’d

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,

That the malice of fortune nothing

Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff

Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;

That by the help of these, (with Him above

To ratify the work) we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knaves,

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,

All which we pine for now. And this report

Hath so exasperate the king, that he

Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, “Sir, not I;

The cloudy messenger turns me his back;

And hums, as who should say, “You’ll rue the time

That clogs me with this answer.”
ACT IV.

(SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.)

Macb. Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you unite the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the pestilential waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bleaded corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though castles topple o'er their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do stoop!
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germains tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you

1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sowl's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrows; grease, that's sweated
From the sufferer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

2 Witch. Come high, or low;

Macb. Let me, and office, defily show.

3 Witch. Apparition, an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

2 Witch. He knows thy thought
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

1 App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks:
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.—But one word more.—

1 Witch. He will not be commanded. Here's another,
More potent than the first.

2 Apparition, a bloody Child.

Mac. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies.
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. 3 Apparition, a Child crowned, with a Tree

in his Hand.

That rises like the issue of a king:
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

2 App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

1 Harpeir: in f. e. 2 Entrails. The rest of this direction is not in f. e. The song is probably the same as that in Middleton's Witsb
Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;

3 bladed: in f. e. on: in f. e. 4 slope: in f. e. 5 Germinating seeds. Folio reads: germaines.
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.  [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood Of Birnam rise; and our high-place'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.  Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, [if your art
Can tell so much] shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you!  Let me know,—
Why sinks that eaudron? and what noise is this?

[The cauldron descends.  Haubroys sound.

1 Witch. Show!  2 Witch. Show!  3 Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows.  so depart.
A show of eight Kings, and Banquo first and last, with
a Glass in his Hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown doth bear mine eye-balls; and thy hair.
Thou onother gold-bound brow art like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy bags!

Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?  I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.

Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter d' Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music.  The witches dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they?  Gone?—Let this peregrine
hour
Stand awe accursed in the calendar!—
Come in!  without there!  

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it.  From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.  And even now,
To crow—my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line.  No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more flights.—Where are these gentlemen?
Come; bring me where they are.  [Exeunt

SCENE 11.—Fife.  A Room in MACDUFF'S Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none of his flight was madness.  When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
His mansion, and his titles, in a place

[From whence himself does fly?  He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season.  I dare not speak much farther
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know 't ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.  [Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now?  How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou dost never fear the net,
or line,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother?  Poor birds they are not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how will thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet i' faith, with wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged.
SCENE III.

MACBETH.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how will thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it would a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor pratter, how thou talk'st!
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. Bless you, fair dame. I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks. I am too savage,
To do worse to you were felt cruelty.
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.
[Exit Messenger.
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm; but I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly! why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence.
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?
Enter Murderers.
Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-eared villain.
Young fry of treachery.
Son. He has kill'd me, mother.
Run away, I pray you.
[Dies.
[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and pursued by the Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.
Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wait;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will:
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave you pardon
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still lock so.

Mal. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my

Why in that rawness left you wife, and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer'd
[Shewing a Paper.
Of goodly thousands; but, for all this
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Mal. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be ripen'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Mal. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, squeaking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Mal. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Macduff. This avarice

Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath poison* to fill up your will,
Of your more own. All these are portable
With other graces weigh'd.

Macb. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, loveliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macb. O Scotland, Scotland!

Macb. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macb. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shall thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accur'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oft her upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Macb. Macduff: this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspoke mine own detraction: here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarceley have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of good
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macb. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,

Enter a Doctor.

Macb. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doc. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces?

Macb. Great assay of heart; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Macb. I thank you, doctor.

[Exit Doctor.

Macb. What's the disease he means?

Macb. A most miraculous work in this good king,

Which often, since my time remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
All sworn and warts, pitiful to the eye,
The melancholy of despair, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macb. See, who comes here?

Rosse. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macb. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Macb. I know him now. Good God, at times remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Rosse. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for; whom for; and good men's lives
Expires before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they stiffen.

Rosse. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Macb. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.

Each minute teens a new one.

Rosse. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macb. And all my children?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macb. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well, at peace, when I did leave them.

Macb. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out:
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Macb. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier; none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse.
Would I could answer
is comfort with the life! But I have words,
that would be how I'd out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch1 them.
Macd.
What concern they?
The general cause, or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse.
No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Perrains to you alone.
Macd.
If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despire my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were, on the quarry2 of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal.
Merciful heaven! —
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-traught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse.
Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
Rosse.
My wife kill'd too?
I have said.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can
perceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write
upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return
because, none while, in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at
once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watch-
ing. In this stumbly agitation, besides her walking
and other actual performances, what at any time have
you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no wit-
ess to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and
upon my life fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem
thus washing her hands: I have known her continue
in this a quarter of an hour.

Rosse.

Mal. Be comforted.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more
strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two; why, then 'tis time to do't. —Hell is myrky! —
Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need
we fear who knows it, when none can call our power
to account? —Yet who would have thought the old man
to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is
she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? —
No more o' that, my lord; no more o' that; you mar
all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you
should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure
of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely
charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have
known those which have walked in their sleep, who
have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown.
look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's
buried: he cannot come out on 's grave.

Footnotes:
1 Catch 2 Heap of dead game. 3 time: in folio. Rowe made the change. 4 4 Not in f. e
Macbeth. Have come, in those thanes. Think, Geese, but, What fear. Well. *from 'What no now say. *Exit I e. What now镊. *Exit Who, behold, sway. Soldiers, but, to Not. *Fool. way "cyme: gate. Eehiove 1 And Would, My Revenges His Enter, Of Excite Do. Some. Within Nothing His When To Itself, Meet To And Make a drop. He doesn’t need to come. Thieves there. Medicine of the sickly weal! And with him pour we, in our country’s purge, Each drop of us. Make us march towards Birnam. *Ancest. *Staff. 9 cause: in f. e. 2 Fool. 9 Not in f. e. 9 cheer: in f. e. 9 way: in f. e. Johnson also suggested the change 1 Stew. 2 stuff: in f. e. 3 eyune: in f. o. Rows made the change.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed: there’s knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What’s done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady M.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Fool whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds To their deep pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.— God. God, forgive us all! Look after her: Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amaz’d my sight. I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Menteith, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood Snail we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cathness. Who knows, if Donaldbain be with his brother?

Lenox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file Of all the gentry: there is Siward’s son, And many untouch’d youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Cathness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say, he’s amad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it violent fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his dissembler’d course within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breath: Those he commands move only in command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant’s robe Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith. Who, then, shall blame His pester’d senses to recoil and start, When all that is within him does condemn itself, for being there?

Cathness. Well; march we on, To give obedience where ’tis truly ow’d: Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal! And with him pour we, in our country’s purge, Each drop of us.

Lenox. Or so much as it needs To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds. Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Menteith, Doctor, and Attendants.

Menteith. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What’s the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequences have promis’d me thus:— "Fear not, Macbeth; no man that’s born of woman Shall e’er have power upon thee.”—Then fly, false And mingle with the English epices: [thanes. The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac’d loon! Where get’st thou that goose look?

Servant. There is ten thousand.—

Macbeth. Geese, villain?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver’d boy. What soldiers, patch’r? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.] Seyton!—I am sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will chair’s me ever, or disembark me now. I have liv’d long enough: my May, of life Is fall’n into the sea, the yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age. As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!—

Enter Seyton.

Seyton. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macbeth. What news more?

Seyton. All is confirm’d, my lord, which was reported. Macbeth. I’ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack’d.

Give me my armour. Seyton. ’Tis not needed yet. Send out more horses, stir the country round; Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour. How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, Which keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas’d, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivion antidote Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous grief, Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor. Therein the patient Must minister unto himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs; I’ll none of it. Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff. Seyton, send out. —Doctor, the thanes fly from me._ Come, sir, despatch. —If thou couldst doctor, east The water of my hand: find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo. That should applaud again.—Pull it off, I say.— What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, Would sear these English hence? —Hearst thou of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord: your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me. —I will not be afraid of death and bane, Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit
SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: A Wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Soldiers marching.

Macb. Cousin, I hope, the days are near at hand, That chambers will be safe. 

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Macb. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear’t before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery 

Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before’t.

Macb. 'Tis his main hope; For where there is advantage to be gotten, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things, Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we ou industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches, That will with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe. Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls: The cry is still, “They come!” Our castle’s strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie, Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not fare’d with those that should be ours, We might have met them careful, heard to be heard.

[Re-enter Seyton.

Se7. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fear.
The time has been, my senses would have quail’d To hear a night-shriek; and my fell’st hair Would at a dismali treatise rune. and stir, As life were in’t. I have sup’d full with horrors: Direness, familiar to my slaughtered thoughts, Cannot once start me.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

[Exeunt.阿尔拉姆斯 continues]

SCENE VII.—The Same. Another Part of the Plain.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake: I cannot fly But, bear-like, I must fight the course. —What’s he, That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou’lt be afraid to hear it

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter name, Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name’s Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant. with my sword I’l prove the lie thou speakest.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman:—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish’d by man that’s of a woman born. [Exeunt.阿尔拉姆斯. Enter Macduff.

Macb. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!  

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1. green in f e. 2 Greatr 3 Ford’s: in f e. 4 Not in f e.
5. cool’d: in f e. 6 Skin. 7 Not in f e.
It thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kinsmen, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbattered edge,
I sheathe again undecid. There thou shouldst be:
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune,
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord.—The castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war.
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exit. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee;
But get thee back: my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword: thou bloody villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou lostest labour.
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed.
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these fiends no more believ'd,
That paller with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then, yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze of the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold enough!"

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours.

Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son,
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
Must not be measure'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he,
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
They say, he parted well, and paid his score,
And God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head, on a Pike.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
[Sticking the Pike in the ground.]

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—

Hail, king of Scotland!
All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with our several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen.
Henceforth be ears: the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life:—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place.
So, thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. Exit.]
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Laertes, his Son.
Volumnia, Cornelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Osrice, a Courtier, Another Courtier.
A Priest.

Marcellus,
Bernardo, Officers
Francisco, a Soldier.
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
A Captain, Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco on his Post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis new' struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegenmen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night. [Exit Francisco.


Ber. What! Is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fancy,

And will not let belief take hold of him. Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:

Therefore, I have entreat'd him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while

And let us once again assault your ear,

That are so furnish'd against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down and hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond star, that is westward from the pole,

Had made his course, it illum'd that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,

The bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost, armed.*

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrowes me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night

Together with that fair and warlike form,

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it walks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost.
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheathed dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands.
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the men coming on—
Have heaven and earth, together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do case, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast upbraided in thy life
Exerted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death.

Cock crowes

Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike it at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'T is gone.

[Exit Ghost

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn.13
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,12 nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon' high eastern hill,
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning knew
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt
SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

Sonn. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants. The King takes his Seat.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green, and that it us befitted To bathe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom To be contracted in one brow of woe; Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature, That we'll not, in our wits, to what we look, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen, Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state, Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,— With one auspicious, and one dropping eye, With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage, In equal scale weighing delight and dolore,— Taken to wife: nor have we here band'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along: for all, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our worth. Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, Colleagued with the dream of his advantage, He hath not fail'd to pester us with message, Importing the surrender of those lands Lost by his father, with all bands of law, To our most valiant brother.—So much for him. Now for yourself, of your time of meeting. Thus much the business is; we have here writ To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,— Who, impatient and bed-ridden, scarce hears Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress His farther gait herein, in that the levies, The lists, and full proportions, are all made Out of his subject: and we here despatch You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand, For bearers* of this greeting to old Norway; Giving to you no further personal power To business with the king, more than the scope Of these dilated articles allow. (Giving them.) Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty. Cor. Fol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty. King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. (Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.)

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And lose your voice: what would you beg, Laertes, That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes? Laet. My dread lord.

Your leave and favour to return to France: From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To show my duty to your coronation. Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius? Pol. He hath, my lord, wrong from me my slow leave, By laboursome petition; and, at last, Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:

1 The rest of this direction is not in f. e. 2 to in quarto. 3 The preceding part of this speech is not in quarto, 1603. 4 bearing is folio 5 Not in f. e. 6 This and the two following lines, are not in folio. 7 nighted: in f. e. 8 As at obscurities.
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
And speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Flourish. Exit King, Queen, Lords, &c.]

Polonius, and Laertes.

Ham. O! that this too, too solid flesh should melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. 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 unkin'd tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married.—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to insecions sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Eector Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham.

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—

Marcellus?

Mor. My good lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear! your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see my father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student: think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon

Ham. Sibrit, thrift, Horatio: the funeral bakers meat
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father.—methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once: he was a good king.
SCENE III.—A Room in POLONIUS'S House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit, And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; A violet in the youth of primy nature. Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more! For nature, crescent, does not grow alone In thews, and bulk: but, as this temple waxes, The inward service of the mind and soul Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now; And now no soil, nor cantle, doth besmirch The virtue of his will, but you must fear, His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own, For he himself is subject to his birth; He may not, as unvalued persons do, Carve for himself; for on his choice depends The safety and health of this whole state; And therefore must his choice be uncommon and Unto the voice and yielding of that body, Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you, It suits your wisdom so far to believe it, As he in his particular act and place May give his saying deed: which is no further, Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. Then, weigh what loss your honour may sustain, It with too credent ear you list his songs, Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open To his unnatural importunity. Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister; And keep you in the rear of your affection, Out of the shot and danger of desire. The sharpest maid is prodigal enough, If she unmask her beauty to the moon. Virtue itself scarce escapes calamitous strokes: The canker calls the infants of the spring, Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth Contagious blastsmasts are most imminent. Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother. Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven, Whiles, like a pull'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And recks not his own read.*

Laer. O! fear me not. I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace; Occasion smiles upon a second leave. Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame! The wind sits in the shoulders of your sail, And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you: [Laying his Hand on LAERTES'S Head And these few precepts in thy memory Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar: The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; But do not dull thy palm with entertainment Of each new-hatch'd, unheld'd comrade. Beware Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, Bear't, that th' opposer may beware of thee. Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice; Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy: For the apparel oft proclaims the man; And they in France, of the best rank and station, Are of a most select and generous choice* in that Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend, And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all,—to thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell: my blessing season this in thee! Laer. Most humbly, do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you: go; your servants tend 

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd.

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[Exit LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late Given private time to you; and you yourself Have of your audience been most free and bounteous If it be so, (as so's is put on me, And that in way of caution) I must tell you, You do not understand yourself so clearly, As it behoves my daughter, and your honour. What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl. Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running your venom, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making.—
You must not take for fire. From this time,
Be somewhat scanner of your maiden presence:
Set your entertainments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments show,
But mere importunes of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,5
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so squander any moment’s leisure.
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to’t, I charge you; so now,6 come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is7 very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. No, it is struck.

Ham. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near
The season.

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[Flourish of Trumpets, and Ornaments shot off; within.
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his
rousse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring roes;
And as he drinks his draughts of Rhinenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is’t:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour’d in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west8
Makes us traduce’9 and tax’d of other nations:
They clepe’10 us drunkards, and with swimish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men.
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

1 As, in their birth. (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By their o’ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o’er-leavers
The form of plausible manners, so that these men—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature’s lively, or fortune’s star,—
Their11 virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ill12
Doth all the noble substance often don13,
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost,14 armed as before.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

[Pause 1

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I’ll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz’d bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn’d,17
Hath o’er’d thy ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revis’st thus the glimpses of the moon.
Making night hideous; and we feel of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition.

With thoughts beyond the reachess of our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[The Ghost beckons HAMLET

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves18 you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin’s5 fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?—
It waves me forth again:—I’ll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o’er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,19
Without more motive, into every bra; r
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.—Go on

I’ll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be rul’d: you shall not go. [They struggle.16

1 in f. e. 'Wronging; from quarto. Running: in folio. 2 With all the vows: in folio. 3 Gives: in folio. 4 the eye: in folio. 5 bonds: in f. e. 6 Theobald also made his change. 7 vander: in f. e. 8 The words, "so now," are not in f. e. 9 in it: in folio. 10 This and the twenty-one following lines, are not in quarto, 1603, or folio. 11 Cell. 12 His: in old copies. Theobald made the change. 13 sale: in quarto. 14 of a doubt: in quarto: don’t, is to do out, to destroy. 15 The rest of this direction is not in f. e. 16 Not in f. e. 17 event: in folio 18 inter’d: in quarto. 19 waits: in folio. 20 This and the next three lines, are not in the quarto, 1603, or folio. 21 Not in f. e.
So to seduce! won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov’d,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link’d,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air:
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leprous distillment; whose effect
Holds such an emmin with blood of man.
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset.
And end, like eager’ droppings into milk.
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine:
And a most instant, bitter bark’d about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother’s hand.
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despoil’d.
Cut off even in the blossom of my sin,
Unhouse’d, disappointed, unman’d:
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gias to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.
Exit Hamlet. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What
else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix’d with baser matter: yes, my heaven.
O, most pernicious and peridious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark—

[Writing.]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me!
"I have sworn it.
Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!
Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [Within.] So be it!
Hor. [Within.] I'llo, ho, ho! my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho! boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;

You'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once 

think it?
But you'll be secret.
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the 

grave.
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right: you are i'the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
Faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master'd as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
Mar. We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-

ight.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha! boy! say'st thou so? art thou there 
true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Hie et ubique? then, we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mule! cannot work it 'ere the earth:
so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange;
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms enencumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know?"—or, "We could, an if 

we would?"—
Or, "If we list to speak?"—or, "There be, an if they 
might?"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note;
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do command me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, t' express his love and friendly to you, 
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together
And still your fingers on your lips. I pray,—
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.—

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Reyn. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellously well, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Reyn. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danesker are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, 

1 bu'mg: in folio 2 ground: in folio 3 our: in folio.

What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him
As thus,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him?"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Reyn. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And, in part, him; but," you may say, "not 

well;
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so?"—and there put on him

1 bu'mg: in folio 2 ground: in folio 3 our: in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
itraubing—you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. *Faith, no: as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency:
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so
quantly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Or general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying these slight snibes on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something,—where did I leave?

Rey. At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—say, marry;
He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or 't other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'erlook'd in his house;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Vindicated, a brothel? or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord.

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was seeing in my chamber,
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk’d of you:
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry, and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while;
For the supply and profit of our hope
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king’s remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guilt. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit [erants:
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guilt. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[Enter ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDESTERN, AND SOME ATTENDANTS.

Pol. Thy ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return’d.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul.

Both to my God, one to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us’d to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father’s death, and our o’erhasty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, with VOLTMANN AND CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew’s levies; which to him appear’d
To be a preparation ‘gainst the Polack.

But, better look’d into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat griev’d,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeyes.

Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th’ assay of arms against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein farther shown.

[Giving a Paper.

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider’d time, we ’ll read,
Answer, and think upon this business;
Mean time, we thank you for your well-looked labour.
Go to your rest: at night we ’ll feast together;
Most welcome home.

[Exit Voltimand and Cornelius.

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and madam; to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste day, night, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is’t, but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.

That he is mad, ’t is true; ’t is true, ’t is pity,
And pity ’t is ’t is true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect.
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.

"To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the most beautiﬁed Ophelia;"—

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautiﬁed" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

"In her excellent white bosom, these;" &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—

"Doubt thou the stars are fire," [Reads

Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my years; but that I love thee best, O! most best, believe it.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honorable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me) what might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had play’d the desk, or the book:

Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight:
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

"O Hamlet, most let the in method no,
This must not be;" and then I precepts gave her.
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And we all wait for her.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Quean. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, "T is so?"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[Pointing to his Head and Shoulder]
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours
* together.
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he doth, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arm, then:
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thence,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carter.

King. We will try it.

[Enter Hamlet, reading.]

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away,
I'll board him presently:—O! give me leave.

[Exeunt Queen, King, and Attendants.]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing;
but as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to't.

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harping
on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said,
I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love;
very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read,
your lordship?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir! for the satirical rogue says here
that old men have grey beards; that their faces are
wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum
tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit,
together with most weak limbs; all of which, sir,
though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I
hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you
yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if it like a crab
you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method
in't. [Aside.] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air. [Aside.] How
pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that
often madness hits on, which reason and sanity
could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him,
and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between
him and my daughter.—[To him.] My honourable
lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that
I will more willingly part withal: except my life; ex-
cept my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! [To Polonius]

[Exit Polonius]

Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Guidenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do
ye both?

Ros. As the indifferant children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhapp'ry

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the
middle of her favour's?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O! most true,
she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not
ture. Let me question more in particular: what have
you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,
that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then, is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one: in which there are many
confined, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of
the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so:
to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then, your ambition makes it one: 'tis
too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell,
and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not
that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the
very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light
a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our baggers bodys, and our monarchs,
and outstretched heroes, the baggers' shadows. Shall
we to the court? for, by my say, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guild. We'll wait upon you.

Ham, No such matter: I will not sort you with the
rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the
beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Baggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are
too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it
your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing but to the purpose. You
were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your
looks, which your modesties have not craft enough
to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent
for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure
you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consomancy
of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved
love, and by what more dear a better proposer could
charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether
you were sent for, or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you. [Aside.]—If
you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king
and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but
wherefore I know not) lost all my worth, foregone all
custom of exercisings: and, indeed, it goes so heavily
with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth,
seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent
canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erianding firma-
ment, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why,
I think nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent
congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a
man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in
form, and moving, how express and admirable! in
action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a
god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!
And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man
delight not me; [Ros. smiles;] no, nor woman neither,
though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. What say you?

Guil. My lord, there was no such stuff in my
thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man
delight not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man,
what lenter entertainment the players shall receive
from you; we cozed them on the way, and hither are
they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome;
his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurors
knights shall use his foil, and target: the lover shall
not sigh grats: the humorous man shall end his part

1 Or. 2 of: in folio. 3 Not in f.c. 4 Players were not allowed to perform in Lent. 5 Owe a note: See note of. 6 In the name: in
quarto, 1603. 7 Probably a reference to the restriction in 1608-1, of dramatic performances to two theatres, the Globe and the Fortune.
8 An allusion to some juvenile company of players, of which there were several in great popular favor at the time. 9 Fr. erect: shot, or
reckoning. 10 Exeit. Not in folio. 11 Exeit. 12 A common proverb, when the play was written; the word is a crani
man of Alexandre, a hero.
players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; it was then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When

Recess was an actor in Rome.—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour.—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass.—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragic-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of Brutus, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephtha, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hast thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot,

And then, you know,

It came to pass, as most it was.

The first row of the piants chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes. [Aside.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters: welcome all.—I am glad to see thee well—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: com' st thou to hear me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not craggy within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality. come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once.—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play! I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas cavil to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there was no salt in the lines to make it savour; nor matter, in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: it was 'Electra' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—It is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,

Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared

With heraldry more dismal: head to foot

Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd

With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;

Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,

That lend a tyrannous and a damned light

To their lord's murder, roasted in wrath, and fire.

And thus o'er-sized with congeulate gore,

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks?—

So proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord. well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. "Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,

Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd;" 14

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide,

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword

The unarmed father falls. Then senseless Ilion.

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top

Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword

Which was declining on the milky head

Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:

So, as a painted tyrant. Pyrrhus stood:

And, like a neutral to his will and matter,

Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still.

The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,

Aroused vengeance sets him now a-work,

And never did the Cyclops' hammer's fall

On Mars' armour, forg'd for proof eterno,

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strangler. Fortune! All you gods.

In general synod, take away her power;

Break all the spake and fellows from her wheel.

And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven

As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard—

Pr'ythee, say on: he's for a jig, 13 or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on: come to Heebua.

1 Play. "But who, O I who had seen the mobled' queen?"

Ham. The mobled' queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. "Run barefoot up and down threat'ning the flames

With bison rheum; a clout upon that head,

Where the diadem stood; and, for a robe

About her lank and all d'el terned loins,

A blanket, in' th' alarm of fear caught up;

Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd.

Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd

But if the gods themselves did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mining with his sword her husband's limbs,

The instant burst of clamour that she made,

(Unless things mortal move them not at all)

Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

And passionate the gods."
Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and
has tears in his eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.
Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of
this soon.—Good my lord, wilt you see the players well
bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used: for
they are the abstracts, and brief chronicles, of the time;
after your death you were better have a bad epitaph,
than their ill report while you live.
Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.
Ham. God's bodkin, man, much better! use every
man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?
Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less
they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take
them in.
Pol. Come, sirs.
[Exit POLONIUS, with some of the Players.
Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll have a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play
the murder of Gonzago?
1 Play. Ay, my lord.
Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for
a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines,
which I would set down and insert in 't. could you not?
2 Play. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you
mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends, [To
Ros. and GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are
welcome to Elsinore.
Ros. Good my lord!
[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
Ham. Ay, so, good bye you*.—Now I am alone.—
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own* conceit,
That from his working all his visage wann'd*;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suitting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing:
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. [Coming forward.] Good my lord.

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not 1; I never gave you any.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath conjur'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce
than with 1 honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than
the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness:
this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives
it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue
cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish
of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be
a brother of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest;
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were
better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud,
revengeful, ambitious; with more offence at my back
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to
give them shape, or time to act them in. What
should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven
and earth? We are arrant knaves, all: believe none of us.

Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may
play the fool no where 12 but in his own house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice: as pure as
snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a
nunnery; farewell 13. Or, if thou wilt needs marry,
marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what
monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and
quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings 10 too, well
enough: God hath given you one face 14: and you make
yourselves another: you jar, you amble, and you lip,
and nickname God's creatures, and make your wanton-
ness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it
shall have life; the rest shall keep as they are. To a
nunery, go.

[Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III

It is expectancy and rose of the fair state.
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form, 
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down! 
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, 
That suck'd the honey of his music vows, 
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason, 
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh; 
That unmacht'd form and feature of blown youth. 
Blasted with censures. O, woe is me! 

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend; 
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little, 
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul, 
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood; 
And, I doubt, the hatch, and the discourse, 
Will be some danger: which for to prevent, 
I have, in quick determination, 
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England, 
For the demand of our neglected tribute: 
Haply, the ces, and countries different, 
With variable objects, shall expel 
This something settled matter in his heart, 
Whereon his brain still beating puts him thus 
From fashion of himself. What think you on't? 

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe, 
The origin and commencement of his grief 
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia! 
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said: 
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please; 
But, if you hold it fit, after the play 
Let his queen mother all alone entertain 
To show his griefs: let her be round^ with him; 
And I'll be place'd, so please you, in the ear 
Of all their conference. If she find him not, 
To England send him; or confine him where 
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. 

It shall be so: in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter Hamlet, and certain Players, unread.

Ham. Speak the speech. I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear^ a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexpressible dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Ternagant; it out-heros Herod: pray you avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing. whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature: to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which^ one must, in your allowance, overweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—[Exit Polonius. Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ham. Now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of
Pol. And the queen too, and that presently: [work] Ham. Bid the players make haste. —[Exit Polonius. Will you two help to hasten them? 

Both. We will, my lord. —[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What, ho! Horatio! Enter Horatio!

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service. 

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal. 

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Hor. Nay, do not think I flatter 
For what advancement may I hope from thee, 
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, 
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd? 

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, 
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, 
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? 
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, 
And could of men distinguish, her election 
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been 
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; 
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards 
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those, 
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, 
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger 
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man 
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him 
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, 
As I do thee.—Something too much of this. —

There is a play to-night before the king: One scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee, of my father's death: 
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot, 
Even with the very comment of thy soul 
Observe mine uncle: if he occulted guilt 
Do not itself unkennel in one speech, 
It is a damned ghost that we have seen, 
And my imaginations are as foul 
As Vulcan's sithly. Give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 
And, after, we will both our judgments join 
In censure of his seeming. 

Hor. 

Hor. Well, my lord; 

If he steal aught whilst the play is playing, 
And snake detecting, I will pay the theft.
Scene II. 

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle; get you a place.

Senet. Danish March. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet? *

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's dish: I eat the air, promise-creamed. You cannot feed casons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To Polonius.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact? [To Polonius.

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. —Be the players ready? 

Rox. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience. Queen. Come hither, my dear 4 Hamlet; sit by me. 

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [To the King.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap? 

[LYING DOWN AT OPHELIA'S FEET.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean country matters? 

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs. 

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours, 

Ham. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r-lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, 'For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Trumpets sound. The dumb Show enters.

Enter a King 2d and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing Ham. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines her hand upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses him, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds him, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner teaches the Queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt. 

Oph. What means this, my lord? 

Ham. Marry, this is mewing mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play. 

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mock the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your element,

We beg your hearing patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poetie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the Player King and Player Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times has Phoebus' car gone round

Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,

About the world have times twelve threesies been;

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,

Unite emunual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.

But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer, and from your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;

For women's fear and love hold quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers' functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind

For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast:

In second husband let me be secure;

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood. P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 't is, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactors with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slander accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite thies;
The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend.
For who not judges shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I began,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrowed;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give\(^1\) food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose look from me, day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor\(^2\)'s cheer in prison be my soope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wise!

Ham. If she should break her vow,—

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while:
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain:
And never come mischiefs between us twain! [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?
Queen. The lady doth protest\(^3\) too much, methinks!

Ham. O! but she'll keep her word.
King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no
offence in't?

Ham. No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest: no
offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:
Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You
shall see anon: 't is a knavish piece of work; but what
of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it
touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers
are unwrung.

Enter Lucius.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorum,\(^4\) my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love,
if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my
edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take\(^5\) your husbands.—Begin,
murderer: leave thy damnable faces, and begin.
Come.—The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing:
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected.
With Hecate's ban thrice blessed, thrice infected.
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Enters the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.

Ham. He poisons him i'the garden for his estate.

His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written
in very\(^6\) choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the
murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers. (If the rest
of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with two Provincial
roses on my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a
cry\(^7\) of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear!
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself: and now reigns here
A very, a very——peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word
for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come! some music! come; the
recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why, then, belike,—he thinks it not, perdy.—

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come; some music!

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous destempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord,\(^8\) with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richly,
to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him
in his purgation would, perhaps, plunge him into\(^9\) more
choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildly from the affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great afflic-
tion of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the
right breed. If it shall please you to make me a
wholesome answer, I will do your mother's command-
ment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the
end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's
diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you
shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother—
therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother,
you say—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour has
struck her into amazement and admiration.

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Scene III.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother’s admiration? importune.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers andsteaders.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O! the recorder:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanfully.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak.

"Blood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that’s almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and ’t is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then, will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[Exit Ros., Guil., Hor., &c.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night. When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—

O! heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak daggers to her, but use none:

My tongue and soul are as this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be silent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent!—

[Exit.

Scene III.—A Room in the Same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you; I your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you.

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so dangerous 13, as doth hourly grow

Out of his incencies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide.

Most holy and religious fear it is,

To keep those very many bodies safe,

That live, and feed, upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind,

To keep itself from 'nourance; but much more

That spirit, upon whose weality depend

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Dyes not alone; but like a gulf doth draw

What’s near it with it: it is a massy wheel,

Fix’d on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis’d and adjoin’d; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage.

For we will letters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. and Guil. We will haste us.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he’s going to his mother’s closet.

Behind the arras I’ll convey myself,

To hear the process: I’ll warrant, she’ll tax him home

And, as you said, and wisely was it said, "It’s meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o’erhear

The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:

I’ll call upon you thee you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon’t;

A brother’s murder!—Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will:

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,

To wash it white as snow? Where to serveth mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what’s in prayer, but this two-fold force,—

To be forestalled, ere we come to fall.

Or pardon’d, being down? Then, I’ll look up:

My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen. May
One be pardon'd, and retain th' offence? In
The corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may move by justice,
And o't is seen, the wicked purse itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There is no шuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.
All may be well. [Kneels.]

Enter Hamlet, behind, his Sword drawn.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush'd as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'T is heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

No,
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
That has no relish of salvation in it;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days,
[Exit.]

King. [Rising.] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to
him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll scence me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Exit Polonius behind the Arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother: what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue
Ham. Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so,—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll send those to you that can speak

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not

You go not, till I set you up a glass
[budge, Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [Draws.] Dead for a ducat, dead.

[Hamlet makes a pass through the Arras.

Pol. [Behind.] O! I am slain.

[ Falls and dies.

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. [Coming forward.] Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[ Lifts the Arras, and draws forth Polonius.

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farowell.

[ Seeing the body of Polonius I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braw'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That bruises the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a bluster there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the island
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows
Here is your husband: like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother, Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten't on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? You cannot call it, love: for, at your age, The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment Would stoop from this to this? Sense, but, sure, you have, Else, could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err. Nor sense to care was ne'er so thrall'd, But it reserved some quantity of choice. To serve in such a difference, What devil was 't That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind? Eyes, without feeling, feeling without sight, Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all, Or but a sickly part of one true sense Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flame youth let virtue be as wax, And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame. When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn, And reason ponders will.

Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more.

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; And here I see such black and grained spots, As will not leave their tint.

Ham. Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an un Alsed bed; Sweat'd in corruption; honeying, and making love Over the nasty stye:— O, speak to me no more! These words, like daggers enter in mine ears: No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain; Of your precedent lord: a vice of kings! A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, And put it in his pocket:

Queen. Enter Ghost, unarmed.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches. — Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards! — What would you, gracious Queen. Alas! he's mad. 

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide, That, lape'd in frame and passion, lets go by Th' important acting of your dread command? O, say, what figure?

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation Is but to what thy almost blunted purpose. But, look! amazement on thy mother sits: O! step between her and her fighting soul; Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady? Queen. Alas! how is't with you, That you do bend your eyes on vacancy, And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse? Forth at your eyes you spirits wildly peep; And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm, You bedded hair, like life in excrement, Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son! Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience. Wherefore do you look? Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, Would make them capable: — Do not look upon me; Lest with this piteous action you convert My stern effects: then, what I have to do Will want true colour: tears, peregrine, for blood.

Ham. To whom do you speak this?

Queen. Nothing at all: yet all, that is, I see. Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves. Ham. Why, look you there? look, how it steals away My father, in his habit as he liv'd! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep, time, And makes as healthful music. It is not madness That I have utter'd: bring me to the test, And I the matter will re-word, which madness Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that flattery enticement to your soul. That not your trespass, but my madness stirs: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place. Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, Doth from my bones infect and carry heaven: Repent what's past; avoid what is to come, And do not spread the compost on the weeds, To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue: For in the fatness of these pursy times, Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg.

Yea, curb14 and woo, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast left my heart in two Ham. O throw away the worse part of it, And live the purer with the other half. Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed: Assume a virtue, if you have it not. That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat Of habits, devil, is angel yet in this; That to the use of actions fair and good He likewise gives a frowk, or lively,

That aptly is put on: refrain to-night; And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence: the next more easy; For use almost can change the stamp of nature, And master the devil, or throw him out With wondrous petency. Once more, good night: And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord, Pointing to Polonius I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so, To punish me with this, and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister. I will bestow him. and will answer well The death I gave him. So, again, good night. — I must be cruel, only to be kind: Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. — One word more, good lady. 

Queen. What shall I do? Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse; And let him, for a pair of recey kisses, Or paddling in your neck with his dam'd fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out.

1 Ped. 2 step: in f. e. 3 This sentence to the period, is not in folio. 4 Blind-man's buff. 5 This sentence to the period, is not in folio. 6 Not in f. e. 7 Not in f. e. 8 Not in f. e. 9 This passage from "That!" to "put on," and from "the" to "cotency," are not in folio. 10 This line is not in folio.
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft: 'T were good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock5, from a bat, a gib,3
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe.
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that.
Queen. Alack! I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Holst with his own petar, and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave—
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you —
Good night, mother.
[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.
Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sights: these profound
heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. —
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!—
King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?
Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapiers out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.
King. O heavy deed! It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what most was fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
Of whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude! come away,
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—I'll go! Guildenstern!
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out: speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, happily, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.
Enter Hamlet.


Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compound it with dust, where'er 'tis kien.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what repli-
cation should be made by the son of a king?
Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do
the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an
ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last
swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it
is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry
again.
Ros. I understand you not, my lord.
Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.
Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the king.
Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not
with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?
Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and
all after. 
[Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He’s lov’d of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where ’tis so, th’ offender’s scourge is weight’d, But never the offenser. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev’d,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow’d, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

Ham. Now, Hamlet, where’s Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of palated worms are en at him.
Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggot’s. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but service variable; two dishes, but to one table: that’s the end.

King. Alas, alack!²
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i’ the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants. Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exit Attendants. King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,— Which we do tender, as we dearly love— For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself. The bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th’ associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Good.
Ham. So is it, if thou knew’st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. —But, come; for England! —Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife. man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.
Come, for England! [Exit.
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, I’ll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal’d and done, That else leans on th’ affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exit Ros. and Guildenstern.

And, England, if my love thou hold’st at aug’nt, (As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy civetrie looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us) thou may’st not coldly see Our sovereign process, which imports at full, By letters conjuring⑤ to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done, How’er my hopes, my joys were never begun. [Exit

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, Marching.

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king— Tell him, that by his licence Fortinbras Claims⁶ the conveyance of a promis’d march Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous. If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Cap. I will do’t, my lord.
For. Go safely⁷ on. [Exit Fortinbras and Forces

Enter° Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, & c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos’d, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition, We go to gain a little patch of ground, That hath in it no profit but the name. To pay five ducats, live, I would not farm it; Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole, A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, ’tis already garrison’d.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw: This is th’ imposthume of much wealth and peace, That inward breaks, and shows no cause without Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi’ you, sir. [Exit Captain

Ros. Will ’t please you go, my lord?

Ham. I’ll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

How all occasions do inform against me, And spur my dull revenge! What is a man, If his chief good, and market of his time, Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more. Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse, Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and godlike reason, To lust in us unwise’d. Now, whether it be Bestial oblivion, or some craven Surfeiture of thinking too precisely on th’ event,— A thought, which quarter’d, hath but one part wisdom, And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

1 polities: i. e. 2 This and the next speech are not in folio. 3 deed of thime: in folio. 4 him: i. folio. 5 congruating: in quarto. 6 Craves: i quartos. 7 softly: in quartos. 8 The rest of the scene is not in the folio, or quarto, 1603.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these signs: these profound heavens
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the areas hearing something stir,
He whips his rapiers out, and cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us. whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what most was fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feel
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude! come away,
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will shew him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out: speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and Gult.

Hamlet. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ros. Compound it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what repli-
cation should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soak's up the king's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the
king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an
ape, in the corner of his ear, that he may be last
swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it
is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry
again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not
with the body. The body is a thing—

Gult. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and
all after.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

Ham. Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ham. But where is he?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow’d, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

Ham. Alas, alas! 1

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king;
And eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

Ham. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go
A progress through the guts of a beggar.

Ham. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger
Find him not there, seek him in the other place you see.

But, indeed, if you find him not within this month,
You shall note him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

Ham. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.

Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exit Attendants.

Ham. Hamlet, this deed, 2 for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th’ associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

Ham. So is it, if thou knew’st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. 3—But, come,
for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

Ham. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife,
Men and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.

Come, for England! 4 [Exit.

Ham. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed
aboard,
Delay not, I’ll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal’d and done,
That else leans on th’ affair: pray you, make haste.
And, England, if my love thou hold’st at all,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may’st not coldly see
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring 4 to that effect.
The present death of Hamlet! Do it, England;—
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know’t is done,
How’er my hopes, my joys were never begun. [Exit

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king.
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a premium march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do’t, my lord.

For. Go safely on.

Ham. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir, or
For some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack server will defend it.

Cap. Yes, ’tis already garrison’d.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th’ imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without.
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi’ you, sir. [Exit Captain Ros.

Ham. Will ’t please you go, my lord?

Ham. I’ll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason.
To dust in us un做的事. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th’ event,—
A thought, which quarter’d, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

1 politis: in fol. 2 This and the next speech, are not in folio. 3 deed of thine: in folio. 4 him: in folio. 4 congruing: in quarto.

2 Craven: in quarto. 3 softly: in quarto. 1 The rest of the scene is not in the folio, or quarto, 1603.
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:—
Witness this array, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare.
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitement of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
Which is not tomb enough, and continent.
To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.¹

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears
There's tricks 't the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns evansiously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim² at it,
And both the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought.
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor.³ 'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.—[Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be split.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia, distracted.⁴

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know [Singing.
From another one?—
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandy shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?


He is dead and gone, lady,
[ Singing.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a green grass turf;
At his heels a stone.

O. ho!⁵

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—Pray you, mark

White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. Lorded with sweet flowers;
Which bequeath to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God's bless you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.⁶ Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table! [Kneel. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dipp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, ha! without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Out, and sic for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:
He answers.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all well. We must be patient, but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they would⁷ lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. —Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies: good night, good night.

[Exit King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit Horatio.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.⁸ And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whisper;
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself; and her fair judgment,
Without which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick to make us armain
In ear and ear. O! my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.

¹ This character does not appear in the folio, where all his speeches in the text are given to Horatio. ² yawn: in quartos. ³ Queen: in folio. ⁴ Not in f. e. ⁵ plowing on a lane, with her hair down, singing: in quartos, 1603. ⁶ green-grass turf: in f. e. ⁷ Not in folio. ⁸ ground: in quartos, after 1603. ⁹ Yield, or reward. ¹⁰ Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where the people were baking, and asked for bread: the mistress put a piece of dough in the oven for him, which was taken out by her daughter, and reduced to a small lump. It immediately began to swell, and the daughter to cry 'hough, hough, hough,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour to change her into this: bid.'—An old tradition, quoted by D'Urfey. ¹¹ Should: in folio. ¹² The rest of this line is not in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

QUEEN. Alack! what noise is this?

KING. Attend! Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door. What is the matter?

ENTER A GENTLEMAN, IN HASTE.

GENT. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flat with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, king; And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!' Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, 'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!' 

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry. O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

KING. The doors are broke.

ENTERT Laertes, with his sword drawn; Dames following.

LAER. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

DAN. No, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DAN. We will, we will. [They retire without the Door.]

LAER. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king!

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAER. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father: brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

KING. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will. —Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude.— Speak, man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation. To this point I stand, That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

KING. Whose shall you stay?

LAER. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes.

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, sweetstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them, then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms; And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,* Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak Like a good child, and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensibly in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,' As day does to your eye.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?

RE-ENTER OPHELIA, STILL DISTRACTED.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!— By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight, Till our scale turns the beam. 'O rose of May! Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!— O heavens! 'tis possible, a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine, It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves.

OPH. They bore him bare-face'd on their bier; [Sings. Hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny: And in his grave rain'd many a tear;— Fare you well, my dove!

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, It could not move thus.

OPH. You must sing: Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing 's more than matter.

OPH. There's rosemary, that 's for remembrance; I pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies; that 's for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH. There 's fennel for you, and columbines — There 's rue for you; and here 's some for me; we may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays; — you may wear your rue with a difference. — There 's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died. — They say, he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—[Sings.

LAER. Thought and affliction; passion, hell itself; She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

OPH. And will he not come again? [Sings. And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead; Gone to his° death-bed, He never will come again.

His beard was white as snow, All fuxen was his poll; He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away mean: God ha! mercy° on his soul?

And of all christian souls! I pray God.—God be wi' you! [Exit OPHELIA,° dancing distractedly.

LAER. Do you see this, O God?

KING. Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will, And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me. If by direct, or by collateral hand They find you touch'd, we will our kingdom give, Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours, To you in satisfaction; but if not, Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

_Laer._ Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rites, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

_King._ So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, so with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

_Enter Horatio, and a Servant._

_Hor._ What are they, that would speak with me?

_Serv._ Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

_Hor._ Let them come in. [Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be grieved, if not from lord Hamlet.

_Exit Sailors._

1 Sait. God bless you, sir.

_Hor._ Let him bless thee too.

1 Sait. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir: it comes from the ambassador that
was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am
let to know it is.

_Hor._ [Reads.] "Horatio, when thou shalt have over-
looked this, give these fellows some means to the king:
they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old
at sea, a pirate of very warlike appomntment gave us
chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a
compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them:
on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone
became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like
thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am
to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the
letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much
haste as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak
in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much
too light for the bower of the matter. These good fellows
will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guilden-
stern hold their course for England: of them I have
much to tell thee. Farewell;

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

_Enter King and Laerte._

_King._ Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Still have you heard, and with a knowing ear;
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Purs'd my life.

_Laer._ It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feet,
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

_King._ O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,

Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipp'd all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wo'd to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

_Laer._ And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Who was, if praises may go back again,
Sole challenger on mount of all the age.

For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

_King._ Break not your sleeps for that: you must not
think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

How now! what news?

_Enter a Messenger._

_Mess._ Letters, my lord, from Hamlet
This to your majesty: this to the queen.

_King._ From Hamlet! who brought them?

_Mess._ Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Clandio, he receiv'd them.

Of him that brought them.

_King._ Leave us. [Exit Messenger.

[Reads.]"High and mighty, you shall know, I am
set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg
leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first ask,
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my
sudden and more strange return.

_Hamlet._ What should this mean? Are all the rest come back
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

_Laer._ Know you the hand?

_King._ 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"
And, in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

_Laer._ I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

_King._ If it be so. Laertes,
(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

_Laer._ Ay, my lord; So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

_King._ To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it.—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

_Laer._ My* lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

_King._ It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

* Not in folio. * And; in folio. * This line is not in folio. * These three words are so
in folio. * So the undated quarto; checking at a in folio. * This speech and all that follows, to "graveness," is not in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE VII.

Lear. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ramb in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wonders doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Lear. A Norman, was he not?

King. No place. Indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you: bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not pursue the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unblunted, and in a pass of practice
Require him for your father.

Lear. I will do't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip it in a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gill him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,—
I ha't;
When in your motion you are hot and dry.
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink. I'll have prefer'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping.
If he by chance escape your venom'd stick, 14
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen! The King.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Lear. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastical garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a gosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet was
Clamouring to hang, an envy-silver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chantant snatch'd of old lauds;
As one inappable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and reduc'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be.
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Lear. Alas! then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Lear. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

[Exit King.

Enter Queen. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow.

[Exeunt

1 hence: in folio. 2 ran: in folio. 3 gasp'd: in folio. 4 Lamound: in folio. 5 Fr. escrimiers, fencers; this and what follows to them, is not in folio. 6 Why: in folio. 7 This and the nine following lines, are not in folio. 8 Frenners. 9 Indeed: in folio; indeed your father's son: in quartos. 10 N. blunder'd. 11 I bat dipt: in folio. 12 commingings: in folio. 13 prepar'd: in folio. 14 Italian. 15 crostra, thrust. 16 There with: in folio. 17 come: in folio. 18 tunes: in folio. 19 douts: in folio; i.e. does it out
SCENE I.—A Church Yard.

Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that\(^1\) willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crown'er hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be so offendando; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself unwittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself willingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crown'er's guest-law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even\(^2\) Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame\(^3\) outliveth a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger that a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.


[Exit Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.]

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to your;\(^4\) fetch me a steep of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.]

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ACT V.

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for, ah! my behove
O! methought, there was nothing met

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his steeping steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath stripped me intill the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave joules it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches,\(^5\) one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?"

This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, 'e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and Knocked about the mazzard\(^6\) with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggates\(^7\) with them? mine ache to think on it.

1 Clo. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.]
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quidits now, his quillet, his case, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude\(^8\) knave now to knock him about the scence with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly\(^9\) lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou hast in't

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1 when she: in quarto. 2 Follow. 3 Not in quarto. 4 Youngs: in f. e. 5 caught: in folio. 6 o'er-offices: in folio. 7 Head. 8 A game, in which pins or small legs are thrown at a stake set in the ground. 9 mad: in quarto. 10 scarcely: in quarto.
EDWIN BOOTH.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is: we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord! Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so paeked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he calls his kibbe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days of 't I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. Faith, 'tis with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 Clo. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie in the earth ere he rot?

1 Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pecky corse now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tener will last you nine year.

Ham. Why lie he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; thus skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a dragon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jestor.

Ham. This?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gloves now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning?—quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. —Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smell so? pah! [Puts down the Skull]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio. Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereof he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? "Imperial" Caesar dead, and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall 't expel the winter's flaw. But soft! but soft! aside. —Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; The Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, and their Trains.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken, The corpse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate. Coueuh we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring on one side with Horatio]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warrant: her death was doubtful; And but that great command o'erwaies the order. She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd, Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her, Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants. Her maiden strewnments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead, To sing sad requiem, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh, May violets spring! —I tell thee, charluse priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou hast howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia? Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell. [Strewing flowers]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see; Till then, in patience our proceeding be.  

**SCENE II.** — A Hall in the Castle.  

**Enter Hamlet and Horatio.**

Ham. So much for this, sir; now shall you see the other.  

You do remember all the circumstance.  

Hor. Remember it, my lord!  

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay Worse than the mutines12 in the bilboes.13 Rashly,—  

And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us own, Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep14 plots do fail,15 and that should teach16 us,  

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.  

Hor. That is most certain.  

Ham. Up from my cabin,  

My sea-gown scarlet'd about me, in the dark  

Grappled to find out them; had my desire;  

Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  

To mine own room again: making so bold,  

My fears forgetting manners, to unfold?17  

Their grand commission: where I found, Horatio,  

O royal knavery! an exact command,  

Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  

With, he! such bugs and gobins in my life,—  

That on the supervise, no leisure bated,  

Nor, to stay the grinding of the axe,  

My head should be struck off.  

Hor. Is't possible?  

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.  

But wilt thou hear me? how I did proceed?  

Hor. I beseech you.  

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,—  

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  

They had begun the play,—I sat me down,  

Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.  

I once did hold it, as our statists do,  

A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  

How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  

It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know  

The effect of what I wrote?  

Hor. Ay, good my lord.  

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—  

As England was his faithful tributary,  

As love between them like the palm might flourish,  

As peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,  

And stand a common bower between their amities,  

And many such like as's of great charge,  

That on the view and know20 of these contents,  

Without debatement farther, more or less,  

He should the bearers put to sudden death,  

Not shirving time allow'd.  

Hor. How was this seal'd?  

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordain'd.21  

I had my father's signet in my purse,  

Which was the model of that Danish seal;  

Folded the writ up in form of the other;  

Enscry'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,  

The changeling never known. Now, the next day  

Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent

---

1. tartle word: in folio. 2. Sir: in folio. 3. spleenetic: in f. e. 4. waving: in folio. 5. Away: in folio. 6. Not in f. e. 7. Probably the river Yselei. 8. The words, I'll do't, are not repeated in f. e. 9. This and the following line, are given to the Queen, in f. e. 10. shorty in folio. 11. let me: in folio. 12. Mutineers. 13. Bars of iron with fetters, so called from Bilboa, where they were made. 14. dear: in folio. 15. tall: in f. e. 16. learn: in quartos. 17. unseen: in folio. 18. Not in f. e. 19. now: in quartos. 20. knowing: in quartos. 21. ordain in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.¹

They are not near my conscience; their defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous, when a baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my kinsman, and whor'd my mother;—

Opp'd in between th' election and my hopes;

His angle for my proper life thrown out,

And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience.

To quit him with his own ² and is 't not to be damn'd,

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

And a man's life no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself,

For by the image of my cause I see

The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:

But, sure, the bribery of his grief did put me

Into a towering passion.

Ham. Pease! who comes here?

[Enter OSRIC.]

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this Hor?

No, my good lord. [water-fly?]

Ham. They state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice
to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a
beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the
king's mess: 'tis a enough ³; but, as I say, spacious in the
domestic of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold: the wind is
northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot
for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as
't were.—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty
bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager
on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good
faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: be-
lieve me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent
difficulties, of very soft society, and great showing:
indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or
calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the con-
trivance of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his deference suffers no perdition in you;
though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy
the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw² neither,
in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of ex-
clam't, I take him to be a soul of great article; and
his infusion of such dealrth and rareness, as, to make

true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and
who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concomitance, sir? why do we wrap the
gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another
tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentle-
man?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. Her purse is empty already: all his golden
words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did
it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence
Laertes is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare
with him in excellence; but to know a man well were
to know himself.*

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the im-
putation laid on him by them, in his mood he's un-
followed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Bar-

bary horses: against the which he has imployed; as I
take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with then
assigns, as girdle, hangings, and so. Three of the car-
riages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to
the style, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal
conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I know, you must be edified by the margin, ere
you had done.¹²

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the
matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I
would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six
Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns,
and three liberal-conceited carriages: that's the French
bet against the Danish. Why is this imployed, as you
call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed
you three hits: he hath laid on twelve, for nine, and
that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship
would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person
in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please
his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me.

let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the
king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can, if
not. I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you²² so?

Ham. To this effect sir; after what flourish your
nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [Exit.

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well to commend it
himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.¹⁴

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his
head.

¹ This line is not in quarto. ² this arm; in f. e. from this word to the entranze of Osric is not in quarto. ³ count: in folio. ⁴ made the change. ⁵ a kind of jackdaw. ⁶ saw f. folio. ⁷ from this word, all that follows to, "What's his weapon?" is not in folio selling by; in quarto, 1604. ⁸ yaw: in quarto, 1604. ⁹ read it: but yaw. ¹⁰ This and the next speech, are not in folio. ¹¹ More: impauned: in quarto. ¹² This speech is not in folio. ¹³ re-deliver you even: in folio. ¹⁴ tongues: in folio.
Ham. He did comply with his dog before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed that I know, the drowsy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of one another, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commandeth him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king’s pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whenever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down. Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play. Ham. She well instructs me.

[Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think, how ill all is here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be not to come, it is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is ‘t to leave betimes? Let be.

[Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and Attendants with Foils, &c.]

King. Come, Hamlet; come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I’ve done you wrong; but pardon’t, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, and you must needs have heard, how I am punish’d with some distraction. What I have done, that might your nature, honour, and exception, roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was’t Hamlet wrong’d Laertes? Never, Hamlet: if Hamlet from himself be ta’en away, and when he’s not himself done wrong Laertes, then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it. Who does it then? His madness. If’t be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong’d; his madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy. Sir, in this audience,

Let my discoursing from a purpose’d evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o’er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof, and will no recompence,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name ungored. But till that time,
I do receive your offer’d love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother’s wager frankly play,—
Give us the foils; come on. [Foils brought.]

Laer. Come; one for me.

Ham. I’ll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. [Cousin
Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o’ the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen, as both:
But since he is better, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[They prepare to play.

Osri. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoope of wine upon that table;—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordinance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet’s better breath:
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Riche than that which four successive kings
In Denmark’s crown have worn. Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannonner without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
“Now the king drinks to Hamlet!”—Come, begin:—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osri. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well:—again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here’s to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[Trumps sound; and Cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I’ll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—

Come.—Another hit; what say you? [They play.

Laer. A touch; a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

He’s fat, and scant of breath.—

Here is a napkin, rub thy brows, my son. [The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord: I pray you, pardon me.

[She drinks.

King. It is the poison’d cup! it is too late. [Aside.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I’ll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

[Aside.

1 Compliment. 2 mine: in folio. 3 bevy: in folio. 4 Warburton reads: land (fanned). 5 This and the following speeches to, “Exit Lord,” are not in folio. 6 “this wager” is not in quartos. 7 Misprint. 8 So the quartos, 1604. Since no man has sought of what he leaves what is’t to leave betimes: in folio. 9 This line is not in quartos. 10 “come on!” not in quartos. 11 Not in f. e. 12 A rich pearl; orns in quartos, except that of 1604. 13 Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: in f. e.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Lear. Say you so? come on. [They play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Lear. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet: then, in scuffling they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.

King. Part them! they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho?

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is’t, Laertes?

Lear. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, sir.

Ham. Iam justly kill’d with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink.—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink: I am poison’d.

[Hamlet drinks.][Dies.

Ham. O villainy!—How? let the door be lock’d:
Treacherous! seek it out.

[Laertes falls.]

Lear. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenом’d. The foul practice
Hath turn’d itself on me: lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother’s poison’d;
I can no more. The king, the king’s to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom’d too!—Then, venom, to thy work.

All. Treason! treason!

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

Lear. He is justly serv’d;
It is a poison temper’d by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father’s death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you,
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv’st: report me and my cause aright,
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it: [Taking the Cup.]
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here’s yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou’rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I’ll have it.

[Struggling: Hamlet gets the Cup.]

O God!—Horatio, what a woundéd name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain.
To tell my story.—[March after off, and Shot within.}

What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o’er-crowns my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election light;
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [March within.

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it yo would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing.
To tell him his commandment is fulfill’d,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth
Hadh’st ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv’d, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknown world,
How these things came about; so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts.
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and fore’d cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall’n on the inventors’ heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more.
But let this scene be presently perform’d,
Even while men’s minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov’d most royally: and for his passage,
The soldiers’ music, and the rites of war,
Speak loud for him.—Take up the body.—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [A dead March.

[Exeunt, marching; after which, a peal of Ordnance is shot off.}
KING LEAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR King of Britain, King of France, Duke of Burgundy, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Albany, Earl of Kent, Earl of Gloster, Edgar, Son to Gloster, Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloster, Cur-æ, a Courtier, Oswald, Steward to Goneril.

Knights of Lear’s Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear’s Palace.

Enter Kent, Gloster, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most: for equalities are so weighed, that variety in either of either’s moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge; I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow’s mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed.

To you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer to me: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [Sennet within.

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.

Lear. Mean-time, we shall express our darker purpose.

Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided.

In three, our kingdom: and it is our fast intent.

To shake all cares and business from our age, conferring them on younger strengths, while we unbend’d crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall, and you, our no less loving son of Albany, we have this hour a constant will to publish our daughters’ several dowers, that future strife may be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter’s love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer’d.—Tell me, my daughters.

(Since now we will divest us, both of rule, interest of territory, cares of state)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. I love you more than words can wield the matter;

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:

As much as child e’er lov’d, or father found;

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;

And all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent. [Aside

1 qualities: in folio. 2: in folio. 3: in folio. 4 of our state: in quartos. 5 Confirming: in quartos. 6 years: in quartos. This and the next line, are not: in folio. 8 Where merit most doth challenge it: in quartos. 9 Sir, I love, &c.: in folio. 10 do: in quartos

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Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests, and with champains rich’d,
With plentiful rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany’s issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?—Speak."
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys.
Which the most precious sphere 6 of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness’s love.
Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! [Aside.

And yet not so: since, I am sure, my love’s
More plentiful than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr’d on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least: to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest’d: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters?—Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?—Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond: nor more, nor less.
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov’d me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit.
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plighted, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all. 4
Lear. But does this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?—Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dover;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me.
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to thy bosom
Be as well neighbour’d, pitied, and reliev’d,
As thou, my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov’d her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[To Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father’s heart from her!—Call France.—Who strik’s
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany.
With my two daughters’ dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain’d, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only, we still retain
The name, and all th’ additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [Giving the Cross.
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour’d as my king,
Lov’d as my father, as my master follow’d,
And as my patron 6 thought on in my prayers.—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmann’d,
When Lear is mad.—What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think’st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour’s bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom18;
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment.
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor 14 fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my sight! Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo.—Kent. Now, by Apollo, king.
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassel! receivest[12
Aib. Corn. Dear sir, forbear. 13
Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift14;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I’ll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, receivest! On thine allegiance hear me.
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain’d pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we allow thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if the seventh 16 day following,
Thy banish’d trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok’d.

1 shady: in quartos. 2 Not in folio. 3 square: in f. e. 4 professors: in folio. 6 richer: in f. e.; ponderous: in folio. 4 This line, not in folio. 7 shall: in folio. 8 As my great patron: in f. e. 9 falls: in folio. 10 Reserve thy state: in folio. 11 neer: in folio. 12 misread: in folio. 13 doom: in quartos. 14 stain’d: in quartos. 15 tenth: in f. e.
Kent. Fare thee well, king: since thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear seat! take thee, maid,

[To Cordelia.]
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve.

[To Regan and Goneril.]
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, C. princes! bid you all adieu:
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address you, with whom this king
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath* your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy.
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure'd p'ce'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriend'd, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd* with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.]
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your blest object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most* best, most* dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a truth that reason, without miracle,
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
[If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do before I speak] that you make known
It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness:
No unchaste* action, or dishonour'd stoop,*
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better
France. Is it* but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy;
What say you to the lady? * Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Afoot from the entire point. Will you have her?
[Exit Cordelia.

She is herself a dowry."

Bur. Royal Lear,"
Give but that portion which yourself propose'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy:
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gode, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy.dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall* buy this unpriiz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell. Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lostest here, a better where* to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our
To your professed bosoms I commit him; [father:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.

Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
As fortune's aim: you have obedience seem'd,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what piqued cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them* derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[Gon. sister, it is not little I have to say of what
most nearly appertain's to us both. I think, our
father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month
with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not* been little.
He always loved our sister most, and with what poor
judgment he hath now eased her off appears too grossly

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slyly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that inflame and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, the Bastard, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound. Wherefore should I stand on the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me. For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base, When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base? base? Who in the busy stealth of nature take More composition and fierce quality. Than doth within a dull, stale, tired bed, Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops, Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund. As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow: I prosper:—Now, gods, stand up for bastards! [Reads the Letter.  

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler part'd! And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power! Confidn'd to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad!—Edmund? How now! what news? Edm. So please your lordship, none. [Hiding the Letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter? Edm. I know no news, my lord. Glo. What paper were you reading? Edm. Nothing, my lord. Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles. Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: i', a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your perusal'. Glo. Give me the letter, sir. Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand it, Are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [Reads.] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I were waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar."

Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's? Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutal villain! worse than brutal!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course: where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an articular assurance have your satisfaction: and that without any farther delay than this evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a waster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the segment effects. Love cools; friendship falls off,
brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord: in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and father. Thin villain of mine comes under the prediction; there’s son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there’s father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, holiness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us diisquitely to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund: it shall lose thee nothing: do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his oddeuse, honesty.—T’s strange.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity: fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predomiance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. An admirable evasion of whor-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of stars. My father compounded with my mother under the dragon’s tail, and my nativity was under ursa major; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maldenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Edgar. and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my eye is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’ Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do portend these divisions. Fa, sa, la, mi.

Edg. How now! brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busily yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily: as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearness, dissolution of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maladies against king and nobles; needless dissidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, mutiptal breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a seckary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entrance forbear his presence; till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would severely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That’s my fear. I pray you, have a continent torbereace, till the speed of his rage go slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will tily bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there’s my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of Albay’s Palace.

Enter Goneral, and Oswald her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour he flashes into one gross crime or other. That sets us all at odd: I’ll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us on every trifle.—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well: the fault of it I’ll answer.

Osw. He’s coming, madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please. You and your fellows: I had it come to question: If he disstate it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine. I know, in that are one, Not to be over-rul’d. Idle old man. That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again: and must be us’d With checks as flatteries: when they are seen abus’d Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you What grows of it, no matter: advise your fellows so: I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall. That I may speak.—I’ll write straight to my sister, To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue. For which I raz’d my likenesses. Now, banish’d Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand confin’d, (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov’st, Shall find thee full of labours. [Horns within. Enter Lear Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem: to serve him truly that will put me in trust: to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little: to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?
Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.
Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?
Kent. Service.
Lear. Whom wouldst thou serve?
Kent. You.
Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?
Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
Lear. What's that?
Kent. Authority.
Lear. What services canst thou do?
Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.
Lear. How old art thou?
Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing: nor so old, to dote on her for anything: I have years on my back forty-eight.
Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee, no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's my knife? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Oswald.
You, you sirrah, where's my daughter?
Osw. So please you,—

[Exit.]
Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clogpole back. [Exit Knight.]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—[Re-enter Knight.] How now, where's that mongrel?
Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.
Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I called him?
Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.
Lear. He would not! Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont: there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.
Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?
Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness wronged.
Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into it.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.
Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much plied away.
Lear. No more of that: I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

[Re-enter Oswald.]

O! you sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?
Osw. My lady's father.
Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knife? you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! Osw. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your pardon.
Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
[Striking him.]
Osw. I'll not be stricken, my lord.
Kent. Not tripped neither, you base foot-ball player [Tripping up his heels.
Lear. I thank thee, follow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.
Lear. Come, sir, arise; away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away! Go to: have you wisdom? so. [Pushes Oswald out.
Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest in thy service.

[Giving Kent money.

Enter Fool.
Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. [Giving Kent his Cup.
Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou? Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.
Lear. Why, my boy? Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour.—Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'st catch cold shortly; there, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will: if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nunce! Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!
Lear. Why, my boy?
Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcomb myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.
Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.
Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel: he must be whippet out, when the lady brach' may stand by the fire and stink.
Lear. A pestilent gall to me.
Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.
Lear. Do.
Fool. Mark it, nunce.—
Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trav'est,
Set less than thou travest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.
Lear. This is nothing, fool.
Fool. Then, 'tis like the breath of an unfeast'd lawyer: you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no use of nothing, nunce?
Lear. Why, no boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.
Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rest of his largess comes to: he will not believe a fool.
Lear. A bitter fool!
Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?
Lear. No lad; teach me.
Fool. That lord, that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.
Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?
KING

ACT I.

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away, that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; lords and great men will not let me: if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself, they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two eorns.

Lear. What two eorns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two eorns of the egg. When thou eovest thy eorn i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou best thine ass on thy back over the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald eorn, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had never less grace1 in a year; [Singing, For wise men are grown too foolish; And well may fear their wits to wear, Their manners are so askish.]

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for, when thou gavest them the rod and put'st down thine own breeches, Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing, And I for sorrow sung, That such a king should play bo-peep, And go the fools along.]

Prythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped. Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool; and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the brown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her crowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing. —Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue! so your face [To Gons.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum:

He that keeps nor crust nor erum. [Singing, Weary of all, shall want some.]

That 's a shepherd peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank, and not to be endured. Sir, I had thought, by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoken and done, That you protect this course, and put it on, By your allowances; which if you should, the fault Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call disorder proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long, That it had its head bit off by its young. So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling. Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would, you would make use of your good wisdom,

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away These dispositions, which of late transform you From what you right apparel: Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? —Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? —Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his disceriments are lathegirded. —Sleeping or waking? —Ha! sure 't is not so. —Who is it that can tell me who I am? —Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father. Lear. Your name, fair gentilwoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you To understand my purposes aright, As you are old and reverend, should be wise. Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold. That this our court, infected with their manners, Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel, Than a grae'd2 palace. The shame itself doth speak For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to dismount your train; And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be such men as may besort your age, Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils! —Saddle my horses: call my train together. —Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee: Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that so late repent's, —O, sir! [To Ab.] are you come? Is it your will? —Speak, sir. —Prepare my horses! —Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child, Than the sea-monster! —Pray, sir, be patient.11 Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [To Goneril.] My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty know, And in the most exact regard support The worship of their name. —O, most small fault! How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show, Which, like an engine, wrenched'd my frame of nature From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head And thy deare judgment out! —Go, go, my people.]

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath mov'd you.12 Lear. It may be so, my lord.

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1. wit: in quarto. 2. And know not how: in folio. 3. Not in folio. 4. Must: in quarto which print the whole speech as prose. 5. Come, sir, I: in quarto. 6. A Lear's shadow, is spoken by the fool, and the rest of this and the next speech, is omitted in folio. 7. Come, sir: this: in quarto; the rest of the speech is there printed as prose. 8. great: in quarto. 9. The rest of the line, is not in folio. 10. will that we prepare our horses: in quarto. 11. These lines are not in quarto.
KING LEAR.

SCENE VII

KING.

Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou dids intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to I honour her! If she must teen,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disunited torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With eadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away! away!  [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, wherefore comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause?
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What! fifty of my followers, at a clap,
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee.—Life and death! [To Goneril.

I am ashamed,
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me for force,
Should make thee worth them. Biasts and fogs upon thee!

Th' untended woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again. I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha!

Let it be so.—I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wofull visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

[Exeunt Lear in fury, Kent, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you.—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[Foof.

Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hundred knights!

'T is politic, and safe, to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each ban, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers.
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far.

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—how now, Old Oswalld

Re-enter Oswalld.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Oswalld.] No, no, my lord
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell.

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Court before the Same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you
know, than comes from her demand out of the letter.
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered
your letter.

[Lear. Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not
in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pray thee, be merry; thy wit shall not
go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly; for though she's as like this, as a crab is like
an apple, yet I can tell what! I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

Fool. She will toast us like this, as a crabs does to a
crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands i' the
middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose;
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has
a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away
to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—
Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty
reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perfors!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I d have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou
hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad. Not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

"Go, go my people! in quarto. 2 more of it: in folio. 3 The quarto add: "Thou shalt, I warrant thee." 4 in furo! 5 notin f e Cane, sir, no more: in quarto. 6 This add the next two speeches to "how now." are not in quarto. 7 The quarto adds, 'when is
well for?' 8 at task: in folio. 9 I see what: in quarto.
ACT II.

CENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

Enter Edmund and Curan. Meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-bussing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business.

My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend;—brother, I say!

Enter Edg.

My father watches.—O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid:—
You have now the good advantage of the night.—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, if the night, in haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?

Advise yourself. 

Edg. I am sure on 't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming.—Pardon me;
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself. Now quit you well.

Yield.—come before my father.—Light, ho! here I—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.

[Exit Edg.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm. (Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [Exit Serv.] By no means, what?—

---Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship.

But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lance'd mine arm.

But whether he saw my best alarm'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rood't to th' encounter
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found, dispatch'd. —The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch'd and patron, comes to-night;

By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;

He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,

Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the repos't
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; although thou didst produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.

Glo. —Strong and fast'd villain! Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.

[Enter Cornwall within.

Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar: the villain shall not escape:

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,

(Which I can call but now) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue thi' offender. How dest, my lord?

Glo. O, madam! my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd
Reg. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your heir; thy Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was ho' companion with the riuotous knights
That tend upon my father? 1

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1 Not in quarto. 2 Which must ask—briefness and fortune help: in quartos. 3 your: in quartos. 4 Warbling: in quartos. 5 the thunder: in folio. 6 dispatch: in f. e. 7 Chief. 8 ear-bussing: in quartos. 9 Determined. 10 could the repose: in quartos. 11 pretence: in quartos. 12 your heir: is not in f. e. 13 he not: in f. e.
SCENE II.—Before GLOSTER'S Castle.

Ose. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

KENT. Ay.

Ose. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I' the mire.

Ose. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

Ose. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Finsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Ose. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

Ose. What dost thou know me for?

KENT. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats: a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundredspound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave: one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou dostest the least syllable of thy addition.

Ose. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop of thee. [Drawing his Sword.] Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

Ose. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take Vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—draw, you rascal, come your ways.

Ose. Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you next slave, strike. [Beating him.]
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he:
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so: if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends:
Than twenty silly ducking observers,
That stretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire,
On flickering Phaebus' front.—
Corn. What mean' st by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discon-" mend so much. I knows sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguil'd you in a plain accent was a plain knave;
which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.
Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Osw. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the king; his master, very late,
To strike at me upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insult'd, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man.
That worthil'd him, get praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the flesshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You? stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg.
Kent. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so.
His fault is much, and the good king his master:
Will check him for 't: your purpose'd low correction
Is such, as basest and contemned' st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assuaded,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs. —
Kent is set in the Stocks
Come, my lord, away.

[Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 't is the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not he rub'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entertain for thee
Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and try'd,
Well'd hard
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good marr ow!
Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 't will be ill taken.

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:—
Thou out of heaven's benediction corn'st
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know, 't is from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[He sleeps

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Esca'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking
While I may esca.pe,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with flint,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pealing villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turleygood poor Tom,
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit

\footnotesize

1 he must be plain: in quartos. 2 conjunct: in quartos. 3 You miscreant knave: in quartos. 4 This and the following lines, to "The king," are not in folio. 5 This line is not in folio. 6 In your running from him to me.

Ye ran out of God’s blessing into the warm sun.—[Heywood’s Poems; quoted by Knight.

7 my wrack: in quartos. 8 Poor distracted man, that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering some sobremess, they were licentiated to go a begging; i.e., they had on their left arm, an snuffbox, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works
They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a green horn of an ox, in a string or bawdrick, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and yet the drink given to them into this horn, whereby they put a stop.—[Aubrey’s Mon. quoted by D’Israeli.

9 There were impostors even among these wretches. 10 service: in quartos. 11 Petty. 12 Supposed by Duce, to allude to the Turley, or Beghards, a set of fanatics of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, who went about howling like wolves, in their frenzies
SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER’s Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and a Gentleman.

LEAR. ‘Tis strange that they should so depart from home.

And not send back my messenger.

GENT. As I learn’d,
The night before there was no purpose in them.

Of this remove

KENT. Hail to thee, noble master! [Waking.

LEAR. Ha!

Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT. No, my lord.

FOOL. Ha, ha! look; he wears cruel garrets. Horses are tied by the head; dozes, and bears, by the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs. When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.

LEAR. What’s lie, that hath so much thy place mistook.

To set thee here?

KENT. It is both he and she,

Your son and daughter.

LEAR. No.

KENT. Yes.

LEAR. No. I say.

KENT. I say, yea.

LEAR. No no; they would not.2

KENT. Yes, they have.

LEAR. By Jupiter, I swear no.

KENT. By Juno, I swear ay.

LEAR. They durst not do’t;

They could not, would not do’t: ’tis worse than murder.

To do upon respect such violent outrage.

Resolve me with all modest haste which way

Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage, Coming from us.

KENT. My lord, when at their home

I did commend your highness’ letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show’d My duty kneeling, came there a reckoning post, Stew’d in his haste, half-breathless, panting forth From Goneril, his mistress, salutation;

Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,

Which presently they read: on whose contents, They summon’d up their meiny3, straight took horse; Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer: gave me cold looks:

And meeting here the other messenger,

Whose welcome, I perceive’d, had poison’d mine, (Being the very fellow which of late Display’d so sally against your highness)

Having more man than wit about me, drew:

He rais’d the house with loud and coward cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL.4 Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags.

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore.

Ne’er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, it follows,

Thou shalt have as many dolours

For thy daughters dear,

As thou canst tell in a year.6

LEAR. O, how this mother swells upward my heart!

HYSTERIA PASSIO! down, thou climbing sorrow,

Thy element’s below.—Where is this daughter?

KENT. With the earl, sir; here, within.

LEAR. Follow me not

Stay here. [Exit.

GENT. Made you no more offence, than what you speak of?

KENT. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

FOOL. An thou hadst been set i’ the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserve’d it.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. We’ll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there’s no labour i’ the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there’s not a nose among twenty but can smell him that’s stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it. That sir, which serves and seeks for gain.

And follows but for form,

Will pack when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The fool turns knave4 that runs away,

The knave no fool,4 perdy.

KENT. Where learn’d you this, fool?

FOOL. Not i’ the stocks, fool.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?

They have travel’d hard to-night? Mere fetches.

The images of revolt and flying off.

Fetch me a better answer.

GLOSTER. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;

How unremovable and fixed he is

In his own course.

LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,

I’d speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

GLOSTER. Well, my good lord, I have inform’d them so.11

LEAR. Inform’d them! Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOSTER. Ay, my good lord,

LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her service,

Are they inform’d of this? My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—

No, but not yet.—may be, he is not well:

Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,

Whereunto our health is bound: we are not ourselves,

When nature, being opposed, commands the mind

To suffer with the body. I’ll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indispos’d and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[Pointing to Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
Thy tender-hearted* nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thee
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To handy hasty words, to scent my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Who put my man i' the stocks? [Tucket* within.
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter OSWALD.
Reg. I know't; my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens!

Enter GONERIL.
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause: send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this hear'd?—

[To GONERIL.
O Regan! wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
AndNatural terms so.

Lear. O sides! you are too strong:
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir; but his other disorders
Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No; rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity of the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and howl!*
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that doverless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To kneel his throne. and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and summer
To this detested groom. [Looking at OSWALD.

Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad
I will not trouble thee, my child: farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's* in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

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* slack: in quarto. 2 This and the next speech, are only in folio. 3 house: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 and blister: in folio. 6 tender efted: in f. e. 7 fixed allowances. 8 Blast of a trumpet. 9 The wolf and owl. Necessity's, &c. in f. e. 10 that lies within my flesh in quarto
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-shooter shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
1, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sire, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with their passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir. What fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard: almost impossible. 

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendants
From those that she calls servants, or from me?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to
sack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a daunger) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd.
With such a number. What must I come to you
When five and twenty? Regan, said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-

When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:

[To Goneril.]

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.

What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need,
You heavens, give me but patience, patience I need:
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger.

O! let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, 'I'll weep,
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping: but this heart

[Storm heard at a distance]

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O, fool! I shall go mad.


Corn. Let us withdraw, it will be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and 's people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest.
He must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly.

But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

* Re-enter Gloster.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth.—He is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse: but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way: he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O sir! to willful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night
My Regan counsels well.—Come out of the storm.

[Exeunt]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.

A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's here, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded, like the weather, most unequally.

Kent. I know you. Where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bid'st the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell thecurled waters above the main,
That things might chance or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

1 follow: in quarto  2 This and the next speech, to "horse," are not in quarto.  3 not: in quarto.  4 The rest of this speech is not in folio.
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall; 1
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and spectators 2
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs 3 and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rain which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king: or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but flourishings. 4
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom: who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make you, speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and blemishing sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) show her this ring,
And she will tell you who that? fellow is
That yet you do not know. [Thunder.] Fire on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
That way, I'll this, he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanches spout.
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd our cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-claying thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike that flat threat roundity o' the world:
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spelt at once,
That make ingrateful men!

Fool. O uncle, court holy-water! 5 in a dry house
Is better than this rain-water out o' door.
Good uncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing: here's a night
Pities neither wise men nor fools.
[Thunder.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness:
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join?
Your high-excener'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a
The cod-piece that will house.
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall house.—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of 6 a corn cry wee,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass. Enter Kent.

Lear. No. I will be the pattern of all patience; I
will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a
wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skie
Gallow 7 the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such burst's of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain. I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the fear. 8

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother 9 o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes.
Unwip'd of justice: hide thine, thon bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simulter 10 of virtue
That art incestuous: culliff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents, 11 and cry
These dreadful sumoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack! I bare-headed
Gracions my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard 12 than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their scant ed courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? 9 Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw? my fellow
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knife, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—

[Sings.

With head, and the wind, and the rain.

Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the wind it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to their
hovel.

[Exeunt Lear and Kent.

Fool. 13 This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter
When bakers may their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wench'd alater;
When every cause in law is right;
No sure in debt, nor no poor knight;
When sanders do not live in tongues,

1 This and the seven following lines, are not in quartos.
2 speculations: in f. e. and intrigues. 4 furnishings: in f. e.
3 Distikes, and intrigues. 5 have: in quartos. 6 smile: in quartos.
4 Compliments, fair words, flattering speeches. 10 Concealed centres: in f. e.
5 f'ler: in quartos. 11 source. 12 force: in quartos. 13 Fudder: in f. e.
6 fellow; thundering: in quartos. 14 The quarto insert: man.
7 concealing centres: in quartos. 18 harder than: in f. e.
SCENE IV. — A Room in GLOSTER'S Castle.

Exit GLOSTER and EDMUND.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.

[Exit.

SCENE IV. — A Part of the Heath, with a Howel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Kent. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: 'tis to thee;

But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'st shun a bear;

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou 'st meet the bear if the mouth. When the mind

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind

Doth from my sores take all feeling else,

Save what beats there.—Filia ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should bear this hand,

For lifting food to 't? — But I will punish home, —

No, I will weep no more. — In such a night

To shrivell my heart — Pour out! — I will endure. —

In such a night as this! — O Regan! Goneril!

Thou old country kind, whose frank heart gave all —

O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;

No more of that.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Pry'thee, go in thyself; seek thine own case.

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things which hurt me more. — But I'll go in:

In, boy; go first. — [To the Fool.] You houseless

poverty. —

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

[Exit.]

LEAR. Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,

That side the pelting of this pitiless storm.

How shall your houseless heads, and unmitred sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O! I have ta'en

Too little care of this. Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half!

Poor Tom! [The Fool runs out from the Howel.]

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.

Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. — Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there? I the

Come forth.

[Straw?]

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me! —

'Through the sharp hawkborn blows the cold' wind.' —

Humph! go to thy cold' bed, and warm thee.

LEAR. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?

And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the

foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,

through swamp' and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire:

and hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in

his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud

of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch

bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. — Bless

thy five wits! Tom's a cold. — O! do de, do de, de.

— Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking. —

Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul

fiend vexes. — There could I have him now; — and there,

— and there, and there again, and there.

[Strikes.] Storm continues.

LEAR. What! have his daughters brought him to

this pass? —

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been

all shamed.

LEAR. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued

nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters. —

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy of their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pilocock sat on Pilocock-hill: —

Hallow, hallow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and

madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents,

keep thy word; do justice; — swear not; commit not

with man's sworn promise; set not thy sweet heart on

proud array. Tom's a cold.
Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in meagerness, lion in prey. Let not the eaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman; keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;

KING.

Three this unsettle. Your! poor, your.

Wine drinks deeply; What must be

ACT.

My be thou that I a

Get this hid.

Grown that will here silks, word

ANS.

Tlie answer of the night

I

Tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages. Eats cow-dung for salvets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool: who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer. Have been Tom's food for seven long year. Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mode he's call'd, and Mahu. Our flesh and blood, our lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:

Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you, Yet I have ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.— What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. [They talk apart.]

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord, His wits begin't unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him? His daughters seek his death.—Ah, that good Kent!— He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!— Thou say'st, the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend, I am almost mad myself. I had a son, Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life, But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend, No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, The grief hath craze'd my wits. What a night's this!—

Storm continues.

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.—

Glo. Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us. Lear. Come, good Athenian.

No words, no words.

Hush! Edg. "Child Rowland to the dark tower came, His word was still,—Die, hol and furm, I smell the blood of a British man." [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle. Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house. Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself. Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess. Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand. Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

1 Servant in the old sense of lover. 2 cease: in quarto. 3 Cataract in the eye. 4 Switheld: in old copies. 5 Get out, beggars. 6 Water-newt. 7 The ordinary punishment, for what an old author calls "idles arguing about the country." 8 9 The names of these fiends were derived from Bp. Hattem's "Declaration of popish impostures." 1663. In Suckling's "Goblins" we find, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Maha, Maha, is his name." 10 meet: in quarto. 11 Not in 16. 12
Edm. [Aside.] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicions more fully.—[To him.] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [Execut.

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter Gloster, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impietie. —The gods reward your kindness!

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No? he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he is a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come whizzing in upon them.—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—Come, sit thou here, most learned justice;—

[To Edgar, Thou, supinest, sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!—Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madman? Come o'er the thorn, Bessy, to me:*—Fool. Her boat hath a leak, And she must not speak, Why she darest not come over to thee. Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee. Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring out the evi- dence.

Thou robber man of justice, take thy place;—To Edgar. And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool. Beneath by his side. You are of the commission. Sit you too. [To Kent.

Edg. Let us deal justly. Sleepest, or waketh thou, jolly shepherd? Thy sheep be in the corn; And for one blast of thy minikin mouth, Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Fool! The eat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; it is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril? Lear She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool. Lear. And here 's another, whose warp'd looks pro- claim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justice, why hast thou let her escape? Edg. Bless thy five wits! Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain? Edg. [Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so much. They'll mar my counterfeiting. Lear. The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me. Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs! Be thy mouth or black or white, Tooth that poisons if it bite; Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grim, Hound, or spaniel, brach*, or lyn*; Or bobtail like?, or trundell-tail, Tom will make them* weep and wail: For with throwing thus my head, Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do, de, de, de. See, see! Come, march to wakes and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.*

Lear. Then, let them anatomicize Regan, see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [To Edgar.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire;* but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile. Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning: so, so, so.

Fool And I 'll go* to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir: but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him. There is a litter ready; lay him in 't, And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up; And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:* This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,* Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away

[Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off the King.

Edg. When we our better see bearing our woes, We scarcely think our miseries our foes. Who alone suffers, suffers most? the mind, Leaving free things and happy shows behind. But then the mind much suffereth doth o'erskip, When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship. How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow. He childed, as I father'd.—Tom, away! Mark the high noises; and by thyself bewray, When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles the re.
KING LEAR. ACT III.

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor—Gloster. [Execute some of the Servants.]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my dispose.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most destitute preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister.—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Oswald.

How now! Where’s the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey’d him hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,

Hot quench’d after him, met him at gate:

Who, with some other of the lord’s dependants,

Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast

To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Execute Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,

Union him like a thief, bring him before us.

[Execute other Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who’s there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! I’m he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say. [Servants bind him.

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [They bind him: REGAN plucks his beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, it’s most ignobly done

To pluck by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:

With robbers’ hands my hospitable favours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from

France?

Reg. Be simple-answer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the

Late footed in the kingdom? [traitors

Reg. To whose hands

Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,

Which came from one that ?s of a neutral heart,

And not from one oppos’d.

Corn. Cuming.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charg’d at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the

course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh rush’ boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare’ head

In hell-black night endure’d, would have buoy’d up,

And quench’d the stelled fires;

Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.

It wolves had at thy gate how’d that stern’ time,

Thou shouldst have said, “Good porter, turn the

key.”

All cruel’s else subscrib’d: but I shall see

The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the

chair.

Upon these eyes of thine I’ll set my foot.

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help!—O cruel! O ye gods!

[They tear out one eye.]

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see, vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord.

I have serv’d you ever since I was a child,

But better service have I never done you,

Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I’d shake it on this quarrel! What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [Draws and runs at him.

Serv. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of

anger. [Draws. Cornwall is wounded.

Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!

Serv. O, I am shorn!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him!—O!—[Dies

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?—[Tearing out his other eye.]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where’s my son

Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,

To quell this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call’st on him that hates thee: it was he

That made the overture of thy treasons to us,

Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my fellows! Then Edgar was abus’d.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smol

His way to Dover.—How is’t, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv’d a hurt. Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed space:

Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Servants unbind

Gloster, and lead him out.]

1 vii. 2 Dry-mithered: applied in "Hamlet’s Declaration," to an old woman. 3 true: in quartos. 4 stick: in folio
5 loy’d: in quartos. 6 rage: in quartos. 7 dears: in quartos. 8 dreary. 9 Yielded. 10 Not in f. e. 11 The rest of the scene is cut off. 12
SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yes, better thus, unknown to be contemned, than still contemned and flatter'd. To be worst, The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear: The lamentable change is from the best; The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then, Thou unsatisfactory air that I embrace: The wretch, that thou hast blown onto the worst, Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter Gloster, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee, Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord! I have been your tenant, and your father’s tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir! you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes: I stumbled when I saw. Full oft it is seen, Our wants secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah! dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father’s wrath,
Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I’d say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who’s there?

Edg. [Aside.] O gods! Who is’t can say, “I am at the worst?”

I am worse than ever I was.

Old Man. ‘Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not.

So long as we can say, “This is the worst,”

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I’ the last night’s storm I such a fellow saw.

Which made me think a man a worm: my son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then so sorely friends with him: I have heard more As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods: [since.

They kill us for their sport.

Edg. [Aside.] How should this be?—

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow.

Angering itself and others. [To him.] Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr’ythee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o’ertake us, hence a mile or twain.

I’ the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I’ll entreat to lead me.

ACT IV.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.

Glo. ’Tis the times’ plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I’ll bring him the best p’larm that I have, Cannot on’t what will.

[Exit.

Glo. Sirrah: naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom’s a-cold.—[Aside.] I cannot daub it farther.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.—[To him.] Blest thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know’st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.

Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man’s son, from the foul fiend! Five heads have been in poor Tom at once; of jest, as Obiunct: Hobbididance, prince of dullness; Malum, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens’ plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier.—Heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfurious, and lust-dieted man,

That braves’ your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess,

And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep:

Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And I’ll repair the misery thou dost bear.

With something rich about me, from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany’s Palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund; Oswald meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where’s your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang’d

I told him of the army that was landed;

He smil’d at it: I told him, you were coming;

His answer was, “The worst!” of Gloster’s treachery

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform’d him, then he call’d me so,

And told me I had turn’d the wrong side out.

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no farther. [To Edmund] It is the coward spirit of his spirit,

That dares not undertake: he’ll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his muster, and conduct his powers;
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving a chain.
Decline your head: this kiss, if it dure speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.
O, the difference of man, and man! To thee a woman's services are due:
My foot usurps my body.
Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit OSWALD.

Enter ALBANY.

Alb. O Goneril! You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face— I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contains its own degen,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will slaver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more: the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filth savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humility must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
Gon.

Milk-liver'd man! That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering: that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy dram?
France spreads his banners in our noisless land;
With plumed helmet thy beggar begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Ach! why does he so?"
Alb.

See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
Sohorrid, as in woman.
Gon.

O vain fool! Thou changed and self-cover'd thing: for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: how'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?
Mess. O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall's dead,
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.
Alb. Gloster's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse
Oppo'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, threaten'ard
Flew on him, and amongst them fell him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This shows you are steep,
You justicasters, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
[Giving it.

'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well:
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in* my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. [To him.] I'll read, and answer.
[Exit.
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord: I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord: 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloster. I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou knowest.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?
Gen. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir'd,
And necessary.
Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?
Gen. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstrati on of grief?
Gen. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion, who, rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play'd on her rife lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?
\footnote{1}{names: in folio. 2 This line not in quarto. 3 One quarto has: My foot usurps my head; another has: My foot usurps my bed. 4 The rest of this and the following speeches, to "Milk-liver'd man!" are not in folio. 5 The rest of the speech is not in folio. 6 This and the next speech, are not in the folio. 7 Not in f, e. 8 on, in quarto. 9 This scene is not in the folio. 10 streite: in quarto. Permanent change 11 way: in quarto; same med. ed. 1 day.}
SCENE VI.  

KING LEAR.

793

Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied,
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[Exeunt]

SCENE V.—A Room in Glositer's Castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Glositer's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to desery
The strength of the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what,—I'll love thee much;
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband,
I am sure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave strange oaths, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know, you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: y'are, I know it,
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead: Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's. —You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam: I would show
What party do I follow.

Reg. Fare thee well, 

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI.—The Country near Dover.

Enter Glositer, and Edgar dressed like a Peasant.

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horribly steep
Hark! do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speakest

[Mr. Lear, and his daughters: Enter the Countess of Kent, and other noble personages.]

Enter Cornelia, Physician, and French Soldiers.

Cor. Alack! 't is he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumer, and furrow weeds,
With noorlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. —A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. —[Exit Officer.]—What can man's wisdom,
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets, all you publish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father!
It is thy business that I go about,

[Desires to follow. Important.]
in better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. Y' are much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, y' are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—
How fearful,
And dizz'y 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crow's, and crows' thoughts, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and you'd tall anchoring bark,
Dismast'd to her cock'; her anchor, a boy.
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge; for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off:
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to eure it.

Glo. O, you mighties gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with my great opposite wills,
My snuff, and leathart part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [He leaps, and falls along.

Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.—

And yet I know not how conscious may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed;—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gosamer, feathers, air,
So many lathen down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound,
Ten musts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack! I have no eyes.—
Is weariedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: [Helping him up,]
Up:—so;—how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were too full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and was like the curridged sea:
It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I' ll bear
Affliction, till it do very out itself

Edg. Fare thee well. and patient thoughts. —But who
comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with Straws and
Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coinage; I am
the king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. —There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
row-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. —Look, look!
A mouse. Peace, peace! —this piece of toasted cheese
will not. —There's my g Aunt; I'll prove it on a
giant. —Bring up the brown bills. —O, well-flown, bird!
—'t the clout, 't the clout: hewgh! —Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! — with a white head! — They
fraid'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs
in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say
ay, and no, to every thing I said! — Ay' and
no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came
to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when
the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I
found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not
men o' their words: they told me I was every thing:
it's a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?

Adultery.

Lear. Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does leecher in my sight.

Lear. Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, poll-mill, for I lack soldiers.

Edg. Behold yond' simmering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That mimble's virtue, and does shake the head
To bear of pleasure's name:

The fishew, nor the soiled horse, goes to's
With a more riotous appetite.

Lear. From the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends: there's hell, there's dark

tess, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—lie, lie, lie: pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O, the piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squirm at me? No, no thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters sung, I could not see one. Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What! with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond justice rules upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightest behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.——Thou rascal headle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back; Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the covenor.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all? Plate sin with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth Pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em: Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurv'y politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now!

Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mix'd;

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou will weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know they're well enough; thy name is Gloster: Thou must be patient. We came crying hither; Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air — We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee: mark me.

Glo. Alack! alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools.—'T is a good plot,* it were a delicate stratagem, to shoe A troop of horse with felt. I'll put it in proof; And when I have stolen upon those sons-in-law, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. O! here he is. lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even The natural feeling of fortune.—Use me well,

You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon, I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water-pots, Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.5

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, Like a sumptuous bridegroom. What! I will be jovial, Come, come; I am a king, my masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit: Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you; what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour, How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here, Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gentle, take my breath from me: Let not my worser spirit tempt me again To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of knowing and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks; The bounty and the benison of heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember,—the sword is out [Drawing That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough to it. [Edgar interposes

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence: Lost that th' infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without varther casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor Folk pass. And ch'ud ha' been swagger'd out of my life; it would not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, ehe vor'y, or see try whether your costard or my bawb* be the harder. Ch'ill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, duaghill!

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1 consumption: in quarto. 2 The next sentence to "Get" is not in quarto. 3 This: in f. o. 4 block: in f. o. 5 This line is not in folio. 6 Not in quarto. 7 Same by: in quarto. 8 Read, or my judge.
KING

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter for your foins.

[They fight; and EDGAR strikes him down.

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster: seek him out
Upon the British party.—O, unimply death! [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well; a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What! is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: rest you.
Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends. —He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, mannerly, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds we rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawful.

[Reads.] "Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd.
You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will
want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then,
and I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the loathed
warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for
your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say)
"Affectionate servant,
"Goneril."

O, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother:—Here, in the sands,
This I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous leeches; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrow! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loose.

The knowledge of themselves.

[Drum afar off.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.] Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR on
a Bed, asleep; Doctor, Gentleman, and others, attending:
Enter CORDELLA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live, and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor less, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.
I pray thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet, to be known shortens my main intent:
My house I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my goodlord.—How does the
king?

[To the Physician.

Doct. Madam, sleepst still.

Cor. O ye kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' untrun'd and jarring* senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your master.
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
P' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Doct. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him!
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [Music.

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music
there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess. Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring* winds? Is
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou, poor father
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forborn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; it is fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares you
majesty?

LEAR. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do seald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

LEAR. You are a spirit, I know. Where* did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus. —I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's sec;
I feel this pin pricking. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward,* not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant.
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Rememberes not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady

*English; in folio. *undistinguished space: in f. e. *made: in f. e. *Burying. *The folio gives this and the next speech to
the Doctor. Most mod. eds. give the first to a Gentleman, and the second to the Doctor; the text follows one of the quartos. *This en
the next line, are not in folio. *opposed against the jarring: in folio. The following lines to "Mine are not in folio. *So one quar.
and folio; the other: When *The rest of the line is not in folio.
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith, I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me: for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in: trouble him no more,
Till farther settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by augury
To change the course. He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who exit.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, you know the goodness
I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, and then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefend place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct,
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me; not.

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loon your hand and me. [Aside.

Alb. Our very lovely sister, well be met.—

Sir. this I hear,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
For'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not holds the king, with others. whom I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Lear. You must hear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Doctor, and Attendants.

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall
Was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, as with the
Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to lock
About; the powers of the kingdom approach space.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare
You well, sir.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought;
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [Exit

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho! I know the riddle. [Aside]—I will go.

Enter Edgar, disguised.

Edg. If o'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you! [Going.

Alb. Stay, till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [Exit.

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'per look thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers.
Here's the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; [Showing a Paper.] but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stag
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit
KING LEAR.

ACT V.

SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and execut.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree.

For your good host, pray that the right may thrive.

If ever I return to you again, I'll bring you comfort.


Atron; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta’en.

Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No farther, sir: a man may rot even here.

Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:

Ripeness is all. Come on.

And that's true too. [Execut.

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,

Until their greater pleasures first be known,

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first, who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;

Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frowns.

Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage;

When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,

Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out;

And take upon 's the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, packs and seets of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caused thee?

[Embracing her.

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes; the gougers shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. [Execut Lear and Cordelia, guarded.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; [Giving a Paper. go, follow them to prison.

One step I have advance'd thee: if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes. Know thou this, that men

Are as the time is; to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword. Thy great employment

Will not bear question: either say they 'tis not,

Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord. [done

About it; and write happy, when thou hast

Mark.—I say, instantly; and carry it so,

As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a dart, nor eat dried oates;

If it be man's work, I will do it. [Exit Captains.

Flourish. Enter Albany, General, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain.

And fortune led you well. You have the captives,

Who were the opposites of this day's strife:

We do require them of you, so to use them,

As we shall find their merits, and our safety,

May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

To some retention, and appointed guard;

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes,

Which do command them. With him I sent the queen

My reason all the same; and they are ready

To-morrow, or at farther space, 't appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this time,

We sweat, and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd

By those that feel their sharpness.—

The question of Cordelia, and her father,

Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war,

Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:

Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,

If you had spoke so far. He led our powers,

Bore the commission of my place and person;

To which immediacy may well stand up,

And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,

More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you


Gon. Holla! holla! That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine.

Witness the world, that I create thee here

My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine. [To Edmund.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

This gilded serpent. [Pointing to Gon.]—For thy claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude! 14
Enter Edgar, armed, preceded by a Trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you? Your name? your quality? and why you answer This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost; By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit: Yet am I noble, as the adversary I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword, That if my speech offend a noble heart, Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:

[Drawing.]

Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours, My oath, and my profession. I protest, Mauge thy strength, skill, youth, and eminence, Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune, Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor: False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father; Conspirant gainst this high illustrious prince; And, from th' extremest upward of thy head, To the descent and dust below thy foot: A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, ‘No,’ This sword, this arm, and my best spairs, are bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speak, Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name; But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike, And that thy tongue some say of breathing Breaths, What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. Back do I toss these reasons to thy head; With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart; Which, for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise. This sword of mine shall give them instant way, Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak

[Aclamations. They fight. Edmund falls]

Alb. O, save him! save him!

Gon. This is more practice, Gloster: By the laws of arms thou wast not bound to answer An unknown opposit: thou art not vanquish'd, But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame; Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir! Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.

[She swatches at the Letter!]

No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

[Given the Letter to Edmund]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine: Who can arraign me for this? Alb. Most monstrous! Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit Goneril. Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. [Exit an Officer

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done, And more, much more; the time will bring it out: 'T is past, and so am I. But what art thou, That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

[Taking off his Helmet]

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague: The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes. Edmund. Thou hast spoken right, 't is true; The wheel is come full circle: I am here. Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee: Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale; And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!— The bloody proclamation to escape, That follow'd me so near. O, our lives' sweetness! That with! the pain of death we'd hourly die, Rather than die at once! taught me to shift Into a madman's rage; 't is an assumption That every does disdain'd; and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair; Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his law'd heart,
[Alack! too weak the conflict to support]
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more mawful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.

Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arros
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most pitious tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack; twice, then, the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him trans'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help! What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead:


Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contrived to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

[Exit Gentleman.]

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. O! it is he.
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cor-
Seest thou this object, Kent? [delir.]

[The Bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.]
Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [Exit Edgar.
Edm. He hath commissio from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she forfend herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile!
[Edmund is borne off.

Enter Lear with Cordelia dead in his Arms; Edgar,
Officer, and others.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O! you are men of
stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's gone for
ever.—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth.—Lead me a looking-glass:
If that her breath will mist or stain the shine,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master! [Kneeling

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'T is noble Kent, your friend
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have save'd her; now, she's gone for ever.—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

Kent. What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a haging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting faulechion
I would have made them skip: I am old now.
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull light:—are you not Kent?

Kent. The same
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says? and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

[Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.
That's but a trifle here—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—To you your rights.
[To Edgar and Kent.
With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deserving.—O! see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'rt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips.—
Look there, look there!—

Edg. He faints.—My lord, my lord!—

Kent. Break heart; I pray thee, break!

[Edg. looks up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates him.
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endure'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain
[To Kent and Edgar.

Rule in this realm, and the gory state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me;* I must not say, no.

Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt, with a dead March.
Othello. The Moor of Venice.

Dramatis Personae.

Montano, Governor of Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.
Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Courtezan of Venice.

Officers. Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

Scene, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

Act I.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Rodrigo in Choler, and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly, at thou, Iago, who hast had my purse, as if the strings were thine, should'st know of this. Iago, 'Sblood! but you will not hear me: if ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me. Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate; Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city, in personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Off-capp'd to him: and, by the faith of man, I know my price: I am worth no worse a place; but he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance, Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war: And, in conclusion, counsel my mediators; "For certes," says he, "I have already chose my officer." And what was he? Forsooth, a great arithmetician, One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; That never set a squadron in the field, Nor the division of a battle knows More than a spinner; unless the bookish theore, Wherein the toged' consuls can propose As masterly as he; mere prattle, without practice Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election, and I.—of whom his eyes had seen the proof, At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds, Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd By debitor and creditor, this counter-caster: He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, and I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancient. Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman. Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service, Preferment goes by favour and affection. Not by the old gradation, where each second Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself. Whether I in any just terms am affin'd To love the Moor. Rod. I would not follow him, then. Iago. O, sir! content yeot: I follow him to serve my turn upon him: We cannot all be masters, nor all masters Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark Many a dueots and knee-crooking knave, That, doting on his own obscurous bondage, Wears out his time, much like his master's ass. For nought but provender; and when he's old, coucher's. Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are, Who, learn'd in forms and usages* of duty, Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves, And, throwing but shows of service on their lords, Do well thrive by them: and when they have lin'd their coats, Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul And such a one do I profess myself. Foi, sir, It is as sure as you are Roderigo, Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago. In following him, I follow but myself; Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, But seeming so, for my peculiar end: For when my outward action doth demonstrate The native act and figure of my heart In compliment extern, 't is not long after But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve For, draw to peck at: I am not what I am. Rod. What a full* fortune does the thick-lips owe, If he can carry 't thus! Iago. Call up her father, Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight, Proclaim him in the streets: incense his kinsmen; And though he in a fertile climate dwell, Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Hero is her father's house: I'll call aloud.
Ingo. Do; with like clamoros5 accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!
Ingo. Awake, what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter Brabantio, above, at a Window.

Br. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Ingo. Are your doors look'd at?

Br. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Ingo. 'Zounds! sir, you are robbed; for shame, put
on your gown:
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is yapping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell.
Or else the devil will make a grandire of you.

Arise, I say.

Br. What, have you lost your wits?

Ingo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Br. Not I: what are you?

Ingo. My name is Roderigo.

Br. The worse welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Br. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Br. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;
My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Ingo. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those, that will
not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come
to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll
have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse;
you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have
cousins for cousins, and genets for germans.

Br. What profane witch art thou?

Ingo. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast
with two backs.

Br. Thou art a villain.

Ingo. You are—a senator.

Br. This shall answer: I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
If 't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find it) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clausps of a lascivious Moor, —
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
'Un an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Br. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say! light!

[Exit from above
Ingo. Farewell, for I must leave you
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I stay I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I, in knowing the state,
However this may gait him with some check
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,
Lead to the sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter Brabantio, and Servants with Torches.

Br. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despaired time
Is sought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, 'say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?
How didst thou know 't was she?—O! thou deceiv'st me
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more
tapers!—
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Br. O heaven!—How got she out?—O, treason of
my blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir: I have, indeed. 18

Br. Call up my brother.—O, that you had ha
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Br. Pray you, lead on. 11 At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo.—I'll desire your pains. [Exeunt.

1 chances: in folio. 2 timorous: in f. e. 3 werner: in folio. 4 knavery: in folio. 5 The rest of this speech to "Straight" is not in quarto, 1602. 6 tyng: in f. e. 7 in: in f. e. 8 wheeling: in f. e. 9 The official residence in the Arsenal of Othello. 10 I have, sir in quarto. 11 Pray, lead me on: in quarto.
SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants, with Torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o’ the conscience
To do no contriv’d murder: I lack iniquity.
Sometimes, to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have jerk’d him here, under the ribs.

Oth. ’Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such servy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the duke’s: he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance,
The law (with all his might) enforce it on
Will give him cale.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. ’Tis yet to know,
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege: and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach’d: for know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea’s worth. But, look! what lights come
Yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends:
You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with Torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you; friends,
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And be requires your haste, post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers,
This very night, at one another’s heels;
And many of the consuls, rais’d and met,
Are at the duke’s already. You have been hotly call’d
When, being not at your lodging to be found, [for;
The senate sent above three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. ’Tis well I am found by you.
Will but spend a word here in the house,
ND go with you. [Exit.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. ’Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack’;
If it prove lawful prize, he’s made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He’s married.

To whom?

Re-enter Othello.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis’d:
He comes to bad intent.

Enter Brabantio, Roderigo, and Officers, with Torches and Weapons.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years.
Than with your weapons.

Oth. 0, thou foul thief! where hast thou stow’d my daughter?

Dann’d as thou art, thou hast enchanted her,
For I’ll refer me to all things of sense.
If she in chains of magic were not bound,?
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn’d
The wealthy earled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardiance to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight.
Judge me the world, if ’tis not gross in sense;?
That thou hast practis’d on her with foul charms;
Abus’d her gentle youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion.—I’ll have ’t disputed on;
’T is probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore, apprehend, and do attach thee
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhabited, and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him! if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands!

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Wet in my eye to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go,
To answer this your charge?

Oth. What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To behold me to him? [Off.

Oth. ’T is true, most worthy signor

The duke’s in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Oth. How! the duke in council,
In this time of the night!—Bring him away.
Mines not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as ‘t were their own;
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Council-Chamber.

The Duke, and Senators, sitting in state; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion’d

My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys,

1 be assured: in folio. 2 and: in quarto. 3 height: in quarto. 4 Merlin. 5 frequent: in quarto. 6 about: in folio. 7 freight: in folio. 8 This line is not in quarto, 1622. 9 dealing: in folio. 10 This and the five following words, are not in quarto, 1622. 11 bring
Scene III.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty. 
2 Sen. And mine, two hundred. 

But though they jump not on a just account, 
As in these cases, with the same reports, 
'Tis oft with difference, yet do they all confirm 
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus. 

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment. 

I do not so secure me in the error, 
But the main article I do approve 
In fearful sense. 

Enter an Officer, with a Sailor. 

Off. A messenger from the galleyes. 

Duke. Nay, now the business? 

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes: 
So was I bid report here to the state, 
By signior Angelo. 

Duke. How say you by this change? 

1 Sen. This cannot be, 
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant, 
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider 
The importunity of Cyprus to the Turk; 
And let us trust ourselves again but understand, 
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes, 
So may he with more facile question bear it, 
For that it stands not in such warlike brace, 
But altogether lacks th' abilities 
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this, 
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful, 
To leave that latest which concerns him first, 
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain, 
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless. 

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes. 

Off. Here is more news. 

Enter a Messenger. 

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and graciously, 
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes, 
Have there injointed them with an after fleet. 

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess? 

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they restem 
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance, 
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano, 
Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 
With his free duty recommits you, Othello, 
And prays you to believe him. 

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus. 

Marcus Luceicos, is not he in town? 

1 Sen. He's now in Florence. 

Duke. Write us from him to post; post-haste dispatch. 

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor. 

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Leco, Roderigo, and Officers. 

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you 
Against the general enemy Ottoman. 

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 
[To Brabantio, 

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night. 

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me. 

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business, 
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care 
Take hold of me, for my particular grief. 

Is of so blood-gate and o'er-hearing nature, 
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows, 
And it is still itself. 

Duke. Why, what's the matter? 

Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter! 

Sen. Dead? 

Bra. Ay; to me. 

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted 
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 
For nature so preposterously to err, 
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense) 
Sans witchcraft could not. 

Duke. Who'er he be that, in this foul proceeding, 
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, 
And you of her, the bloody book of law 
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter. 
After its' own sense; yea, though our proper son 
Stood in your action. 

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace. 

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, 
Your special mandate, for the state affairs, 
Hath lither brought. 

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it. 

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this? 

[To Othello, 

Bra. Nothing, but this is so. 

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors. 

My very noble and approved good masters, 
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, 
It is most true; true, I have married her: 
The very head and front of my offending 
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech, 
And little bless'd with the set' phrase of peace; 
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, 
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have use'd 
Their dearest action in the tented field; 
And little of this great world can I speak, 
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle; 
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause, 
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your graces patience, 
I will a round novel tale deliver 
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms, 
What conjuration, and what mighty magic, 
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal) 

I won his daughter with. 

Bra. A maiden never bold; 

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion 
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature, 
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,— 
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? 

It is a judgment main'd, and most imperfect, 
That will confess perfection so could err 
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven 
To find out practices of cunning hell, 
Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again, 
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, 
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, 
He wrought upon her. 

Duke. To vouch this is no proof 

Without more evidence and overt test, 

These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods 
Of modern seeming, you prefer against him. 

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak: 
Did you by indirect and forced courses 
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections, 
Or came it by request, and such fair question 
As soul to soul affordeth. 

Oth. I do beseech you, 

Send for the lady to the Sagittary; 

And let her speak of me before her father: 
If you do find me foul in her report, 
'The trust, the office, I do hold of you,

1 Where the aim: in f. e. 2 This line is not in quarto, 1622. 3 The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1622. 4 Not in quarto. 1622
* Take any: in quarto, 1622. 5 Not in quarto, 1622. 6 your: in folio. 7 soft: in folio. 8 more certain and more overt test in f. e.
* This line is not in quarto, 1622.
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

_Duke._ Fetch Desdemona hither.

_Oth._ Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place. —

[Exit IAGO and ATTENDANTS.]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

_Duke._ Say it, Othello.

_Oth._ Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth escapes; of th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travels: wherein
Wherein all antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse. Which I observing,
Took once a piant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentionally: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange:
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story.
And that would woo her.—On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

_Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and ATTENDANTS._

_Duke._ I think, this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,

Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

_Bra._ I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the woer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,

Where most you owe obedience?

_Des._ My noble father.

I do perceive here a divided duty.

To you, I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
I am hither to your daughter: but here's my husband
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

_Bra._ God be with you!—I have done—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—

Come hither, Moor:

I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart;
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child,
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang eels on them.—I have done, my lord.

_Duke._ Let me speak like yourself; and say a sentence.
Which, as a grace, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

When remedies arc past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischeif that is past and gone,
Is the next way to draw new, mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes.
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief.
He robs himself, that sinds a bootless grief.

_Bra._ So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile.

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That to pay grief, must of poor patience browe.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruish'd heart was prick'd through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

_Duke._ The Turk, with a most mighty preparation,

Makes for Cyprus. Othello, the fortitude of the place
Is best known to you; and though we have a substitute
Of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion,
A most sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice
on you: you must, therefore, be content
to shubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more
stubborn and boisterous expedition.

_Oth._ The tyrant custom, most grave senators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thricedriven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardiness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, binding to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition,
With such accommodation, and resort
As levels with her breeding.

_Duke._ If you please

Be't at her father's:—

_Bra._ I'll not have it so.

_Oth._ Nor I.

_Des._ Nor I; I would not there reside,

1 faithful; in quarto, 1622. 2 traveler's; in folio. 3 wild; in folio, 1632. 4 Not in folio. 5 These things; in folio. 6 hence; in folio, 1632. 7 These lines are not in quarto 1622. 8 more; in folio. 9 heat; in quarto. 10 light on me; in quarto. 11 lord of all my; in quarto, 1622. 12 13 These lines are not in quarto 1622. 14 more in f. a. 15 coach; in old copies. 16 would; in quarto, 1622. 17 Whi, at her father's; in folio.
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear:
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, Desdemona?
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords: 'tis needeth
Have a free way;
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with the young affects of heat,
(In me defined) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to my mind:
And heaven defend your counsels, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys,
Of feather'd Cupid foil with wanton dulness
My speculative and active insitious instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skilet of my helm,
And all indig and base adversities
Make head against my reputation!
Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord? This night.
Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As do import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. —And, noble signior,
To Brabantio.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith. —Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her forth in the best advantage.

Come, Desdemona: I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?
Iago. What will I do, thou gentle heart?
Iago. Why. go to bed, and sleep.
Iago. I will incontinently drown myself.
Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is swelliness to live, when live is a torment and then we have a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years, and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury; I never found a man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond: but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are gardens to which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it sterile with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and incorrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance66 of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, wherein I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or secton.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I profess69 me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour68 with an unserved beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration—put money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—kill thy purse with money; the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter62 as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore, put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a super-supple Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes,71 if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me. —Go, make money. —I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again. I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason. Let us be complices in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost
SCENE I.—A Sea-port Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter Montano and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?
1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Desery a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast never shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffled so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafted flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not in-shelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our wars are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their desigament halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and suflerance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in:
A Florentine, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe: for they were part
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

He has done my office: I know not if 't be true.
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will
In double knavery.—How, how?—Let's see:
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night.
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectation
Of more arravance.

Enter Cassio, and several Islanders.

Cas. Thanks you, the valiant of the warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor.—O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise?

Mess. The town is empty; on the bow of the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "a sail!"

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[Gun heard.]

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pay you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[Exit.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achieve'd a maid,
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency. — How now! who has put in?
Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guller's rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors enstee'd to clag the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit

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1 This and the next two lines to "I'll" are not in folio. 2 This line is not in folio. 3 But: in folio. 4 make: in quarto, 1602. 5 bare: in quarto. 6 guller: in quarto. 7 quirks: of: not in quarto, 1602. 8 The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1602. 9 The rest of this direction is not in f. o. 10 A Venetian: in f. e.
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Mon. Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;

Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,

Cas. A seignior's speed.—Great Love! Othello guard,

Mon. And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

Cas. Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,

Mon. Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,

And bring all Cyprus comfort.—O, behold!

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and

Mon. Attendants.

Des. The riches of the ship is come on shore.

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—

[They kneel.]

Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,

Cas. Before, behind thee, and on every hand,

Mon. Enwhele thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

Cas. What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Des. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught

Mon. But that he is well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies

Mon. Parted our fellowship.

[Within.] A sail, a sail!

But, hard! a sail.

[Gun's heard.]

Cas. They give their greeting to the citadel:

2 Gent. This likewise is a friend.

Mon. See for the news.—

[Exit Gentleman.]

Good ancient, you are welcome.—Welcome, mistress.—

[To EMILIA.]

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,

Mon. That I extend my manners: 'tis my breeding

Cas. That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,

Mon. As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,

Cas. You'd have enough.

Des. Alas! she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, 'tis enough;

Mon. 'Tis found still, when I have lust to sleep:

Cas. Murry, before your ladyship, I grant,

Mon. She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

Cas. And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so,

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors.

Cas. Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,

Mon. Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,

Cas. Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

Mon. You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't,

Mon. For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on; essay.—There's one gone to the

Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile

Come; how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention

Mon. Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,

Des. It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,

Iago. And thus she is deliver'd such calms.

Mon. If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,

Des. The one's for use, the other useth it.

Iago. Well prais'd!—How, if she be black and witty?

Mon. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,

Iago. She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;

Mon. For even her folly helps her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools

Iago. Laugh if the alehouse. What miserable praise hast

Mon. thou for that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,

Mon. But does foul pranks which fair and wise does.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst

Iago. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a de-

Mon. serving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of

Iago. Her merit, did justly put on the vouch of so much

Mon. Virtue itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;

Mon. Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;

Cas. Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay:

Iago. Flewd from her wish, and yet said,—"Now I may:

Mon. She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,

Cas. Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;

Mon. That in wisdom never was so frail,

Cas. To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;

Mon. That she could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,

Cas. See suitors following, and not look behind.

Mon. She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronic small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do

Mon. not learn of him. Emilia, though he be thy husband.

Cas. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and

Mon. Liberal censurer?

Cass. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him

Mon. more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[Alack! with DESD.]

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her by the palm: ay, well

Mon. said, whispering with a little a web as this, will I en-

Iago. snare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her,

Mon. do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say

Des. true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip

Mon. you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had

Emil. not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again

Iago. you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well

Emil. kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so indeed. Yet

Iago. again your fingers to your lips? would, they were

Mon. oyster-pipes for your sake.—[A Trumpet heard.] The

Cas. Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Iago. Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,

Mon. To see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!

Cas. If after every tempest come such calms.

Mon. May the winds blow, till they have waken'd death,

Cas. And let the labouring hark climb hills of seas,

Odis. Olympus-high, and duck again as low.
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die, 
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear, 
My soul hath her content so absolute, 
That not another comfort like to this 
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid, 
But that our loves and comforts should increase, 
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content: 
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discord is,
That e'er our hearts shall make!
[...] 
Oth. Come, let us to the castle.

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus, 
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet, 
I prattle out of fashion, and I desire 
In mine own comforts.—I pray thee, good Iago, 
Go to the bay, and disembarck my coffers. 
Bring thou the master to the citadel!
He is a good one, and his worthiness 
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona, 
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. 
Come hither.—If thou be'st valiant—as they say base 
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures 
more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant 
to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must 
tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, 
but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies; 
and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. 
Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? when 
The blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, 
and to give satiate a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, 
manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. 
Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin 
to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, 
and compel her to some second choice. 
Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most 
pregnant and unforced position) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a 
knife very valuable; no farther conceivable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, 
for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none a 
subtle slippery knife; a finder out of occasions; that 
has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though 
true advantage never present itself: a devilish knife! besides, the knife is handsome, young, and hath all 
those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after; a persistent complete knife, and the woman hath 
found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her: she is full of 
most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made 
of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never 
have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou 
not see her paddle with the palm of her hand? didst 
not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure 
prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts.

They met so near with their lips, that their breaths 
embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! 
when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at 
hand comes the master and main exercise, the incor- 
porative conclusion. Fie! But, sir, be you ruled by 
me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you 
to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you. Cassio 
knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find 
some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too 
loud, or taunting his discipline; or from what other 
cause you please, which the time shall more favourably 
minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and, 
haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke 
him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause 
these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall 
come into no true taste again, but by the displacing of 
Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your 
desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; 
and the impediment most profitably removed, without 
the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the 
citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. 

[Exit Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it, 
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: 
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,— 
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature, 
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona 
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too, 
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand 
accountant for as great a sin) 
But partly led to diet my revenge, 
For that I do suspect the lustful Moor 
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof 
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards, 
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul, 
Till I am even'd with him, wise for wife; 
Or, failing so, yet I that I put the Moor 
At least into a jealousy so strong 
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,— 
If this poor brach' of Venice, whom I transe," 
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, 
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the lip; 
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— 
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; 
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, 
For making him egregiously an ass, 
And practising upon his peace and quiet, 
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd: 
Knavey's plain face is never seen, till us'd. 

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following 

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant 
general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, import- 
ing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man 
put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to
make onfires, each man, to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open: and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael. good night: to-morrow, with your earliest, Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love: The purse made, the fruits are to ensure;

[To Desdemona.

That profit 's yet to come: 'twixt me and you. —
Good night.

[Exeunt Ort., Des., attended. Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She 's a most exquisite lady.
Iago. And 'l I warrant her, full of game.
Cas. Indeed, she 's a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.
Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.
Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a steet of wine; and here without arc a brace of Cypress gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.
Cas. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
Iago. O! they are our friends: but one cup: 'l I drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?
Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.
Cas. I 'l do't, but it dislikes me.

[Exeunt Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He 'l be as full of quarett and offence As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo, Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward, To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd Potatoes pottle deep; and he 's to watch.

Three elves of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards, Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle.—But here they come. If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and Gentlemen. Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.
Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.
Iago. Some wine, ho!
And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought.
Iago. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.
Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho! are nothing to your Englishman.
Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?
Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he swears not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.
Cas. To the health of our general.
Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I 'l do you justice.
Iago. O sweet England!
King Stephen was a worthy peer;
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.
He was a weight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine addl clock about thee.

Some wine, ho!
Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.
Iago. Will you hear it again?
Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well, heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.
Iago. It is true, good lieutenant.
Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.
Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.
Cas. Ay: but, by your leave, not before me. th lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—May God Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand,—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.
Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk.

[Exeunt.

Mon. To the platform, masters come, let's set the watch.
Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinoct,
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him,
I fear, the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not: or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? [Aside to him.]
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 't is great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingrate infirmity:
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hatch! what noise?
[Cry within,—Help! Help!

Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty?
I'll beat the knave into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [Striking Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! [Aside to Rod.] Go out, and cry a mutiny. [Exit Rod.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!—

Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be shambled for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. 'Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.

He faints.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant!—sir, Montano,—gentleman!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that,
Which heaven hath forbidden the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the idle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted them)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody, I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How camest it, Michael, you were thus forgot.
Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil,
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: what's the matter,
That youundle your reputation thus?
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:
Your officer, Iago, can inform you.
While I spare speech, which something now offends me
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that is said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by heaven, My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment quelled,*
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twain'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially aff'd, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general,
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:—
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lost by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best.
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received

1 Prase: in quartos. 2 twigen: in folio. 3 comes: in folio. 4 collied: in f. s.
From him that dide some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee:
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.
Look, if my gentle love be not raised up!—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter? 2
Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.

Lead him off.  [Montano is led off.

Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted—
Come. Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their baleful slumber'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. My heart is sore forbid! 1
Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is base. — My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you have lost no reputation at all, unless you repulse yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now east in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his own faceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? 4 and speak parrot? and squabble? and swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? — O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, 4 and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered.

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralizer. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me, I am a drunkard. Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! — Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

1 Folio adds: dear. 2 sense: in folio. 3 alight: in folio. 4 This sentence to "O" is not in quarto, 1022. 5 plesur: in folio. 6 Theobald reads: denotement. 7 brav: in quarto, 1022 8 prob: in f. c. 9 Resc. 10 This word is not added in f. c.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before the Castle.

Enter Cassio, and some Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains:
Something that's brief; and bid good-morrow to the general.

[Musick.]

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they squeak? 'tis the nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called? wind instruments?

2 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tale, sir?

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I
know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the
general so likes your music, that he desires you, for
love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard,
to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general
does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away.

Go; vanish into air; away! [Exeunt Musick.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.
Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillettes. There's a
poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that
attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's
one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt
thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem so to notify her.

[Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

[Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

[Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.

The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies,

Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Ron.] Two things are to be done.

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress.
I'll set her on:

Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump where he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

SCENE III.

I'ld watch him tame, and talk him out of patience; His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; I'll intermingle everything he does.

With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio; For thy solicitor shall rather die, Than give thy cause away.

Enter Othello and Iago, at a distance.

Oth. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease; Unfit for mine own purpose.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Erit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it, That he would steal away so guilty-like,

Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How, now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,

A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord, If I have any grace, or power to move you,

His present reconciliation take:

For if he be not one that truly loves you,

That error in ignorance, and not in cunning,

I have no judgment in an honest face.

I prythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I prythee, name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason,

(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of our best) is not almost a fault

'T was a private check. When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,

What you could ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so marvelling on. What? Michael Cassio,

That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you displeasingly,

Hath ta'en your part, to have so much to do

To bring him in? Trust me, I could do much.—

Oth. Prythee, no more: let him come when he will,

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;

'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit.

To your own person: nay, when I have a suit

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight, And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.


Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come.—Be it as your fancies teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [Erit, with EMILIA.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee, and when I love thee not,

Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you wou'd my lady, Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with it.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay. indeed:—discern'st thou anguish in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?


Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord.

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something;
I heard thee say but now,—thou likest not that,

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And, when I told thee, he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, 'Indeed!' And didst contract and purport thy brow together,

As if thou hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost.

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,

And weight'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—

Therefore, these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,

They are close delations, working from the heart.

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio.

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem
Or, those that be not, would they seem none!

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinnest,

As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me:

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and

As where’s that palace, whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But sometimes uneasily apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago.
If thou but thinkst him wrong’d, and maketh his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago.
I do beseech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature’s plague
To spy into abuses, and oft? my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not)—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood,* honesty, or wise,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth.
What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; ’tis something,
nothing;
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that fitches from me my good name,
Robes me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By heaven, I’ll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 1 is in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey’d monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what dammed minutes tells he o’er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches baseless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think’st thou, I’d make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv’d. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such excommunicate and blotted surmises,
Matching thy inference. ’T is not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;* Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;
I’ll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
A way at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it;* for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,

Receive it from me. * I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife: observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus’d; look to’t.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con
science,
Is, not to leave’t undone, but keep’t unknown.

Oth. Doest thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you,
And, when she seem’d to shake, and fear your looks,
She lov’d them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father’s eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, ’t was witchcraft.—But I am much to
blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash’d thy spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio’s my worthy* friend.

My lord, I see you are mov’d.—

Oth. No, not much mov’d.—

I do not think but Desdemona’s honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so.

Oth. And yet, how nature curring from itself,

Iago. Ay, there’s the point:—as, to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Wherefore, we see, in all things nature tends.
Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in suspicion;
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [Going

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature

Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honours

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.
Although ’t is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.

1 Loyo; or court-days. 2 of: in folio. 3 Not in folio. 4 and; in folio. 5 mock: in f. e. 6 Hamlet also made the change. 7 strongy
in f. e.; Knight, as in the text. 8 Not in folio. 9 this: in folio. 10 Which my thoughts aim’d: not: in folio. 11 trusty: in quarte
12 position: in f. e.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity:
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,1
Though that her jesses2 were my dear heart-strings, I'd
thistle her off, and let her down the wind,3
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much.
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O, curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon.
Yet keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forlorn plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona4 comes.

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders,
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint?5 are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well. — [Offers to bind his Head.]

Oth. Your napkin is too little; [Lets fall her Napkin!]
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exit Oth. and Des.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin.
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work 'tai'en out,6
And give 't Iago: what he will do with it,
Heaven knows, not I;
nothing, but to please his fantasy.

[Exit Iago.]

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide, I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—it is a common thing.


Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O. is that all? What will you give me now
for that same handkerchief?

Iago. Emil. What handkerchief?

Iago. Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, 't faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.

Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it? that you have been
so earnest
To have me flinch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? [Snatching it

Emil. If it be not some purpose of import,
Give 't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledg'd on 't; I have use for it.

Go: leave me. — [Exit Emilia.]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it; trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:6
Dangerous congenials are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.—
I swear, 't is better to be much abus'd,
But than to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well;7 was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not rob'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known.—O! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars.
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trumpet;
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude8 throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof,

[Taking him by the Throat]

Or, by the worth of mine11 eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it.

1 A wild hawk. 2 Straps, by which the hawk's feet were fastened to the wrist. 3 The falconers always let the hawk against the wind, as, if the blade be behind her, she seldom returns. —Johnson. 4 Look where she: in folio. 5 False, i.e. mocked itself. 6 This is taken from a MS. direction, (there being one to the old ed.) in the Duke of Devonshire's copy of quarto, 1623; the usual one in mod. ed. is: He puts it from him, and it drops. Cor. ed. for Iago. 7 Nothing know, but for: in quarto, 1622. 10 You know: in quarto, 1622. 8 Not in quarto. 11 In: in folio. 14 fed, well, was: it.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

ACT III.

That the probation bear no bingle, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
Or horror's head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd.
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that. [Releasing him.]

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'st? to make thine honesty a vice!
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit: and, from hence.
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay.—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world, I think my wife be honest, and think she is not:
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not:
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.
Iago. And nay; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision! grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring it to that prospect. Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may* have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he grope, and wring my hand,
Cry,—"O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,
Cried,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous! monstrous!

---

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs.
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done:
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one: 't was my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his heard with.

Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that, or any that* was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 't is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!*
Yield up, O Love! thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught.
For 't is of asperses' tongues!

Iago. Pray,!* be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows* retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by your marble heaven.
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
[Kneeling
I here engage my words.

Iago. Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clap us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work* soever.

Oth. I greet thee lovingly,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't.
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead. 't is done at your request;
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever.

[Exeunt

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and CASSIO.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where the lieutenant

Cassio lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?
Scene IV.

Othello, the Moor of Venice.

819

Clo. He is a soldier; and for one to say a soldier's
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to
deceive a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there,
were to lie in mine own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edited to
report?

Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him; bid him come hither: tell him, I
have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will
be well.

Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit:
and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzeados; and but my noble Moor
is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humour from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Oth. Well, my good lady.—[Aside.] O. hardness to
dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my
lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart.

Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying, 6
Much castigation, exercise devout:
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand;
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so:
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sudden rheum offends me.

Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord. [Offering it.]

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. No, indeed, my lord.

Des. That is a fault.

This handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her leathen, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on 't:
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose or give 't away were such perdition,
As nothing else could match.

Oth. 'T is true: 'tis magic in the web of it.

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course; two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Oth. Indeed! 'tis true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! 'wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startlingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o' the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. How?

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Des. Why, so I can, sir; 8 but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit:
I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-
Des. Come, come; [gives.

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief,—

Des. In sooth, you are to blame.

Oth. Away 11

[Exit Othello.

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. Ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief: I
am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belie us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Cass. Look you! Cassio, and my husband
Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with
you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love.
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpose merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again, 12

1 This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1602.
2 A Portuguese gold coin.
3 Not in folio. 4 prayer: in folio. 5 killen: in f. e
6 Not in f. e. 7 word: in folio. 8 make: in quarto, 1602.
9 with the skilful conserv'd: in quarto. 10 Not in folio. 11 the: in folio
12 This and the next speech, are not in folio. 13 Zenda: in quarto, 1602. 14 duty: in quarto, 1602.
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a fore'd content,
And shift myself upon some other course,
To fortune's arms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in honour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech. You must a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now.
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother:—and can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him.

There's matter in't, indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I pr'ythee, do so. [Exit Iago.]—Something, sure, of state,—
Either from Venice, or some unwatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it induces
Our other heathful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain; nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had subORN'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause,

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for a cause,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself. born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Othello and Iago.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being acess
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it
Then said,—O! it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Beding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Oth. Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dullage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab.

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her,
when they belie her. Lie with her! that's false.—
Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confes-
and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged,
and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would
not invest herself in such shuddering passion without
some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:
—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips.—Is it possible?—Confes-
fess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

[Enter Cassio.]

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught:
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guilless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

Cas. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear. The lethargy must have his quiet course,
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, ever bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better.
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confin'd yourself but in a patient list,
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelm'd with your grief,
(A passion most unfitting such a man)
Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it.  
[Aside.]
Cas. So hangs', and lolls, and weeps upon me; so halts, and pulls me; ha, ha, ha!—
Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber. O! I see that rose of yours, but that dog I shall throw it to.  
[Aside.]
Cas. Well, I must leave her company.  
Iago. Before me! look where she comes.  
Enter Bianca.  
Cas. 'Tis such another fitcheon! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?  
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work!—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wherever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.  
Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!  
Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!  
[Aside.]
Iago. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.  
[Exit.]
Jago. After her, after her.  
Cas. 'Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.  
Iago. Will you sup there?  
Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.  
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.  
Cas. Prythee, come; will you?  
Iago. Go to; say no more.  
[Exit Cassio.]
Oth. [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago?  
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?  
Oth. O, Iago!  
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?  
Oth. Was that mine?  
Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.  
Oth. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!  
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.  
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night, for she shall not live. No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O! the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might be by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.  
Iago. Hang her! I do but say what she is.—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention!—  
Iago. She's the worse for all this.  
Oth. O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of gentle a condition.  
Iago. Ay, too gentle.  
Oth. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!  
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.  
Oth. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!  
Iago. O! 'tis foul in her.  
Oth. With mine officer!  
Iago. That's foul'er.  

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1 *shakes* : in folio.  2 Not in folio.  3 Folio inserts : a.  4 *Reconcile.*
Othello, as What you the in yet therefore, may committed ay I am 3 time thou" • "l**" in bear her Is in Let may durst, but heard a 823 have to i^ i^ understand Not would Heaven dost truly know it. Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell. Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? how and I false? Oth. O Desdemona!—away, away, away! Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep? Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord? If, haply, you my father do suspect An instrument of this your calling back, Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him, Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven To try me with affliction; had he rain'd All kinds of shores, and shames, on my bare head. Snoop'd me in poverty to the very lips; Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes: I should have found in some part of my soul A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me A fixed figure, for the hand of scorn To point his slowly moving finger at; Yet could I bear that too; well, very well: But there, where I have garner'd up my heart, Where either I must live, or bear no life, The fountain from which my current runs Or else dries up; to be discardedtheme, Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there, Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin; Ay, there, look grim as hell! Des. I hope, my noble lord esteemes me honest. Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles, That quicken even with blowing. O thou! weed! Who13 art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet, That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst me' er been born! Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed? Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, Made to write whose upon? What committed? Committed?—O thou public commone! I should make very forges of my cheeks, That would to cinders burn up modesty, Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed? Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks. The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets, Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth, And will not hear it. What committed?— Impudent strumpet!'

Des. By heaven you do me wrong Oth. Are not you a strumpet? Des. No, as I am a Christian If to preserve this vessel for my lord, From any other,14 foul, unlawful touch, Be not to a strumpet, I am none. Oth. What, not a whore? Des. No, as I shall be saved.

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1 Not in folio. 2 her sex; in quarto, 1622. 3 known; in f. 4 Not in f. 5 This line is not in folio. 6 Not in f. 7 not in folio. 8 Not in f. a. b Note: 18 folio. 9 not in quarto. 10 lines: in f. 11 low, removing: in f. a. b here: in old copies. 12 black weed: in quarto. 13 Was in quarto. 14 These words are not in folio 15 hated: in quarto, 1622.
To lash the rashels naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them! some such squire he was.
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again? 
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass against his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorce,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say where:
It does abhor me now I speak the word:
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,

Iago. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [Music.

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emil.]

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device,
Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, that supplest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are not kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means; the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very seurry; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit; and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I profess intend of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and
SCENE III.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

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even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand. Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception: but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair. Roder. It hath not appeared. Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Oth. O! pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good-night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith. Dismiss your attendant there: look, it be done.

Des. I will, my lord. [Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did. Des. He says, he will return incontinent. He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me! Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would you had never seen him.

Des. So would not I: my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his cheeks, and frowns,—Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me in one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
She was in love; and she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she did singing it: that song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
Not to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Des. A poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree. [Singing.

Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow;
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd her nooks;
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones; Lay by these.—

Pr'ythee, hie thee; 't will come anon.

Sing all a green willow must be my garland,
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:
If I court no women, you'll conch with no men
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so,—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light:
I might do 't as well I the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price
For a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not

Emil. In troth, I think I should, and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition, but, for the whole world,—why, who would not make her hus-

1 harlot; in quarto, 1622. 2 father; in folio. 3 All that follows to "Hark! who is?" is not in quarto, 1622. 4 The in f. e The called is in "Fory's Reliques." 5 This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1622.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons—
Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[Stands back.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game;—live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold to him:—there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

[Retiring.]

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his guilt: 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.
[Drawing, and wounding Roderigo.]

Iago starts forward, cuts Cassio behind
In the Leg, and exit.

Cas. I am main'd for ever.—Light, ho! murder, murder!

[Enter Othello, at a distance.]

Oth. The voice of Cassio. Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!—

Oth. It is even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he.—O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me. Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come.
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

Enter LODVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.]

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O, wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night.

These may be counterfeits: let's think't unsafe.
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then, shall I bleed to death.

[Enter Iago, unready, 16 with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder thus?

Lod. We do not know.

Cas. Did not you hear a cry?

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To LODVICO and GRATIANO.

Rod. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[Enter Iago, stabb'd RODERIGO.]

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1 The rest of the scene is not in quarto, 1622. 2 sword: in quarto, 1622. 3 Pimple: great in quarto. 4 gain: in folio. 5 but so: in folio. 6 give this direction before R's last speech. 7 Help: in folio. 8 your fate: in quarto, 1622. 9 Tis: in folio. 10 This word is not in f. e.
Rod. O damn’d Iago! O inhuman dog! —
Iago. Kill men i’ the dark! —Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! —Ho! murder! murder! What may you be? are you of good, or evil? Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico?
 Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy. Here’s Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is it, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Gentleman, all I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury. —
Patience a while, good Cassio. —Come, come, Lend me a light. —Know we this face, or no?

[Looking at Rod.]

Iago. How do you, Cassio? —O, a chair, a chair! Gra. Roderigo! Iago. He, he, ’tis he! —O! that’s well said:—the chair. —[A chair brought.]
Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I’ll fetch the general’s surgeon. —For you, mistress, [To Bianca.]
Save you your labour. —He that lies slain here, Cassio, Was my dear friend. What malice was between you? Cas. None in the world: nor do I know the man. Iago. What, look you pale? —O, bear him out of the air. —[Cassio and Rod. are borne off.]
Stay you, good gentlemen. —Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the gappiness of her eye? Nay an you stir:—we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her: Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use, [Enter Emilia.
Emil. Alas! what’s the matter? what’s the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark By Roderigo, and fellows that are scant’d: He’s almost slain, and Roderigo dead. —
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring. —Yr’theke, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp’d to-night. —
What! do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp’d at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me. Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet! —
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me. Emil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let’s go see poor Cassio dress’d. —
Come, mistress, you must tell ’s another tale. —
Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath happ’d. —
Will you go on, I pray? —This is the night, [Aside. That either makes me, or fordoe me quite. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

DESDEMONA in Bed asleep. A Light burning. Enter Othello, locking the Door after him.
Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul, —
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars! —
It is the cause. —Yet I’ll not shed her blood; Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster. Yet she must die, else she ’ll betray more men. Put out the light, and then—put out the light? If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, ‘Thou cunningst’st® pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Prometheus’ heat, That can thy light relume. When I have pluck’d the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, It needs must wither: —I’ll smell it till on the tree, —[Kissing her.
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade Justice to break her sword! —One more, one more. —
Be thou with me, my lord! And I will kill thee, And love thee after. —One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne’er so fatal. I must weep, But they are cruel tears: this sorrow’s heavenly; It strikes, where it doth love. —She wakes —
Des. Who’s there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray’d to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Yes, my lord. Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime, Unreconcil’d as yet to heaven and grace, Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief: I will walk by: I would not kill thy unpurified spirit; No, heaven forfend, I would not kill thy soul. Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do. Des. Then, heaven Have mercy on me! Oth. Amen, with all my heart. Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me. Oth. Humph! Des. And yet I fear you: for you are fatal then, When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear, I know not Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear. Oth. Think on thy sins. Des. They are loves I bear to you

1 This speech is not in quarto, 1623. 2 bear a part: in quarto, 1623. 3 Not in f. s. 4 done. 5 restores: in quarto 6 if you stare in bo’s. 7 quite dead: in folio. 8 The rest of this direction is not in f. s. 9 thine: in quarto. 10 cunning: in quarto. 11 thee: in bo’s.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas! why ganst thou so thy mother's lip?

Somes bloody passion shakes thy very frame:
These are portents: but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will so. What's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Therefore, confess thee freely of thy sin;

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor chace, the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,

But with such general warranty of heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him.—Send for him hither;

Let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—ne'd thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Des. My fear interprets then.—What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet! Easy. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Des. Nay, if you strive,—

But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord! [He smothers her.]

Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noise is this? Not dead: not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

So, so.

Emil. [Within.] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there? 1

Emil. [Within.] O, good my lord! I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes!—'tis Emilia.—By and by,—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high. [Hark! no more moving?]

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were 't good?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O insupportable, O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [Within.] I do beseech you, I may speak with you.

O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee. O! come in, Emilia.—

Soit,—by and by;—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[Unlocks the Door.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, good my lord! yender's soul murder done,

Oth. What! now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more near the earth than she was wont

And makes me mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian.

Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd?

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No; Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what ery is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice—
Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

[Going to the bed.

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O! who hath done

This deed?

Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell:

Command me to my kind lord. O farewell! [Dies.

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows.

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report a truth.

Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell:—
'Twas I that kill'd her.

Emil. O! the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil.

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.

Oth. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband eise.—

O! I was damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity.—Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, she had been true,
If heaven would make me such another world.
Scene II.

OtheLlo, the Moor of Venice.

(Of one entire and perfect chrysolite, I'd not have sold her for it.)

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'tis he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with love.—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman; I say, thy husband: dost understand the word? My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:

She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha! [Threatening her,]

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worth her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O bolt!
Ar ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. —Help! help! oh! help!

The Moor has kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? — How now, general! Emil. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou toldst him that his wife was false.

I know, thou didst not, thou'st not such a villain.

Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more.

Thar what he found himself as apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;

Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie,—

She false with Cassio! — Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed. —

All, O, heaven forfend! —

Emil. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy! I think upon't, — I think, — I smell 't: — O villainy! I thought so then: — I'll kill myself for grief. —

O villainy, villainy! Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'T is proper I obey him, but not now. —

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Falling on the ground.]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O! she was foul— [Starting up]

I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd

I know, this act shows terrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobration. —

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame

A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;

It was a handkerchief, an antique token

My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out: — I hold my peace,

sir? no:

No, I will speak as liberal as the wind.

Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,

All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home. [Drawing.

Emil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab Emil. Gra.

Fie! —

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband:

For often, with a solemn earnestness,

(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trible)

He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore! [They hold him.]

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,

And I did give it my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest. [Stabs her, and exit instantly.


O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool

Do with so good a wife? —

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder? — Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay—O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,

For 't is a damned slave.

[Enter Montano and Gratiano.]

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whisper gets my sword.

But why should honour outline honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,

And die in music:— Willow, willow, willow.—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor:

So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;

So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [Dies.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,

It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.

O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

1 me on her: in folio. 2 iter. nec: in folio. 3 Not in f. e. 4 that: in folio. 5 This line is not in quarto, 1622. 6 on the Bed: in f. e. 7 horrible: in folio. 8 reprobration: in folio. 9 north: in f. e. 10 Not in f. e. 11 woman: in quarto, 1622. 12 No in folio 13 Thou and the next two lines, are not in quarto, 1622.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

ACT V.

Gra. [Within.] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me, then, and speak to me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier’s thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impolliments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? ’Is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon’d;
Here is my journey’s end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail,
Do you go back dismay’d? ’tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello’s breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-star’d wench
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at comb,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity,—O, cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead? O! O!"

Enter Lodovico and Cassio.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That’s he, that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? Bring the villain forth.

Enter Montano with Iago, bound, and Officers.

Oth. I look down towards his feet—but that’s a fable:
If that thou be’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Othello wounds Iago.

Iago. Wrench his sword from him,

Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill’d.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I’d have thee live;
For, in my sense, ’tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall’n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess’d his villainy.

Did you and he consent in Cassio’s death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensn’rd my soul and body?

Jago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What! not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, then dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall’n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo; [Showing it.
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross

Lod. Now, here’s another discontented paper,

[Producing it.

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, be like, Iago in the interim;*

Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife’s?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;

And he himself confess’d, but even now;
That there he dropp’d it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O! fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo’s letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him

Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,

Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come: bring them away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go,
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in mære: then must you speak
Of one that lov’d, not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being jealous;
Perplex’d in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,14 threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gun. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
When15 a malignant and a turban’d Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that’s spoke is marr’d

Oth. I kiss’d thee, ere I kill’d thee:—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies on the Bed

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading16 of this bed;

To Iago
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid; Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you. —To you; lord governor,
Remains the censure of this heathish villain;
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exit

1 with, in folio. 2 This and the six following lines, are not in quarto, 1622. 3 cursed, cursed slave: in folio. 4 O Desdemona dead, dead, 0! 0! : in folio. 5 In f. e. these characters enter with Lodovico and Cassio. 6 Not in f. e. 7 nick, in quarto, 1632. 8 him: in f. e. 9 Judas: in folio. 10 medicinal: in folio. 11 Where: in f. e. 12 lodging: in quarto.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS CAESAR, M. AEMIL. LEPIDUS, Sextus Pompeius, DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, VENTIDIVUS, EROS, SCARUS, DERCESTAS, DEMETRIUS, PHILO, MECENAS, AGRIPPAL, DOLABELLA, PROCULEIUS, THYREUS, GALLUS, MENAS, MENECRATES, Friends to Pompey, VARRIUS, TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Caesar, CAHNTHUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony SILIUS, an Officer under Ventidius, EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Caesar ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES Attendants on Cleopatra. A Soothsayer. A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt. OCTAVIUS, Sister to Caesar, and Wife to Antony. CHARMIAN, Attendants on Cleopatra. IRAS, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes, That o'er the files and musters of the war Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn The office and devotion of their view Upon a towny front: his captain's heart, Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst The buckles on his breast, reneget all temper, And is become the bellows, and the fan, To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.
Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd into a strumpet's foot: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's begging in the love that can be reck'n'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, per chace, is angry; or, who knows If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;''

Denies 3 damn: in f. e. 3 Know.

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform 't, or else we doom thee.'

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer; your dismissal Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony,— Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say — Both?—

Call in the messengers. —As I am Egypt's queen, Thou boldest, Antony, and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame, When shrill-tong'd Fulvia scolds —The messengers

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet, We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?— I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony Will be himself.

Ant. But stir'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours, Let's not confound the time with conference harsh: There's not a minute of our lives should stretch Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every fashion filthily strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

[Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, most sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband, which you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means, in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his presence; be attentive.
Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more behoving, than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune. Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavian Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen, and proved a fairer former fortune,

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fruitful every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be, drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the overflowing Nilus prospageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a work-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.


Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend?—Alexas,
come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee: and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knife uneuckoeld: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.


Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden,

A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus!—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter Ant. with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.

[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay.

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointly their force against Caesar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infests the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'T is thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus.

(Labienus (This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force
Extended* Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia; whilst——

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, minee not the general tongue;

* Seized.
SCENE III.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Name Cleopatra as she is call’d in Rome; Rail thou in Fulvia’s phrase, and taunt my faults With such full license, as both truth and malice have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds, When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us, Is as our eating. 1] Fare thee well awhile. 2

Mess. At your noble pleasure. 3

[Exit. 4

Ant. From Sicily now the news? Speak there. 5

1. Att. The man from Sicily!—is there such an one? 6

2. Att. He stays upon your will. 7

Ant. Let him appear.— 8

These strong Egyptian letters I must break, 9

Enter another Messenger. 10

Or lose myself in detage.—What are you? 11

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead. 12

Ant. Where died she? 13

2 Mess. In Sicily: 14

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears. 15

[Giving a Letter. 16

Forbear me.— 17

[Exit Messenger.

There’s a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it: What our contempts do often hurt from us, We wish it ours again; the present pleasure, By repetition souring, 2 becomes 3

The opposite of itself: she’s good, being gone; 4

The hand would pluck her back, that shou’d her on. 5

I must from this enchanting queen break off; 6

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness death hatch. —How now! 7

Enter ENOBARBUS! 8

Eno. What’s your pleasure, sir? 9

Ant. I must with haste from hence. 10

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure, death’s the word. 11

Ant. I must be gone. 12

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing: though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least voice of this, dies instantly: I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying. 13

Ant. She is cunning past man’s thought. 14

Eno. Alack, sir! no: her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as love. 15

Ant. Would I had never seen her! 16

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work, which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel. 17

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 18

Eno. Sir? 19

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 20

Eno. Fulvia! 21

Ant. Dead. 22

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence. 23

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you: especially that of Cleopatra’s, which wholly depends on your absence.

Ant. Ne more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expeditions to the queen, And get her leave 2 to part: for not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too, Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Half given the dare to Caesar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link’d to the deserver, Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son: who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o’ the world may danger. Much is breeding, Which, like the courser’s hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent’s poison. Say, our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence. 25

Eno. I shall do it. [Exeunt. 26

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he? 27

Char. I did not see him since. 28

Cleo. See where he is, who’s with him, what he does. I did not send you.—If you find him sad, Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [Exit ALEXAS

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly, You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him. 29

Cleo. What should I do, I do not? 30

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing. 31

Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him: 32

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear. 33

In time we hate that which we often fear. 34

[Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony. 35

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen. 36

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.— 37

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall: It cannot be thus long; the sides of nature Will not sustain it. 38

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,— 39

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me. 40

Ant. What’s the matter? 41

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there’s some good news. What says the married woman?—You may go: Would, she had never given you leave to come! Let her not say, ‘t is I that keep you here, I have no power upon you; hers you are. 42

Ant. The gods best know.— 43

Cleo. O! never was there queen So mightily betray’d; yet at the first I saw the treasons planted.

1 Ploughing our *quick winds* which dry the soil for the plough. 2 By revolution lowering: in s.c. 3 Dece reads He 4 Exiled.
ACT ONE.


Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, and Attendants.

CaS. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know
It is not Cæsar’s natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy,
More wondrous than he: hardly gave audience, or
Veils’d to think he had partners: you shall find
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night’s blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchased: what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

CaS. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tipping with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knives that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him.
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must Antony
No way excuse his follies: when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filleth
His vacancy with his voluptuosity,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Fall on him for’t; but, to confound such time
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Paw their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Mss. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How ’tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea,
And it appears, he is belov'd of those,  
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the fleets  
The discontents repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.  

It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:  
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes lov'd by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Go to, and back, and lackeying\(^4\) the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

Ant. Caesar, I bring thee word,  
Menemotrites and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they can and wound  
With keen of every kind; many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious vessels.\(^{*}\) When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the roughest hedge:  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheathes,  
The bars of trees thou brows'st: on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on; and all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

T'is pity of him.  

Cæs. Let his shame's quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'T is time we twain  
Did show ourselves i’ the field: and, to that end,  
Assemble we* immediate council: Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

To-morrow, Caesar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.  

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,  
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir; I knew it for my bond.  

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.  

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.  

Cleo. Charmian!  

Char. Madam.  

Cleo. Ha, ha!—  

Give me to drink mandragora.  

Char. Why, madam?  

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.  

Char. You think of him too much!

Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
SCENE I.—Messina. A Room in Pompey’s House.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well.

The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter’d; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? ’tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy warm¹ lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both:
Let love⁴ up the libertine in a flood² of feasts,
Keep his brain tuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may protract his honour,
Even till a Leath’d dulness. — How now, Varrius!

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, ’tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don’d his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt’s widow pluck
The ne’er lust-wearyed Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that ’s dead did trespasses to Caesar;
His brother warr’d upon him, although, I think,
Not mov’d by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Weren’t not that we stand up against them all,

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My sallad days,
When I was green in judgment:—cold in blood,
To say as I said then! — But come, away:
Get me ink and paper;
He shall have every day a severa’ greeting,
Or I’ll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in the House of LEPIDUS.

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, ’tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar’s head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius’ beard,
I would not shave ’t to-day.

Lep. ‘Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in ’t.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventrivius.

Eno. And yonder, Cesar.

Enter Cesar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cas. I do not know,
Mecenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin’d us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What’s amiss,
May it be gently heard: when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds. Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sorest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. ’Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. [Shake hands

Cas. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cas. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cas. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so
Or, being, concern you not.
scene ii.

antony and cleopatra.

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Cas. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little,
I should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly 'tis the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What wasn't to you?
Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here hold me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you: you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business: my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it:
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did lie not rather
Discred it my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
No matter where you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so; not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which frost'd mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle,
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Ero. Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Caesar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with faults
Did give my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was I the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife: if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Caesar.

Ant. No, Lepidas, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.

Cas. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;


And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther:
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to alone you.

Lep. Worthy spoken, Mecenas.

Ero. Or, if you borrow another's love for the instant,
you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only: speak no more.

Ero. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore, speak no

more.

Ero. Go to then; you? considerate stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
e

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar,

Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa:

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd for rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales.
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all love to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
My duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so?"

To make this good?

Cas. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand
Further this act of grace, and from this hour,
The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs.

Cas. A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother [Ant. takes it! Did ever love so dearly: let her live To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey; For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great Of late upon me: I must thank him, only Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?
Cas. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cas. Great, and increasing; but by sea He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we The business we have talk'd of.

Cas. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.


Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted, whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne, Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold; Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that The winds were love-sick with them: the cars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made The water, which they beat, to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person, It beggar'd all description; she did lie in her pavilion, [cloth of gold and tissue] O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see, The fancy out-work nature: on each side her, Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem To blow* the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

And what they us'd did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony:

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nerides, So many mermaids, tending her i' the eye, And made their bonds adornings: at the helm A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle Smell* with the touches of those flower-soft hands That yarely* frame the office. From the barge A strangeinvisible perfume hits the sense Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast Her people out upon her: and Antony Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing Antony sent to her, Invited her to supper: she replied, It should be better he became her guest, Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony, Whom ne'er the word of "No?" woman heard speak Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast; And for his ordinary pays his heart For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench! She made great Caesar lay his sword to bed; He plough'd her, and she crop't.

Eno. I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street; And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect perfection, And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety: other women cloy The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry, Where most she satisfies; for vilest things Become themselves in her, that the holy priests Bless her when she is rich.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle The heart of Antony, Octavia is A blessed lottery to him.

Grot. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest, Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in CAESAR'S House

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia between them;

Attendants.
Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time, Before the gods my knee shall bow with prayers To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world's report I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Good night, sir.

Cas. Good night. [Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia

Enter a Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah: you do wish yourself in Egypt. Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, not you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my metim, have it lot in my tongue: but yet hie you to Egypt again.
SCENE V.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  839

Ant. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher,
Caesar's, or mine?
Sotho. Caesar's.
Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side:
Thy daemon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes afeard, 1 as being o'erpow'd: therefore,
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sotho. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.
[Exit Sotho.sayer.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: the very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints.
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine.
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds: I will to Egypt:
[Enter VEntIDtUS.
I' the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission 's ready;
Follow me, and receive it.  [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same.  A Street.

Enter LEPIIDUS, MECENAS, and AGrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will 'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. As I conceive the journey, be at Mount 2
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about:
You'll win two days upon me.

SCENE V.—Alexandria.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of that trade in love.
Attend.  The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.  [too short,
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come
The actor may plead pardon.  I'll none more now.—
Give me mine angle,—we'll go to the river: there,
My music playing far, I'll betray
Tawny-fish'd 3 fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws, and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'T was merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time. —O times—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then, put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Phampilian.—

Enter Elfis, a Messenger.  4

O! from Italy?

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mec. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mec. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee wilt I melt, and pour
Down thy illuttering throat.

Mec. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will:
But there's no goodness in thy face.  If Antony
Be free, and healthful, why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? if not well.
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes.
Not like a formal man.

Mec. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speakest
Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, 't is well;
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mec. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mec. And friends with Caesar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mec. Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mec. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
"But yet!" is as a goather to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.  Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together.  He's friends with Caesar;
In state of health, thou say'st: and, thou say'st, free.

Mec. Free, madam? no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mec. For the best turn' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mec. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down

Mec. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence

[Strikes him again

Horrible villain! or I'll spur thine eyes
Like balls before me: I'll unsheath thy head.

Cleo. She hates him up and down
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stow'd in brine

1 a tear: in i. e.  2 Mt. Misenum.  3 Tawney-fish: in folio Theobald made the change.  4 Enter a Messenger: in i. e.
Smarting in lingering pickle.  
Mess. Gracious madam, 
1. That do bring the news, made not the match. 
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee; 
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst 
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage; 
And I will boot thee with what gift beside 
Thy modesty can beg.  
Mess. He's married, madam.  
Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long. [Draws a Knife. 
Mess. Nay, then I'll run.— 
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [Exit. 
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself: 
The man is innocent. 
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunder-bolt.— 
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures 
Turn all to serpents—Call the slave again: 
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call. 
Char. He is afraid to come.  
Cleo. I will not hurt him. 
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike 
A manner than myself; since I myself 
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir. 
Re-enter Eliz., the Messenger. 
Though it be honest, it is never good 
To bring bad news: give to a gracious message 
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell 
Themselves, when they be felt. 
Mess. I have done my duty. 
Cleo. Is he married? 
I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 
If thou again say, Yes.  
Mess. He's married, madam. 
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there 
still? 
Mess. Should I lie, madam? 
Cleo. O! I would, thou didst, 
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made 
A cistern for seal'd snakes. Go, get thee hence: 
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me 
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married? 
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon. 
Cleo. He is married? 
Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you: 
To punish me for what you make me do, 
 Seems much unequal. He is married to Octavia. 
Cleo. O! that his fault should make a knave of thee, 
That art not! What thou'rt sure of?—Get thee hence: 
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome, 
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand, 
And be undone by 'em! [Exit Messenger. 
Char. Good your highness, patience. 
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have displeas'd Caesar. 
Char. Many times, madam. 
Cleo. I am paid for 't now. 
Load me from hence; 
I faint.—O Iris! Charmian!—'T is no matter.— 
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him 
Report the feature of Octavia, her years, 
Her inclination, let him not leave out 
The colour of her hair: bring me word quickly.— 
[Exit Alexas. 
Let him for ever go?—let him not—Charmian, 
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon, 
The other way he's a Mars.—Bid you Alexas 
[To Mardian. 
Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian, 
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber. 
[Exeunt.
SCENE VII.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you.  
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,  
For I have gain'd by it.  

Cas. Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.  
Pom. Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune easts upon my face,  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.  

Lep. Well met here.  
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed.  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.  

Cas. That's the next to do.  
Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us  
Draw lots who shall begin.  

Ant. That will I, Pompey.  
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Caesar  
Grew fat with feasting there.  

Ant. You have heard much.  
Pom. And I have fair meanings, sir.  
Ant. And fair words to them.  
Pom. Then, so much have I heard!  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—  

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.  
Pom. * What, I pray you?  
Eno. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress,  
Pom. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?  
Eno. Well;  

And well am like to do; I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.  
Pom. Let me shake thy hand:  
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.  

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,  
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you.  
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,  
it nothing ill becomes thee—  
About my galley I invite you all:  
Will you lead, lords?  

Cas. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.  
Pom. [Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, Lepidus,  
Soldiers and Attendants.]  

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made  
this treaty.—[Aside.]—You and I have known, sir.  

Eno. At sea, I think.  

Men. We have, sir.  

Eno. You have done well by water.  

Men. And you by land.  

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me;  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.  

Men. Nor what I have done by water.  

Eno. Yes; something you can deny for your own  
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.  

Men. And you by land.  

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me  
your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here  
they might take two thieves kissing.  

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their  
hands are.  

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true  
face.  

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.  

Townsell blast  

* Plenty  

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.  

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a  
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his  
fortune.  

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.  

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark  
Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?  

Eno. Caesar's sister is call'd Octavia.  

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caesar Marcellus.  

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.  

Men. Pray you, sir?  

Eno 'Tis true.  

Men. Then is Caesar, and he, for ever knit together.  

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I  
would not prophesy so.  

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more  
in the marriage, than the love of the parties.  

Eno. I think so too; but you shall find, the band  
that seems to tie their friendship together will be the  
very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy,  
cold, and still conversation.  

Men. Who would not have his wife so?  

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so: which is Mark  
Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then,  
shall the sights of Octavia blow the fire up in Caesar;  
and, as I said before, that which is the strength of  
their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their  
variance. Antony will use his affection where it is:  
he married but his occasion here.  

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you  
aboard? I have a health for you.  

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats  
in Egypt.  

Men. Come; let's away.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE VII.—On Board Pompey's Galley, lying near  
Misenenum.  

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a Banquet.  

1 Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants  
are ill-rooted already; the least wind if the world  
will blow them down.  

2 Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.  

1 Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.  

2 Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition,  
he cries out, "no more!" reconciles them to his  
entreaty, and himself to the drink.  

1 Serv. But it raises the greater war between him  
and his discretion.  

2 Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's  
fellowship: I had as lief have a sword that will do  
me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.  

1 Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to  
be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes  
should be, which pitifully disaster the checks.  

A Servent sound'd. Enter Caesar, Antony, Pompey  
Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enoobarbus, Menas,  
with other Captains.  

Ant. Thus do they, sir. [To Caesar.] They take  
the flow o' the Nile  
By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,  
Or fosson follow. The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedman  
Upon the slime and oozze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.  

Lep. You have strange serpents there.  

Ant.  

Ay; Lepidus  

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of you  
mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile  

Townsell blast  

* Plenty
ANTONY. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine!—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I’ll use’t out.

Eno. Not till you have slept: I fear me, you’ll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies’ pyramids are very godly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [Aside.] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [Aside.] Say in mine ear: what is’t?

Men. [Aside.] Forsaken thy seat, I do beseech thee, And have me speak a word. [Captain, Pom. [Aside.] Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o’ thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth; it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs; it lives by that which nouriseth it, and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. ’Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. ’Tis so; and the tears of it are wet.

Cas. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very upcree.

Pom. [To Menas, aside.] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that, away!

Do as I bid you.—Where’s this cup I call’d for?

Men. [Aside.] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear
Rise from thy stool. [me, Pom. [Aside.] I think, thou’rt mad. The matter?

Men. I have ever held my cup off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv’d me with much faith. What’s else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. Wilt thou be lord of the world? That’s twice.

Men. How should that be?

Pom. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar’st be, the earthy Jove:
Whate’er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have’t.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats;
All then is thine.

Pom. Ah! this thou shouldest have done,
And not have spoke on’t.
In me, ’tis villainy;
In thee, ’t had been good service. Thou must know,
’Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour,
Mine honour, it. Repent, that ever thy tongue
Hath so betray’d thine act: being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done,
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. [Aside.] For this, I’ll never follow thy pall’d fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take, when once ’t is offer’d,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I’ll pledge it for him; Pompey

Eno. Here’s to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There’s a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendart who carries off Lepidus

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man: see’st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels?

Pom. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast,

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike* the vessels, ho!

Here is to Caesar.

Cas. I could well forbear it.

It’s monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o’ the time.

Cas. Profess it, I’ll make answer; but I had rather fast.

From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To Antony
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let’s ha’n’t, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all shake hands,

Till that the conquering wine hath steep’d our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I’ll place you: then, the boy shall sing
The holding* every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

Song, by the Boy.]

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plump’ry Bacchus, with pink eye;
In thy vats our cares be drown’d;

With thy grapes our hairs be crown’d;

Cup us, till the world go round; 

Cup us, till the world go round! ] The burden.

Cas. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—

Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let’s part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbus
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick’d us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I’ll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir, Give’s your hand.

Pom. O, Antony! You have my father’s house.—But what? we are friends.

Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[Exeunt Pompey, Caesar, Antony, and Attendarts.

Menas, I’ll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell.

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang’d! sound out! [A Flourish

Eno. Ho, says a!—There’s my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! come [Exeunt

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

 antony

ven. Now, daring Parthia, art thou struck; and now

enobarbus. Please'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death

make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body

Before our army.—Thy Paecorus, Orodus,

pays this for Marcus Crassus.

sil. Noble Ventidius,

whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,

the fugitive Parthians follow: spur through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shoddy whither

the routed fly: so thy grand captain, antony,

shall set thee on triumphant chariots; and

Put garlands on thy head.

enobarbus. O Silius, Silius! I have done enough: a lower place, note well,

may make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,

better to leave undone, than by our deeds acquire

too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

Cesar and antony have ever won

More in their officer, than person: Sossius,

One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,

For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.

Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,

becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,

The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,

Than gain which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,

But 't would offend him; and in his offence

Should my performance perish.

sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without which a soldier, and his sword,

Gains scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to antony?

ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,

That, which magical word of war, we have effect'd

How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,

The newer yet-betaken horse of Parthia

We have jaded out o'the field.

sil. Where is he now?

ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste

the weight we must convey with us will permit,

We shall appear before him.—On, there! pass along.

[exit.


a. Enter Agrippa, and enobarbus, meeting.

ag. What! are the brothers parted?

enobarbus. They have despatch'd with Pompey: he is gone.

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps

To part from Rome; Caesar is sad; and Lepidus,

Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled

With the green sickness.

ag. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

enobarbus. A very fine one. O, how he loves Caesar!

ag. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

enobarbus. Why, he's the Jupiter of men.


enobarbus. Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

enobarbus. Make me not offended

In your distrust.

oct. I have said.

enobarbus. You shall not find,

Though you be therein curious, the least cause

For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends.

We will here part.

enobarbus. Farewell, my dearest sister; fare thee well

The elements be kind to thee, and make

Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

oct. My noble brother!—

enobarbus. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,

And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

enobarbus. What, Octavia?

oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

enobarbus. Her tongue will not obey her heart. nor can

Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's down feather

That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,

And neither way inclines.

enobarbus. Will Caesar weep?

ag. He has a cloud in's face.

enobarbus. He was the worse for that, were he a horse;

So is he, being a man.

ag. Why, Enobarbus,

When Antony found Julius Caesar dead,

He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

enobarbus. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a

Rheum.

What willingly he did confound, he wall'd:

Believe 't, till I weep too.

enobarbus. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still: the time shall not

Out-go my thinking on you.

ag. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go.
And give you to the gods.

Cas. 
Adieu: be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way.

Cas. Farewell, farewell. [Kisses Octavia.]
Ant. Farewell! [Trumpets sound. Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir.

Enter ELLIS, the Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty.

Hecat of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod’s head
I’ll have: but how, when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Miss. Most gracious majesty.—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Miss. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Miss. Madam, in Rome.

I look’d her in the face: and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Miss. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, or low?

Miss. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic’d.

Cleo. That’s not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! ’tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so. Charmian: dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If ever thou look’st on majesty.

Miss. She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life:
A stature, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Miss. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. I do perceive t’.—There’s nothing in her yet.—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years. I pr’ythee.

Miss. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Miss. And I do think, she’s thirty.

Cleo. Bear’st thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Miss. Rough, even to faultlessness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Miss. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as you could wish it.

Cleo. There’s gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepared. [Exit Messenger.]

Enter a Messenger: in i.e. ; Vered ; not look’d: in i.e.
not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not 
estating here, accuses him of letters he had formerly 
write to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: 
so the poor third is up till death enrolls his confines.

Eros. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
And through between them all the food thou hast, 
They'll grant each other Where is Antony? 
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurs
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Foof, Legibus!" 
And threatens the threat of that his officer, 
That murder'd Pompey.

Eros. Our great navy's rizz'g'd.
Eros. For Italy, and Caesar. More; Dominus:
My lord desires you presently: my news 
I might have told hereafter.

Eros. But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

[Exit.}

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Caesar's House.

Enter Caesar, Agrrippa, and Mecenas.

Caes. Contending Rome, he has done all this, and 
In Alexandria: here is the manner of it. [more.
I'm the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, 
Cleopatra and herself in chairs of gold 
Were publicly enthron'd: at their feet sat 
Cassarian, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue, that then just
Since then hath made between them. unto her
He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, 
Absolute queen.

Mec. This is the public eye?
Caes. I the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there: proclam'd the kings of kings.
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia.
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habitations of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave
As 'twas reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Caes. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Caes. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part of the Milo: then does he ray, he lent me
Some shipping unforti'd: lastly, he frets.
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Caes. 'Tis done already, and a messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too erud;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part, but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Caes. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.
Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Oct. Hail, Caesar, and my lord! hail, most dear Caesar! 

Caes. That ever I should call thee cast-aside!
Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Caes. Why have you stud'd upon us thus? You
come not
Like Caesar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher and
The neighing of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way.
Should have borne men, and expectation frame
Looking for what it had not: nay, the dart
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven.
Rash'd by your populous troops. But you are come
A market-man to Rome, and have prevented
The extortation of our love. which, let us know
In often held? unbro'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
Of my free-will. My lord Mark Antony:
Hearing that you prepar'd for war acquainted
My griefed ear within; whereto, I beseech
His pardon for return.

Caes. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct tween his lust and him.
Oct. Do not say so, my lord.
Caes. I have eyes upon him.
And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?
Caes. No, my most wronged sister: Cleopatra
Hath nod'd him to her: he hath given his empire
Up to a whore: they are now levy'g
The kings of the earth for war. He hath assemble'd
Bœotias, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphia, king
Of Phœnician; the Thracian king. Adela-
King Malebas of Arabia; king of Pont,
Hercut of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Ptolemy and Amphilas,
The kings of Medes and Lycaon;
With a more larger list of seetrees.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do affect each other!

Caes. Welcome hither.
Your letters did withhold our breathing forth,
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong'd,
And in nezligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
Over your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make his minister
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort:
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off.
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?
Caes. Most certain. Sister, welcome: pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dearest sister! [Exit.
SCENE VII.—Antony’s Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say’st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounced against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [Aside.] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.
Cleo. What is’t you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, ’tis true,
What should not then be spar’d. He is already
Traduc’d for levity; and ’tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i’ the war,
And as the president of my kingdom will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it,
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Ant. Is’t not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly ent the Ionian sea,
And take it?—You have heard on’t, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir’d,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well become the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Ant. For that he dares us to it.

Eno. So hath my lord dar’d him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Caesar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shacks off,
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann’d;
Your mariners are mutiners, reapers, people
Ingras’d by swift impress: in Caesar’s fleet
Are those, that often have ‘gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare, yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar’d for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark’d footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I’ll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn,
And with the rest, full-mann’d, from the head of
Actium
Beat th’ approaching Caesar; but if we fail!

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do’t at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried
Cesar has taken Tarsus.

Ant. Can he be there in person? t’s impossible:
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse: we’ll to our ship.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks; Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phornicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well.—Away!

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i’ the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on’t: so our leader’s led,
And we are women’s men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Caius, are for sea;
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Caesar’s
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil’d all spies.

Can. Who’s his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time’s with labour; and throws forth
Each minute some.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

Enter Caesar, Taurus, Officers, and others.

Caesar. Taurus!

Taur. My lord.

Caesar. Strike not by land; keep whole
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll: [Giving it.
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond’ side o’ the hill.
In eye of Caesar’s battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[Exeunt.

Enter Canidius, marching with his Land Army one
Way over the Stage: and Taurus, the Lieutenant of
Caesar, the other Way. After their going in is
heard the Noise of a Sea-Fight.

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Enobarbus. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer.

The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, dy, and turn the rudder
To see ’t, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scærus.

Scærus. Gods, and goddesses.

Enobarbus. All the whole synod of them!

Enobarbus. What’s thy passion?

Scærus. The greater cantle* of the world is lost

* Spoken against. 2 Conquer. 3 Easily managed. 4 Not in f. 5 Portion.
With very ignorance: we have kiss’d away
Kingsdoms and provinces.

Euno. How appears the fight?

Scarr. On our side like the token’d pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yond’ ribald hag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake? i’ the midst o’ the fight—
When vantage, like a pair of twins, appear’d
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder:—
The brize2 upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Euno. That I behel:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scarr. She once being loof’d,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a dotted mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

Euno. Alack, alack!

Enter Candidus.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O! he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Euno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night.

Indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scarr. ’Tis easy to’t; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Caesar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Euno. I’ll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon’t;
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv’d upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure’s in the harbour, take it.—O!
I follow’d that I blushed to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness; take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself; to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; ’pray you now:
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you. I’ll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

Enter Eros, and Cleopatra, led by Charmian, and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him; comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen,
Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down.—O June!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam,—

Iros. Madam: O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes.—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e’en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and ’t was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lientenantry, and no practices had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iros. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!—

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches
Her head’s declin’d, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the resene.

Ant. I have offended reputation
By most unblushing swearing.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O! whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back what I have left behind
Stray’d in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails: I little thought,
You would have follow’d.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew’st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o’er my spirit.
Thy full supremacy thou knew’st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shiftings of lowness, who
With half the bulk of the world play’d as I pleas’d
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon!

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say: one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster:
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [Exeed]

SCENE X.—CEA’s Camp in Egypt.

Enter Caesar, Dolabella, Thyrus, and others.

Cas. Let him appear that’s come from Antony—
Know you him?

Dol. Caesar, ’tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck’d, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous rings for messengers.
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Euphronius.

Cas. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

Cas. Be it so. Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee snes
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
Submit's to thy might, and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cas. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cas. Bring him through the bands.

[Exit Euphrinius.]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [To Thyreus.]
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Caesar, I go.

Cas. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw.
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only: that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that extreme of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship: at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The most enterprizing? 'T was a shame, no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Prythee, peace.

Cleo. Enter Antony, with Euphrinius.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fii thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions.
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon

As i'th the command of Caesar: I dare him, therefore,
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd: sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

[Exit Antony and Euphrinius.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the show
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes: and things outward
Do draw the inward qualities after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all miseries, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cesar, thou hast sub'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Ant. A messenger from Caesar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the bud.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [Aside]
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith more folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Caesar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has,
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for you, know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Caesar's.

Thyr. Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther then he is Caesar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you heard him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not asdeserv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. [Aside.] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [Exit Enobarbus.

Thyr. Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud, who is
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger!

Say to great Caesar, that* in reputation*
I kiss his conquering hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

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1 mere'd: in f.e. 2 quality: in f.e. 3 measures: in f.e. 4 Quarrel. 5 The words "who is," are not in f.e. 6 th.s: in f.e. dir. outation: in f.e.
1 Att. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cry’d he? and begg’d he pardon?
1 Att. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp’d for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee:
Shake but to look on’t. Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am.
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy ’t is to do:
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abyss of hell. If he mishake,
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enchant’d bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes! be gone! [Exit Thyræus.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack! our terrane moon
Is now eclips’d, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear! if it be so
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion snite,
Till by degrees the memory of his tomb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graceless, till the fies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey! [Exeunt all.
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sev’r’d navy, too.
Have knit again. a fleet threatening most seallike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
And my sword will earn our chronicle:
There’s hope in’t yet.
Cleo. That’s my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinc’rd, hearted, breath’d,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I’ll set my teeth.
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let’s have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let’s mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birthday.
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we’ll speak to them: and to-night I’ll
force [queen.
The wine peep through their sears.—Come on, my

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1 Not in f. s. 2 Blind. 3 Tugs to string by which garments were fastened 4 descanddering: in folios 5 Latin, gaudium; festivity, 3 D
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight, I'll make death love me, for I will contend Even with his pestilent sycyhe. [Exit Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants. Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious, Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter Caesar, reading a Letter; Agrippa, Mecenas, and others.

Cas. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal combat, Caesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know I have many other ways to die; mean time, Laugh at his challenge. Mec. Caesar must think, When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now Make boot of his distraction: never anger Made good guard for itself.

Cas. Let our best heads Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles We mean to fight. Within our files there are, Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late, Enough to fetch him in. See it done; And feast the army: we have store to do't, And they have ear'd the waste—Poor Antony! [Exit.


Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius? Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune, He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier, By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live, Or bathe my dying honour in the blood Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well? Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all!"

Ant. Well said; come on.—Call forth my household servants: let's to-night Enter Servants. Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand, Thou hast been right honour:—so hast thou;— Thou, and thou, and thou:—you have serv'd me And kings have been your fellows. [well.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too. I wish I could be made so many men, And all of you clapp'd up together in An Antony, that I might do you service, So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night; Scant not our cups, and make as much of me, As when mine empire was your fellow too, And suffer'd my command.

The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still, A diminution in our captain's brain Restores his heart. When valour presys on reason, It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek Some way to leave him.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Palace. Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

Sold. Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day. Sold. It will determine one way: fare you well!

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 Sold. Nothing. What news?

2 Sold. Behold, 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you. 1 Sold. Well, sir, good night. Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch. 3 Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[The first Two place themselves at their Posts. 4 Sold. Here we: They take their Posts.] and if to-morrow Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope Our landmen will stand up.

3 Sold. 'Tis a brave army, And full of purpose. [Music of Hautboys under the Stage. 4 Sold. Peace! what noise?

1 Sold. List, list! 2 Sold. Hark!

1 Sold. Music in the air. 3 Sold. Under the earth. 4 Sold. It signifies well, does it not?

3 Sold. No. 1 Sold. Peace! I say. What should this mean?

2 Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, who Antony lov'd, Now leaves him.

1 Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen Do hear what we do. [They advance to another Post.
2 Sold. How now, masters!

Ommes. How now!

How now! do you hear this? [Speaking together.

Sold. Ay; 'tis not strange?

3 Sold. Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter; Let's see how it will give off.

[Enter Antony, and Cleopatra; Charmian, and others, attending.

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my sweet. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros! Enter Eros, with Armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her. —Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la! I'll help.

Ant. Thus it must be. Well, well; We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely; He that unbuckles this, till we do please To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm— Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire More bright at this, than thou. Despatch. —O, love! That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st The royal occupation! thou shouldst see Enter an armed Soldier.

A workman in't. —Good morrow to thee; welcome: Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge. To business that we love we rise betimes, And go to't with delight.

Sold. A thousand, sir, Early thought, be, have on their riveted trim, And at the port expect you. [Shout. Trumpets flourish. Enter Captains, and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads. This morning, like the spirit of a youth That means to be of note, begins betimes.— So; come, give me that: this way; well said, Fare thee well, dame: what'er becomes of me, This is a soldier's kiss. Reubakie, [Kisses her. And worthy shameful check it were, to stand On more mechanic compliment: I'll leave thee Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight, Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. —Adieu.

[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might Determine this great war in single fight! Then, Antony,—but now.—well, on.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros; a Soldier meeting them

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
My better service, when my trusti
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter man
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee.—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.
Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter Agrrippa, and others.

Agr. Retire; we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Caesar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt. 

Alarum. Enter Antony, and Scardus wounded.

Scard. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads. [Shouts after off.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scard. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now it is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scard. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scatches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scard. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hales, behind:
'Tis sport to make a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scard. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.
Alarum. Enter Antony, marching; Scardus, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gists. [Exeunt before.
To-morrow, before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all.
For doughty-handed are you: and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's, like mine: you have shewn all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the conglameto from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand:

Enter Cleopatra, attended.

To this great fair I'll commend thy acts.
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the world!
Chain tame arm'd neck: leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though
grey
Dr something mingle with our younger brown; yet
have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;

[Pointing to Scardus.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend, an armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like glowing Phæbus' car.—Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together
Appraising our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Caesar's Camp.

Sentinels on their Post. Enter Enobarbus.

1 Sold. If we be not relierv'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O! bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon!
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.—

1 Sold. Enobarbus! Peace!

Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy!
The poisonous damp of night dispone upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will, [Lying down:
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!

Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive.

O Antony! O Antony! [Dies

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him; for the things he speaks
May concern Caesar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet 'fore sleep.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, sir; awake! speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir?—

1 Sold. The hand of death hath caught him! Hark the

Drums afar off:

Do early wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is not of. Our hour
Is fully out.

3 Sold. Come on, then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony and Scardus, with Forces, marching

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea:

We please them not by land.

Scard. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or i'the air.

We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
SCENE XII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us (order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven)
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavours. [Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, and his Forces, marching.

Cas. But' being charg d, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take t, we shall: for his best force
Is forth to man his galley's. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage! [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond' pine does
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word [stand,
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell:—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum off, as at a Sea-Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe: and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discardy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false spill of Egypt! this greater charm,—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,*
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros! Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avault!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for do's; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [Exit Cleo.

'Tis well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live: but better 't were
Thou fell'st under my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't;—Eros, ho! [Exit.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian

Cleo. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so embossed. [Char.

To the monument!
There look yourself, and send him word you are dead
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, p'rythee, piteously. Hence,
Mardian, and bring me how he takes my death.—

To the Monument!

[Exeunt.

SCENE XII.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometimes, we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendock rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs.
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a thought.
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto
A million more, now lost; she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar's, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter Mardian.

Mardian.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony:

My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch: peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spoke
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

Then, in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony: it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rendr'd life,
Thy name so burn'd in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm me, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe.
Does pay thy labour richly; go.—[Exit Mardian

Off, pluck off:—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!

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[Footnotes: *Unless. 2 auguries: in folio. 3 panned: in folio. Hammond made the change. 4 soul: in f. e. 5 grave: in f. e. 6 A prince, one called "pricking in the garter," in verse with garter. 7 do's: in folio. 8 burning at the mouth.]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT IV.

THOU teachest me, O valiant Eros! what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: but I will be
A bridgework in my death, and run into
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

[Turning his face from him]

I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard!—how?—O, despatch me!

Enter DERCIETAS and Guard.

1 Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one.

[Exit Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIONIDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Dioned; there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man?

[Exit DERCIETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Dioned? Draw thy sword
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Look'd in her monument. She had a prophesy-

ing fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had compos'd with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Mé to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late! good Dioned. Call my guard, I pray thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to

wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, my good fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [Exit, bearing ANTONY.

Scene XIII.—The Same. A Monument.

Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
SCENE I. — CAESAR’S CAMP BEFORE ALEXANDRIA.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so straitened, tell him, that he mocks
The pauses that he makes.

Assist. O! Caesar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

Dol. Caesar, I shall.

Enter Dolabella, with the Sword of Antony.

Caes. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar’st
Appear thus to us?

Dol. Mark Antony I serv’d, who best was worthy
The: in e. 2 conclusion: in f. e. 3 sport: in f. e. 4 when: in folio. Pope made the change. 5 Chores. 6 in f. e.: Tell him

He mocks us by the pauses, &c.

ACT V.
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore my life,
To spend upon his hater. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cas. What is't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Caesar! Antony is dead.

Cas. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: the round world should have shook
Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom: in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar; Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Split that self noble heart. This is his sword; I robb'd his wound of it: behold it, stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cas. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persist'd deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity, but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cas. O Antony! Have I follow'd thee to this?—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforse
Have shewn to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not still together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcileable should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meete season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Coun'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Caesar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cas. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lost in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome

Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Caesar, I shall. [Exit Proculeius.

Cas. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cas. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life, 'tis paltry to be Caesar:—
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knife,
A minister of her will; and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius,
Gallus, and Soldiers.

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd:
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty to keep decorum, must
No less beg of a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy, and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Grl. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend the Monument by a Ladder, and come behind Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.

Guard her till Caesar come.

[To Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [Drawing a Dagger

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [Disarms her.
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev’d, but not betray’d.

Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master’s bounty, by
Th’ undoining of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O! temperance, lady.
I’ll not sleep neither. This mortal house I’ll rain,
Do Caesar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion’d at your master’s court,
Nor once be chast’d with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me all the shining varlety
Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilton’s mud
Lay me stark nak’d, and let the water flies.
Blow me into abhorr’d! rather make
My country’s high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculiuns,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I’ll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
If you’ll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Cleopatra kneels]

Enter Dolabella, Proculus, and Soldiers

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is’t not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream’d, there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens: and therein stuck
A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature.

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear’d arm,
Crested the world; his voice was propitious
As all the tuned spheres; and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in’t: an autumn 1 it was,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like; they show’d his back above
The element they liv’d in: in his livery
Walk’d crowns, and crownets: realms and islands were
As plates 2 dropp’d from his pocket.

1 necessary: in f e. 2 Antony: in fo io. Theobald made the change. 3 Silver coins. 4 A term at cards, to stake. 5 suites: in f e. Not in f e.
I tell you this: Caesar through Syria
Intends his journey, and within three days
You with your children will be send before.
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Dolabella.

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Caesar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [Exit Dol.] Now, Iris
what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanism slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view: in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras.
The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iris. Saucy liators
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and saud rymer's
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
'l the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Iras. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To foil their preparation, and to conquer
Their most assured intents.—Now, Charmian?

Re-enter Charmian.

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attire:—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony. [Exit.]

Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chere, I will give thee
leave
To play till doomes-day. —Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [Exit Iris. A noise within.

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your higheless presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. —How poor an instrument

[Exit Guard.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket
Guard. This is the man.


Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilius there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him; but I would not be the party
that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal: those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberst thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very
honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman
should not do but in the way of honesty how she died
of the biting of it, what pain she left. —Truly, she
makes a very good report of the worm; but he that

Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Ces. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Caesar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours,
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild.—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hid!—What! goest thou back? thou
shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog.
O rarely base!

Ces. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Caesar! what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immortal toys, things of such dignity
As we bestow modern friends withal; and say,
Some noble token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation, must I be unfolded
With one that have bred? Ye gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[To Seleucus.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit
Through th' ashes of mischance. —Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Ces. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought
For things that others do; and when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
And therefore to be pitied.

Ces. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we? the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Caesar's no merchant, to make price with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!


[Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, and his Train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[Whispers Charmian.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoken already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Cleo. Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [Exit Charmian.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,

will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most fallible, the worm's an adder-worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown sets down the Basket.

Cleo. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Cleo. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman; I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar nine.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Cleo. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [Exit.

Re-enter Iras, with a robe, Crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me. Now, no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.— Vare, yare, good Iras; quick,—Methinks, I hear Antony call: I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Caesar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title. I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmer;—Iras, long farewell. [Kisses them. Iras falls, and dies.

Have I the asp'sk in my lips? Dost fall? If thou and nature can so gently part, The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch, Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still? If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say, The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony, He'll make no demand of her, and spend that kiss, Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch, [She applies the Asp to her Breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool, Be angry, and despatch. O! couldst thou speak, That I might hear thee call great Caesar ass Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star! 

Cleo. Peace, peace! 

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast, That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break! 

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.

O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too. 

[Applying another Asp to her Arm.

Why should I stay—

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well. 

Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close; And golden Phoebus never be behold Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry*

I'll mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly; wake her not.

1 Guard. Caesar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger. [Applies the Asp.

O! come; space; despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmer, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! 

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming To see perform'd the dreadful act, which thou So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Caesar! 

Enter Caesar, and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augurer: That you did fear, is done.

Cas. Bravest at the last: She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal, Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths? I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought her figs This was his basket.

Cas. Poison'd, then.

1 Guard. O Caesar This Charmer lived but now; she stood, and spake I found her trimming up the diadem On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood, And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cas. O noble weakness!— If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear By external swelling; but she looks like sleep, As she would catch another Antony In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast, There is a vent of blood, and something blown The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an asp'sk trail; and these fig-leaves Have slime upon them, such as the asp leaves Upon the caves of Nile.

Cas. Most probable, That so she died; for her physician tells me, She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed, And bear her women from the monument; She shall be buried by her Antony; No grave upon the earth shall clip in it A pair so famous. High events as these Strike those that make them: and their story is No less in pity, than his glory, which Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall, In solemn show, attend this funeral, And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see High order in this great solemnity. 

[Exeunt
Cymbeline.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cymbeline, King of Britain.
Cloen, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
Leonatus Posthumus, Husband to Imogen.
Belarius, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

Guiderius, Arviragus, Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.

Philario, Friend to Posthumus, Italians.
Iachimo, Friend to Philario.
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace. Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom,
Whom he purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow)
That late he married had refer'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the king?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(If mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him fair.

1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 Gent. What's his name, and birth?

1 Gent. I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassiobian,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father
Then old and fond of 'st issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest; liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature,
A glass that festr'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: for his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd, her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him,
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' th' swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter.

After the slander of most step-mothers, Evil-eye'd unto you; you are my prisoner, but Your jailor shall deliver you the keys That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus, So soon as I can win th'offended king, I will be known your advocate: marry, yet The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good, You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitting The pangs of bard affections, though the king Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

Exit Queen.

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant Can tickle where she wounds.—My dearest husband, I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing (Always reserv'd my holy duty) what His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot Of angry eyes; not comforted to live, But that there is this jewel in the world, That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress! O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause To be suspected of more tenderness Than doth become a man. I will remain The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth: My residence in Rome at one Philario's; Who to my father was a friend, to me Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen, And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send, Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you: If the king come, I shall incur I know not How much of his displeasure. [Aside.] Yet I'll move him To walk this way. I never do him wrong, But he does buy my injuries to be friends, Pays dear for my offences.

[Exit Post.

Should we be taking leave As long a term as yet we have to live, The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little; Were you but riding forth to air yourself, Such parting were too petty. Look here, love; This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart; But keep it till you woo another wife, When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—You gentle gods, give me but this I have, And sear up my embraces from a next With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the Ring.

While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest, As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles I still win of you: for my sake, wear this: It is a manacle of love; I'll place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Post. I'll seek the king.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight! If after this command thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away! Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you, And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

[Exit

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing! That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir, Harm not yourself with your vexation; I am senseless of your wrath: a touch more rare Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience? Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace?

Cym. That mightest have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a jackdaw! Thou tookst a beggar would have made thy throne A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir, It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus. You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is A man worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad? Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were A neatherd's daughter, and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—They were again together; you have done! To the Queen Not after our command. Away with her, And pen her up.

Queen. Beweep your patience.—Peace! Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign, Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish A drop of blood a day; and, being aged, Die of this folly.

Queen. Enter Pisianio.

Queen. Dost!—You must give way:

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
QUEEN.
No harm, I trust, is done?

PIS. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought;
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

QUEEN. I am very glad on't.

PIS. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

PIS. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

QUEEN. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

PIS. I humbly thank your highness.

QUEEN. Pray, walk a while.

IMO. About some half-hour hence, pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter CLOETEN, and Two Lords.

1 LORD. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice.
Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad
so wholesome as that you vent.

CLOETEN. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have
I hurt them?

2 LORD. [Aside.] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

1 LORD. Hurt him? his body's a passable careess, if
he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 LORD. [Aside.] His steel was in debt; it went o' the
backside the town.

CLOETEN. The villain would not stand me.

2 LORD. [Aside.] No; but he fled forward still, to
ward your face.

1 LORD. Stand you! You have land enough of your
own; but he added to your having, gave you some
ground.

2 LORD. [Aside.] As many inches as you have oceans.

—Puppies!

CLOETEN. I would they had come between us.

2 LORD. [Aside.] So would I, till you had measured
how long a foot you were upon the ground.

CLOETEN. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse
me!

2 LORD. [Aside.] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 LORD. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her
brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have
seen small reflection of her wit.

2 LORD. [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest the
reflection should hurt her.

CLOETEN. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had
been some hurt done!

2 LORD. [Aside.] I wish not so; unless it had been
the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

CLOETEN. You'll go with us?

1 LORD. I'll attend your lordship.

CLOETEN. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 LORD. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

IMOGEN. I would thou gav'st unto the shores o' the haven.
And question'd every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

PISANIO. It was, his queen, his queen

IMOGEN. Then waw'd his handkerchief?

PISANIO. And kiss'd it, madam, IMOGEN. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

PISANIO. No, madam; for so long
As he could make with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

IMOGEN. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

PISANIO. Madam, so I did.

IMOGEN. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd
them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had point'd him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisano,
When shall we hear from him?

PISANIO. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

IMOGEN. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
'Purser' me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter A Lady.

The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

IMOGEN. Those things I bid you do, get them de-
spatch'd,—
I will attend the queen.

PISANIO. Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.


Enter PHILARIO, JACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,
and a Spaniard.

JACHIMO. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so
worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of;
but I could then have looked on him without the help
of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments
had been tabulated by his side, and I to peruse him by
items.

PHILARIO. You speak of him when he was less furnished,
than now he is, with that which makes him both with-
out and within.

FRENCH. I have seen him in France: we had very
many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And, then, his banishment.

Iach. Ay, and the approbations1 of those who weep this lamentable divorce and her doleurs,2 are worth wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more3 quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His father and I were soldiers, together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. — Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. — I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you over-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone4 my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather slumber to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my mended judgment, (if I must offend to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitration of swords: and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have contounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living: or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her before ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlusters many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the other.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone,

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unaparazoned mistress is dead or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; or if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince5 the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'values it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence therein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion: and I doubt not you'll sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more.—a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation6 of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court, where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, god to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis a part of it.

Iach. You are afraid,7 and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what is spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return. Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of

1 approbations. 2 under her colours: 3 This word is not in f. e. 4 lem. in f. e. 5 Reconcile. 6 Not in folio. 7 Not be have in folio. 8 Malone made the change. 9克服. 10 a friend: in f. e.
your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. 
Here's my ring. 

Phil. I will have it no lay. 

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles between us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make good1 your vauntage2 upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exit Posthumus and Iachimo. 

French. Will this hold, think you? 

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace. 

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius. 

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers: Make haste. Who has the note of them? 

1 Lady. I, madam. 

Queen. Despatch. — [Exit Ladies. 

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs? 

Cor. Pleadeth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: —[Presenting a small Box. 

But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; 
But though slow, deadly? 

Queen. I wonder, doctor, 
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how 
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, 
That our great king himself doth woo me oft 
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) it's not meet 
That I did amplify my judgment in 
Other conclusions? I will try the forces 
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as 
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human) 
To try the vigour of them, and apply 
Ayments to their act; and by them gather 
Their several virtues, and effects. 

Cor. Your highness 
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be 
Both noisome and infectious. 

Queen. O! content thee.— 

[Aside.] Here comes a flattering rascal: upon him Will I first work: he's for his master, 
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisiano!—

1 Not in f. e. 2 voyage: in f. e. 3 To Pisiano: in f. e. 

Doctor, your service for this time is ended: 
Take your own way. 

Cor. [Aside.] I do suspect you, madam: 
But you shall do no harm. 

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— 

[She talks apart to Pisiano. 

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think, she has 
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, 
And will not trust one of her malices with 
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has 
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile; 
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs, 
Then afterward up higher; but there is 
No danger in what show of death it makes 
More than the locking up the spirits a time, 
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd 
With a most false effect; and I the truer, 
So to be false with her. 

Queen. No farther service, doctor, 
Until I send for thee. 

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit. 

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou 
think, in time 
She will not queach, and let instruction enter 
Where folly now possess? Do thou work: 
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son, 
'll tell thee on the instant thou art, then, 
As great as is thy master: greater; for 
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name 
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor 
Continue where he is: to shift his being, 
Is to exchange one misery with another, 
And every day that comes to decay, 
A day's work in him. What shall thou expect, 
To be dependar on a thing that leans? 
Who cannot be new-built; nor has no friends, 
[The Queen drops the Box: Pisiano takes it 
up and presents it. 

So much as but to prop him.—Thou tak'rt up 
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour. 
It is a thing I made, which hath the king 
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know 
What is more cordial:—say, I pr'ythee, take it; 
It is an earnest of a farther good 
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how 
The case stands with her: do'st as from thyself. 
Think what a chance thouchaneste o2; but think 
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son, 
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king 
To any shape of thy preferment, such 
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, 
That set thee on to this desert, am bound 
To load thy merit richly. Call my women: 
Think on my words. [Exit Pis.]—A sly and constant 
knave, 
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master, 
And the rememberer of her, to hold 
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that, 
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her 
Of liggers for her suite; and which she after, 
Except she bend her humour, shall he assured 
Re-enter Pisiano, and Ladies. 

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done. 
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, 
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisiano; 
Think on my words. [Exit. Queen and Ladies 
Pis. And shall do; 
But when to my good lord I prove untrue, 
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.
SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd:—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief, and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe're, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a Letter.

Imo. You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend;
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads] "He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest—"

"Leonatus."

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes?
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope?
O'er sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious?
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely define: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit to emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir, desire
To Pisanio.

My man's abode where I did leave him; he
Is strange and peevish.

To give him welcome. [Exit Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none, a stranger there.

So merry and so gossome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries;
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. N't he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him
Might be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much:
In you,—which I account beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir? You look on me: what wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
The dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your,—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you.
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch
Whose every touch, would force the feeter's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (damm'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: joi'n griipes with hands
Made hard with hourly falschool (falschool as
With labour), then bo-peeping in an eye,
Base and illustrious as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain
And himself. Not I,
inclind' to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Let me hear no more.

O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empiry
Would make the greatest king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseases, ventures,
That pay' with all infinites for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recover from your great stock.

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps.
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

What ho, Pisania!

Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seck'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicist'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisania!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisania!—

O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit. Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his: and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance

Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

You make amends.

He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god
He hath a kind of honour sets him off.
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chafless. Pray, your pardon.

All's well, sir. Take my power i' the court,
for yours.

My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
'Tentreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Pray, what is 't?

Some dozen Romans, and your lord,
[The best feather of our wing] have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form. Their value's great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Willingly.

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must aboard to-morrow.

O! no, no.

Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

I thank you for your pains,
But not away to-morrow.

O! I must, madam.

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstay'd my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

I will write.

Send your trunk to me. It shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.
Enter Cloten, and Two Lords, as from the Bowling- 

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I 
missed the jack upon an up-stair, to be hit away! 

Play: in f. e. 2 condemn: in f. e. 3 outstood: in f. e. 4 The rest of this direction is not in f. e

had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson 
jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I 
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend 
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his 

\[Exeunt\]
2 Lord. [Aside.] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.
Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?
2 Lord. No, my lord; [Aside.] nor crop the ears of them.
Clo. Whoreson dog! — I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!
2 Lord. [Aside.] To have smelt like a fool.
Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.
—A pox on’t! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.
2 Lord. [Aside.] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.
Clo. Sayest thou?
2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.
Clo. No, I know that: but it is I should commit offence to my inferiors.
2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.
Clo. Why, so I say.
1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that’s come to court to-night?
Clo. A stranger! and I not know on’t?
2 Lord. [Aside.] He’s a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.
1 Lord. There’s an Italian come; and ’tis thought, one of Leonatus’s friends.
Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he’s another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?
1 Lord. One of your lordship’s pages.
Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in it?
1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.
Clo. Not easily, I think.
2 Lord. [Aside.] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.
Clo. Come, I’ll go see this Italian. What have I lost to-day at bowls, I’ll win to-night of him. Come, go.
2 Lord. I’ll attend your lordship.
[Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess! Thou d’ine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern’d; A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he’d make! The heavens fold him The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak’d That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may’st stand I’ en joy thy banish’d lord, and this great land! [Exit.

SCENE II. — A Bed-Chamber: in one part of it, a great Trunk.

Imogen reading in her Bed; Helen attending.

Ino. Who’s there? my woman, Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Ino. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Ino. I have read three hours, then. Mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.

1 The covering of floors. 2 Not in f. e. 4 base: in f. e

Take not away the taper, leave it burning; And if thou canst awake by four o’ the clock, I pr’ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz’d me wholly [Exit Helen.

To your protection I commend me, gods! From fairies, and the tempters of the night, Guard me, beseech ye!

Enter Iachimo from the Trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man’s o’er-labour’d sense Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus Did softly press the rushes, ’ere he waken’d The chaste Titania. Cytherea, How bravely thou becom’st thy bed! fresh lily, And whiter than the sheets! That’s a might touch! But kiss; one kiss! — Rubies unparagon’d, [Kissing Her How dearly they do’t. — ’Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o’ the taper Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids, To see the enclosed lights, now canopied Under the windows; white and azure, lac’d With blue of heaven’s own tint.—But my design, To note the chamber: I will write all down:

[ Takes out his tables.

Such, and such. pictures:—there the window:—such Th’ adoration of her bed:—the arras, figures, Why, such, and such:—and the contents o’ the story.— Ah! but some natural notes about her body, Above ten thousand manner moveables Would testify, t’ enrich mine inventory: O sleep, thou ape of death, lic dull upon her, And be her sense but as a monument, Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off:—

[ Taking off her Bracelet.

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard,— ’T is mine; and this will witness outwardly, As strongly as the conscience doth within, To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast A mole cinque-spot’d, like the crimson drops I’ the bottom of a cowslip: here’s a voucher. Stronger than ever law could make: this secret Will force him think I have pick’d the lock, and ta’en The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end? Why should I write this down, that’s riveted, Srew’d to my memory? She hath been reading late The tale of Tereus; here the leaf’s turn’d down, Where Philiomel gave up.—I have enough: To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it. Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning May dare the raven’s eye: I lodge in fear; Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Clock strikes.

One, two, three,—time, time! [Exit into the Trunk.

SCENE III. — An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen’s Apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man a loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.
Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.
1 Lord. But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It’s almost morning, is’t not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o’ mornings; they say, it will pene-
Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderfull sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

Song.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalied flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a fault in her ears, which horse-hairs, and eavels' guts, nor the voice of an unpaved cunning to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no advantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness foreshow on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us: we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman. —Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cym., Queen, Lords, and Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
I know her women are about her: what

[Calls.

If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; and makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay; sometime hangs both thief and true man: what

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.

By your leave.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more:

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—the princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourse
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness? 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That eases us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.

Clo. .

Imo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in manner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency,
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not foil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A panther, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Virtue, which I should have given as my dowry,
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be stily'd
The under hangman of his kingdom, and hated

vace: in f. e. 2 Knocks: in f. e. 3 Most mod. eds. read: soil. 4 A low servitor.
SCENE IV.  

CYMBELINE.

For being preferr'd so well.  
Clo.  The south-fog rot him!  
Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer  
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisani?  
Enter Pisani.  
Clo. His garment?  Now, the devil—  
Imo. To Dorothy my woman lie thee presently.  
Clo. His garment?  
Imo. I am spirited with a fool;  
Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; 'shew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it.  
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord  
That I kiss ought but he.  
Pis. 'T will not be lost.  
Imo. I hope so: go, and search.  
[Exit Pis.  
Clo. You have abus'd me.—  
His meanest garment?  
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir,  
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.  
Clo. I will inform your father.  
Imo. Your mother too:  
She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent.  
[Exit.  
Clo. I'll be reveng'd.—  
His meanest garment?—Well.  
[Exit.  


Enter Posthumus and Philario.  
Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour  
Will remain hers.  
Phi. What means do you make to him?  
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come. In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love: they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.  
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpa's all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucins  
Will do 's commission throughly; and, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrayeres,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.  
Post. I do believe,  
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be)  
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear  
The legion, now in Gallia, sooner land'd  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Caesar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline  
[New mingled with their courage] will make known  
To their approvers, they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.  
Enter Iachimo.  
Phi. See! Iachimo?  
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.  
Phi. Welcome, sir.  
Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.  
Iach. Your lady  
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.  
Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.  
Iach. Here are letters for you  
Post. Their tenor good, I trust.  
Iach. 'T is very like  
Phi. Was Caius Lucins in the Britain court,  
When you were there?  
Iach. He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.  
Post. All is well yet,—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?  
Iach. If I had lost,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.  
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.  
Iach. Not a whit.  
Your lady being so easy.  
Post. Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.  
Iach. Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.  
Post. If you can make 't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring are yours: if not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour, gains, or losses,  
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To whom shall find them.  
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.  
Post. Proceed.  
Iach. First, her bedchamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess  
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,  
Froud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on 't was.  
Post. This is most true  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.  
Iach. More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.  
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece, Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures So likely to report themselves: the cutter Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her, Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing, Which you might from relation likewise reap, Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons (I had forgot them) were two winged\(^i\) Cupids Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour.— Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise Be given to your remembrance) the description Of what is in her chamber nothing saves The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—

[Producing the Bracelet. And now 'tis up again: it must be married To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Once more let me behold it. Is it that Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her quit, And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O! no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[Giving the Ring.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye, Kills me to look on't.—Let there be no honour, Where there is beauty, truth, where semblance; love, Where there's another man: the vows of women Of no more bondage be, to where they are made. Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing. — 0, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir, And take your ring again; it is not yet won: It may be probable she lost it; or, Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupt, Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true:

And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring— tender to me some corporal sign about her, More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hawk you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears. 'T is true:—may, keep the ring—'t is true. I am sure, She would not lose it: her attendants are All sworn, and honourable:—they indued to steal it! And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her: The cognition of her incontinency Is this:—she hath bought the name of whose thus dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.

This is not strong enough to be believ'd Of one persuad'd well of.

Post. Never talk on't; She hath been colty by him.

Iach. If you seek For farther satisfying, under her breast (Worthy the\(^i\) pressing). has a mole, right proud Of that most delicate lodging: by my life, I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger To feed again, though full. You do remember This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm Another stain, as big as hell can hold, Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn, — No swearing If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie; And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to hear her limb-meal! I will go there, and do't; 'tis the court; before Her father.—I'll do something.

[Exit Phi. Quite besides The government of patience!—You have won: Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women Must be half-workers? We are all bards; And that most venerable man, which I Did call my father, was I know not where When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed The Dian of that time; so doth my wife The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance! Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd, And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with A pittance so rosy, the sweet view on't 1 Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her As chaste as unsum'd snow:—O, all the devils!— This yellow lacchino, in an hour,—was't not?— Or less.—at first; perchance he spoke not, but, Like a full-acorn'd boar, a foaming\(^i\) one, Cry'd "oh!" and mounted: found no opposition But what he look'd for should oppose, and she Should from encounter guard. Could I find out The woman's part in me! For there's no motion That tends to vice in man: but I affirm It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it, The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers; Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers; Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain, Nice longings, slander, mutability, All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows, Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all; For even to vice They are not constant, but are changing still One vice, but of a minute old, for one Not half so old as that. I'll write against them, Detect them, curse them.—Yet 't is greater skill, In a true hate, to pray they have their will: The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit

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\(^1\) winking: in fo. \(^i\) her: in folio. Rowe made the change. \(^i\) German: in fo.
ACT III.

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; whose use the sword of Caesar
Hath too much mangled: whose repair, and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar
(Cesar, that hath more kings his servants, than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then.—War, and confusion,
In Caesar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.

Luc. Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.6 I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold.

So Caesar shall not find them.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after;
wards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-
water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: If
you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare
better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Pisario.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monsters here accuse?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear!—What false Italian
(As poisonous tongue'd, as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—1, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How lock I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? "Do." The letter
[Reading
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity."—O, damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee. Senseless bawble,
Art thou a fooleary for this act, and lookst
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, Pisario!
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.
O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
That knew the stars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him:
Some griefs are medicinable; that is one of them.
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave.—Bless'd be,
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alight:
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clap young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!
[Reads.

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O
the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with
your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at
Milford-Haven: what your own sake will out of this
advise you follow. So, he wishes you all happiness,
that remains loyal to his vow, and your, out living in
love,"

"Leonatus Posthumus."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisario?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far't it isither. If one of mean affairs
May plot it in a week, why may not I
Glide thisher in a day?—Then, true Pisario,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me hate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind!—! not like me.
For mine's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the holes of hearing,
To the soothing of the sense) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T' infer such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born, or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers.
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock by half.—But this is foolery.
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country,
With a Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how I adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessons and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
That service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O! this life
Is nobler, than attending for a cheek;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bob,
Pronder, than rustling in unpaid for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncurst: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-

Pis. Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known, well corresponding
With your stiff age; but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,
A prison for? a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how
In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?—We have seen nothing.
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art of the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame, and honour; which dies i th'search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epithaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well: what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O, boys! this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me:
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then, was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night.
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you off)
But that two villains, whose false cathes prevaid
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock, and these desomes, have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunter's language. He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[Exeunt Gui. and Akrv.

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of fortune!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine; and, though train'd up
Thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow,1 their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck;2 even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,3
Once Arviragus: in as like a vigour,4
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd.

O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
At three, and two years-old, I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou retrievest of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. [Horn.]

—The game is up.

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisiano and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
Thou place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see the finest, as I have now. Pisiano! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that
sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with

A look untertend? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-darn'd I' the world hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy

tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read; [Giving it]
And you shall find me, wrecked man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] "Thy mistress, Pisiano, hast played
The strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof I'
bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surprises,
but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as
I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisiano, must
act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life;
I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; she
hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to
strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already. —No; 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword: whose tongue
Outvomens all the worms of Nile: whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,4
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature.
To break it with a fearful dream of him.
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachino,
Thou dost accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some say of Italy,
Who smother's her with painting,5 hath betray'd him
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O!
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
By thy revolts, O husband! shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas
Were in his time thought false; and Æneas's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men:
Goody, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd;
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: look! I
Draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not: 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding: strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, then art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine.
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something 's afoot!—Soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the seaboard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse ease of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely followers, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disdign'd by her
That now thou art on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—P'r'lythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do 't, and to bed, then.
Pis. I 'll crack mine eye-balls first.
Imo. And wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou absconded
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elected doer before thee?
Pis. But to win time,
To lose so bad employment; in which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet, and mine car,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is absconded:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mis'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you 'll back to the court—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, empty nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? If the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: p'r'lythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lecius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That, which, t appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Privy, yet full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, here 's the point
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaid of all women, or more truly,
Woman it pretty self) into a waggish carriage:
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!)
Alack, no remedy! to the greedy tooth
Of common-kissing Titian; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit
('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, which you will make him know
If that his head have ear in music) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. You means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplication.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. P'r'lythee, away:
There's more to be consider'd, but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What's in't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
SCENE V. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Closthenes, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir. My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence; And am right sorry that I must report ye My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir, Will not endure his yoke: and for ourself, To show less sovereignty than they, must needs Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.— Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you! Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office The due of honour in no point omit. So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord. Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well. Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords, Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness! [Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us, That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better: Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely, Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness: The powers that he already hath in Gallia Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business, But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen, Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd The duty of the day. She looks us like A thing more made of malice, than of duty: We have noted it. — Call her before us, for We have been too slight in suffered. [Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir, Since the exile of Posthumus, most rotird Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord, 'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty, Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady So tender of rebuke, that words are strokes, And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How Can her contempt be answer'd?

Que. Please you, sir, Her chambers are all look'd; and there's no answer That will be given to the loudest noise make. Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her, She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close; Whereof constrain'd by her infirmity, She should that duty leave unpaid to you, Which daily she was bound to proffer: this

She wish'd me to make known, but our great court Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?

Queen. Not seen of late? Graut, heavens, that which I Fear prove false! [Exit.

Cym. Son, I say, follow the king. Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio her old servant, I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.— [Exit Closthenes

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus. He hath a drag of mine: I pray, his absence Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes It is a thing most precious. But for her, Where is she gone? Haply, desiring hath seiz'd her; Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown To her desir'd Posthumus. Gone she is To death, or to dishonour; and my end Can make good use of either: she being down, I have the placing of the British crown. [Re-enter Closthenes.

How now, my son! Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled. Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may This night forestal him of the coming day! [Exit Queen

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she's fair and royal: And that she hath all courtly parts, more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one The best she hath, and she, of all compounded, Outshines them all. I love her therefore; but, Disdaining me, and throwing favours on The low Posthumus, slander's her judgment, That what else is is chok'd; and in that point I will conclude to hate her: nay, indeed, To be reveng'd upon her: for, when fools shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? — What! are you packing, sirrah? Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain, Where is thy lady? In a word, or else Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter— I will not ask again. Close villain, I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus? From whose so many weights of baseness cannot A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord! How can she be with him? When was she miss'd? He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer; No farther halting: satisfy me home What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is, at once, At the next word. — No more of worthy lord,— Speak, or thy silence on the instant is Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then sir, This paper is the history of my knowledge Touching her flight; [Presenting a Letter. Clo. Let's see 't. — I will pursue her Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [Aside.] Or this, or perish. She's far enough; and what he learns by this May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!
Pis. [Aside.] I’ll write to my lord she’s dead. O Imogen,
Safe may’st thou wander, safe return again!
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus’ hand; I know ’t. Sirrah, if thou wouldest not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to follow thee, with a serious industry, — that is, what villany so’er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand: here’s my purse. Hast any of thy late master’s garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven. — I forgot to ask him one thing: I’ll remember’st anon. — Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee. — I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now feel from my heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, — and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised) to the court I’ll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I’ll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisiano, with the Clothes.

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is’t since she went to Milford-Haven?
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber: that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee. — My revenge is now at Milford: would I had writ to do it. — Come, and be true. [Exit. Pis. Thou biddest me to the loss: for true to thee Wore to prove false, which I will never be To him that is most true. — To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool’s speed Be cross’d with slowness: labour be his meed! [Exit.

SCENE VI. — Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, attired like a Boy.

Imo. I see a man’s life is a tedious one: I have ’tired myself, and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. — Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisiano show’d thee,
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth, 
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds 
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd. 
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer 
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it. — 
Boys, bid him welcome. 

Gui. Were you a woman, youth, 
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty, 
I bid for you, as I do buy. 

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort, 
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother; 
And such a welcome as I'd give to him 
After long absence, is such as yours.—Most welcome. 
Be sprightlyly, for you fall 'mongst friends. 

Imo. 'Mongst friends! 
If brothers?—[Aside.] Would it had been so, that they 
Had been my father's sons: then, had my prize 
Been less: and so more equal ballasting 
To thee, Posthumus. 

Bel. He wrings at some distress. 
Gui. Would I could free 't! 

Arv. Or 't; what'er it be, 
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods! 

Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering. 

Imo. Great men, 
That had a court no bigger than this cave, 
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue 
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by 
That nothing gift of differing multitudes) 
Could not out-peir these twain. Pardon me, gods! 
I'd change my sex to be companion with them, 
Since Leonatus false.

Be. It shall be so. 
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in 
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, 
So far as thou wilt speak it. 

Gui. Pray, draw near. 
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark 
less welcome. 

Imo. Thanks, sir. 
Arv. I pray, draw near. [Exeunt; into the Cave

SCENE VII.—Rome. 

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes. 

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ 
That since the common men are now in action 
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians; 
And that the legions now in Gallia are 
Full weak to undertake our wars against 
The fallen-off Britons, that we do in mate 
The gentry to this business. He creates 
Lucius pro-consul; and to you, the tribunes, 
For this immediate levy he commands 
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar! 

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces? 

2 Sen. Ay. 

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia? 

1 Sen. With these legions 

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy. 

Must be suppliant: the words of your commission 

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time 

Of their despatch. 

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave. 

Enter Clooten. 

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, 
If Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments 
serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather 
(saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's 
fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the work- 
man. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-
glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own 
chamber) I mean, the lines of my body are as well-
drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath 
him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the 
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general 
services, and more remarkable in single oppositions; 
yet this perverse errant thing loves him in my despite. 

What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now 
is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour 
so off, thy mistress enforced, thy garments cut to 
pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her 
home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry 
for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power 
of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. 
My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sole 
purpose. Fortune, put them into my hand! This is 
the very description of their meeting-place, and the 
tellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Cave. 

Enter, from the Cave, Belarius, Guiderius, 
Arviragus, and Imogen. 

Bel. You are not well: [To Imogen.] remain here 
in the cave: 

We'll come to you after hunting. 

Arv. Brother, stay here: [To Imogen] 

Are we not brothers? 

Imo. So man and man should be 

But clay and clay differs in dignity, 

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick. 

Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him. 

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well; 

But not so citizen a wanton. as To seem to die, ere sick. So please you, leave me. 

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom 
is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me 

Cannot amend me: society is no comfort 
To one not sociable. I am not very sick, 

Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here: 

I'll rob none but myself, and let me die, 

Stealing so poorly. 

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it 

How much the quantity, the weight as much, 

As I do love my father. 

Bel. What! how? how? 

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me 

In my good brother's fault: I know not why

1 Discords. 2 The rest of this direction is not in s. e. 3 this impenitent thing: in s. e.
I love this youth; and I have heard you say, Love’s reason’s without reason: the bier at door, And a demand who is’t shall die, I’d say; My father, not this youth.

Bel. [Aside.] O noble strain! O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness! Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base: Nature hath meal and bran: contempt and grace. I am not their father; yet who this should be Doth miracle itself, lovd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o’ the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir, The tailor made them not.

Imo. [Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all’s savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disprov’st report. Th’ imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still: heart-sick.—Pisano,
I’ll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him.

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We’ll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.
Arv. We’ll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our house-wife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever. [Exit IMOGEN.]

This youth, how’er distress’d, appears he hath had Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings. [characters; Gui. But his next cookery: he cut our roots in And saved our broth’s, as Juno had been sick, And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him’ both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience! And let the stinking elder, grief, unwine
His persicking root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away!—Who’s there?

[Aent CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock’d me. I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates! Means he not us? I partly know him; ‘t is
Cloten, the son o’ the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know ‘t is he. —We are held as outlaws: hence!

Gui. He is but one. You and your brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?

I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne’er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?

[not 1]

Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know’st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool; I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What’s thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it toad, or adder, spider,
’T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy more confusion, thou shalt know
I’m son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for’t, not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise.
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I’ll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lod’s town set your heads.

Yield, rustic, mountaineer. [Exeunt, fighting

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No company’s abroad.

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure
Bel. I cannot tell: long is since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur’d those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
’T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them.

I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN’S HEAD.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse.
There was no money in’t. Not Hercules
Could have knock’d out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten’s head
Son to the queen after his own report;
Who call’d me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he’d take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow
And set them on Lod’s town.
We are all undone.

But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protests not us; then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh thrust us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

No single soul
Capone set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour,
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in, yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Don't make my way long forth.

With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

I fear, 't will be reveng'd.

Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't, though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me.—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenger,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:
You and Fidele play the cooks; I'll stay
Till hastily Polydore return, and bring him
To dine presently.

Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how's thyself thou blazon'est
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encha'd, as the rust' st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotdoll down the stream
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [Solemn Music]

My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Is he at home?
He went hence even now.
What does he mean? since death of my dear'st
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. 'The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Look! here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for.

The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The oozo, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiest harbor in?—Thou blessed thing:
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diest a most rare boy, of melancholy—
How found you him?

Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being la'th'd at; his right check
Reposing on a cushion.

Where?
O' the floor;
His arms thus leag'd: I thought he slept, and put
My cloutied brogues* from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Why, he but sleep;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower, that 's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leafy eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the rudeock* would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none
To winter-guard thy corsé.

Pr'ythee, have done.
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave!

*Av.* Say, where shall 's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Av.* Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once* our mother: use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Av.* We 'll speak it, then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, roting
Together, have one dust, yet reverence,
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 't wix't high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax.
When neither is alive.

*Av.* If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

*Av.* 'T is true.

*Gui.* Come on, then, and remove him.

*Av.* So.—Begin.

*SONG.*

*Gui.* Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rage;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and taken thy wages:
Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

*Av.* Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

*Gui.* Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast lost that's joy and own:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

*Gui.* No exorciser harm thee!

*Av.* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gui.* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Av.* Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of Cloten.*

*Gui.* We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

[They place him beside IMOGEN.]

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt's for graves.—Upon their faces.
You were as flowers, now with'er'd; even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strew—

Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.]

*Imo. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which
is the way?—

I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—feath', I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope I dream,
For lo! I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven!—How?—'T is gone. Pisano,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irreligious devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth trencherous!—Damn'd Pisano
Hath with his forged letters.—damn'd Pisano—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas!
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisano might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on.—How should this be? Pisano!
'T is he, and Cloten: malice and hate in them
Have laid this woe here. O! 't is pregnant, pregnant.
The drug he gave me. which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it?
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisano's deed, and Cloten's: O——
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horror may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the seas; attending
You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiders,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be must'd: bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

"to our: in folio. * and girls all must: in f. e. * Not in f. e. 1° so: in f. e. 2° Like Jove"
Scene IV.

Cymbeline.

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From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeam: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho? what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How? a page!—
dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather;
nature doth abhor to make his bed
ith the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good one,
That here by moonlight lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, er'ry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Tis lack, good youth! Thy name?
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ [Aside]. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon.—Say, you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith: thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chances with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, sir; I am not the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pikebacks can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends.
The boy hath taught us many duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daised plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us, and he shall be inter'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.

Scene III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisania.

Cym. Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present; it strikes me past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress.
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes to return. Beech your highnesses
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome
We'll slip you for a season; but with jealousy
You yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty.
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready.
The want is, but to put these powers in motion.
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw.
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away! [Exeunt.

Pis. I had no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; nor true, to be true
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [Exeunt.

Scene IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guil. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Guil. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not master'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
SCENE I.—A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones, if each of you should take this course, how many must murder wives much better than themselves, for wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio! Every good servant does not all commands; no bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved the noble Imogen to repent, and struck me, wretched, more worth your vengeance. But, alack! you snatch some hence for little faults; that's love.

To have them fall no more: you some permit to second ills with ills, each later worse, and make men dread it, to the doer's thrift. But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, and make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither among the Italian gentry, and to fight against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough that, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress! peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me of these Italian weeds, and suit myself as does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight against the part I come with; so I'll die for thee, O Imogen! even for whom thy life is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown, Pined nor hated, to the face of peril, myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know more valour in me, than my habits show. Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me! To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin the fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Trumpets and Drums. Enter at one side Lucius, LACHINO, and the Roman Army; at the other side, the British Army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following like a poor Soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again to skirmish, LACHINO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarms LACHINO, and then leaves him. Alarums on both sides.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady, the princess of this country, and the air on't revengingly enfolds me; or could this ear, a very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me in my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne as I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If thy that gentry, Britain, go before this lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit. Alarums. The Battle continues: the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus. Bel. Stand, stand! we have the advantage of the ground. The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but the villainy of our fears.

Gui. Avor. Stand, stand, and fight! Alarums. Enter Posthumus, and second the Britons, they rescue Cymbeline, and exclaim: then, enter Lucius, Lachino, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself for friends kill friends, and the disorder's such as were hood-wink'd. Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exit.]
SCENE IV.

CYMBELINE.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Posthumus and a Briton Lord.

Lord. Can't thou from where they made the stand?

Post. Though you it seems, come from the fiers.

Lord. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

Post. I d'd.

Lord. If who this Ay, d-d I stand, know, for the

Post. The lack my think, you have that you have

Lord. Noble I give who after the Cap.

Post. Some, that's! T' Lord.

SCENE.

Lolling So Which More An With Or Like But With Accommodated The A Some Of The The BCEITE Rather "Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane, 'reserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane." Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack! to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;

If you'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [Exit

Post. Still going?—This is a lord. O noble misery! To be i' the field, and ask, what news of me.

To-day, how many would have given their honours
to have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? lo, in mine own woe char'md,

Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Nor feel him where he struck; being an ugly monster,

'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him

For being now a favourer to the Briton,

No more a Briton, I have resumed' again

The part I came in. Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer be

Britons must take; for me, my ransom 's death

On either side I come to spend my breath,

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,

But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two Briton Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is taken
'T is thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,

That gave th' affront with them.

1 Cap. So 't is reported;

But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,

Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds

Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell

What crows have peck'd them here. He brag's his

As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline, attended; Belarius, Guederus,

Arviragus, Pisanio, and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who de-

livers him over to a Jailor; after which, all go out.

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter Posthumus, and Two Jailors.

1 Jail. You shall not now be stolen; you have locks upon you:

So, graze as you find pasture.

2 Jail. Ay, or a stomach. [Exeunt Jailors.

Post. Most welcome, boudage, for thou art a way.

I think, to liberty. Yet am I better

Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had ratha

Groun so in perpetuity, than be cur'd.

By the sub, physician, death, who'd unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art where more

More than my shanks, and wrists; you good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt.

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough. I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd; to satisfy;

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take

No stricter render of me than my all.

I know, you are more element than vile men,

Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life, take mine: and though
'T is not so dear yet, 'tis a life; you could it;
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp.
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIANUS.
LEONATUS. Father to Posthumus, an old Man attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to Posthumus, with Music before them: then, after other Music, follow the Two young Leonati. Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well?
Whose face I never saw;
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law.
Whose father, then, (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity,

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck1 and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this from stiffer seats we came,
Our parents, and we twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Tenants' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due,
Being all to colours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window open; look out.
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry,
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of regions low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Aceuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be met with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delight'd. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen.
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.

Sici. He came in thunder: his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Swoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than urchild'sd fields.
His royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter.

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blast,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [Ghosts vanish.

Post. [Waking.] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire
And begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born,
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done:
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

[Finding the Tablet.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one! Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment Nobler than that it covers; let thy effects So follow, to be most unlike our curators, As good as promise.

[Reads.] * As when a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
SCENE V.—CYMBELINE'S Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanius, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart, That the poor soldier, that so richly fought, Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one, that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living; But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain, By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time To ask of whom ye are: report it.

Bel. Sir, In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen. Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.—
Aris, my knights of the battle: I create you Companions to our person, and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces.—Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not of the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king! To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider, By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death Will seize the doctor too.—How end she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life; Which, being cruel to the world, concluded Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd, I will report, so please you: these her women Can trip me, if I err, who, with wet cheeks, Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you: only Affected greatness got by you, not you: Married your royalty, was wife to your place. Abhorr'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this; And, but she spoke it dying, I would not Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to live With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight: whose life, But that her flight prevented it, she had To' e'n by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had For you a mortal mineral: which, being took, Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to Overcome you with her show; and in time

---

1 Risk. 2 Pretended.
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so? Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart, And lend my best attention. What's thy name? Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely

[Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death? Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad, Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you? Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not forbear.

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead

Bel. Be silent: let's see farther.

Pis. [Aside.] It is my mistress!

Since she is living, let the time run on, To good, or bad.

[Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side: Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [To Iachimo.] step you forth:

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,

Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,

Which is our honour, bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [Aside.] What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,

How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to learn unspoken that,

Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that, which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy:

I got this ring: it was Leonatus'—

Whom thou didst banish; and (which rare natures grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd—

'Twixt sky and ground, wilt thou hear mine? my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy star of

For whom my heart drops blood, and my life spoils a

Quail to remember.—Give me leave: I know

Cym. My daughter! what of her? renew

strength:

I had rather then should live while nature will,

Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour) it was in Rome, (accursed

The mansion where) 't was at a feast, (O! would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heav'd to head) the good Posthumus

(What should I say? he was too good to be)

Where ill men were, and was the best of all

Amongst the rar't of good ones sitting sadly,

Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pitch'd* Minerva,

Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye.—

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iack. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture: which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our bags
Were crack'd of kitchen trullis, or his description
Prov'd us unsparking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iack. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,
Made'teruple of his praise; and wagger'd with him
Peeces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In summe the amistie of his bed, and win this ring
By hores and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phoebus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britaip
Post I in this design: well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gain in your droller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-kissing, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now, —

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter: villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't. —The temple
Of virtue was she: —yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 'twas! —O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! —O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear! —

Post Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she fall.
Pis. O, gentlemen! help
Milk. and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help! —
Mine honour'd lady! —

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. Wake, my mistress.

Imo. O! get thee from my sight:

 Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen,

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: if Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being taken, would cease
The present power of life: but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. There was our error.

Cor. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Think, that you are upon a rock: and now
Throw me again. [Embracing Posthumus.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

Cym. How now! my flesh, my child!

What! mak'st thou me a drollard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling.

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not

You had a motive for't. [To Guiderus and Arviragus.

Cym. My tears that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,

Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for it, my lord.

Cym. O! she was naught: and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn: wasm'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,

I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford.

Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments
ACT V.

Which he infore'd from me. away he posts
With muchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Gu. Let me end the story.
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods foresend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off's head:
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemnd, and must
Endure our law. Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for. — Let his arms alone:

[To the Guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out him. — My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Bel. Have at it, then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was call'd
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how; a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's.

Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse. Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must own
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.—
The benediction of these covering vens
Fall on their heads like dew! for the are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while —
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O! what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoice'd deliverance more. — Bless'd pray you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now. — O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord,
I have got two worlds by 't. — O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

Did you e'er meet?

Cym. And at first meeting love
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct;
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. — Where? how liv'd you
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? Those,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded.
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. So,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grace'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'tis a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Jach. I am down again; [Kneeling]
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee.
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often o'er; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd.
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome.
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appeard to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philharmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [Coming forward.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] "When as a lion's whelp shall, to
himself unknown, without seeking find, and be em-
braced by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which being
dead many years shall after revive, be jointed to the
old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty."

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

Which we call mollis aer; and mollis aer
We term it mulier: which mulier, I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, arc now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Caesar,
And to the Roman empire: promising
To pay our wanted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-old battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams of the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Caesar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods.
And let our crooked smoke's climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together; so through Laud's town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, Two Lords of Tyre.
ESCANES, Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, Governor of Tharsus.
LYSIMECHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.

A Pander, and his Wife.
BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thais.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.
To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes, and holy ales,
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restorative:
The purpose is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquus, co melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then: Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria;
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a feere,3
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, bilithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking look'd,
And her to incest did provoke.
Bad child, worse father, to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,

To keep her still and men in awe,
That whose ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So, for her many a wight did die,
As yond' grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.
Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise. [Music.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embraces even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of Planes all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparel'd like the spring
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and tasty wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,
To taste the fruit of ye celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless' happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides.

1 Festive's days in old copies, Farmer made the change.
2 purchase in old copies.
3 Mate But in old copies.
4 Of the dorsep rated heads over the city gate.
5 rack'd: in old copies.
6 boundless: in old copies. Rowe made the change.
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright he hard:
Her face, like heaven, anticeth thee to view,
Her countess glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach. all thy whole head must die.
Yond' sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yond' field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My trait mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling wee,
Grape monkeys at earthly joys, as erst they did:
So, I beseech a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as every prince should do:
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
But my unspected fire of love to you.

To the Daughter of Antiochus.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

...[Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has
found the meaning:
But I will glowe with him. [To him.] Young prince of
Tyre,
Though through the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days,
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self. doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[Execut Antiochus, his Daughter, and Attendants.
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage.

The Riddle.

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, at their labour,
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers,
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revol
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Held only danseeth to harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

...[Aside.] Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

...[Aside.] Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.—
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[Exit Messenger.

Ant. Will live, fly after: and, as a arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I
Can ge' him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so, farewell to your highness. [Exit.

Ant. Thalidair, adieu.—Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this change
of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By most, 'tis said a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night.
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch.
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done:
And so with me:—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence:
Nor boots it me to say, I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known.
He'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land.
And with the oaten9 of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist.
And subjects punish'd that me'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself.
Who am I no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast.
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable.

Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin:
The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast9 gives heat and stronger glowing:
Whereas reproach, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:

[when signior Sooth, here, does proclaim a peace.
He flatters you: no makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-look
What shipping, and what landing's in our haven,
And then return to us. [Exit Lords.] Helicanus,
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in prince's frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself.
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid
By counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom make'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To hear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speakest like a physician, Helicanus,
That ministers a potion unto me.
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss,
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth) That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlayd ope,
To top that doubt he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,
When all, for mine, if I may call 't, offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one, *
Who now reprov'st me for it—

Hel. Alas, sir! Drear.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my

Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king, that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin:
The thing which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast9 gives heat and stronger glowing:
Whereas reproach, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err:
SCENE IV. PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to Tharsus
Intend my travel. Where I'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[Exit.]


Enter Thaliard.
Thal. So this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here
must I kill king Pericles: and if I do not, I am sure to be
hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that
being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he
might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had
some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain,
he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—
Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, and other Lords.
Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Farther to question me of your king's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Both speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. [Aside.] How! the king gone?
Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch. [Aside.]
Hel. Roal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd so;
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sin'd,
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [Aside.] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please:
He scap'd the land, to perish at the sea,—
I'll present myself.—[To them.] Peace to the lords of
Tyre.
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles:
But since my landing I have understood,
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre. [Exit.]
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation, 
Taking advantage of our misery; 
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power, 
To beat us down, the which are down already; 
And make a conquest of unhappy me, 
Whereas no glory's got to overcome, 
Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance 
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace, 
And come to us as favourers, not as foes. 
Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat; 
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit. 
But bring they what they will, and what they can, 
What need we fear? 
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there, 
Go, tell their general we attend him here. 
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes, 
And what he craves. 
Lord. I go, my lord. 
Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;? 
If wars, we are unable to resist. 
Enter Pericles with Attendants. 
Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, 
Let not our ships and number of our men, 
Be, like a beacon fire'd, to amaze your eyes. 

ACT II.

Enter Gower. 

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king 
His child, I wis, to inceit bring; 
A better prince, and benign lord, 
That will prove awfyl both in deed and word. 
Be quiet, then, as men should be, 
Till he hath pass'd necessity. 
I'll show you those in trouble's reign. 
Losing a mite, a mountain gain. 
The good in conversation 
(To whom I give my benison) 
Is still at Tharsus, where each man 
Thinks all is writ he spoken can. 
And to remember what he does, 
Build his statue to make him glorious: 
But tiding to the contrary 
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I? 
Dumb show. 

Enter at one door Pericles, talking with Cleon; all 
the Train with them. Enter at another door, a 
Gentleman, with a Letter to Pericles: Pericles 
shews the Letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger 
a reward, and knights him. 

Gow. Good Helicane hath* stay'd at home, 
Not to eat honey like a drone, 
From others' labours: for though he strive 
To killen bad, keep good alive; 
And, to fulfil his prince's desire, 
Sends word of all that hap's in Tyre: 
How Thaliard came full bent with sin, 
And bid intent, to murder him; 
And that in Tharsus was not best 
Longer for him to make his rest. 
He knowing so,* put forth to seas, 
Where when men been, there's seldom ease, 
For now the wind begins to blow; 
Thunder above, and deeps below, 

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre, 
And seen the desolation of your streets; 
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 
But to relieve them of their heavy load: 
And these our ships you happily may think 
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within 
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow, 
Are stord with corn to make your needy bread, 
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead. 
All. The gods of Greece protect you! 
And we'll pray for you. 

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise: 
We do not look for reverence, but for love, 
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men. 
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify, 
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought, 
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves, 
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils! 
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen) 
Your grace is welcome to our town and us. 
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while, 
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. 

Enter Pericles, with Attendants. 

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are, 
Let not our ships and number of our men, 
Be, like a beacon fire'd, to amaze your eyes. 

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side. 

Enter Pericles, with. 

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven! 
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man 
Is but a substance that must yield to you; 
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you. 
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks, 
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath 
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death: 
To be bereft a prince of all his fortunes; 
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 
Here have to die in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen. 

Fish. What, ho, Pilch! 
Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the acts 
Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say! 
Fish. What say you, master? 
Fish. Look how thou stirrest now. Come away or I'll fetch thee with a warrant. 
Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men, that were cast away before us even now. 
Fish. Alas, poor souls! I grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, 
well-a-day, we could scarce keep ourselves. 
Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounded and stumbled? they say

1 That: in old copies. 2 Him who is. 3 Stand. 4 that: in old copies. 5 doing so: in old copies. 6 Steevens made the ed agB to 7 A letter or covering.
they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea? These fishes tell the infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect All that may men approve, or men detect!— Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and no body look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast towns-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him; He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then? Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have have to know, But what I am want teaches me to think on; A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill, And have no more of life, than may suffice To give my tongue that heat to ask your help; Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and more 'o'er puddings and plug-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whippimg.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O! not all, my friend. not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better offices than to be bandle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are? Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him? 1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, 'tis but a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for. His wife's soul—

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't; 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage, Which my dear father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge (even as he left his life) "Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield Twixt me and death;" (and pointed to this brace) "For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessiety, The which (the gods protect thee from, it may defend thee.)"

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it, Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given 't again. I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill, Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with it I may appear a gentleman: And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor. 1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give the good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend: 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seas of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel; And spite of all the rapture of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding on my arm: Unto thy value will I mount myself

Upon a coursers, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thaï. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.
Sim. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device,
Thaï. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passe over the Stage, and his Square
presents his Shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thaï. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, Lux tua vita mihi.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[The second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself?
Thaï. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, Piu per dulceura que per fuerza.

[The third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what the third?
Thaï. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chirality:
The word, Me pompe provet apex.

[The fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?
Thaï. A burning torch, that's turn'd upside down;
The word, Quod me sit, me extinguit.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[The fifth Knight passes over.

Thaï. The fifth, a hand environ'd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.

[The sixth Knight passes over.

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thaï. He seems to be a stranger; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top:
The motto, In hac spe tiro.

Sim. A pretty moral:
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better, than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practis'd more the whisperstock, than the lance
2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.
3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us see
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exit.

[Great Shouts, and all cry. The mean knight


Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.
Thaï. But you, [To Per.] my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will: the day is yours:
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love.
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, your Grace's place is here.

Per. Some other is more in

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courtesie knights.

Sim. Sit, sir; sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
Thaï. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman
He has done no more than other knights have done,
He has broken a staff, or so: so, let it pass.

Thaï. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yond' king's to me like to my father's picture
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, above his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence.
None that behold him, but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,

1 A mantle, hanging from the middle to the knees. To entertain old copies Steevens made the change. 2 Whip handles.
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me, Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance, that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence.
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all these eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See! not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof
3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second it

1 Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helicanus, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords

Lord. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince
you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helican;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our

censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign.
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helican!

Hel. Try' honour's cause; forbear your suffrages
If that you love prince Pericles forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's case.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke,
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects.
And in your search spend your adventurous worth.
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield
And since lord Helican enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour.

_Hel._ Then, you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
lands:
When peers thus knit a kingdom ever stands. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simeonides, reading a Letter: the Knights meet
him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simeonides.

_Sim._ Knights, from my daughter this I let you know:
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 Knight. Nay, we not get access to her, my lord?

_Sim._ Faith, by no means: she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our
leaves. [Exeunt.

_Sim._ So,
They're well despatch'd: now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.

Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

_Per._ All fortune to the good Simeonides!

_Sim._ To you as much, sir. I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

_Per._ It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

_Sim._ Sir, you are music's master.

_Per._ The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

_Sim._ Let me ask one thing.

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

_Per._ As of a most virtuous princess.

_Sim._ And she is fair too, is she not?

_Per._ As a fair day in summer: wondrous fair.

_Sim._ My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she'll your scholar be: therefore, look to it.

_Per._ I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

_Sim._ She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

_Per._ [Aside.] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
T is the king's subtlety, to have my life.

[To him.] O seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman.
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

_Sim._ Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

_Per._ By the gods, I have not.
Never did thought of mine levies offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

_Sim._ Traitor, thou liest.

_Per._ Traitor! Ay, traitor.

_Per._ Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

_Sim._ [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

_Per._ My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

_Sim._ No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

_Per._ Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solict, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?

_Tha._ Why, sir, if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

_Sim._ Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

[Aside.] I am glad on't with all my heart.

_To her._ I'll Jame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [Aside.] who, for ought I know,
May be, (nor can I think the contrary)
As great in blood as I myself.

[To her.] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife—Nay, come; your hands,
And lips must seal it too;
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for farther grief.—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

_Tha._ Yes, if you love me, sir.

_Per._ Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

_Sim._ What! are you both agreed?

_Tha._ Yes, if't please your majesty.

_Sim._ It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Gower.

_Gow._ Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coals,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;

And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Are the blithe for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attaint,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly cecho;
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speeche.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE I.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES and Simonides at one door, with attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives
PERICLES a Letter: Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then, enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and all depart.

Gone. By many a der. and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coines, Which the world together joins, Is made, with all due diligence, That horse, and sail, and high expence. Can stand the quest. At last from Tyre (Fame answering the most strange Inquire,) To the court of king Simonides Are letters brought, the tenour these:— Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyres on the head Of Helicanus would set on The crown of Tyre, but he will none The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress, Says to them, if king Pericles Come not home in twice six moons, He, obedient to their dooms, Will take the crown. The sum of this, Brought hither to Pentapolis, Yravished the regions round, And every one with claps 'gan sound, "Our heir apparent is a king! Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: His queen, with child, makes her desire (Which who shall cross?) along to go. Omit we all their dole and woe: Lychorida, her nurse, she takes, And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes On Neptune's bilow: half the flood Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood Varies again: the grizzly north, Disgorges such a tempest forth That, as a duck for life that dives, So up and down the poor ship drives. The lady shrieks, and well-a-near, Does fall in travail with her fear: And what ensues in this self storm Shall for itself itself perform. I will relate, action may Conveniently the rest convey, Which might not what by me is told. In your imagination hold This stage the ship, upon whose deck The seas-lost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.}

Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the range
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place, Who, if it had conceit, would die as I Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen, A little daughter: for the sake of it, Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods! Why do you make us love your goodly gifts, And snatch them straight away? We, here below, Recall not what we give, and therein may Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir, Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life, For a more blust'rous birth had never babe: Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou 'rt the rudest welcome to this world, That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows! Thou hast as eluding a mativity; As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make, To herald thee from the womb: even at the first, Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 Sail. What, courage, sir! God save you.
Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw; It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer, I would it would be quiet.
1 Sail. Slack the bowlines there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?—Blow, and split thyself.
2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1 Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in earnest. There fore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.
Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear.
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight Must cast thee, scarcely coffind, in the ooze; Where, for a monument upon thy bones, And aye*—remaining lamps, the belching whale, And hummimg water must overwhelm thy corpse, Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida! Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper, My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander Bring me the satin coffin* lay the babe Upon the pillow. He thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumen ready.

1 daily: in old copies. 2 Blast. 3 eastern: in old copies M. Mason made the change. Boswell reads: custom. 4 avre: in old copies Malone made the change. 5 coffin: in old copies
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT III.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 Sail. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner.

After thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O't make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:

I'll bring the body presently. [Exit.

SENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been Shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Phil. Dost my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:

It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,

Till now I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,

That can recover him. Give this to the pothecary,

And tell me how it works. [To Philemon.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,

Shook, as the earth did quake;

The very principals did seem to rend,

And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. This is the cause we trouble you so early;

'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O! you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'Tis most strange;

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have

(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetibles, in metals, stones:

And can speak of the disturbances that nature

Works, and of her eues; which doth give me

A more content, in course of true delight,

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open. hath built lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shores this chest:

'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon it.

2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd

Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,

As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.

Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shirrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and en-

treasured

With full bags of spices! A passport too:

Apollo, perfect me if the characters! [Unfolds a Scroll

"Here I give to understand, [Reads

(If o'er this coffin drive a-land)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king;

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!"

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart.

That even cracks for woo!—This chanc'd to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;

For look, how fresh she looks.—They were too rough.

That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp nature many hours,

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The overpressed spirits. I heard

Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the clothes.—

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The vial once more;—how thou stir'st, thou block!—

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes a warm

Breath out of her: she hath not been entranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens

Through you increase our wonder, and set up

Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost,

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:

The diamonds of a most praised water

Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature
SCENE IV.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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Rare as you seem to be!

[She moves.

That.]  O dear Diana!

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange?

1 Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours! Leave me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;

And Ascanius guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying Thaisa out.]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionysa, Lychoria, and Marina.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:

My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands

in a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods

Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us. [mortaly,

Dion. O, your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her

To have bless'd mine eyes! [lither,

Per. We cannot but obey

The powers above us. Could I rage and roar

As both the sea she lies in, yet the end

Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina (whom,

For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so) here

I charge your charity withal, and leave her

The infant of your care; beseeching you

To give her princely training, that she may

Be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn.

(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you)

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect

Should therein make me vile, the common body,

By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty;

But if to that my nature need a spur,

The gods revenge it upon me and mine,

To the end of generation.

PERICLES.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,

Welcom'd and settled to his own desire:

His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,

Unto Diana there a votarist.

Now to Marina bend your mind,

Whom our fast-growing scene must find

At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd

In music, letters; who hath gain'd

Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder. But alack!

That monster envy, oft the wrack

Of earnest praise, Marina's life

Seeks to take off by treason's knife

And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter, and a wench full grown,

Even ripe for marriage rite? this maid

Hight Philoten; and it is said

For certain in our story, she


ACT IV.

Would ever with Marina be:

Bo't when she weav'd the sieled silk

With fingers, long, small, white as milk;

Or when she would with sharp needle wound

The cambrie, which she made more sound

By hurting it; or when to the lute

She sung, and made the night-bird mute,

That still records with moan; or when

She would with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Diana; still

This Philoten contends in skill

With absolute Marina: so

With the dove of Paphos might the crow

Vie feathers white. Marina gets

All praises, which are paid as debts,

And not as given. This so darks

In Philoten all graceful marks,

That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,

A present murderer does prepare

For good Marina, that her daughter

Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to steal,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest! for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place near the Seashore.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't;
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't: but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. Here
She comes weeping for her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter Marina, with a Basket of Flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave* with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirling me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you weep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe. Come, come;
Give me your flowers; ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine: the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—[Exit Dionyza.

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd 'good seamen!' to the sailors, gallier
His kindly hands hauling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:

Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackles washes off
A canvass-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"

And with a dropping industry they skip
From stern to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spoke bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away
2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!
3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
her aboard suddenly. [Execute Pirates with Marina.

SCENE II.—Near the Same.

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate
Valdes:
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see farther;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Baud, and Boult.

Pand. Boult.
Boult. Sir.
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: it is not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true: they're too unwholesome. The poor Transsilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'il go search the market. [Exit Boult.]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you; is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O! our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come; other sorts offend as well as we. Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Enter Boult, and the Pirates with Marina.

Boult. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

Pirate. O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there is no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [Exit Pand and Pirates.]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her: the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Bawd. Performance shall follow. [Exit Boult.]

Mar. Ahuck, that Lencine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates, (Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are fit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault. To escape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman; or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

And I pray thee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that owers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Verolez?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, if faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report
what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boud. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving you her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Boud. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep; United I still my virgin knot will keep.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Boud. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

Dion. I think,
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady!

Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I'the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too.

If thou hast drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face: what causeth thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it, Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play?]

Cle. O! go to. Well, well;
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre consent, did he not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But east their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greeves me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaph
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy
Which, to betray, doth with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitionlessly
Doth swear to the gods, that winter killeth the flies:
But yet, I know, you'll do as I advise.

[Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;

Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime,
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight.
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicaneus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicaneus goes along behind.

Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have brought
This king to Tharsus, (think this pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on;
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb show.

Enter Pericles with his Train, at one door; Cleon
and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles
the Tomb of Marina; whereas Pericles makes
lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty
passion departs.

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show
The borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
show'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now, please you, wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

4 The fairest, sweet st, and best, lies here,
Who witter'd in her spring of year:
She was of Tyrsus, the king's daughter.
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth.
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth.
Therefore the earth, fearing to be overswarm'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stand)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint?
No visor does become such villainy.
So well as soft and tender flattery,
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there, did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawd-houses. Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boud.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had never come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravi-sh'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disturb us all of us our cavilers, and make all our swearer priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and bawd, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginitie?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. Now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she 'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, p'r'ly thee?

Bawd. O, sir! I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Boult. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciosily, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage.—Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boud.

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamaster at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; if put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more, be sage.

Mar. For me, That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Diseases have been sold dearer than physic.—

That the gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies 't the purer air!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee Persevere in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely, Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter BOUNT

Bawd. I beseech your honour, one piece for me
Lys. Avault, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, 
But for this virgin that doth prop it, would 
Sink, and overwhelm you. Away! 
[Exit Lysimachus.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course 
with you. If your peevish-chastity, which is not worth 
a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,¹ 
shall, under a whole household, let me be gelded like a 
spaniel, come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or 
the common hangman shall execute it. Come your 
way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away, 
come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Boult.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here 
spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink 
afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like 
a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow- 
ball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure; 
crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest 
malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground
than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she
had never come within my doors. — Marry, hang you —
She's born to undo us. — Will you not go the way of 
women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity
with rosemary and bays! [Exit Bawd

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me,

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear,

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master; or 
rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, 
Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the painted fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou 'rt the damned door-keeper to every coxstrel² 
That hither comes inquiring for his Tib:
To the choleric listing of each rogue thy ear
Is liable: thy food is such
As hath been beleched on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? Go to the wars
would you? where a man may serve seven years for
the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the
end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty 
Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. That the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst 
them. But since my master and mistress have bought
you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore,
I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and
I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough.
Come; I'll do for thee what I can: come your ways.
[Execut.

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances,
As goddess-like, to her admired lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle,³ silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tost;
And, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
his banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with favour lies,
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [Exit

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' Ship, off Mitylene.

A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; PERI-
CLES within it, reclining on a Couch. A Barge
lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel
the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS,

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helenus? he can re-
solve you. [To the Sailor of Mitylene

O here he is.—
Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,
And in it is Lysimachus, the governor.
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentleman
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.
Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet them fairly.

[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go
board the Barge.]

Enter, from thence, Lysimachus and Lords; the Tyrian
Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for the three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prologue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. It would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [Pericles discovered.] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord.]

Hel. Sure, all effectless: yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name.

But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,
Let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the stalesness.

Lys. O, sir! a courtesy,

Which, if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat you: now at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.—

But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is

The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assured she
came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;

And the gods make her prosperous! [Marina sings]

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glowes upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear; "Go not till he speak."

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—

You are like something that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like;
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry.
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you brea?

And how achiev'd you those endowments, which
You make more rich to owe.2

Mar. Should I tell my history
'T would seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prythee, speak:

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
You think me an impostor: no, good faith,
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not. but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash; put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O! come
hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,
My drownd'queen's name, (as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect) the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my
child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been.
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you,
Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding,
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:
It tips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine ears: let me rest. [He sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[The Curtain before the Pavilions of Pericles is closed,
So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[Exeunt Helicanus, Helicanus, Marina, and Lady]
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE III.—The Same.

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him in a vision.

Diss. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither, and do upon mine altar sacrifice.

Thaisa. There, when my husband priests are met together, before the people all,

Revel how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter’s, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe:

Do’t, and be happy, by my silver bow.

Dian. Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee.— Helicanus!

Enter Lytsimachus, Helicanus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike The inhospitable Cleon; but I am For other service first: toward Ephesus Turn our bloomed sails; eftsoons I’ll tell thee why.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, And give you gold for such provision As our intents will need?

Lyts. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore, I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for, it seems, You have been noble towards her.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.

Enter Gower, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, as’ my last boon, give me,

For such kindness must relieve me,

That you apply will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What ministrail, and pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylen.

To greet the king. So he thriv’d,

That he promis’d to be wiv’d

To fair Marina; but in no wise

Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade: whereto being bound, The interim, pray you, all confound. In feather’d briefness sails are fill’d, And wishes fall out as they’re will’d. At Ephesus, the temple see, Our king and all his company, That he can hither come so soon, Is by your fancy’s thankful doom.

[Exit.}

SCENE III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side: Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending

Enter Pericles, with his Train; Lytsimachus, Helicanus and Marina, and Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre; Who, frighted from my country, did wed At Peutapolis, the fair Thaisa. At sea in childbed die she, but brought forth A maid-child call’d Marina; who, O goddess! Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus Was nurs’d with Cleon, whom at fourteen years He sought to murder, but her better stars Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us. Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she Made known herself my daughter.

Thaisa. Voice and favour! —

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—[She faints.

Per. What means the woman? she dies; help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,

If you have told Diana’s altar true, This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no.

I threw her overboard with these very arms

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. ’Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she’s but o’erjoy’d.

Early in blust’ring morn this lady was Thrown on this shore. I op’d the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover’d her, and plac’d her Here, in Diana’s temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover’d.

Thaisa. O! let me look.

If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious cat, But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord!

Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak, Like him you are. Did you not name a tempes,

A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thaisa. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown’d.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thaisa. Now I know you better —

When we with tears parted Pentapolis, The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Gives a Ring.

Per. This, this no more, you gods! your present kindness Makes my past miseries sweet; you shall do well. That on the touching of her lips I may Melt, and no more be seen. O! come, be buried A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother’s bosom.

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call’d Marina, For she was yield’d there.

Thaisa. Bless’d, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thaisa. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute; Can you remember what I call’d the man? I have nam’d him oft.

Thaisa. ’T was Helicanus, then.

Per. Still confirmation!

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found, How possibly preserv’d, and whom to thank Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thaisa. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can

From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir.
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Ccr.  I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her,
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision,
I will offer night oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thais. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit:
Sir, my father's dead.
Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
POEMS

VENUS AND ADONIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Six are told by Shakespeare, in his dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, in 1593, that it was "the first heir of his invention," and as it was the earliest printed, so probably, it was the earliest written of his known productions. At what time it is likely that he commenced the composition of it, is a question which we have considered in the biography of the poet.

The popularity of it is indisputable: having been originally printed by Richard Field, in 1593, 4to, the edition seems to have been soon exhausted, and it was reprinted by the same printer in 1594, 4to., before 26th June, because on that day, according to the Stationers' Registers, he assigned over his interest in it to John Harrison, for whom Field printed an octavo impression in 1594. Field's second edition was unknown to Malone and his contemporaries; and as it was not a re-issue of some remaining copies of 1593 with a new title-page, but a distinct re-impresion, it affords some important confirmations of the correctness of the older text, corrupted more or less in all subsequent editions. Harrison published his second edition in 1594, which was the fourth time "Venus and Adonis" had been printed in seven years. It had been entered at Stationers' Hall by W. Leneke, in 1586. After this date it went through the press many times, and copies in 1592, 1516, 1620, &c. are known; in 1627 it was printed by John Wrightson, at Edinburgh.

The popularity of "Venus and Adonis" is established also by the frequent mention of it in early writers. It is probably that Peele died in 1597, and very soon afterwards his "Merry Concoited jests" must have been published, although no edition of them is now known older than that of 1607. In one of these, a tapster, "much given to poetry," is represented as having in his possession "the Knight of the Sun, Venus and Adonis, and other pamphlets." Thomas Heywood's "Fair Maid of the Exchange," was printed in 1607, but written some few years before, and there a young lover is recommended to court his mistress by the aid of "Venus and Adonis." How long this reputation, and for the same purpose, was maintained, may be seen from a passage in Lewis Sharp's "Noble Stranger," 1640, where Pupillus exclaims, "Oh, for the book of Venus and Adonis, to court my mistress by!" Thomas Cranley, in his "Amanda," 1653, makes "Venus and Adonis" part of the library of a courtisan:

"amorous pamphlets, that best like thine eyes,
And songs of love, and sonnets exquisite;
Among these Venus and her Hermaphrodit,
With Salmacis and her Hermaphrodite;
Pygmalion's there with his transform'd delight."

"Salmacis and her Hermaphrodit" refers to the poem imputed (perhaps falsely) to Beaumont, printed in 1604; and the third poem is "Pygmalion's Image," by Marston, published in 1598.

* * *

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had taken his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fad'rt suit's guns to woo him.

S. Nicholson, in his "Acolastus his Afterwrit," 1600, committed the most impudent plagiarisms from "Venus and Adonis;" and R. S., the author of "Philis and Floris," 1588, did not scruple to copy, almost with verbal exactness, part of the description Shakespeare gives of the horse of Adonis: we extract the following lines, that the reader may be able to make a comparison (See p. 866):

"His mayne thin hair'd, his neck high crested,
Small ears, short head, and hairt breasted.

* * *

"Strait legs'd, large thigh'd, and hollow hoved,
All nature's skill in him was prov'd."

Our text of "Venus and Adonis," is that of the earlier quarto, 1594, which, for the time, is very correctly printed, and we will illustrate by a single quotation the importance of resorting to it: the line which it stands,

"He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieth,

is misprinted in all modern editions,

"He cheers the morn, and all the world relieth."

The corruption was introduced in the quarto, 1604, and it has ever since been repeated. The same remark will apply to other changes; such as "all swols with chaising," instead of "chasing," "to love a darmor," instead of "alarms," "from morn to night," instead of "till night," &c.; all which show strange carelessness of collation, but it is not necessary here to dwell upon them, as they are pointed out in the notes.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY WROTHELY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship; nor how the world will excuse me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have hon'ourd you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deform'd, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a hand, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Three fairest than myself, (thus she began)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are:
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

Adonis" and "Lucrece," in 1594; reprinted in 1605; see Bridge-water Catalogue, 4to. 1827, p. 39) as well as to William Barksted's allusion to it in 1607, in his "Mynhs the Mother of Adonys." These may be added the praise of Shakespeare, and of his "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," in the play of "The Return from Par," which was certainly produced before the death of Queen Elizabeth.
Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she ecizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (Oh, how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doli she stroke his cheek; now doth he frown,
And 2gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open.

He burns with bashful shame, she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss';
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

For'd to content, but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace.
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were daw'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take true with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making his cheeks wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer’s heat,
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
O, pity, 'gan she cry, him-hearted boy!
’Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woe'd as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle never did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unmask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that over-ru'd, I oversway’d,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain;
Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength obey’d,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil’d he god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What east thou in the ground? hold up thy head.
Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies;
Then, why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou ashamed to kiss? then, wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein’d violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet may’st thou well be tasted
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted.
Fair flowers that are not gather’d in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.
Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despair'd, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice.
Then might'st thou pause, for then I was not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey and bright, and quick in turning:
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my mouth ever burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy pain dissolve, or seem to melt.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forestless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I hast to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand, seize low upon thy left?
Then woe thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse.
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth in thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat.
For where they lay the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hottly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, displeasing eye,
His lowering brows o'er-whelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Soaring his cheeks, cries, Fie! no more of love:
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.

An me! (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses meek'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm
And lo! I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from hence doth little harm
Thine eye doth burn the fire that burns me;
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel?
What is to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak fair: but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue, containing but the eye alone,
Things like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction.

This said, impatiently shokes her pleasing tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong:
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fair would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand.
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be his guide, and shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plum,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough.
To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain:
Then, be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this Adonis smiles. as in disdain.
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to be,
Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, the round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' hikig.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wise?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn.

1 Blue eyes were sometimes called gray
Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
Pity! she cries, some favour, some remorse!
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse!

But lo! from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:
The iron bit he crusheth 'twixt his teeth;
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which scornfully glitters like fire,
Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried;
And this I do, to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reeketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holli, or his "Stand, I say?"
What cares he now for curls, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did his horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, the fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide;
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'er he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind:
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embraces with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing? down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bar'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage:
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Look's on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her check was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she knelt;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print
As apt as now-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes wo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooring
And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow;
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend, so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, willful and unwilling,
Shew'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou were I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

1 A race, or game of prison-bare, or prison-bare. 2 chasing: in ed. 1600.
Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?  
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;  
O! gave it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it.

And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:  
Then, love's deep groans I never can regard.

Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame! he cries, let go, and let me go;  
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,  
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone.

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,  
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: thy palfrey, as he should,  
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.

The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none.
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,  
Servilely mastered with a leathern rein;
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,  
He held such petty bondage in disdain:
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,  
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,  
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,  
But, when his guitten eye so full hath fed,  
His other agents aim at like delight?

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold  
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,  
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,  
To take advantage on presented joy:
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,  
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it:  
Unless it be a bear, and then I chase it;  
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;  
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,  
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?  
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?  
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,  
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:  
The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young,  
Losest his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wring'ing; let us part,  
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:  
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart,  
To lovo's alarms it will not ope the gate;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,  
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk? (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue?  
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!  
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong!  
I had my load before, now press'd with hearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,  
Ear's deep sweet music, and heart's deep sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love  
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move  
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,  
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,  
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,  
And nothing but the very smell were left me,  
Yet would my love to thee be still as much:
For from the stillitory of thy face excelling  
Comes breath perfume'd, that breatheth love by smell.

But O! what banquet worth thou to the taste,  
Being nurse and feeder of the other four:  
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,  
And bid suspicion double lock the door,  
Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,  
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal opened,  
Which to his speech did honey-passage yield;  
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd  
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,  
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds:  
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:  
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth;  
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,  
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth;  
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,  
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,  
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;  
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,  
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red.

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,  
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,  
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fell the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,  
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,  
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,  
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks  
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:  
He kisses her; and she, by her good will,  
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:  
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,  
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array  
He cheers the morn, and all the earth's reliefeth:  
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,  
So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,  
As if from hence they borrow'd all their shine:  
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,  
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine:  
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light  
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

\* world : in ed. 1594.
O! where am I? quoth she, in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.  

O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:  
Thy eye's shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,  
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;  
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,  
But for thy pitious lips no more had seen.  

Long may they kiss each other for this cure!  
O! never let their crimson livories wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.  

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if you make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.  

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?  

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungraw fry forbears:  
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,  
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.  

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,  
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:  
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;  
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest,  
And cool-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,  
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.  

Now let me say good night; and so say you:  
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.  
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says adieu,  
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.  

Till breathless he disjoint'd, and backward drew  
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,  
Whereon they surfet, yet complain on drought:  
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth;  
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.  

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filth:  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey:  
Paying what ransom the insultor will:  
Whose vuiture thought doth pitch the price so high,  
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.  

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,  
With blindfold fury she begins to forge;  
Her face doth rock and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.  

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,  
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,  
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.  

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,  
And yields at last to every light impression?  
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.  
Churlish in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,  
But then was best, when most his choice is froward.  

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over;  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickers, yet 'tis pluck'd  
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,  
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.  

For pity now she can no more detain him;  
The poor fool prays her that he may depart;  
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,  
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,  
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,  
He carries hence incaged in his breast.  

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch;  
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? will thou make the match?  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.  

The boar! (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,  
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,  
Usurps her cheek: she trembles at his tale,  
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws;  
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly falls, she of her back.  

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginary she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantahs is her annoy,  
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.  

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,  
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw,  
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,  
As those poor birds that helpless herries saw.  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:  

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd:  
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee:  
She's love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.  
Fie, fie! he says, you crush me; let me go:  
You have no reason to withhold me so.

Fragrant herbs were supposed to possess this power  
Embrace
Thou hast been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this, 
But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt the boar. 
O! be advis’d; thou know’st not what it is 
With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore, 
Whose tusks never sheath’d he whetteth still, 
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill. 

On his bow-back he hath a battle set 
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes; 
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret, 
His snout dugs sepulchres where’er he goes; 
Being mov’d, he strikes whate’er is in his way, 
And whom he strikes his cruel tusks slay.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed, 
Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter; 
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed; 
Being treuil on the lion he will venture. 
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes, 
As fearless of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas! he sought esteems that face of thine, 
To which love’s eyes pay tributary gazes: 
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eye, 
Whose full perfection all the world amazes; 
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread!) 
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still; 
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends: 
Come not within his danger by thy will; 
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble, 
I fear’d thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white? 
Saw’st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye? 
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright? 
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie, 
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest, 
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy 
Doth call himself affection’s sentinel; 
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny, 
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, “kill, kill!” 
Distempering gentle love in his desire, 
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy, 
This canker that eats up love’s tender spring, 
This erry-tale, dissentious jealousy, 
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring, 
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear, 
That if I love thee, thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye 
The picture of an angry chafing boar, 
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie 
An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore: 
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed, 
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed, 
That tremble at thy imagination? 
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed, 
And fear doth teach it divination: 
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow, 
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul’d by me; 
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare, 
Or at the fox, which lives by subtility, 
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare: 
Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs, 
And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare, 
Mark the poor wretch, to overshut his troubles, 
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care 
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles: 
The many muskets through the which he goes, 
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep, 
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell; 
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep, 
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell: 
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer. 
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell, with others being mingled, 
The hot scent-smelling hounds are driven to doubt, 
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have singled 
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out; 
Then do they spend their mouths: echo replies. 
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill, 
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear, 
To harken if his foes pursue him still: 
Anon their loud alarmus he doth hear; 
And now his grief may be compared well 
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbed wretch 
Turn, and return, indexting with the way; 
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch; 
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay 
For misery is trodden on by many, 
And being low, never reliev’d by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more; 
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise: 
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar, 
Unlike myself thou hear’st me moralize, 
Applying this to that, and so to so; 
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he; 
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends: 
The night is spent. Why, what of that? quoth she 
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends; 
And now it is dark, and going I shall fall. 
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine thus, 
The earth, in love with thee, thy footings trip, 
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss. 
Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips 
Make modest Dian cloud and forlorn, 
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason: 
 Cynthia for shame obscureth her silver shine, 
Till forging Nature be condemn’d of treason. 
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine, 
Wherin she fram’d thee, in high heaven’s despite, 
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

1 In his power. 2 Contention. 3 Steevens reads: overshoot. 4 Winds. 5 The aperture in a hedge made by the hare in its frequent passage.
And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature;
To mingle beauty with inimities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances, and much misery;
As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood;
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostumes, grief,' and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's flight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, shaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren earth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife;
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankerous rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets.

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet in mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite undone,
in his bedehamber to be bard of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embraces unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse:

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but mere I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen.
Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast
And homeward through the dark lawn runs apace,
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that узнавает
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereby she groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.
Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote,
How love is wise in folly, foolish witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short.
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport: Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night within,
But idle sounds resembling parasites?
ike shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothed the humour of fantastic wise?
She says, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so;
And would say after her, if she said no.
Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.

And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast

The sun ariseth in his majesty;

Who doth the world so graciously behold,

That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.

O thou clear god, and patron of all light,

From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,

There lives a son that suck'd an earthly mother,

May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,

Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;

And yet she hears no tidings of her love:

She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his horn:

Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily.

And all in haste she coehest to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way

Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,

Some twin'd about her thigh to make her stay.

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,

Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,

Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,

Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder

Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,

The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds

Appalls her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,

But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,

Because the cry remaineth in one place,

Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;

Finding their enemy to be so curst,

They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,

Through which it enters to surprise her heart;

Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,

With cold-pale weakness numbeth each feeling part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,

They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling exaty,

Till cheering up her senses all dismay'd,

She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,

And childish error that they are afraid;

Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more

And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,

Like milk and blood being mingled both together,

A second fear through all her sinews spread,

Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:

This way she runs, and now she will no further,

But back retires to rate the boar for mutter.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;

She treads the path that she untreads again:

Her more than haste is mated with delays,

Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;

Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,

In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,

And asks the weary catiff for his master;

And there another licking of his wound,

'Gainst venon'd sores the only sovereign plaster;

And here she meets another sadly howling.

To whom she speaks, and he replies with bowing.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,

Another slip-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,

Against the welkin vollies out his voice;

Another and another answer him,

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,

Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed

At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,

Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,

Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,

And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean.

Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)

Grinning grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean.

To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath.

Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set

Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead.—O no! it cannot be,

Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it.

O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,

But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart

Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,

And hearing him thy power had lost his power.

The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;

They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck at a flower.

Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,

And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?

What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,

Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair.

She vail'd her eye-lids, who, like sluces, stopped

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair

In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;

But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,

And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!

Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;

Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow.

Sorrow that friendly sights sought still to dry:

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain.

Signs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions through her constant woe,

As striving who should best become her grief;

All entertain'd, each passion labours so,

That every present sorrow seemeth chief

But none is best; then, join they all together,

Like many clouds consulting for foul weather

\[1\) Approaches \[2\) vers: in ed. 1596. \[3\) Confounded. \[4\) respects: ed. 1596]
By this far off she hears some huntsman hollow;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunk'en, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
in likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unveaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She eleps him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
When as I met the boar, that bloody beast;
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rai'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate:
'Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O love! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind:
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Fie, fie, foul love! thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves:
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies:
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately slips
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight:
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smoother'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed.
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus beheld;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two Adonis dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire; my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim,
But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear:
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear:
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth pass you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

And therefore would he put his bonnet on.
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone.
Play with his locks; then, would Adonis weep,
And straight in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears,
To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-sounted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true: thus was Adonis slain.
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not wet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And muzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been too bold like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first:
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his, the more am I accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excelled,
And every beauty rob'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguil'd.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak
It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet.
Puick down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontent,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is rest from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right;
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night
There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen.
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

1. Adonis.
2. An oracle, is a hedge-hog; it is so employed in "Titus Andronicus," Act II., sc. 3; but in "The Tempest," Act I., sc. 2, rather means an evil spirit, or fairy.
3. Would: in eds. 1594 and 1596.
INTRODUCTION.

"Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for John Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greenhound in Paules Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves.


"Lucrece." as it is merely called in the earlier impressions, came out in the year following "Venus and Adonis," and it was printed for John Harrison, the publisher of the edition of "Venus and Adonis," in 1593. It had been previously, and under a more explanatory title, in the Stationers' Registers:

9 May 1594.

Mr. Harrison, sen. A book intituled the Ravyshement of

Like, "Venus and Adonis," it was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, but in a more confident and assured spirit.

This second production was, probably, not quite so popular as the first, and it was not reprinted until 1598, when forth a third edition of it in 1600; the fourth edition was issued in 1607: these are not so marked, and Malone tells us that he had heard of impressions in 1596 and 1602, but they have not since come to light; and our compiler is that "Lucrece," which was printed in three times between 1594 and 1607. An edition in 1616 purports to have been "newly revised and corrected;" but, as Malone truly states, it is the most inaccurate and corrupt of the ancient copies; and he adds that "most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning." That Shakespeare had nothing to do with the revision and correction of this edition requires no proof; and so little was it esteemed, that it was not followed in its changes in the edition of 1623, which also professes to have been "newly revised." This last is accompanied by marginal notes, prosically explanatory of the incidents poetically narrated.

The earliest mention of "Lucrece" occurs in the year in which it made its first appearance. Michael Drayton published his "Matilda," (a poem in seven-line stanzas, like "Lucrece") in 1594, and we meet with the following passage:

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long, Late of 100 000 to live another age."

And here are told of Tarquin's wrong,

Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,

Acting her passions on our stately stage:

She is remembered, all forgetting me,

Yet I am fair and chaste as ever she was.

A difficulty here may arise out of the fifth line, as if Drayton were referring to a play upon the story of Lucrece, and it is very possible that one was then in existence. Thomas Heywood's tragedy, "The Rape of Lucrece," did not appear in print until 1608, and he could hardly have been old enough to have been the author of such a drama in 1594: nor, nevertheless, have availed himself of an elder play, and, according to the practice of the time, he may have felt warranted in publishing it as his own. It is likely, however, that Drayton's expressions are not to be taken literally, and that his meaning merely was, that the story of Lucrece had lately been revived, and brought upon the stage of the world: if this opinion be correct, the stanza we have above quoted contains a clear allusion to Shakespeare's "Lucrece;" and a question then presents itself, why Drayton entirely omitted it in the after impressions of his "Matilda?" He was a poet who, as we have shown in the Introduction to "Julius Cæsar," was in the habit of making extensive alterations in his productions, as they were severely reprinted, and the suppression of this stanza may have proceeded from many other causes than repentance of the praise he had bestowed upon a rival.

The edition of "Lucrece" we have taken as our text is the first, like "Venus and Adonis," was printed by Richard Field, though not on his own account. It may be stated on the whole to be an extremely creditable specimen of his typography: as the sheets were going through the press, some material errors were, however, observed in them, and they are therefore in several places corrected. This fact has hitherto escaped remark, but the variations are explained in our notes.

Modern editors have performed their task without due care, but of their want of attention we shall only here adduce two specimens. In one of the speeches in which Lucrece endeavours to dissuade Tarquin from his purpose, she tells him,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-living land."

Which every modern editor misprints,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-lived land."

Our second proof is from a later portion of the poem, just after Collatine has returned home, and meets his dishonoured wife: the true text, speaking of Collatine and Lucreta, is,

"Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance."

Met far from home, wondering each other's chance."

Malone, and all editors after him, make nonsense of the couplet, by printing,

"But stood like old acquaintance in a trance," &c.

depriving the verb of its nominative, and destroying the whole force of the figure. It would be easy to add other instances of the same kind, but we refer for them to our own notes.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY Wriothesley, EARL OF SOUTHWAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not by the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; means finite, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,
William Shakespeare.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lucius Tarquinus (for his excessive pride surauned Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinus, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife: among whom, Collatius extolled the incomparable chastity of his Lucreta, in an agreeable manner they all posted to Rome; and intending by their
acost and sudden arrival to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatines finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids; the other ladies were all found dancing and reveling, or in several diversions; when upon the noblemen yielded Collatines the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being famed with Lucrece' beauty, yet so flattering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatine. The same night he treacherously stealthed into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatched a messenger, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attire her mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself; which deed, with one consent they all vowed to put out the whole hated family of the Tarquins, and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the deed, and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; whereas the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in pest,
Borne by the trustless wings of also desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatine bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatines fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
The bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white,
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unloek'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beautions mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness! enjoy'd but of a few;
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun:
An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun;
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth, then, apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thisievish ears, because it is his own?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece's sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king:
For by our cars our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
A want!
His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
That golden hop which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all too timelss speed, if none of those;
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash, false heat! I wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue arrived
Which of them both should underprop her fame.
When virtue brag'd, beauty would blush for shame
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,
When shame assai'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other qm,
Proving from world's minority their right,
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight,
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's sent.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
To those two armies, that would let him go,
Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that his husband's shallow tongue,
The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so,
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceds his barren skil to show:
Therefore, that praise which Collatine doth owe
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise
In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper,
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear.
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,
And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That eloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parted looks,
Nor read the subtle shining secrets
Writ in the glassy margents of such books:
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks.
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

Yet stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory:
Her joy with head'd-up hand she doth express,
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there:
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending' weariness with heavy sprite;
For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now laden slumber with life's strength doth fight,
And every one to rest themselves betake, I wak'ne
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain doth traffic for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjure, there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity
In having much, torment us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawing his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stol upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;

No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill

And now this lustful lord leapt' from his bed
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm,
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread:
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other soreth harm,
But honest fear, bewitch'd with lust's soul charm
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteh,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
Then, looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine;
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine:
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed,
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white wreath.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then, my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
Who buys a minute's mirth to wait a week,
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown?
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken down?

If Collatine dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blurt to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

O! what expense can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quital of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is,—ay, if the fact be known;
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love—but she is not her own;
The worst is but denial, and reproving,
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will;
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Fare't doth to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled, with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drov'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I, then, for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleatheth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard bereav'd the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage.
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then, who fears sinking where such treasure lies?

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost check'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of soul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,

So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatinus:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline:
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by her leader's jovial show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
each one by him enforce'd retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard:
Night-wandering wretches shriek, to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, with fond desire doth seach,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucetia's glove, wherein her needle sticks:
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And gripping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not in use; return again in haste:
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him,
He in the worst sense construes their denial;
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he; these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped' birds more cause to sing,
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with so more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power

1 Niup'd by the frost.
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stain auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: —quoth he, I must delover:
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they, then, assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried;
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fears frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies a' the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, berares our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes began
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzlieth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill:
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece's side,
In his clear bed might have reposèd still;
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss,
Between whose bills her head intomb'd is;
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of Lewd unthankful eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered;
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoureth.
These worlds in Tarquin's new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but nightly he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay;
His rage of lust by gazinge qualified.
Sick'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:
And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals fell exploits effecting.
In bloody death and ravishment delightful,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting.
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did soale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governor and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrap'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal

1 Fed, as a falcon on his prey.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe:
Who o'er the white sheet peers her white chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensu'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this beforehand counsel comprehends,
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends:
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,
Yet strive I to embrace mine infancy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falcon's blows
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells

Lucretia, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay:
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye:
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their chagery,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted:

A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compa sed
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequest not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infancy.

Here, with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grasp'd sharp claws
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught eleves but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding.
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biting,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhalloved haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but daily,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour teeds his vulture's folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.
His car her prayers admits, but his heart granteath
No penetrable entrance to her pleading:
Tears harden last, though marble wears with raining

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality:
With such black payment as thou hast pretended?
Mind not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thine shot be ended:
He is no wood-man, that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unreasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me:
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me:
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee:
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.
All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beast at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolve'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
 Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou darst do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?
O, be remember'd! no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then, kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When in thee the like offenses prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where just shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou baek'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
O, how are they wrap'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls' haste
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.
Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall chance thy good,
Thy sea within a paddle's womb is herded.
And not the paddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave,
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and thy thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he; by heaven, I will not hear thee
Yield to my love: if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely bear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shamefull doom.

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame, folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, and most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries:
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outery in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
Pure chastity is ridded of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rach desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lank and lean discoul'rd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case;
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced;
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins must her troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual;
Which in her presence she controlled still,
But her foresight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealtheth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despite of e'er remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He seowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate with her nails her flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day;
For day, quoth she, night's scopes doth open lay,
And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloke offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold,
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O, hateful, vaporous, and foamy night!
Since thou art guilty of my eareless crime,
Muster thy misis to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time;
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head

With rotten damp's ravish the morning air
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy musty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smoother d light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Wore Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
The silver-shining queen he would distain,
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again.
So should I have copartners in my pain;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

Where, now, I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine.
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine.
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night! thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace:
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote! my loathsome trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name.
The orator to deck his oratory
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defiance,
Will tie the hangers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attainment of mine,
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatine's face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mat'\^a far,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

\* Note, observe.  \* Word, motto.

3 1
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows.
If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thine honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue.—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,
Or hateful eneekos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toad infect fair fountains with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coifers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits,
Having no other pleasure of his gain.
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unwholesome blasts wait on the tender spring,
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,
Theadder hisseth where the sweet birds sing,
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours;
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season:
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thay'd;
Thou smoother'st honestly, thou murder'st truth;
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth land;
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;

Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste.
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strife to end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd.
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee.
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection broods:
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murders rage
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:
They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee:
He gratis comes, and thou art well appay'd.
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me,
When Tarquin did; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift summary post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight;
Base watch of woe, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare:
Thou nurtur'st all, and murder'st all that are:
O hear me, then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchain'd me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden tower.

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.
To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild:
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops;

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring 4 minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtor lends:
O! this dread night, wouldest thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wreck.

Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity
To make him endure this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his level eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wild to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by arms doth live,
Diedain to him disdain'd scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unreckling crime
Have time to wait th' abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base should such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The baster is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mighty man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begats him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperev'd 4 fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay,
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:

Grants are unnoticed where soever they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out, idle words! servante to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
 Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters,
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force 4 not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at Opportunity.
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confir'm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy, indeed, to do me good.
Is to let forth my soul, defiled blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou livest in my defiance.
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afeard to scratch her wicked toe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she starteth.
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon funes.

In vain, quoth she, I live; and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life;
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.
So am I now.—O no! that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least, I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy.
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated truth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poison thee with my attain't,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly coin'd excuses
My sadle ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses;  
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended  
The well-turn'd warble of her nightly sorrow,  
And solemn night with slow, sad gait descended  
To ugly hell; when lo! the blushing morrow  
Leads light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:  
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see.  
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,  
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;  
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes!  
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;  
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:  
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,  
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus caviles she with every thing she sees.  
True grief is fond and testy as a child,  
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:  
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;  
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,  
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,  
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,  
Holds disputation with each thing she views;  
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:  
No object but her passion's strength recnews,  
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:  
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;  
Sometime 't is mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,  
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;  
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy:  
Sad souls are slain in merry company;  
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:  
True sorrow then is feelingly suffice'd,  
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;  
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;  
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;  
Great grief grieves most at that which would do good:  
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood;  
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflow:  
Grief dali'd with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth she, your tunes entomb  
Within your hollow swelling feather'd breasts,  
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb:  
My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;  
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.  
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;  
Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,  
Make thy sad grave in my dishevel'd hair.  
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,  
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,  
And with deep groans the diapason bear:  
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,  
While thou on Terence desist, better skill.  

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,  
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,  
To imitate thee well, against my heart  
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine ear,  
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.  
These means, as frets upon an instrument,  
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,  
As shaming any eye should thee behold,  
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,  
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,  
Will we find out; and there we will unfold  
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their kinds.  
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentile minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,  
Wildly determining which way to fly,  
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,  
That cannot tread the way out readily;  
So with herself is she in mutiny;  
To live or die which of the twain were better,  
When life is sham'd, and death reproach'd debtor.

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,  
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?  
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,  
Than they whose whole is swallowed in confusion.  
That mother tries a more endless conclusion,  
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one  
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,  
When the one pure, the other made divine?  
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,  
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?  
Ah me! the bark peal'd from the lofty pine,  
His love will wither, and his sap decay:  
So must my soul, her bark being peal'd away.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,  
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;  
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,  
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:  
Then, let it not be call'd impity,  
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,  
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine  
Have heard the cause of my untimely death.  
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,  
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.  
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,  
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,  
And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife  
That wounds my body so dishonoured.  
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;  
The one will live, the other being dead:  
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred:  
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:  
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,  
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?  
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,  
By whose example thou reveng'd may' st be.  
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:

* Terms in music.  1 Melancholy music.  2 i.e. with better skill; "descent" seems to have meant what we now call variation.
M fortnight, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serv'st thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:

My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound,
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disburseth be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will:—
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
Pain not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "So be it."
Yield to my hand, my hand shall conquer thee:
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the bristly pearl from her bright eyes,
With untam'd tongue she hoarsely calls' her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress lies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so,
As winter meats when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
For why, her face wore sorrow's livery;
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops gan wet
Her circled eye, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral eisern filling:
One justly weep's, the other takes in hand
No cause but company of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, th'o' impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep:
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep.
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.
Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She heard, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold.
When every part a part of woe doth bear:
T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste?"
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-face'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dullest slow she deems;
Extremity still urges such extremities.
The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie:
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of a worn-out age
Paw'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan;
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plants a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud kissing lion with annoy:
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven it seem'd to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife;
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad,

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interfaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble; [sic]
That one would swear he saw them quake and trem

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told.
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As't were encouraging the Greeks to fight:
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguill'd attention, charm'd the sight.
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice
AllJoinly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice:
Some high, some low; the painter was so wise,
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one, being thro' d, bears back, all bol'n red
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand: himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head.
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of Dardan, where they fought
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling rages; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and then
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stild. 3
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and delour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dignis'd,
Of what she was no semblance did remain;
Here blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldam's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong;
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I'll tuned thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the trumpeter that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many more? 4
Let sin, alone committed, light alone.
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoond;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds.
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame: and not with fire.

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,
Ones set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work; sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bore,
She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament.
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent:
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content.
Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show;
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes waiting still,
A brow unblemish'd, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Checks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fae'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Simon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilium, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Simon's was abused;
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz'd: and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, "can lurk" from "cannot" took
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turned it thus; it cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind—

For even as subtle Simon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; too begin'd? 5
With outward honesty, but yet de'il'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look! how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrowed tears that Simon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy e'y.

Such deviles steal effects from lightless hell,
For Simon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contrarieties so unity do hold,
Only to flattering faws and make them bold:

1 Often used, as here, for "then."
2 No other instance is known of the use of this word. In Serton XXIV we have steel'd used in
similar sense.
3 More = in mod. eda.
4 Masked, or in the guise of.
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assaults,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest.
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslip'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woe in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their colour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back;
Brings home his lord and other company.
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky:
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw;
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length, address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swain in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where n o excuse can give the fault amendment:
In me mere woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then, be thus all the task it hath to say:
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head:
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee.
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome.
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purl'd his eyes,
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not fore'd; that never was inclin'd
To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure.

Lo! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damn'd up with woe
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so;
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again
As through an arch the violent roaring side
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strain that fore'd him on so fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief draw

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful: let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.
And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe.
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design.
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: [harms,'s
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies.'s

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd;
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O! speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?
What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declin'd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chace?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compell'd stain?
With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, car'v'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she: no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here, with a sigh as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "he, he," she says,
But more than "he"! her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short essays,
She utters this: he, he; fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheathed:
That blow did hail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's lasting date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece's father, that beholds her blood,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body throw'd:
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;
And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly stood,
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd
About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece's woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide;
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived
If in the child the father's image lies.
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors.
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old
Shows me a base-born'd death by time out-worn.
O! from thy cheek's my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass.
That I no more can see what once I was.

O time! cease thou thy course, and last no longer
If they succeed to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then, live sweet Lucrece; live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place:
And then in key-cold Lucrece's bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face.
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long.
Begins to talk, but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's end
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then, son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, She's mine: O! mine she is
Replies her husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O! quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spil'd.
Woe, woe! quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd,
"My daughter" and "my wife" with clamours fill'd,
The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "my daughter and my wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wrong'd lord of Rome, quoth he, arise .
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woes?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stafned,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's stores,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late complained
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;
Then, jointly to the ground their knees they bow.
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly' did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.
SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William Aspley. 1609. 4to. 40 leaves.

A Lover's Complaint. By William Shake-speare, occupies eleven pages at the end of this volume. The late Mr. Caldecot presented a copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to the Bodleian Library, with the following imprint: "At London for T. T. and are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate." It is not doubt the same edition as that "to be sold by William Aspley," for in other respects they agree exactly, excepting that the copy bearing the name of John Wright has no date at the bottom of the title-page: it was very possibly cut off by the binder.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets" were printed under that title, and with the name of the poet in unusually large capital letters, in 1609. No Christian name is to be found until we arrive at "A Lover's Complaint," but "Shakespeare's Sonnets" is repeated at the head of the first of the series. Hence we may possibly be warranted in assuming that they were productions well known to have been for some time floating about among the lovers and admirers of poetry, and then collected into a volume. The celebrity of the author seems proved, if any proof of the kind were wanting, by the manner in which his "Sonnets" were put forth to the world.

There is one fact connected with the original publication of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" which has hitherto escaped remark, none of the commentators, apparently, being aware of it; viz. that although there were not two editions of them in 1609, there is an important difference in the title-pages of some copies of the impression of that year, which shows that a book-seller, not hitherto connected with the publication of any of our poet's works, was in some way concerned in the first edition of his "Sonnets." The usual imprint informs us, that they were printed by G. Eld, for T. T. and were to be sold by William Aspley (without any address); but the late Mr. Caldecot had a copy which stated that they were to be sold, not by William Aspley, (who had been one of the partners in "Much Ado about Nothing," 1608, 4to., and "Henry IV."
p. 1600, 4to.) but by "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church Gate." No other copy with which we are acquainted has this variation in the title-page, and possibly T. T. had some reason for having it cancelled, and for substituting the name of Aspley for that of Wright: the former, it might be better known to the ordinary buyers of such books, and to the two quarto plays in which he was interested, he, perhaps, did not think it necessary to append the place where his business was carried on.

The application of the initials T. T., on the title-page, is ascertained from the Registers of the Stationers' Company, where the subsequent entry is found:—

"So May 1609.
Tho. T." A booke called Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Thope was a book-seller of considerable eminence, whom usually put his name at full length upon his title-pages, and why he did not do so in this instance, and also subscribed only T. T. to the dedication of the Sonnets, is a matter we should consider of little or no consequence, if it related to the productions of perhaps any other author but Shakespeare. It sometimes happened of old, that if it were suspected that a work might contain anything publicly or personally objectionable, the printer or the stationer only allowed their initials to appear in connection with it. That such was the case here, there is no sufficient ground for believing; and Eld avowed himself the printer, and Aspley the seller of "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

A question has arisen, and has been much disputed of late years, who was the individual to whom Thope dedicated these sonnets, and whom, in a very unprecedented and peculiar form, he addresses as "Mr. W. H." That form is precisely as follows, on a separate leaf immediately succeeding the title-page:—

TO THE ONLY INFORMER OF THESE INSIGNI. SONSETS.

Mr. W. H. ALL HAPINESS.

AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED.

BY THE WELL-WISHING, ADVENTURER, IN SETTING.

T. T.

We are not aware that there is another instance in our language, at that period, of a dedication of a similar kind, and in a similar style. It was not at all uncommon for booksellers to subscribe dedications; but it more frequently happened after the death of an author than during his life, and never, that we recollect, in a manner so remarkable. The conclusion has been carried on with some pertinacity on the question, what person was addressed as "Mr. W. H.$" and various replies have been made to it. Farmer conjectured wildly that he might be William Hart, the poet's nephew, who was only born in 1600: Tyrwhitt guessed from a line in one of the sonnets (Son. XX.) that the name was W. Hughes, or Hewes:

"A man in hue, all hue in his controlling,

which is thus printed in the 4to, 1609:

"A man to hue all hue in his controlling,"

Although the word "hue" is repeatedly spelt here in the old edition, this is the only instance in which it is printed in italic type, and with a capital letter, exactly the same as W.H., in Sonnets XXXV., XXXVI., and XLIII., where the author plays upon his own name. Dr. Drake imagined that W. H. were the initials of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, inverted ("Shakespeare and his Times," vol. ii. p. 62); and of late years Bowden, with great innacuracy, has contended that W. H. meant William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. This last notion seems too much taken for granted by Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever and, in many respects, original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," 8vo., 1858; but we own that we cannot accord in that, or in any other theory that has yet been advanced upon the point. We have no suggestion of our own to offer, and acquiescence in one opinion or in another in no way affects any position regarding them which we might be disposed to take up; but it seems to us the very height of improbability that a bookseller in the year 1609, when peculiar respect was paid to nobility and station, would venture to address an Earl and a Knight of the Garter merely as "Mr. W. H.$" How-

* A small pamphlet, entitled "On the Sonnets of Shakespeare, Identifying the Person to whom they were addressed, and elucidating several points in the Poet's History." By James Bonden. 8vo. 1833. The whole substance of the tract had been published in 1832 in a pamphlet by Mr. A. Cunningham: the publication of Bonden's pamphlet, therefore, was a work of supererogation, because it appears that his notion was supported by the opinion of Mr. B. Heywood Bright, well known for his conscientious and learned work on Shakespeare, and who, in "Tennyson's Shakespear: a study," page 19, had fallen upon the same conjecture before it was breached by Bonden.

* Upon this particular point we concur with Mr. Peter Cunningham, in a note to his excellent edition of Mr. T. Campbell's "Specimens of British Poets." (Essay, p. lxxi.) but we can by no means follow him in thinking that Shakespeare's Sonnets have been a "vergerated," or that the Earl of Pembroke could not have been addressed in them, because he was only nine years old in 1609. Shakespeare had written sonnets at that date, according to the undoubted testimony of Meres, but those in which the Earl has been supposed to be addressed may have been produced at a considerably later period. Still, at the ear.

age of eighteen or nineteen, which the Earl reached in 1609, it does not seem likely that Shakespeare would have thought it necessary, with so much vehemence, to urge him to marry.
aver, notwithstanding the pains taken to settle the dispute, we hold it to be one of comparatively little importance, and it is certainly one upon which we are not likely to arrive at a final and satisfactory decision. To the desperate speculations of Chalmers, that not a few of the Sonnets were addressed to Queen Elizabeth, though maintained with considerable ability and in good faith entertained by many scholars, we cannot subscribe. It is evident that the Sonnets were written at very different periods of Shakespeare's life, and under very different circumstances—some in youth, some in more advanced age; and though the M.D. date has been inferred and resorted to when he was desponding and afflicted at his own condition in life, and place in society. In many there are to be found most remarkable indications of self-confidence, and of assurance in the immortality of his verses, and in this respect the author's opinion of himself is confirmed. No better way can there be to express it, and perhaps there is no writer of ancient or of modern times who, for the quantity of such writings left behind him, has so frequently or so strongly declared his firm belief of his own superior merit, in this his pleasant way of saying, "the world would not willingly let die." This conviction seems hardly reconcilable with the carelessness he appears to have displayed for the preservation of his dramatic writings. We know from Francis Meres that Shakespeare's Sonnets were scattered among his friends in 1609, and no doubt he continued to add to them from year to year; but it was left to a bookseller in 1669, perhaps, to cause them to be collected, and to be printed in a separate volume.

It is with reference to this circumstance that we understand Thorpe to address "Mr. W. H.," in the dedication, as "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets." Boswell quoted a passage from Dekker's "Satromastick," 1629, (and many other instances might be adduced) to prove that "begetter" only means father or procreator; and as Thorpe had been under some obligation to W. H., for collecting Shakespeare's scattered sonnets from various parties, for this reason, perhaps, he inscribed them to him. There is no doubt that "begetter" is Shakespeare's old word for author. Thiho is his own sonnet, "On the first opening of a Book," and we have seen the same word used by other English writers of the time. The "begetter" of the sonnets in any other sense, for it is indisputable that many of them are addressed to a woman; and though a sole object might have been the cause of some of them, and particularly of the first twenty-six, he could not have been the cause of the last twenty-seven sonnets.

We have already mentioned Mr. Brown's work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," which, with a few errors and inconsistencies of little moment, contains the best solution of the various diffticulties arising out of these Sonnets. The sonnet as Spenser and many others employed stanzas of various descriptions, and that 152 of the 154 sonnets are divided into quatrains and couplets is the following; and we think with him, that if they be read with this key, much will be intelligible which upon any other supposition must remain obscure:—

First Poem. Sonnets 1 to 26. To his friend, persuading him to make a Second Poem. Sonnets 27 to 65. To his friend, forgiving him for having robbed him of his mistress.

Third Poem. Sonnets 66 to 77. To his friend, complaining of his not being the author of life's disaster. Fourth Poem. Sonnets 78 to 101. To his friend, complaining that he prefers another poet's praises, and reproving him for faults that may injure his character.

Fifth Poem. Sonnets 102 to 126. To his friend, excusing himself for having been some time silent, and disclaiming the charge of inconstancy.

I.
From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contrived to trine to time decease,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
II.
Sixth Poem. Sonnets 127 to 152. To his mistress, on her infidelity.

Mr. Brown asserts, and goes far to prove, that the sonnets in the first five of these divisions are consecutive, following up the same thought, and working out the same purpose. With regard to the "sixth poem," as he terms it, he concludes that the sonnets "are not, like the others, to be read in the order in which they were printed in the edition of 1609. He rejects the last two sonnets as not part of any of the six poems, and they are unquestionably some of his very best.

Many years ago, long before the appearance of Mr. Brown's volume, it had occurred to us, as a mode merely of removing some of the difficulties attending this portion of the works of Shakespeare, that it was possible that he had conceived to write some of them, not in his own person, but for individuals who asked his assistance. We entirely abandon that supposition, notwithstanding we are aware that such was not an uncommon practice in Shakespeare's age. Gascoigne, who died in 1597, mentions that he had been frequently solicited to write the "Forest of Fanny," 1579, tells us that he had written many of the poems it contains for persons "who had occasion to crave his help in that behalf," and Sir John Harington, in his Epigrams, written probably about 1591, states expressly,

"Verses are grown such merchantable wares,
That now for Sonnets sellers are and buyers."

Marston, in his Satires, 1598, accuses "Roscius the tragedian" of having written some love-verses for Mutio, and he adds elsewhere that "absolute Castello" did himself in a similar manner, in order that he might pay acceptable parting to his mistresses. Shakespeare had now and then consigned to supply the wants of his friends in this way, who thus became possessed of his "sungred sonnets," as Meres calls them, it would, at events, have been without precedent.

Thorpe's edition of 1674 of Shakespeare's Sonnets is a well printed volume, although not perhaps so good a specimen of the typography of that time, as Field's impressions of "Venus and Adonis" and "Locrine." It is remarkable that while all the other Shakespeare's plays came from the press in four editions in so slovenly and uncorrected a state, his minor poems have been handed down to us, perhaps, more accurately printed than those of any of the poets of the time, with the exception of Daniel and Drayton, who seem generally to have bestowed great pains upon their productions. At the end of the "Sonets" is a poem, called "A Lover's Complaint," and here, although it has no fresh title-page, we are assured that it is "by William Shakespeare." There could in fact be no doubt respecting the authorship of it; but on what occasion, or for what purpose it was written, we have no information.

The ensuing sonnets, with other poems, were reprinted in 1649, 6vo, with a frontispiece engraved by Seller. It is an edition of no authority: it repeats and multiplies the errors of the previous separate impressions, and includes productions with which Shakespeare had no concern.

The text is that of the 4to, 1609, in every case where a reason is not assigned for deviating from it. In all modern reprints various errors have been committed in consequence of carelessness of collation, or because one editor copied the mistakes of another: of these our notes will contain a sufficient indication.

Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud burstiest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste iniggardize.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

"So it is not with me, as with that muse,
Soured by a painted beauty to her own despair.
Who heavens itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth revenge," &c.

It may be doubted whether in these, and the succeeding lines, Shakespeare and any individual of modern times has been congraced by "Idea," or rather "Imagination." "Idea" has only been discovered of late years; and it seems not improbable that, like his "Endymion and Phoebe," (see the Snugwater Catalogue, p. 106) he, for some reason, supposed it. Only a single copy of each has been preserved.
II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—' This fair child of mine,
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,'—
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This was to be new made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another:
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-cared'rd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So then through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.
Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beautieous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy un-look'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives till th' executor be.

V.
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd and barren every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese's but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.
Then, let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial: treasure thou some place

With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd:
That use is not forbidden usuury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refus'd thee.
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine he.

VII.
Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But when from high-est pitch with weary ear
Like feeble age, he reclineth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way
So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon.
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unison, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one.
Sings this to thee.—thou single wilt prove none.

IX.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wait thee like a makeless wife,
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend.
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept issueless, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.
For shame! deny that thou hear'st love to any
Who for thyself art so unprov'd.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire;
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate.
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg’d than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.
As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of things, from that which thou departest:
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,
Thou may’st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase.
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay;
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And three-score year would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow’d, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in beauty cherish.
She carv’d thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII.
When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver’d o’er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer’s green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and briskly beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing ‘gainst time’s scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII.
O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give:
So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then, you were
Yourself again, after yourself’s decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Whose lots so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter’s day,
And barren rage of death’s eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.
Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons’ quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief moments tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive.

If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert,
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth’s and beauty’s doom and date.

XV.
When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows.
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment,
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check’d even by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new

XVI.
But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unseem,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers.
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which time, pen and paper, or your pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.
Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill’d with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, ‘this poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne’er touch’d earthly faces’
So should my papers, yellow’d with their age,
Be scorn’d, like old men of less truth than tongue.
And your true rights be term’d a poet’s rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song;
But were some child of yours alive that time.
You should live twice—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm’d,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature’s changing course, untrimm’d
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
Devolving Time, blent thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phenix in her blood:
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou floost,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Hum in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

So is it not with me, as with that muse
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's frowers I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate;
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart,
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great prince's favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd
Then, happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee; [me
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed.
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired
For all my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide.
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul’s imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.
How can I, then, return in nappy plight,
That am debarr’d the benefit of rest?
When day’s oppression is not cas’d by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress’d?
And each, though enemies to either reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion’d night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild’st the even:
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer;
And night doth nightly make grief’s length seem stronger.

XXIX.
When in disgrace with fortune and men’s eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Fairest like him, like him with friends possess’d,
Desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven’s gate:
For thy sweet love remember’d such wealth brings,
That then I soar to change my state with kings.

XXX.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time’s waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,
And weep anew love’s long since cancelled woe,
And moan th’ expense of many a vanish’d sight.
Then, can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o’er
The sad account of fore-bemooned moon,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor’d, and sorrows end.

XXXI.
Thy bosom is endear’d with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love’s loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol’n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov’d, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov’d I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.
If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that cloud death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-stripp’d by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceed to the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
"Had my friend’s muse grown with this growing age
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To March in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love."

XXXIII.
Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask’d him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven’s sun

XXXIV.
Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth with my cloak,
To let base clouds o’ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
’Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace;
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th’ offender’s sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence’s cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.
No more be griev’d at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver mountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excurring thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,
And against myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an necessary needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.
XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thine shame;
Nor thou with public kindnesse honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spire,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrav'd to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor nor despi'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffi'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then, ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the truth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days.
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'est alone.
O absence! what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love: yea, take them all:
What hast thou then more than thou hast before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call:
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty:
And yet love knows it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows.
Kill me with snares, yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well belittles,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assailed:
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will shortly leave her till she have prevailed.
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth:
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee;
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief.
And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her,
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy: my friend and I are one.
Sweet flattery!—then, she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected:
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would I, say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injuries distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee:
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be,
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's pleasure with my mean;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire.
These present-absent with swift motion slide:
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy
Until life's composition be recaire
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then, no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are as a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pier'd with crystal eyes)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'eide' this title is impanneld
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sights himself doth smoother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under trust bars to thrust;
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thou have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast.

From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'1 respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eve,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I enorse me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself appear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws.
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend";
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
His rider lov'd not speed being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies outward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I sped:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return of posting is no need.
O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, (of perfect love being made)
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose bessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-lock'd treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carenet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hopes.
LIII.
What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you:
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and fisson1 of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blemish shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker2-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwield, and unspected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my3 verse distills your truth.

LV.
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And braids root out the work of masonry.
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.
Sweet love, renew thy force, be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpe'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that when they see
Return of love more bliss may be the view;
Or call it winter, which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more

LVII.
Being yourslave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu:
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
But, like a sad slave, and think of nought,
Save where you are, how happy you make those
So true a love is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.
That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O! let me suffer (being at your beck)
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to suffrance, hide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child?
Of that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done:
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame:
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his seythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.
Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry?
To find out shames and idle hours in me,

1 Plenty. 2 Dog-rose. 3 by : in old eds. Malone made the change.
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beate and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'eworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
Sealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now forfity
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life;
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age;
When sometime lotty towers I see down-raised,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality d'er-aways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alas,
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none! unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry;—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing (trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
The simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone.
Save that to dic I leave my love alone.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own.
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds; [and
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solveis this;—that thou dost common grow

1 Trim. adorn 2 end: in old ed. Tyrwhitt made the change. 3 Solution.
SONNETS.

LXX.
That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve,
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.
No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.
O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love,
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart.
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That for your love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.
That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As death's bed wherein it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by. [strong,
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.
But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wrench's knife,
Too base of thee to be remember'd.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains

LXXV.
So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
And for the peace of you I hold such strike
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubling the filing age will steal his treasure:
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;
Or glutting on all, or all away.

LXXVI.
Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So, all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love, still telling what is told.

LXXVII.
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties weari,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.
So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse;
Thine eyes that taught the dumb to high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Wist, my influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces grace'd be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.

grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then, thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I do you write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame:

But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.

Your shallowest help will hold me up aloft,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:

Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;

You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

After thou wert not married to my muse,
And, therefore, may'st without attain o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.

Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore, art enforce'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair, worth truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood: in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And, therefore, to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:

And, therefore, have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confines immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grow.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory:
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beautious blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quilt,
And precious phrase by all the muse's skil'd.

I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen!"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before:
Then, others for the breath of words respect,
May for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew? 
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished:
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.
I was not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter: that enfeebled mine.
LXXXVII.

Farewell: thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,
My bonds in these are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee, but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsoke me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks: and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then, hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpose o'erthrown.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force:
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill:
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure:
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost.
Of more delight than hawks or horses be:
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCI.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine:
Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with insconstant mind;
Since that my life on thy revolt doth he.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die:
But what's so blessed fair that tears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

XCV.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new:
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye;
Therefore, in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
What'eer thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCVI.

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity.
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCVII.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose?
That tongue that tells the story of thy days
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise.
SONNETS.

Naming thy name blesses an ill report,
O! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitacion chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate?
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldest use the strength of all thy state?
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old Decembre's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teaming autunn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leapt with him:
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lil'y's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; thou pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whene'er thou steal'st thy sweet that
It not from my love's breath? the purple pride [smells,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemn'd for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent:
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, rosy Muse, my love's sweet face survey
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his seythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse! what shall thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best's best, if never intermix'd."
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And be praised of ages yet to be.
Then, do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays,
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night.
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweet grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like he I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dazzle you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside
O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Woe it were sinful, then, straining to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell,
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit.
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.
SONNETS.

CIV.
To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such sees your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride:
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen:
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet dothe beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived:
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.
Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore, my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent.
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.
When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.
Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a conjin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmie time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shall find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.
What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine.
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age;
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page.
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dea.

CIX.
Oh! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All faultiness that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.
Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view:
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear
Made old offences of affections new;
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On never proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then, give me welcome, next my heaven the best.
Even to thy pure, and most most loving breast.

CXI.
O! for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dye's hand.
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of ey'sel' against my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.
Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill.
So you o'er-greet my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shame's and praises from your tongue
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
To blest is a start from. 1 have: in old eds. Tyrwhitt made the change. 1 vinegar.
SONNETS.

That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong,
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense —
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks they are dead.

CXIII.
Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch.\(^1\)
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudst or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformest creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.\(^2\)

CXIV.
Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, my eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make, of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O! it is the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up;
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is greening,
And to his palate doth prepare the eup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.
Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reason's time, whose million accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blent the sharpst intents,
Divert strong minds 't the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then, might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is love not love,
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or melts with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fix'd mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.
Accuse me thus: that I have reanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds.
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight
Book both my wilfullness and errors down,
And on just proof surprizze accumulate;
Bring me within the level of your renown,
But shoot not at me in your wakend hate,
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.
Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager* compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We seeken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-dying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of ineasen
To be discas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, 't anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicin a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.
What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
Distill'd from limbeeks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still make better;
And sin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.
That you were once unkind befriended me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your treaspow now becomes a fee:
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me

\(^1\) methinks y' are dead: in old cop. Dyce omits "they"
\(^2\) lack: in old eds. Malone made the change.
\(^\ast\) Used as a substantive
CXXI.

What is better to be vile, than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being:
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
For why should others' false adulate eyes
Give satisfaction to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are trailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to rase'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tally thee dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be
I will be true, despite thy seythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent;
Where'to th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leaves of short number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowsens with showers.
To this I witness call the fole of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Wrote 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring
Or laid great bases for eternity,

Which prove more short than waste or ru'in?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and eavour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet for going simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gaz'ing spent?
No: let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sicken. hour:
Who hast by wasting grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st.
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairest the soul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore, my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks,\(^1\) that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap.
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand,
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living limbs;
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this.
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is peril'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have extreme:

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\(^1\) The keys of the virginal.
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;  
Before, a joy prop'd: behind, a dream.  
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.
My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.
Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st, to my dear doating heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.  
Yet, in good faith, some say that she be hold,  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:  
To say they err I dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear it to myself alone.  
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,  
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck, do witness hear,  
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.  
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,  
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.
Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheek of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face,  
O! let it, then, as well beseech thy heart  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part;  
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.
Beshrow that heart, that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou hast harder hast engrossed:  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice threefold thou is to crossed.  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,  
And, then, my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;  
Woe, or keeps me, let my heart be his guard;  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.
So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am mortgage'd to thy will;  
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine.  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:  
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,  
For thou art covetous, and he is kind:  
He learned but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute* of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse:  
Him have I lost: thou hast both him and me.  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.
Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,*  
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;  
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store:  
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill:  
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVI.
If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love, my love'st, sweet, fulfill,  
Will fulfill the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
Among a number one is reckoned none:  
Then, in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.
Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
If eyes, corrupt by over-parzial looks,  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
Where to the judgment of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot,*  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred  
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

1^ and proud and very woe: in old eds. Malone made the change.  
2^ the Will: As there is in this and the next sonnet, as well as in  
3^ a piece of ground which has been "common," or unclosed, but has  
4^ s. Security.  
5^ Whoever hath her wish, that  
Sonnet cxliii, an obvious play upon the Christian name of the poet  
we have printed it exactly as it stands in the quarto, 1609, and as it probably stood in the manuscript from which it was printed.
CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think some untutor’d youth,
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simly I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress’d.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O! love’s best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me.
And in our faults by lies we flatter’d be.

CXXXIX.

O! call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue,
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov’st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside: [might
What need’st thou wound with ease of cunning, when thy
Is more than my o’er-press’d defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns her foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lost sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If it might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know:
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness speak ill of thee;
Now this ill-wrestling world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go

CXL1.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But ’tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas’d to dot.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue’s tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base tongues prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can

Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leave unwis’d the likeliness of a man;
Thy proud heart’s slave and vassal wretched to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving,
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan’d their scarlet ornaments,
And seal’d false bonds of love as o’er as mine,
Robb’d others’ beds revenues of their rent.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov’st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may’st thou be denied

CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather’d creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant’s discontent:
So run’st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chace thee with a look behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother’s part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may’st have thy Will
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair.
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worse spirit a woman, cold’r ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempest my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her soul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn’d fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell:
But being both from me, to both, each friend,
I could one angel in another’s hell:
Yet this shall I never know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love’s own hand did make,
Breath’d forth the sound that said, “I hate.”
To me that languish’d for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue: that ever sweet
Was us’d in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet.
“I hate.” she alter’d with an end,
That follow’d it as gentle day.
Dost follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is thrown away:
“I hate!” from hate away she throw,
And say’d my life, saying—“not you.”

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth.
Fool’d by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Don't thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store:  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,  
Within be fed, without be rich no more:  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.
My love is as a fever, longing still  
For that which longer nurseth the disease;  
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,  
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.  
My reason, the physician to my love,  
Angry that his prescrip'sions are not kept,  
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,  
Desire is death, which physic did except.  
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,  
And frantic mad with ever-more unrest:  
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,  
At random from the truth vainly express'd;  
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright;  
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.
O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,  
Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fed,  
That censureth falsely what they see aright?  
If that be fair wherein my false eyes dote,  
What mean the world to say it is not so?  
If it be not, then love doth well desert,  
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,  
How can it? O! bow can love's eye be true,  
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;  
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears,  
O cunning love! with tears thou keepest me blind,  
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.
Canst thou, O cruel! say, I love thee not.  
When I, against myself, with thee partake?  
Do I not think on thee, when I forget  
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay, if thou low'rt on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon myself with present morn?  
What merit do I in myself respect,  
That is so proud thy service to despise,  
When all my best doth worship thy defect,  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?  
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:  
those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.
O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight,  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?  
Whene'er hast thou this becoming of things ill,  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?

O! though I love what others do abhor,  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:  
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,  
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.
Love is too young to know what conscience is;  
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?  
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:  
For, thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;  
My soul doth tell my body that he may  
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason.  
But rising at thy name, dost point out thee  
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,  
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,  
To stand in thy affairs: fall by thy side.  
No want of conscience hold it, that I call  
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.
In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;  
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.  
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;  
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,  
Or made them swear against the thing they see;  
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.
Cupid laid by his branch, and fell asleep:  
A maid of Diana's this advantage found,  
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love  
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,  
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.  
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;  
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,  
And thither hied, a sad dissembler guest,  
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire, my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.
The little Love-god lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd  
And so the general of hot desire  
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.  
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,  
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual.  
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy  
For men diseas'd; 'but I, my mistress' thrall,  
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,  
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT

From off a hill whose cavern womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tune'd tale;
Ere long esp'y'd a fickle maid full pare,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twine,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not seyched all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit: but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Of did she leave her napkin to her eyene,
Which on it conceived characters,
Laudering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometimes, divert'd, their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distracted commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descend'd her sheav'd'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river throw,
Upon whose weeping margant she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fail
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood:
Crack'd many a ring of postel gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided'silk feat and affectedly
Esswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan' to tear,
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy hastily drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage.
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blazing hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old:
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace:
O! one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place,
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurl's;
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.*

Small show of man was yet upon his chin:
His phoenix downs began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin.
Whose bars out-brag'd the web it seemed to wear,
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

\footnotesize{1 Strane. 2 Basket. 3 Untwisted.—Bray. 4 gave: in old eds Bostell. 5 more: in old eds | Malone made the change. 6 The northern provincialism for some}
His qualities were beauteons as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a stern
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be,
His radeness so, with his author'd youth,
Did lively falsehood in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes!
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
[jaunes?"
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what step he
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertaining and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions, yet their purpos'd trim
Piece'd not his grace, but were all grace'd by him.

So on the tip of his subbduing tongue,
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laughery weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old: and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents, bewitch'd, ere he desire have granted;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind:
Like tools that in th' imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many balwars builded
Of proofs new-breaking, which remain'd the foil
Of this fa'ce jewel, and his amorous spoil.

But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;

For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behalf.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry, "it is thy last."

For farther I could say, "this man's untrue!"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastard of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan beseech me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow

All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not: with quire's they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed.
Or my affection put to the smallest teen.4
Or any of my pleasures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kep hearts in livers, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me.
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the enermos'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleac'd.4
I have receiv'd from many a several fair
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd)
With the anxiom'ed of fair genius enrich'd
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereinto his invis'd properties did tend,
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg’d me that I heard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render;
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similes to your own command.
Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise.
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you: and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms’ dote:
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O! my sweet! what labour is’t to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling* the place which did no form receive;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained eyes;
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle scathed by the flight.
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true!
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion’s eye;
To not be tempted, would she be immur’d;* and
Now and to tempt all, liberty procure’d.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o’er them, and you o’er the being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest.
As compound love to physic your cold breast

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin’d, I dieted* in grace,
Believ’d her eyes, when they t’ assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most p[76]etial love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine.
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love’s arms are peace, ’gainst rule, ’gainst sense, ’gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The alocos of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Now, all these hearts that do on mine depend.
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine;
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make against mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my truth.**

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount.
Whose sights till then were level’d on my face;
Each check a river running from a font;
With brinish current downward flow’d apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz’d with crystal, gate the growing roses
That flame through water which their hue inclose.

O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear;
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O! cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv’d my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff’d;
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore
His poison’d me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either’s aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swoon in tragedy shows:

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-burting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame.
And veil’d in them, did win whom he would maim
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim,
When he most burn’d in heart-wish’d luxury.
He preach’d pure maid, and prais’d cold chastity

Thus, merely with the garment of a grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover’d:
That th’ unexperienced gave the temple place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover’d.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover’d?
Ah me! I felt; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye!
O, that false fire, which in his check so glow’d!
O, that fore’d thunders from his heart did fly!
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestowed!
O, all that borrow’d motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the for’-betray’d,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

* Flower of the young nobility.  † Playing: in old ed. Malone made the change.  ‡ enmur’d: in old ed. Malone made the change.
§ From the quarto, 1669, the property of Lord F. Egerton. Malone’s copy at Oxford has “I died” for “and diest,” which he substitutes by the suggestion of a correspondent.  ‡ Or: in old ed. Malone made the change.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

INTRODUCTION.

The Passionate Pilgrim By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Jaggard and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Pains Churchyard. 1599," 16mo. 30 leaves.

The title-page first given to the edition of 1612 ran thus:—

"The Passionate Pilgrim, Or Certain Amorous Sonnets, between Venus and Adonis, newly corrected and augmented, By W. Shakespeare. The Third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Lune-Epistles, the first from Paris to Hellen, and Hellen's answer backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Jaggard. 1612." The title-page substituted for the above differs in no other respect but in the omission of "By W. Shakespeare."

In the following pages we have reprinted "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, as it came from the press of W. Jaggard, with the exception only of the orthography. Malone has quoted several portions of it: some because they were substantially repetitions of poems contained elsewhere, and others because they appeared to have been improperly assigned to Shakespeare: one piece, the last in the tract, is inserted at all in Bardfield's work, as was printed it in 1780, and no reason is assigned for rejecting it. We have given the whole, and in our notes we have stated the particular circumstances belonging to each piece, as there is reason to believe that no copy of the poems has come from the press of our great dramatist.

"The Passionate Pilgrim" was reprinted by W. Jaggard, in 1612, with additions, and the facts attending the publication of the two impressions are peculiar.

In 1595, Richard Barnfield put his name to a small collection of sonnets, entitled "The Encomion of Lady Peculia," which contained more than one poem attributed to Shakespeare in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599: the first was printed by John, and the last by William Jaggard. Boswell suggests, that John Jaggard in 1599 might have stolen Shakespeare's verses and attributed them to Barnfield; but the answer to this supposition is two-fold:—first, that Barnfield formally, and in his own name, printed them as his in 1595; and secondly, that he reprinted them under the cover of the same volume, and among the same poets, as they had been in the mean time assigned to Shakespeare. The truth seems to be that W. Jaggard took them in 1599 from Barnfield's publication, printed by John Jaggard in 1595. In 1612 W. Jaggard went even more far in the inaccuracy of his title-page, and reprinted the same collection of sonnets under the name of W. Jaggard, in 1599. The engravings were made, with some little ambiguity, to appear in "The Passionate Pilgrim" of 1612, to have been as the work of Shakespeare. When, therefore, Heywood published his next work in 1612, he exposed the wrong that had thus been done to him, and claimed the performances as his own. (See the Reprint of "The Apology for Actors," by the Shakespeare Society, pp. 62 and 66.)

He seems also to have taken steps against W. Jaggard; for the latter cancelled the title-page of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1612, which contained the name of Jaggard, and substituted another for discarding Shakespeare's right to any of the poems the work contained, although some were his beyond all dispute. Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library has both title-pages.

To what extent, therefore, we may accept W. Jaggard's assertion of the authorship of Shakespeare of the poems in "The Passionate Pilgrim," is a question of some difficulty. Two Sonnets, with which the little volume opens, are contained (with variations, so in account we print them with any name, and for discrediting Shakespeare's right to any of the poems the work contained, although some were his beyond all dispute. Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library has both title-pages.

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When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies.
That she might think me some untutor'd youth
Unskillful in the world's false forgery.
Thus vainly thinking this, she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false speaking tongue.
Out-fac'ting faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worshiper a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempeth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride;
And whether that my angel be turn'd fair.*
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

Und not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuad'd my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve no punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

Robert Chester, dated 1601. — Malone preceded "The Phoenix and the Turtle," by the song "Take, O take those lips away!" this we have not thought it necessary to repeat, because we have given the whole of it exactly in the same words, in "Measure for Measure," Act IV., No. 1. The first verse only is found in Shakespeare, and the second, which is much inferior, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother.

It may be doubted, therefore, whether Shakespeare wrote it, or, like Beaumont and Fletcher, only introduced part of it into his play as a popular song of the time.

Pennywax." 1592. (Shakespeare Society's reprint, pp. 38 and 59) and Thomas's "Anecdotes and Traditions," (printed for the Camden Society) p. 58. Chester Chester is several times mentioned by name in "Sketches, a collection of Epigrams and Satires," by R. Guillim, printed in 1598, as well as in "Ulysses upon Ajax," 1596.

The edition of 1599, we believe, has been preserved, and that is among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. No other copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" of 1612 has the two title-pages, with and without the name of Shakespeare, but that formerly belonging to Malone, and Sequestrated by him, with so many other valuable rarities, to the Bodleian Library.

"The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, concludes with a piece of moral satire, "Whilst as sickle fortune smiled," &c., and we have followed it by a poem found only in a publication by London. It contains some curious variations from the text of the first edition in 1604, 4to.

It is called "Love's Martyr, or Rosaline's Complaint" Of the author or editor nothing is known; but he is not to be confounded with Charles Chester, called Carlo Buffle in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," and respecting whom see Nash's "Pierce Egle."
He spying her, boun'd in, whereas he stood:
O love! quoth she, why was not I a flood?

VII.
Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle.
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her.
None fairer, nor none fairer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.
If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then, must the love be great twixt thee and me
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Doulant to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phoebus' lute (the queen of music) makes;
And in my deep delight am chiefly dren'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets reign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX
Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
Once, (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-drowned with a roar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore.
She showed hers; she saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely snatched,
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plane that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, (through wind) before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing but thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes. (dear friend,) I pardon crave of thee.
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI
Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me,
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god unla'ed me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms:
Even thus, (quoth she) she seiz'd on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

XII
Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd! 'b' thee,
For me thinkest thou stay'st too long.

XIII
Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded glass no rubbing will refresh;
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress;
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XIV
Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share.
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow:
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

1 This poem was published in 1638, in Richard Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia." There is little doubt that it is his property notwithstanding it appeared in the "Passionate Pilgrim," 1609; and it was reprinted as Barnfield's in the new edition of his "Encomion," 1638. The next line is lost.
2 This sonnet, with considerable variations, is inserted in a collection of seventy-two sonnets, published in 1626, under the title of "Fidesse," with the name of B. Griffin, as the author. A syllabic defect in the first line is there remedied by the insertion of "young" before "Adonis." A manuscript of the time, now before us, is without the epithe, and has the initials W.S. at the end. The lines so stand in both editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and in the contemporaneous manuscript; but in Griffin's "Fidesse," it is: And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
I, scorn or friendship, will I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither;
'Wander,' a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch, the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon:¹
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI.²

It was a lording's daughter,
The fairest one of three,
That liked of her master
As well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman,
The fairest that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.

Long was the combat doubtful,
That love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless,
Or kill the gallant knight;
To put in practice either,
Alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused,
More mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used,
To turn them both to gain;
For of the two the trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending
Was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XVII.

On a day (alack the day!) Love, whose mouth was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
'Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVIII.³

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speak not,
All is amiss.
Love is dying;⁴
Faith's declining.
Heart's denying;⁵
Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost (God wot):
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fear's scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help need真ng,
O cruel speeding!
Fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep;⁶
Procure to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquish'd men in blood
fight!

¹ an hour: in old ed's. Stevens made the change; moon having the sense of month. ² This is the first piece in the division of "The Passionate Pilgrim." ³ 1909, called "Sonnets to sundry Notes of Music." As the signatures of the pages run on throughout the whole column, we have continued to mark the poems by numbers, in the order in which they were printed. ⁴ This poem, in a more complete state, and with the addition of two stanzas to the original, was published in "England's Helicon," (sign. H.), a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1609, with which W. Shakespeare's poem is appended to it. ⁵ In "England's Helicon," 1609, this poem immediately follows "On a day (alack the day!)" and it is there entitled, "The Unknown Shepherd's Complaint," and it is subscribed "Reprint." Hence, we may suppose that the compiler of that collection knew that it was set by Shakespeare although it had been attributed to him in "The Passionate Pilgrim," of the year preceding. It had appeared anonymously with the music, in 1597, in a collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes. ⁶ Love's denying: in "England's Helicon." ⁷ Heart's denying: in "England's Helicon." ⁸ Part. ⁹ Both editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim," have With for My, which last not only is necessary for the sense, but is confirmed as the true reading by Weelkes' Madrigals, 1597.
Clear wells spring not,  
Sweet birds sing not,  
Green plants bring not  
Forth their dye;  
Herds stand weeping,  
Flocks all sleeping,  
Nymphs back peeping  
Fearfully:  
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,  
All our merry meetings on the plains,  
All our evening sport from us is fled;  
All our love is lost, for love is dead.  
Farewell, sweet lass;  
Thy like ne'er was  
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.  
Poor Coridon  
Must live alone,  
Other help for him I see that there is none.  

XIX.  
When as thine eye hath chose the dame,  
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,  
Let reason rule things worthy blame,  
As well as partial fancy like:  
Take counsel of some wiser head.  
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.  
And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,  
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,  
Lest she some subtle practice smell;  
A cripple soon can find a fault:  
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,  
And set thy person forth to sell.  

What though her frowning brows be bent,  
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;  
And then too late she will repent  
That thus dissembled her delight;  
And twice desire, ere it be day,  
That which with scorn she put away.  
What though she strive to try her strength,  
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,  
Her feeble force will yield at length,  
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—  
"Had women been so strong as men,  
In faith you had not had it then."  

And to her will frame all thy ways:  
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there  
Where thy desert may merit praise.  
By ringing in thy lady's ear:  
The strongest castle, tower, and town,  
The golden bullet beats it down.  
Serve always with assured trust,  
And in thy suit be humble, true;  
Unless thy lady prove unjust,  
Seek never thou to choose a new.  
When time shall serve, be thou not slack  
To prove, though she put thee back.  
The wiles and guiles that women work,  
Dissembled with an outward show,  
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,  
The cock that treads them shall not know  
Have you not heard it said full oft,  
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?  

Thine, women still to strive with men  
To sin, and never for to saint:  
There is no heaven; be holy then,  
When time with age shall them attaint  
Were kisses all the joys in bed,  
One woman would another wed.  

But soft! enough,—too much, I fear;  
Lest that my mistress hear my song,  
She will not stick to warm my ear;  
To teach my tongue to be so long:  
Yet will she blush, here be it said,  
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.  

XX.  
Live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
And the craggy mountain yields.  
There will we sit upon the rocks,  
And see the shepherd feed his flock  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.  
There will I make thee a bed of roses,  
With a thousand fragrant posies;  
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.  
A belt of straw and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs;  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Then, live with me and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.  
If that the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

1 So both editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "England's Helicon." Malone preferred the passage as it stands in Welske Madrigals.  
2 "Loud belle ring not.  
Neither anwise nor yet unwed." But no change from the old printed copy is here necessary. In the manuscript the whole has Shakespeare's initials at the end.  
3 So the manuscript in our possession: "The Passionate Pilgrim." 1599, has it. "She will not stick to round me on the ear," This poem, like incomplete, and what is called "Love's Answer," still more imperfect, may be seen at length in "Percy's Reliques," Vol. I. They belong to Christopher Marlowe and Sir Walter Raleigh: the first is assigned by name to Marlowe, in "England's Helicon," 1600, sign A 3; and the last appears in the same collection, under the name of Ignoto, which was a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh. They are, besides, assigned to both these authors in Walton's "Angler." (p. 149, ed. 1840) under the titles of "The milk-maid's song," and "The Milk-maid's Mother's answer."
XXI.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefullest ditty
That to hear it was great pity,
Fie, fie! fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Make me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing.
Careless of thy sorrowing.

XXII.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd:
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in miserie:
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
Pity but he was a king,
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice:
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do swarm,
Then, farewell his great renown:
They that saw'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

The Poem is contained in R. Bardsfield's "Eccomion of Lady Fenem," 1594. It is also inserted in "England's Helicon," 1600. It is under the signature of Ignato; but as Bardsfield reprinted it as his, in 1603, there can be little doubt that he was the author of it. "England's Helicon" here adds this couplet—

"Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me."

This is the last poem in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Bardsfield's poem, which precedes it; nevertheless they have been inconsequently coupled in some modern editions. * This poem is printed, as we have given it, with the name of Shakespeare, in Robert Chester's "Love's Martyr, or Rosaline's Complaint," 1601. It occurs near the end, among what are called on the title-page, "new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Works."
Whereupon it made this threne,
To the Phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOIS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie

Death is now the Phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be,
Beauty brazen, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

Wm. SHAKESPEARE